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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

A

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

GENERAL LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

VOL. XVI.

OCTOBER, 1872, TO MARCH, 1873.

NEW YORK:
THE CATHOLIC PUBLICATION HOUSE,
9 Warren Street.

1873.

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XVI., No. 94.—JANUARY, 1873.

1573

A SON OF THE CRUSADERS.

. . . "On his breast a bloodie crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead, as living, ever him ador'd:
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd.
For soveraine hope which in his helpe he had,
Right faithful true he was in deede and word."—SPENSER.

ONE day in the month of November, 1833, a stranger descended from the lumbering *Schnellpost* at the little town of Marburg (Electoral Hesse), on the pleasant banks of the Lahn. Looking around him, he discovered but a single object of interest —the old cathedral of the place, a noble Gothic edifice, which, although stripped and cold in its modern dedication to the Lutheran service, still preserved the salient features of its inalienable beauty and majesty of form.

The traveller, a young man of twenty-three, a Catholic, and an enthusiast in his intelligent and cultivated admiration of the grand architecture of his church, recognized in the building a monument celebrated at once for its pure and perfect beauty, and the first in Germany in which the pointed arch prevailed over the round in the great renovation of art in the XIIIth century.

Contrary to Lutheran observance, the church happened on that day to be open, in compliance with a traditional custom, for the cathedral bore the name of S. Elizabeth, and this was S. Elizabeth's Day. The stranger entered. There was no religious service. There were no worshippers, and children were at play among the old tombs. He wandered through the vast and desolate aisles, which not even the devastation and neglect of centuries had robbed of their marvellous elegance. Naked altars from which no ministering hand now wiped the dust, pillars, defaced statues, nearly obliterated paintings, broken and defaced wood carvings, successively struck his eye and attracted his attention. All these remains of Christian art, even

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in their ruin telling the story of their origin in days of fresh and fervent faith, appeared also to picture in a certain sequence the events of some devout life. Here was the statue of a young woman in the dress of a widow; further on, in painting, a frightened girl showing to a crowned warrior her robe filled with roses; yet further, these two, the young woman and the warrior, tearing themselves in anguish from a parting embrace. Again, the lady is seen stretched on her bed of death amidst weeping attendants, and, later, an emperor lays his crown on her freshly exhumed coffin.

It was explained to the traveller that these pictured incidents were events in the life of S. Elizabeth, queen of that country, who, that very day six hundred years ago, had died in Marburg and lay buried in the church. A silver shrine, richly sculptured, was shown to him. It had once enclosed the relics of the saint, but one of her descendants, turned Protestant, had torn them from it, and scattered them to the winds. The stone steps approaching the shrine were deeply hollowed by the countless pilgrims who, more than three centuries agone, had come here to kneel in prayer. "Alas!" thought the stranger, "the faith which left its impress on the cold stone has left none upon human hearts!"

He desired to know more of the saintly patroness of Marburg's cathedral, and leaving the church sought out a bookseller, and asked for a life of S. Elizabeth. The man stared at him, bethought himself a moment, and then went up into a garret, from which he presently emerged with a dust-covered pamphlet. "Here it is," he said, "the only copy I have: no one ever asked for it before."

The traveller resumed his journey, reading his pamphlet to beguile the tedium of his way. Although written by a Protestant in a cold, unsympathizing, matter-of-fact way, the essential charm of its mere record of youthful self-devotion laid a powerful spell upon him. His artistic enthusiasm, his heart, his piety, were all touched and aroused. Just emerging in sorrow from one of the most trying ordeals of the battle of life, with repelled longings and disappointed hopes, his pent-up youthful energies were now seeking some outlet for escape, some fresh field of action. Uncertain what this field, this outlet, might be, he had vowed that, with the choice before him of several different objects to pursue, he would decide for that which was the most Catholic. He had found it. "To S. Elizabeth he would," in his own words, "sacrifice his fatigue and his hopes." He would write her life, and strive to place on record its touching story—at once a tender love-legend, a page of mediæval romance, and the hallowed tradition of a saintly career. At the first stopping-place he left the diligence, and, taking a return carriage, went immediately back to Marburg.

This traveller, this young stranger, was Charles, Count de Montalembert, peer of France. His sudden impulse, his enthusiastic vow, were not as words written in water. To what would at this day seem to many an inconsiderate, quixotic rashness, succeeded the deliberate realization of an undertaking full of labor and difficulty. He ransacked libraries, sought out chronicles, legends, and popular traditions, read old books and long-forgotten manuscripts, and travelled far and wide throughout Germany, wherever a locality offered the attraction of the slightest association with the name of S. Elizabeth. The charm and fascination of his theme grew upon him with every additional

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fact he learned regarding her. Beginning at the famous old castle of Wartburg, where Elizabeth came a child, the daughter of a race of kings, from distant Hungary, he made a veritable pilgrimage, taking for his route the itinerary of his heroine's life —to Kreuzburg; to Reinhartsbrünn, where, a young wife and mother of twenty, she parted in anguish from her husband, a crusader setting out for Palestine; to Bamberg, where she was driven by persecution; to Andechs, to Erfurth, and finally to Marburg, "whither," as he says, "he returned to pray by her desecrated tomb, and to gather with pain and difficulty some remembrance of her from the mouths of a people who have renounced with the faith of their fathers the regard due to their benefactress."

Bow down your heads, O generation of stockbrokers and speculators in provisions and railway shares, to the memory of this Montalembert, who, in the flower of his youthful manhood, for years went up and down the world with an idea in his head and heart!

But this book, this life of S. Elizabeth, you object, was, after all, a mere pious legend of dubious trustworthiness? On the contrary, it was a work of the highest value, even judged by the severest canons of historical criticism. Its introduction alone is sufficient to make the work classic. Sainte-Beuve, high academic and critical authority, calls it majestic,* and reviewers of all nations have contributed their verdicts of approval.

This was Montalembert's first literary production—a success, as it deserved to be, worthy forerunner of his yet greater work, *The Monks of the West*, and the first-fruit of a splendid literary and oratorical career, whose main inspiration was always drawn from the sources of Catholic truth and Catholic faith.

Montalembert died in March, 1870, leaving a name and a reputation which for all time to come will remain one of the proudest illustrations of France.

We are fortunate in already having an admirable memoir of his life,* written by one of the most distinguished women of England. It cannot but be gratifying to all who cherish the memory of Montalembert that the task should have fallen into the hands of one so eminently capable as Mrs. Oliphant. Personally intimate with his family and on terms of friendship with his wife (*née* Comtesse de Merode), thoroughly familiar with the language, modern history, and politics of France, and the successful translator of *The Monks of the West*, it would have been difficult to find a writer better fitted, in knowledge and in sympathy, to record the life of Charles de Montalembert. Let us add here that, for reasons which the intelligent reader may easily divine, we are glad that the biography has been written by a Protestant. Although to a Catholic reader it would be more pleasant to read a life in which nothing could be found which is not in perfect harmony with the spirit of faith and loyalty toward the church, yet, for the public generally, the testimony of a fair and candid Protestant in respect to certain very important events in the career of Montalembert will be more free from the suspicion of bias, and therefore of more value in establishing the fact of his essential de-

* "L'ouvrage s'ouvre par une introduction majestueuse sur le treizième siècle."

* *Memoir of Count De Montalembert, Peer of France, Deputy for the Department of Doubs.* A Chapter of recent French History. By Mrs. Oliphant, author of *The Life of Edward Irving*, *S. Francis of Assisi*, etc. In two volumes. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1872.

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votion to the Holy See to the end of his life.

We trust that the ladies of Sorosis and of the various wings and vanguards of the grand army of "The Rights of Women" will not take offence if we endeavor to compliment Mrs. Oliphant by saying that we especially admire the style in which her memoir is written, for a tone and quality which—turn whither we may—we cannot otherwise describe than as "manly." Making due allowance for the almost inevitable partiality of the biographer for his hero, there is a directness, a solidity, a sound common-sense view of practical questions, and an absence of mere sentimentality, all eminently to her credit and in admirable keeping with the dignity of her subject. Mrs. Oliphant's modesty, too, equals her ability. Referring to her translation of *The Monks of the West*, she tells us: "We are sorry to add, to our personal humiliation, that Montalembert was by no means so much satisfied with at least the first part of the translation. He acknowledged that the meaning was faithfully rendered; 'but,' he wrote, 'I cannot admire the constant use of French or Latin words instead of your own vernacular. My Anglo-Saxon feelings are wounded to the quick by the useless admission of the article *the* or *a*;' and by such words as *chagrin* instead of *grief*, *malediction* instead of *curse*, etc.' The proofs of the translation came back from him laden with corrections in red ink—a circumstance which communicated to them a certain additional sharpness, at least to the troubled imagination of the translator; and the present writer may be perhaps allowed here to avow in her own person that up to this present moment, when she happens to have the smallest French phrase to translate, she pauses with instinctive alarm, hastily substituting *freedom* for *liberty* when the word occurs; and will cast about in her mind, with a certain sensation of fright, how to find words for *authority*, *corruption*, *intelligence*, etc., in other than the French form."

Charles Forbes René de Montalembert was born in London on the 15th of May, 1810. His father was a noble French *emigré*; his mother, the daughter of James Forbes, an Englishman of distinction. The first nine years of his life were spent principally in England under the immediate care and in the personal companionship of his maternal grandfather, and, dating from this period, the English language was always to him a second mother tongue. At the age of fourteen we find him at the college of S. Barbe in Paris. The fact may be discouraging to many young gentlemen of the present day now at school and in sad possession of a class of ideas too generally accepted, to the effect that men become useful and distinguished by reason of the possession of some unaided special gift rather than by study and the laborious acquisition of knowledge—we say the fact may be discouraging to them, but nevertheless it remains a fact that the young Montalembert laid the foundation of his future distinction as a man of letters, an archæologist, a great orator, a great writer, an eminent political leader, and the ornament of the Chamber of Peers, in close, unremitting, laborious application to his studies while at school. After he had completed his college course and entered society, we find him writing to a friend: "It is usual to say that youth is the time for the pleasures of society. I look upon this opinion as a complete paradox. It seems to me, on the contrary, that youth should be given up with ardor to study, or to preparation

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for a profession. When a young man has paid his tribute to his country; when he can appear in society crowned with the laurels of debate or of the battle-field, or at least of universal esteem; when he feels entitled to command respect, if not admiration—then is the time to enter society with satisfaction."

Soon there came for him the period of *illusions perdues*, which, commencing with the entrance into life of every intelligent and ambitious young man, accompanies him with more or less persistence to the edge of the grave. Young Montalembert spent some time in Sweden, at whose court his father was the ambassador of Charles X. On his return to France, he wrote an article upon that country which M. Guizot, the editor of the *Revue Française*, advised him to cut down to half its length. He complied, sent in his abbreviated article, and the editor suppressed the best portion of what remained!

About this time he met Lamartine, became intimate with Victor Hugo, "then the poet of all sweet and virtuous things," and numbered among his friends Sainte-Beuve, who then shared Montalembert's religious enthusiasm and his belief that Europe was to be regenerated by the church. Ireland, too, came in for a full share of his sympathy. He wrote an article on that country which Guizot allowed to go in entire. A friend tells him that his article on Sweden is dull, and that on Ireland commonplace. "Disappointing," writes the young author in his diary, "but better than if my friend had praised me insincerely." O'Connell, then in the fulness of his powers and his popularity, greatly attracted him. He would go all the way to Ireland to see him. And he did. Crossing the two channels, and traversing England, he made the journey over the mountains of Kerry on horseback, with a little Irish boy for his guide. He visited O'Connell at Derrynane, prepared and anxious to discuss with him the great subjects which filled his mind. The Liberator received him kindly, and after dinner—looking at the ingenuous face of twenty before him—did what he thought precisely the proper thing to do—ushered him at once into the drawing-room, where the young count was thrown on the tender mercies of a crowd of pretty and gay young Irish women. *Encore une illusion perdue!* He had crossed seas and mountains to discuss freedom, the church, English rule and Irish emancipation, with Ireland's greatest man, who, without listening to a word from him, thrust him into another room amid a bevy of laughing girls!

After Montalembert's return from Ireland came his intimacy with Lacordaire and Lamennais, and the joint literary enterprise of the three in the establishment of the *Avenir*, whose motto was "God and Liberty." Its first number was issued Oct. 15, 1830. We will not dwell on its history, so familiar to all Catholics, except to refer to the holy war waged by it and its friends against the monopoly of education by the government. Under the law, every private school, every educational institution not licensed and regulated by the University of Paris, was absolutely forbidden. Utter irreligiousness then pervaded the colleges and schools of France. The generation which passed through those schools bears witness to their evil influences, and confirms Lacordaire's own record, who says that he left college "with religion destroyed in his soul," and that he, like almost all the youths of his period, "lost his faith at school."

Montalembert's picture of these

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evil influences was everywhere recognized as truthful. "Is there a single establishment of the university where a Christian child can live in the exercise of faith? Does not a contagious doubt, a cold and tenacious impiety, reign over all these young souls whom she pretends to instruct? Are they not too often either polluted, or petrified, or frozen? Is not the most flagrant, the most monstrous, the most unnatural immorality inscribed in the records of every college, and in the recollections of every child who has passed as much as eight days there?"

To test the law forbidding freedom in education, Lacordaire and Montalembert opened a free school for poor children at Paris in the Rue des Arts. They were indicted for the offence, and tried at the bar of the Chamber of Peers. The audience, as may well be imagined, was made up from the nobility and intelligence of the land. The prisoners defended their cause in person. Lacordaire, who spoke first, referred to the fact that the government had lately impeached the previous ministers by virtue of power in the charter not reduced to a special law. "If they could do it, so could I," said the brave priest, "with this difference, that they asked blood, while I desired to give a free education to the children of the poor." He ended by recalling to his judges the example of Socrates "in the first struggle for freedom to preach." "In that *cause célèbre* by which Socrates fell," said Lacordaire, "he was evidently culpable against the gods, and in consequence against the laws of his country. Nevertheless, posterity, both pagan and Christian, has stigmatized his judges and accusers; and of all concerned have absolved only the culprit and the executioner—the culprit, because he had failed to keep the laws of Athens only in obedience to a higher law; and the executioner, because he presented the cup to the victim with tears."

With this proud and plain warning ringing in their ears, the judges next heard Montalembert. He was just twenty-one, and by the recent death of his father but a few weeks in his place as a peer of France. Sainte-Beuve saw that his youth, his ease and grace, the elegant precision of his style and diction, veiled the fact that it was a prisoner—not a peer—who spoke, and his judges were the first to forget it.

"The entire chamber listened with a surprise which was not without pleasure to the young man's bold self-justification. From that day M. de Montalembert, though formally condemned, was borne in the very heart of the peerage—he was its Benjamin." The sentence was a gentle reprimand and a mild fine of a hundred francs.

The *Avenir*, it will be remembered, had incurred no censure from Rome. Nevertheless, it had not prospered, and it was resolved by its founders that they would appeal to the head of the church for his explicit approval. Accordingly, the publication of the paper was suspended, and its last number announced "with pomp," as Lacordaire says, that "the purpose of its editors was to suspend it until they had gone to Rome to seek sanction and authority for its continuation." The biographer well remarks that "neither from primitive Ireland nor romantic Poland had such an expedition set forth." They asked the head of the church "to commit himself, to sanction a new and revolutionary movement, to bless the very banners of revolt, and acknowledge as pioneers of his army the ecclesiastical Ishmaels who had

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carried fire and flame everywhere during their brief career. There could, of course, be but one result—failure. The *Avenir* was condemned. Lacordaire and Montalembert at once submitted to the decision. Poor de Lamennais did not, and unhappily persisted in his sad mistake. In connection with this subject, we cannot here refrain from repeating at length some reflections which, coming as they do from an intelligent Protestant, have a peculiar force and value.

They are from the pen of Montalembert's biographer, and present so admirable, so eloquent a *résumé* of the question of apostasy, that we have not the heart to curtail the passage containing them by so much as the omission of a single word:

"Except at the Reformation, when the great overflow of spiritual rebellion was favored by such a combination of circumstances as has never occurred since, no man or group of men have succeeded in rebelling against Rome, and yet continued to keep up a religious character and influence. No man has been able to do it, whatever the excellence of his beginning might be, or the purity of the motives with which he started. Even in the Church of England the career of a man who separates himself from her communion is generally a painful one. He makes a commotion and excitement in the world for a time before he has fully made up his mind; and at the moment of his withdrawal he is sure of remark and notice, at all events, from certain classes. But after that brief moment he sinks flat as the spirits do in the *Inferno*, and the dark wave pours over him, and he is heard of no more. All that sustained and strengthened and gave him a fictitious importance as the member of a great corporation has fallen away from him. He has dropped like a stone into the water—like a foundered ship into the sea. In England, however, after all has been done, there is a sea of dissent to drop into, and though his new surroundings may please him little, yet he will come out of the giddiness of his downfall to take some comfort in them—will accustom himself by degrees to the lower social level, the different spiritual atmosphere. But he who dissents from the Church of Rome has no such refuge. The moment he steps outside her fold he finds himself in outer darkness, through which awful salutations are shrieked to him by the enemies of religion, by those whom he has avoided and condemned all his life, and with whom he can agree only on the one sole article of rebellion. If he ventures to hold up his head at all after what all his friends will call his apostasy, the best that he can hope for is to be courted by heretics, professed enemies of the church which he has been born in, and which probably he loves most dearly still, notwithstanding his disobedience. To quarrel with your home is one thing—to finds its domestic laws hard, and its prejudices insupportable; but to plunge into the midst of the enemies of that home, and to hear it assailed with the virulence of ignorance—to join in gibes against your mother, and mockery of her life and motives—is a totally different matter. Yet this is almost all that a contumacious priest has to look forward to. A recent and striking example, to which we need not refer more plainly, will occur to every one who has watched the contemporary history of the Roman Catholic Church. In this case a brilliant and remarkable preacher—a man supposed the other day to be one of the most eminent and promising sons of Rome—after wavering and falling away in some points from ecclesiastical obedience, suddenly appeared in an admiring circle of gentle Anglicanism, surrounded by a fair crowd of worshipping Protestants, ready to extend to him all that broad and universal sympathy which he had no doubt been trained to regard as vilest latitudinarianism, or the readiness of Pilate to make friends with Herod. This prospect must chill the very soul of a man who has received the true priestly training, and who has been educated in that love of his church which is of itself a noble and generous sentiment. The best thing that can happen to him is to fall among heretics; the other alternative, and the only one, so far as events have yet made it apparent, to fall among infidels: and as his education has taught him to make but small distinction between them, and the infidels are nearer at hand, and his own countrymen, what wonder if it is into-

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their hands that the miserable man, torn from all his ancient foundations, ejected from his natural place, heart-weary with the madness which is wrought by anger against those we love, should fall—what wonder if he should rush to the furthest extremity, hiding what he feels to be his shame, and endeavoring to take some dismal comfort in utter negation of that past from which he has been torn! Whether there are new developments in the future for the new Protesters whom a recent decision has raised up, we cannot tell. But such has been the case in the past. Life is over for the rebellious priest who breaks with his church; his possibility of service in his vocation has come to an end; even the most careless peasant in his parish will turn from him. He is a deserter from his regiment in the face of the enemy, false to his colors, a man no longer of any human use."

It was during Montalembert's sojourn in Italy, on his remarkable *Avenir* pilgrimage, that he became the intimate friend of Albert de la Ferronays, the hero of Mrs. Craven's beautiful *Récit d'une Sœur*. He appears in the book designated under the name of Montal. From the same period, also, dates his intimacy with Rio, the future historian of Christian art. The young peer's taste for art, always strong, and his enthusiastic admiration of the glorious remains of mediæval architecture, were both developed and strengthened under the teaching and influence of Rio. In March, 1833, he published an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in which he energetically denounced the desecration and ruin of the grand old architectural monuments of France. It was addressed in the form of a letter to Victor Hugo, then leader of the Romantic school, who strongly sympathized with him on this subject, and whose *Notre Dame de Paris* had been reviewed in the *Avenir* by Montalembert with enthusiastic praise for the grand historical framework of the story. During the autumn of that year, Montalembert went to Germany, and, as we have seen, accidentally stopped at Marburg. Travel, research, and the collection of materials for the life of Elizabeth now engrossed all his time, until, attaining the legal age, twenty-five, he took his seat in the Chamber of Peers. His first appearance at the bar of this chamber had been in defence of the liberty of teaching, and his first speech was in defence of the liberty of the press. These two discourses prefigured his parliamentary career. He was always the ardent advocate of liberty; rarely heard on the side of the government; and generally the leader of a conscientious and loyal opposition: which, well considered, would have been found the most prudent adviser of the administration in power.

Strongly imbued with English ideas, he fully appreciated the conservative power of an energetic opposition, ever ready to criticise, to question, to challenge, or to expose whatever might seem arbitrary or unconstitutional in the acts of the government. But this idea of an opposition at once loyal and law-loving, was unfamiliar to his countrymen. To them, as a general thing, opposition meant revolution, and to many the spectacle of a peer of France, a Catholic, and a *proprietaire*, who was at once the friend of the proletaire, the dissenter, the oppressor, and the slave, was a paradox. And yet paradox there was none, for his declaration of principles was always clear and bold. Thus, in striving to cull from the Chamber of Peers a public expression of sympathy for the Poles, he insisted that it was their right and their duty to make an avowal of national sentiments, an expression of national opinion, that it was an obligation imposed by humanity and required by wise policy. "What is it," he asked, "that has rais-

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ed the British parliament to so high a degree of popularity and moral influence in Europe? Is it not because for more than a century no grave event has happened in any country without finding an echo there? Is it not because no right has been oppressed, no treaty broken anywhere, without a discussion on both sides of the question before the peers and commons of England, whose assemblies have thus become, in the silence of the world, a sort of tribunal where all the great causes of humanity are pleaded, and where opinion pronounces those formidable judgments which, sooner or later, are always executed?"

And his independence was that of the man as well as of the orator. He was committed to no policy, sought no party ends, but always, and at all cost, maintained the good, the just, the honorable. A lost or desperate cause, if equitable, was always sure of his support. The three oppressed nations of the earth, Poland under Russia, Ireland under England, and Greece under Turkey, were his most cherished clients. The weaker side ever strongly attracted him. "Penetrated by the conviction that just causes are everlasting," says M. Cochin, "and that every protest against injustice ends by moving heaven and convincing men, he sought out, so to speak, every oppressed cause when at its last breath, to take its burden upon himself, and to become its champion. There is a suffering race, a race lost in distant isles, the race of black slaves, which has been oppressed for centuries. He took its cause in hand, and from the year 1837 labored for its emancipation. There are in all manufacturing places a crowd of hollow-cheeked children, with pale faces and worn eyes, and the sight of them made a profound impression upon him; he took their cause also in hand. If you run over the mere index of his speeches, you will find all generous efforts contained in it."

The year 1836 brought two notable events in the life of Montalembert—the publication of his first work, his *Life of S. Elizabeth*, and his marriage to a daughter of the noble house of de Merode in Belgium. Meantime, he continued his attacks on vandalism in art and his parliamentary labors, and was mainly instrumental in the creation of the committee of historical art and the commission on historical monuments, from both of which he was excluded under the Empire, which no more sympathized with his pure conceptions of Christian art than it did with his conception of Christian morals.

Rio has recorded the result of the impression made by Montalembert upon the English poet Rogers, which admirably illustrates the fact that Montalembert's religion was not a sort of moral "Sunday suit" to be put off and on as occasion might require, and at the same time reveals to us the old poet in an entirely new aspect. The Montalemberts had spent the evening with Rogers, "and after their departure," Rio relates, "when I found myself alone with Rogers, the expression of his countenance, which up to that moment had been smiling and animated, changed so suddenly that I feared I had offended him by some word of doubtful meaning which I might not altogether have understood. He paced about the room without saying anything, and I did not know whether I might venture to break this incomprehensible silence. At last he broke it himself, and said to me that, if he had the power of putting himself in the place of another, he would choose that of Montalembert, not on account of his youth and his beautiful wife,

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but because he possessed that immovable and cloudless faith that seemed to himself the most enviable of all gifts."

Mr. Neale advised Montalembert that he had been elected an honorary member of the Cambridge Camden Society. On receipt of the news of this "unsolicited and unmerited honor," Montalembert replied in a letter protesting against the usurpation of the title "Catholic" by the Camden Society. Here are some of its trenchant passages:

"The attempt to steal away from us, and appropriate to the use of a fraction of the Church of England, the glorious title of Catholic, is proved to be an usurpation by every monument of the past and present, by the coronation oath of your sovereigns, by all the laws that have *established* your church. The name itself is spurned with indignation by the greater half at least of those who belong to the Church of England, just as the Church of England itself is rejected with scorn and detestation by the greater half of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom. The judgment of the whole indifferent world, the common sense of humanity, agrees with the judgment of the Church of Rome, and with the sense of her 150 millions of children, to dispossess you of this name. The Church of England, who has denied her mother, is rightly without a sister. She has chosen to break the bonds of unity and obedience. Let her therefore stand alone before the judgment-seat of God and man. Even the debased Russian Church—that church where lay-despotism has closed the church's mouth and turned her into a slave—disdains to recognize the Anglicans as Catholics. Even the Eastern heretics, although so sweetly courted by Puseyite missionaries, sneer at this new and fictitious Catholicism. That the so-called Anglo-Catholics, whose very name betrays their usurpation and their contradiction, whose doctrinal articles, whose liturgy, whose whole history, are such as to disconnect them from all mankind except those who are born English and speak English—that they should pretend on the strength of their private judgment alone to be what the rest of mankind deny them to be, will assuredly be ranked among the first follies of the XIXth century. . . . You may turn aside for three hundred years to come, as you have done for three hundred years past, from the fountain of living waters; but to dig out a small channel of your own, for your own private insular use, wherein the living truth will run apart from its own docile and ever obedient children—*that* will no more be granted to you than it has been to the Arians, the Nestorians, the Donatists, or any other triumphant heresy. I protest, therefore, against the usurpation of a sacred name by the Camden Society as iniquitous; and I next protest against the object of this society, and all such efforts in the Anglican Church, as absurd."

We now have before us a period of seven years in the life of Montalembert, the record of which may be said to be the history of the great public questions which then agitated France; so intimately was his entire parliamentary career bound up with their development. The first and most important of these questions was that of education. Then, as now, the examination for the degree of A.B. (*baccalaureat*) was the key to all public occupations.

But at that time, from 1830 to 1848, no one had a right to present himself for this examination unless he had been educated in one of the public *lycées*, or some school licensed by the university, into whose hands the government had placed the monopoly of education. A wealthy parent might educate a boy under his own supervision in the best universities of England or Germany, or by private tutors, yet the youth would not be permitted to present himself for examination, although able to pass it with ease. And the degree resulting from this examination was the essential condition upon which the possibility of a public career was opened to every young Frenchman. Without it he could by no possibility be admitted

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to any public employment, the bench or the bar. Ability, accomplishments, acquirements, had nothing to do with the question. The young man must pass through a state school, or he was for ever debarred from a public career in his own country. But to pass through a state school, as all Christian parents, both Catholic and Protestant, then well knew in France, was to leave it with the loss of his religious principles. The biographer may well find it "equally incredible that such restrictions should have been borne by any people, and that a government founded upon liberal principles and erected by revolution should have dared to maintain them; but so it was."

The parliamentary campaign on the educational question opened in 1844. Discussion soon reached a point of warmth. "There is one result given under the auspices of the university," said Montalembert, "which governs every other, and which is as clear as daylight. It is that children who leave their family with the seed of faith in them, to enter the university, come out of it infidels." The contradictions and *mouvement* incited by this statement pushed the orator to more emphatic statement. "I appeal," he said, "to the testimony of all fathers and mothers. Let us take any ten children out of the schools regulated by the university, at the end of their studies, and find one Christian among them if you can. One in ten! and that would be a prodigy. I address myself not to such or such a religious belief, but to all. Catholics, Protestants, Jews, all who believe humbly and sincerely in the religion which they possess, it is to them I appeal, whom I recognize as my brethren. And all those who have a sincere belief, and practise it, will confirm what I have said of the religious results of the education of the university. Let us hear the testimony of the young and eloquent defender of French Protestantism, the son of our colleague M. Agenor de Gasparin. . . . 'Religious education,' he says, 'has no existence in the colleges. . . . I bethink myself with terror what I was when I issued forth from this national education. I recollect what all my companions were. Were we very good citizens? I know not, but certainly we were not Christians; we did not possess even the weakest beginnings of evangelical faith.'"

The results of the French compulsory anti-Christian education may be read in current history. "The men it has brought up are the men who allowed France to be bound for eighteen years in the humiliating bondage of the Second Empire; who have furnished excuses to all the world for calling her the most socially depraved of notions; who have filled her light literature with abominations, and her graver works with blasphemy; and who have finally procured for her national downfall and humiliation."

Montalembert planted his little band in battle array against the compact and overwhelming forces of the government, under the inspiration and trumpet-tongued tones of his admirable *fils des croisés* speech in the Chamber of Peers. Here, with its memorable termination, are a few passages from it. We regret we cannot give it entire. "Allow me to tell you, gentlemen, a generation has arisen among you of men whom you know not. Let them call us Neo-Catholics, sacristans, ultramontanes, as you will; the name is nothing; the thing exists. We take for our motto that with which the generous Poles in the last century headed their manifesto of resistance to the Empress Catherine: 'We, who love

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freedom more than all the world, and the Catholic religion more than freedom,' . . . are we to acknowledge ourselves so degenerated from the condition of our fathers, that we must give up our reason to rationalism, deliver our conscience to the university, our dignity and our freedom into the hands of law-makers whose hatred for the freedom of the church is equalled only by their profound ignorance of her rights and her doctrines? . . . You are told to be *implacable*. Be so; do all that you will and can against us. The church will answer you by the mouth of Tertullian and the gentle Fénelon. 'You have nothing to fear from us; but we do not fear you.' And I add in the name of Catholic laymen like myself, Catholics of the XIXth century: We will not be helots in the midst of a free people. WE ARE THE SUCCESSORS OF THE MARTYRS, AND WE DO NOT TREMBLE BEFORE THE SUCCESSORS OF JULIAN THE APOSTATE. WE ARE THE SONS OF THE CRUSADERS, AND WE WILL NEVER YIELD TO THE PROGENY OF VOLTAIRE!"

"*Mouvements divers*" might well—according to the reported proceedings of the day—follow this burst of indignant eloquence. The words made the very air of France tingle; they defined at once the two sides with one of those happy strokes which make the fortune of a party, and which are doubly dear to all who speak the language of epigram—the most brilliantly clear, incisive, and distinct of tongues. Henceforward the *fils des croisés* were a recognized power, but they were only known and heard by and through Montalembert, and, so far as the public struggle was concerned, might be said to exist in him alone. Montalembert fought almost single-handed. "The attitude of this one man between that phalanx of resolute opponents and the shifty mass of irresolute followers, is as curious and interesting as any political position ever was. He stands before us turning from one to the other, never wearied, never flagging, maintaining an endless brilliant debate, now with one set of objectors, now with another, prompt with his answers to every man's argument, rapid as lightning in his sweep upon every man's fallacy: now proclaiming himself the representative of the Catholics in France, and pouring forth his claim for them as warm, as urgent, as vehement as though a million of men were at his back: and now turning upon these very Catholics with keen reproaches, with fiery ridicule, with stinging darts of contempt for their weakness. Thus he fought single-handed, confronting the entire world. Nothing daunted him, neither failure nor abuse, neither the resentment of his enemies, nor the languor of his friends, . . . not always parliamentary in his language, bold enough to say everything, as his adversaries reproached him, yet never making a false accusation or imputing a mean motive. No one hotter in assault, none more tremendous in the onslaught; but he did not know what it was to strike a stealthy or back-handed blow."

Time has strange revenges. In April, 1849, came up the important question of the *inamovibilité de la magistrature*—the appointment for life of magistrates. His old enemies were delighted to find that Montalembert declared himself unreservedly in the affirmative, and none more than M. Dupin, the very man who uttered the memorable "*Soyez implacables.*" Again he had the government to contend with, for under the law magistrates were no longer irremovable. Montalembert propos-

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ed, as an amendment, that all magistrates in office should be reappointed, and that all new appointments should be made for life. He pointed out the evils of a system which made judgeships tenable only from one revolution to another, and made a noble office the object of a "hunt" for promotion dishonoring to all parties. He spoke of the magistracy as the priesthood (*sacerdoce*) of justice, and added: "Allow me to pause a moment upon the word priesthood, which I have just employed. Of all the weaknesses and follies of the times in which we live, there is none more hateful to me than the conjunction of expressions and images borrowed from religion with the most profane facts and ideas. But I acknowledge that our old and beautiful French language, the immortal and intelligent interpreter of the national good sense, has, by a marvellous instinct, assimilated religion and justice. It has always said: *The temples of the law, the sanctuary of justice, the priesthood of the magistracy.*" The cause was won by his eloquence, and thus the first political success he ever gained was not for himself or his friends, but for his enemies. Truly a fitting triumph for a son of the crusaders.

The peerage now being abolished, Montalembert was returned as deputy to the National Assembly by the Department of Doubs. Here his career was, if possible, yet more brilliant than in the Chamber of Peers. It would require a volume fitly to record them. Soon came the presidency of Louis Bonaparte. Himself the soul of honor, with an eye single to the welfare of France, deceived by solemn assurances which he unfortunately credited, unsuspicious of a depth of treachery which he could not conceive, and alarmed by the horrible spectre of socialism, just arising from its native blood and mire, Montalembert became the dupe and the victim of Louis Napoleon. When power had been fully secured, the new president offered him the position of senator, along with the *dotation* of 30,000 francs, which was refused without hesitation. A second and a third time the offer was renewed, the last offer being urged by De Morny in person. The only position he held under the government of Louis Napoleon was the nominal one of a member of the Consultative Commission, which he resigned on the publication of the decree for the confiscation of the property of the House of Orleans. He had already begun to suffer from the attacks of the disease to which he finally succumbed; and it was from his sick-bed that he went to receive at the hands of the French Academy the highest and most dearly prized reward of French talent and genius. Montalembert was elected to the seat in the Academy vacated by the death of M. Droz, and his reception was an event. Being now freed from the absorbing engagements of life, he made several journeys to England, and travelled into Hungary, Poland, and Spain. His work entitled *L'Avenir Politique de l'Angleterre* was the fruit of his English visits; and was well received both in France and England. In October, 1858, the Paris *Correspondant* published a remarkable letter from Montalembert, describing a debate in the English Parliament. Its every paragraph was so full of a subtle and powerful contrast between political liberty in England and the absence of it in France that the Imperial government and its adherents were stung to the quick. He speaks of leaving "an atmosphere foul with servile and corrupting miasma (*chargée de miasmes serviles et corrupteurs*) to breathe a purer

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air and to take a bath of free life in England." Referring to a former French colony, he says: "In Canada, a noble race of Frenchmen and Catholics, unhappily torn from our country, but remaining French in heart and habits, owes to England the privilege of having retained or acquired, along with perfect religious freedom, all the political and municipal liberties which France herself has repudiated." A criminal prosecution was immediately begun against the count for this letter. Four separate accusations were brought. Among them were "exciting the people to hate and despise the government of the emperor, and of attempting to disturb the public peace." The legal penalties were imprisonment from three months to five years, fine from 500 to 6,000 francs, and expulsion from France. According to French custom, the prisoner on trial was interrogated concerning the obnoxious passages, and, when Montalembert answered, it was discovered that the emperor and his government, not the prisoner at the bar, was on trial. With calm gravity he acknowledged each damning implication as an historical fact not to be denied, "enjoying, there can be no doubt," says his biographer, "to the bottom of his heart, this unlooked-for chance of adding a double point to every arrow he had launched, and planting his darts deliberately and effectually in the joints of his adversaries' armor."

The foundation of Montalembert's great work, *The Monks of the West*, was laid in his studies for the life of S. Elizabeth, and the remainder of his active life was now devoted to its completion. It is sufficient to refer to it. We need not dwell upon this greatest production of his literary genius. Besides this, two other remarkable productions came from his pen toward the close of his career. These were the long and eloquent addresses, *L'Eglise libre dans l'Etat libre*, delivered before the Congress of Malines, and his *Victoire du Nord aux Etats-Unis*, which, says his biographer, "is little else than a hymn of triumph in honor of that success which to him was a pure success of right over wrong, of freedom over slavery."

It is well known that Montalembert was one of those who opposed the proclamation of the dogma of infallibility. On this point, his biographer gives us this interesting information.

One of his visitors said to him, while lying on what proved to be his death-bed: "If the Infallibility is proclaimed, what will you do?" "I will struggle against it as long as I can," he said; but when the question was repeated, the sufferer raised himself quickly, with something of his old animation, and turned to his questioner. "What should I do?" he said. "We are always told that the pope is a father. *Eh bien!*—there are many fathers who demand our adherence to things very far from our inclination, and contrary to our ideas. In such a case, the son struggles while he can; he tries hard to persuade his father; discusses and talks the matter over with him; but when all is done, when he sees no possibility of succeeding, but receives a distinct refusal, he submits. I shall do the same."

"You will submit so far as form goes," said the visitor. "You will submit externally. But how will you reconcile that submission with your ideas and convictions?"

Still more distinctly and clearly he replied: "I will make no attempt to reconcile them. I will submit my will, as has to be done in respect to all the other questions of faith. I

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am not a theologian; it is not my part to decide on such matters. And God does not ask me to understand. He asks me to submit my will and intelligence, and I will do so." "After having made this solemn though abrupt confession of faith," says the witness whom we have quoted, "he added, with a smile, 'It is simple enough; there is nothing extraordinary in it.'"

The last years of the life of this distinguished man were one long protracted agony of physical suffering. The symptoms of disease that first manifested themselves in 1852 had gone on increasing in severity until in 1869, more than a year before his death, he speaks of himself as *vivens sepulcrum*. "I am fully warranted in saying that the death of M. de Montalembert was part of his glory," writes M. Cochin, in describing his constancy and resignation. He died on the 13th of March, 1870.

AT THE SHRINE.

I.

THE sunset's dying radiance falls
On chancel-gloom and sculptured shrine,
A splendor wraps the pictured walls,
Where painted saints in glory shine!
And blent with sweet-tongued vesper-bells,
Through echoing aisles and arches dim
The organ's solemn music swells,
The sweetly chanted evening hymn.

II.

Low at Our Lady's spotless feet
A white-robed woman kneels in prayer:
The *Deus Meus* murmurs sweet,
While *Glorias* throb on perfumed air;
Before the circling altar-rail
She breathes her *Aves* soft and low—
The golden hair beneath her veil
Wreathed like a glory on her brow.

III.

The sunset's purple splendors fade,
The dark'ning shades of twilight fall,
The moonbeam's silver touch is laid
On sculptur'd saint and pictur'd wall;
And while the weeping watcher kneels,
And silence weaves her magic spells,
The gray dawn thro' the oriel steals,
And morning wakes the matin-bells.

ADVENT, 1872.

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A CHRISTMAS RECOGNITION.

We were old-fashioned people at Aldred, and Christmas was our special holiday. The house was always filled with guests, not such as many of our grander neighbors asked to their houses, but such as cared for good old-fashioned cheer and antiquated habits. Not all were relations, for we never asked relations merely on account of their kinship, according to the regulation mixing of a conventional Christmas party, but among our own people were many whose presence at our Christmas gatherings was as certain as the recurrence of the festival itself. Among them was a great-aunt, a soft, mild old lady, always dressed in widow's weeds, but with a face as fresh as a girl's, and hair white as the snowy cap she wore to conceal it. She had not come alone, for her adopted son was with her, the promised husband of her only child, dead years ago. He had left his own home and people, like Ruth, for the lonely, childless woman whom he was to have called mother, and remained her inseparable companion through her beautiful and resigned old age. There were, besides these, a young girl whose aspect was peculiar and attractive, and whose manner had in its mixture of modesty and self-reliance a piquancy that added to the fascination of her person. She had come with a distant cousin of hers, a widow of a different type from our dear old relative, and whose object in chaperoning Miss Houghton must have been mixed. She was small, blonde, coquettish, and thirty-two, though no one would have taken her for more than twenty-five. She looked soft, pliable, irresolute, and tender, and men often found in her a repose which was a soothing contrast to her cousin's energetic, peculiar, somewhat eccentric ways; only it was the repose yielded by a downy cushion, and people wearied of it after a while. The secret of the apparent partnership between these two opposite natures was perhaps this: the widow had a rich jointure, and was an excellent *parti*, while her cousin was portionless. Miss Houghton was thus doubly a foil to Mrs. Burtleigh.

I shall not speak of the other guests in detail, with the exception of one whom it would be impossible to overlook. He was a man nearer forty than thirty-five, good-humored and careless to all appearance, a hard worker in the battle of life, a cosmopolitan philosopher, and one of those handy, useful men who can sew on a button, cook an omelet, and kiss a bride as easily and unconcernedly as they gallop across country or horsewhip a villain. He had been in Mexico, surveying and engineering for an English railroad company, and he had spent some years in the East as the land-agent of a progress-loving pacha. Europe he knew as well as we knew Aldred, while the year he had been absent from us had been filled by new and stirring experiences in Upper Egypt. But I forget; we have yet to speak of many little details of Christmas-tide which preceded the gathering in of the whole party.

The kitchen department was, of

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course, conspicuous on this occasion. This included the village poor, who were regularly assembled every day for soup until Christmas eve, when each household received a joint of beef and a fine plum-pudding. Some of us went round the village in a sleigh, and distributed tea and sugar as supplementary items. It was a traditional Yule-tide, for the snow lay soft, even, and thick over the roads, as it but seldom does in England; Then the school was visited and solidly provisioned, the children were invited to a monster tea with accompaniment of a magic-lantern show, after which the prizes were to be distributed, as well as warm clothing for the winter season. Nothing was said of the Christmas-tree, as that was kept as a surprise.

The decoration of house and chapel was a wonderful and prolonged business, and afforded great amusement. Holly grew in profusion at Aldred, and a cart-load of the bright-berried evergreen was brought to the house the day preceding Christmas eve. The people we have made acquaintance with were already with us, and vigorously helped us on with the preparations. Such fun as there was when Miss Houghton insisted upon crowning the marble bust of the Indian grandee, Rammohun Roy, with a holly wreath, and when Mrs. Burtleigh gave a pretty, ladylike little cry as she pricked her fingers with the glossy leaves! The children of the house and those of another house in the neighborhood (orphan children whose gloomy home made them a perpetual source of pity to us) were helping as unhelpfully as ever, but what of that? It was a joyous, animated scene, and, still more, a romantic one; for the traveller, who had claimed a former acquaintance with Miss Houghton, now seemed to become her very shadow—or knight, let us say; it is more appropriate to the spirit of a festival so highly honored in mediæval times. The chapel, a beautiful Gothic building, small but perfect, was decorated with mottoes wrought in leaves, such as "Unto us a Son is born, unto us a Child is given," and *Gloria in excelsis Deo*, etc., while festoons of evergreens hung from pillar to pillar, and draped the stone-carved tribune at the western end with a living tapestry. Round the altar were heaped in rows, placed one higher than another, evergreens of every size and kind, mingled with islands of bright camellias, the pride of the renowned hothouses of Aldred. White, red, and streaked, the flowers seemed like stars among dark masses of clouds; and, when we lit a few of the tall candles to see the effect, it was so solemn that we longed for the time to pass quickly, till the midnight Mass should call forth all the beauty of which we had seen but a part.

These decorations had been mainly the work of the traveller (whom, in our traditional familiarity, we called "Cousin Jim") and of our other friend, the adopted son of our old aunt; but, though their brains had conceived, it was Miss Houghton's deft fingers that executed the work best. The last touch had just been put to an immense cross of holly which was to be swung from the ceiling, to supply the place of the rood that in old times guarded the choir-screen. A star of snow-white camellias was to be poised just above it, and a tall ladder had been put in readiness to facilitate the delicate task. Miss Houghton stood at the foot, one arm leaning on the ladder, the other holding aloft the white star. Her friend was halfway up, bearing the great cross, when he suddenly heard a low voice, swelling gradually, intoning the words of the Christmas hymn:

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Adeste fideles,
Læti triumphantes:
Venite, venite in Bethlehem:
Natum videte
Regem angelorum:
Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus Dominum.

Startled and touched, he began the repeating words of the chorus, pausing with his green cross held high in his arms. The others who, scattered about the chapel, heard his deep tones, answering, took up the chorus, and chanted it slowly to the end, Miss Houghton looking round with tears in her eyes, at this unexpected response to the suppressed and undefinable feelings of her heart. It was an impressive scene, the guests, servants, gardeners, and a few of the choir-boys, all mingling in the impromptu worship so well befitting the beautiful work they had in hand. At the end of the verse, the traveller hastily gained the top of the ladder, and, having fastened the holly cross in its place, intoned a second verse, in which Miss Houghton immediately joined, and the harmonious blending of their voices had, if possible, a still more beautiful effect than the unaccompanied chant of the first verse. Again the chorus chimed in,

Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus Dominum,

in full, solemn tones, and all sang from their places, their festoons in their hands, so that at the end of the hymn the traveller said thoughtfully to his companion: "*Laborare est orare* should be our motto henceforth. I wish all our work were as holy as this."

"And why not?" she answered quickly; "only *will* it so, and so t shall be. We are our own creators."

"What a rash saying!" he exclaimed, with a smile; "but I know what you mean. God gives us the tools and the marble; it is ours to carve it *into* an angel or a fiend."

At last the chapel decoration was over, and a few of the more venturesome among us went out in the snow for a walk.

Meanwhile, in the corridor (so we called our favorite sitting-room), the Yule-logs were crackling cheerfully on the wide hearth, and the fitful tongues of flame shot a red glimmer over the old-fashioned furniture. One of the chairs was said to have belonged to Cardinal Wolsey, and there was another, a circular arm-chair, that looked as if it also should have had a history connected with the great and learned. Full-length portraits of the old possessors of Aldred covered the walls, and on the stained-glass upper compartments of the deep bay-window at one end were depicted the arms and quarterings of the family. The Yule-logs were oak, cut from our own trees, and perforated all over with large holes through which the flames shot up like fire-sprites.

The Christmas-tree and magic-lantern also had to be put in order to save time and trouble, and a stage for tableaux occupied the rapt attention of the amateur mechanician (our great-aunt's son) and of "Jim," the traveller and practised factotum. Miss Houghton was never very far from the scene of these proceedings, and, when she was not quite so near, "Cousin Jim" was not quite so eager. Almost all our guests had brought contributions for the Christmas-tree, of which our children had the nominal charge, and with these gifts and our own it turned out quite a royal success. Presents of useful garments, flannels, boots, mittens, woollen shirts, petticoats, and comforters, were stowed away beneath the lower branches, while all visible parts were hung with the toys and fruits, lights and ribbons, that so delight children. Gilt walnut-shells were a prominent

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decoration, and right at the apex of the tree was fixed a "Christ-child," that thoroughly German development, an image of the Infant Saviour, holding a starred globe in one hand and a standard in the other. A *crèche* had also been prepared in the Lady-chapel, a lifelike representation of those beautiful Christmas pictures seen to such perfection in the large churches of Italy. Munich figures supplied the place of wax models, however, and were a decided improvement.

Many people from the village had asked leave to come in and look at these peculiar decorations; but, as few of them were Catholics, it had been thought better to wait till the third Mass on Christmas day to open the chapel to the public. Christmas eve was a very busy day, and towards five o'clock began the great task of welcoming the rest of the expected guests. This was done in no modern and languid fashion; the servants, clad in fur caps and frieze greatcoats, stood near the door with resinous torches flaring in the still night air—it was quite dark at that early hour—and the host and hostess welcomed them at the very threshold. The children helped them to take off their wraps, and held mistletoe sprigs over their bended heads as they reached up to kiss them. Indeed, mistletoe was so plentifully strewn about the house that it was impossible to avoid it, but we had so far eschewed the freedom of the past as to consider this custom more honored in the breach than in the observance. The children and the servants, however, made up for our carelessness.

Very little toilet was expected for a seven o'clock dinner (we were not fashionable people), but we found that our well-meant injunctions had hardly been obeyed. For the sake of the picturesque, so much the better, I thought. One of our friends had actually donned a claret-colored velvet suit, with slippers to match, embroidered with gold; and, when we looked at each other in silent amusement, the wearer himself smiled round the circle, saying pleasantly:

"Oh! I do not mind being noticed. In fact, I rather like it—this was a lady's fancy, you see."

"How, how?" we asked eagerly.

"Well," answered the Londoner, a regular drawing-room pet, and a very clever society jester, "I was challenged to a game of billiards by a fair lady, the Duchess of ——. She said to me, 'And pray *do* wear something picturesque.' I bowed and said, 'Your grace shall be obeyed.' I happened to have some loose cash about me. I could not wear uniform, because I did not belong even to the most insignificant of volunteer regiments, and I went to my tailor. His genius was equal to the occasion, and this was the result. I played with the duchess, and she won," — the hero of the velvet coat was an invincible billiard champion.—"As I have the dress by me, I take the liberty of wearing it occasionally in the country. It is too good to be hidden, isn't it?"

So he rattled on till dinner was announced. It was a merry but frugal meal. The mince-pies and plum-pudding crowned with blue flame, the holly-wreathed boar's head of romance, were not there; they were reserved for to-morrow. So with the "wassail-bowl," the fragrant, spirituous beverage of which each one was to partake, his two neighbors standing up on each side of him, according to the old custom intended as a defence against treachery; for once it had happened that a guest whose hands were engaged holding the two-

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handled bowl to his lips was stabbed from behind by a lurking enemy, and ever after it became *de rigueur* that protection should be afforded to the drinker by his neighbor on either side.

The fare to-night was still Advent fare, but, after dinner, Christmas insisted upon beginning. We were told that the "mummers" from the village were come, and waited for leave to begin their play. They were brought into the hall, and the whole company stood on the steps leading up to the drawing-rooms. The scenery was not characteristic—a broad oaken staircase, a Chinese gong, the polished oak flooring, the massive hall-door. The actors themselves, seven or eight in number, dressed in the most fantastic and extemporized costume, now began the performance; and but for the venerable antiquity of the farce, it was absurd and obscure enough to excite laughter rather than interest. The children were wild with delight, and were with difficulty restrained from leaping the "pit" and mingling with the actors on the "stage." Indeed, for many days after nothing was heard among them but imitations of the "mummers." There was a grave dialogue about "King George," then a scuffle ensued, and one man fell down either wounded or in a fit. The doctor is called; the people believe the man dead, the doctor denies this, and says, "I will give him a cordial, mark the effect." The resuscitated man afterwards has a tooth drawn by the same quack, who then holds up the tooth (a huge, unshapely equine one provided for the occasion), and exclaims: "Why, this is more like a horse's tooth than a man's!" I never could make out the full meaning of the "mummers'" play; but, whether it was a corruption of some older and more complete dramatic form, or the crude beginning of an undeveloped one, it certainly was the characteristic feature of our Christmas at Aldred. It took place regularly every year, without the slightest deviation in detail, and always ended in a mournful chorus, "The Old Folks at Home." After the actors had been heartily cheered, and the host had addressed to them a few kind words of thanks and recognition, they were dismissed to the kitchen, to their much coveted entertainment of unlimited beer. There they enacted their performance once more for the servants, who then fraternized with them on the most amiable terms.

Meanwhile, our party were gradually collecting round the wood-fire in corridor. It was a bitter cold night, the snow was falling noiselessly and fast, and the wind howled weirdly through the bare branches of the distant trees. Our old aunt remarked, in her gentle way:

"One almost feels as if those poor owls were human beings crying with cold."

"We look like a picture, mother," somewhat irrelevantly answered her son after a slight pause; "the antique dresses of many of us are quite worth an artist's study."

Mrs. Burtleigh, whose blonde beauty was coquettishly set off by a slight touch of powder on the hair, and a becoming Marie Antoinette style of *négligé*, here pointedly addressed the traveller.

"Sir Pilgrim," she said, "did you ever think of home when you had to spend a Christmas in outlandish countries?"

"Sometimes," answered "Jim" absently, his eyes wandering towards Miss Houghton, who stood resting her head against a carved griffin on the tall mantel-piece.

She caught his glance, and said half saucily:

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"Now, if it was not too commonplace, I should claim a story—Christmas eve is not complete without a story, at least so the books say."

"If it were required, I know one that is not quite so hackneyed as the grandmothers' ghosts and wicked ancestors we are often surfeited with at Christmas," replied her friend quickly. The whole circle drew closer around the fire, and imperiously demanded an explanation.

"But that will be descending to commonplace," pleaded the traveller.

"Who knows? It may turn out the reverse, when you have done," heedlessly said Mrs. Burtleigh.

"Well, if you will have it, here it is. Mind, now, I am not going to give you a three-volume novel, full of padding, but just tell you one incident, plain and unadorned. So do not look forward to anything thrilling or sensational.

"Some years ago, I was in Belgium, hastening home for Christmas, and spent three or four days in Bruges. I will spare you a description of the grand old city, and come to facts. I was just on the point of leaving, and had got to the railway station in order to catch the tidal train for Ostend, when a man suddenly and hurriedly came up to me, an old servant in faded livery, who, without breathing a word, placed a note in my hand, and was immediately lost to sight in the crowd. The waiting-room was dimly lighted, but I could make out my own name, initials and all, on the envelope. In my confusion, I hurried out of the station, and, stepping into a small *hôtellerie*, I opened the mysterious note. It was very short: 'Come at once to No. 20 Rue Neuve.' The signature was in initials only. The handwriting was small and undecided. I could hardly tell if it were a man's or a woman's. I knew my way to the Rue Neuve, not a really *new* street, but one of Bruges' most interesting old thoroughfares. No gas, a narrow street, great gaunt *portes-cochères*, and projecting windows on both sides, the pavement uneven, and a young moon just showing her crescent over the crazy-looking houses—such was the scene. I soon got to No. 20. It was a large, dilapidated house, with every sign about it of decayed grandeur and diminished wealth. Two large doors, heavily barred, occupied the lower part of the wall; above were oriels and dormers whose stone frames were tortured into weird half-human faces and impossible foliage. No light anywhere, and for bell a long, hanging, ponderous weight of iron. I pulled it, and a sepulchral sound answered the motion. I waited, no one came; I thought I must have mistaken the number. Taking out the letter, however, I made sure I was right. I pulled the bell again a little louder, and heard footsteps slowly echoing on the stone flags of the court within. *Sabots* evidently; they made a rattle like dead men's bones, I thought. A little *grille*, or tiny wicket, was opened, and an old dame, shading her candle with one brown hand, peered suspiciously out. Apparently dissatisfied, she closed the opening with a bang, muttering to herself in Flemish. It was cold standing in the street, and, as the portress of this mysterious No. 20 made no sign of opening the door for me, I was very nearly getting angry, and going away in no amiable mood at the unknown who had played me this too practical joke. Suddenly I heard the *grille* open again, very briskly this time, and a voice said in tolerably good French:

"'Monsieur's name is ——?'

"'Yes,' I replied rather impatiently.

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"'Then will monsieur wait an instant, till I undo the bars?' A great drawing of chains and bolts on the inside followed her speech, and a little gate, three-quarters of a man's height, was opened in the massive and immovable *porte-cochère*. I stepped quickly in, nearly overturning the old dame's candlestick. She wore a full short petticoat of bright yet not gaudy blue, and over it a large black circular cloak which covered all but her clumsy sabots. Her cap was a miracle of neatness, and her brown face, wrinkled but cheery, reminded me of S. Elizabeth in Raphael's pictures. She said glibly and politely:

"'Will monsieur give himself the trouble to wait a moment?'

"She disappeared with her candle, leaving me to peer round the courtyard, where the moon's feeble rays were playing at hide-and-seek behind the many projections. Almost as soon as she had left, she was with me again, bidding me follow her up-stairs. 'My master is bed-ridden,' she explained. 'Since he got a wound in the war of independence against Holland, he has not been able to move. Monsieur will take care, I hope, not to excite him; he is nervous and irritable since his illness,' she added apologetically.

"I confess I was rather disappointed. I had expected that everything would happen as it does in a play—it had looked so like one hitherto. I thought I was going to meet a woman—young, beautiful, in distress, perhaps in want of a champion—but it was only a bed-ridden old man after all! Well, it might lead to an act of charity, that true chivalry of the soul, higher far than mere personal homage to accidental beauty, I entered a darkened room, scantily and shabbily furnished, and the old woman laid the candlestick on the table. The bed was in a corner near the fire; the uneven *parquet* floor was covered here and there with faded rugs, and books and papers lay on a desk on the old man's bed. At first I could hardly distinguish his features, but, as my eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, I saw that he was a martial-looking man, with eyes so keen that sickness could hardly dull them, and a bearing that indicated the stern will, the clear intellect, and the lofty *bonhomie* of an old Flemish *gentilhomme*. He looked at me with curious and prolonged interest, then said, in a voice full of bygone courtesy:

"'Will monsieur be seated? I have made no mistake in the name?'

"'No,' I answered, wondering what the question meant.

"'Then, monsieur, I have important news for you. The daughter of your brother—'

"I was already bewildered, and looked up. He continued, taking my surprise for interest: 'The daughter of your poor brother is now a great heiress, and I hold her fortune in trust for her—do not interrupt me,' he said, eagerly preventing me from speaking, 'it tires me, and I must say all this at once. I do not know if you knew of her being taken from her parents when a child; of course you recollect that, after her mother's marriage with your brother, there was a great fracas, and poor Marie's father disinherited her at once. When the child was born—I was her god-father, by the bye—her parents being in great poverty, I begged of the grandfather to help and forgive them, the more so as your brother was making his poor wife very unhappy. He refused, and, though he generally took my advice (he was an an old college friend of mine), he was obstinate on this

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point. The child grew, and the parents were on worse terms every year. Marie's father held out against every inducement; your poor brother—forgive me, monsieur!—fell into bad company, and made his home a perfect hell; his wife was broken-hearted, but would not hear of a separation, and her only anxiety was for her child. I proposed to her to take the responsibility myself of putting the little one out of reach of this dreadful example of a divided household, and she consented. The father stormed and raved when he found the child was gone, but for once his wife opposed him, and refused to let him know her whereabouts. Every year I interceded with the grandfather, who consented to support the little girl, but would never promise to leave her a competency at his death. One day, suddenly, your poor brother died.'

"I could not help starting; he saw my surprise.

"'Oh!' he resumed, 'did you not know how he died? Pardon me, monsieur, I remember now that none of his English kin followed him to the grave, but I had heard your name before.'

"'Monsieur,' I began, fearing that he might be led on to talk of family secrets such as he might not wish to share with a stranger, 'you have told me a strange tale; but allow me to undeceive you—'

"'How did you deceive me?' he asked impatiently, and I, remembering the old dame's warning not to excite him, was puzzled how to act. In the meanwhile, he went on.

"'*Eh bien!* The mother then went to England, to the school where her child was, and saw her, but she did not long survive the wear and tear of her wretched life, and the grief her husband's death caused her—for, poor woman, she loved him, you see.'

"'Just like a woman, God bless her!' I murmured involuntarily. The old man bent his head in cordial assent, but immediately resumed: 'Her father blessed her before she died, and promised to care for the little girl. He then drew up this will'—here he laid his hand on a thick packet on the desk—'and entrusted it me. The child was nine years old then, and that was fifteen years ago. She was to be told nothing till her twenty-first birthday, and to be brought up in England, unconscious of anything save that she was the child of honest parents. This went on for some years, and then my old friend died. I continued to send regular remittances to the little girl's temporary guardians; the bulk of the fortune I kept in the house—there in that chest; perhaps it was a foolish fancy, but I did not care to have it in a common bank. The war came and passed over the flower of our land, and you see, monsieur, what it has left of my former self. Well, after a time, five or six years ago, I ceased hearing from my little ward; I was unable to get up and search for her; all that advertisements and correspondence could do I did, and my chief endeavor was to find you. I thought, if anything were likely, this was; she would go to you, her father's step-brother, a different man, as I always heard her mother say, from what her own unhappy parent had been.'

"'But,' I said, 'allow me to correct a mistake, monsieur; I never had a step-brother, or a brother either.'

"'What!' the old man exclaimed nervously—'what do you mean? Do not joke about such things. Your name is ——. Your hair is fair and wavy, your figure tall and stalwart—that was the portrait of my poor little ward's uncle, a different man, of dif-

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ferent blood, as well as different name, from her father.'

"'Do not tell me any names, monsieur,' I here insisted, 'until I have told you who I am.'

"He looked at me, still agitated, his brows knitted, and his lips quivered. I told him my name, birth, country, profession, and assured him that I, an only son, had never heard of any story like his. He seemed thunderstruck, and could hardly take in the idea; but, recollecting himself, said: 'Pardon me, monsieur, but I have, then, caused you great inconvenience.'

"His politeness now seemed overwhelming; he was in despair; he was *désolé*. What could he do? How could he apologize? I quieted him as best I could by professing the utmost indifference about the delay, and begged him, though I would solicit no further confidence, to consider my lips as sealed, and, if he wished it, my services as entirely at his disposal.

"He smiled curiously, then said: 'The best apology I can make is to tell you the whole. Your name and initials misled me. Having heard that you were in Bruges, I sent my messenger, who, it seems, only reached you as you were on the point of starting for Ostend. I thought it was my ward's uncle I had found, and, never having seen him, I could not tell if you were the wrong man. I must continue to try and find him; if I fail—never mind, I want to tell you her name. She is Philippa Duncombe, and, when I saw her last, she was a dark child, quick, peculiar, and resolute. It is so long ago that I could give you no idea of her exterior as she is now. I think she must have suspected her dependence upon a supposed charity, and have left school without the knowledge of any one. Anyhow, I must still try to find your namesake; as for you, monsieur, I cannot thank you enough for your forbearance.'

"I left Bruges the next day, but, as you may suppose, the story of the Baron Van Muyden never ceased to haunt me, and a few months after I was glad and flattered to receive a letter from the old veteran saying that he had now ascertained that my namesake, the child's half-uncle, had been dead some years, and that he felt that to none other but myself would he now wish to transfer the task of searching for the lost heiress. Of course I accepted."

Our friend paused here, and looked thoughtfully at the fire. The Yule-logs were burning so merrily that a ruin seemed imminent, and while the silence was yet unbroken a sound of distant singing came towards the house. It was the gay company of Christmas carollers, singing their old, old ditties through the frosty night, in commemoration of the Angel-songs heard by the watching shepherds so many long centuries ago on the hills of Judæa. But the company was too much absorbed in the traveller's tale to heed the faint echo. Miss Houghton sat with her dark eyes fixed on the speaker, and every vestige of color gone in the intensity of her excitement; Mrs. Burtleigh, tapping the fender with her tiny gray satin slipper, seemed strangely excited, and glanced uneasily at her cousin; the rest of us were clasping our hands in our unrestrainable curiosity, and the provoking narrator actually had the coolness to hold his peace!

At last some one spoke, unable to control his goaded curiosity.

"Well?"

"Well?" repeated the artful "Jim."

"Did you find her?" was the question that now broke from all lips, in a gamut of increasing impatience.

"I told you a story, as we agreed,"

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he answered; "but, if I tell you the *dénoûment*, we shall fall into what we wish to avoid—the commonplace."

"Never mind, go on," was shouted on all sides. Miss Houghton was silent, but she seemed to hang on his words. He had calculated on this emotion, the wretch, and was making the most of his points!

At last he resumed in a slow, absent way:

"Yes, I accepted the search; I made it; I did all I could think of—but I failed."

The bomb had burst, but we all felt disappointed. This was *not* commonplace, not even enough to our minds. "He had cheated us," we cried.

"I can only tell you the truth; remember this was all real, no got-up Christmas tale, to end in a wedding, bell-ringing, and carol-singing. Hark! do you hear the carollers outside?"

No one spoke, and he went on, still meditatively: "I do not mean to give it up, though."

Miss Houghton, who, till now, had said nothing, opened a small locket attached to one of her bracelets, and, keeping her eyes fixed on "Cousin Jim," passed it to him, saying:

"Did you ever see this face before?"

He took it up, and looked puzzled. "No," he said; "why do you ask?"

We all looked at her as if she had been a young lunatic, her interest in the story being apparently of no very lasting nature. She then unfastened a companion bracelet, the hanging locket of which she opened and handed to her friend again.

"This face you have seen?" she asked confidently.

He started, and a rush of color came over his bronzed cheeks.

"Yes, yes, that is the Baron Van Muyden—younger, but the same. And here is his writing, 'To Marie Duncombe, her sincere and faithful friend.' Miss Houghton?"

"Yes," she answered calmly, as if he had asked her a question.

"Then what I have been looking for for three years I have found to-night?" he said, looking up at her, while we were all stupefied and silent.

"And what I have never dreamt of," she answered in a low voice, "I have suddenly learned to-night."

The carollers were now close under the windows, and the words of a simple chorus came clearly to our hearing—

> The snow lay on the ground,
> The stars shone bright,
> When Christ our Lord was born
> On Christmas night.

After a few moments' silence, our curiosity, like water that has broken through thin ice, flowed into words again. Many questions and a storm of exclamations rang through the room, and the concussion was such that the Yule-logs crashed in two, and broke into a race across the wide hearth, splinters flying to the side, and sparks flying up the chimney. Then Miss Houghton spoke with the marvellous self-possession of her nature.

"I knew my own name and my mother's from the beginning," she said, "and Monsieur Van Muyden, and the old house, and the Flemish *bonne* in the Rue Neuve. I remember them all when a child. I used often to sleep there, and the night before I left Bruges I still remember playing with the baron's old sword. I remember my mother coming to see me at school in England, a convent-school, where I was very happy, and giving me these bracelets. She told me never to part with them; she said she would not be with me long. They told me of her death some months afterwards. The other

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portrait is that of my grandfather, given by him to my mother on her *fête* day, just before her marriage, with a lock of his hair hidden behind. She always wore it. M. Van Muyden's was done for her when I was born, and was meant to be mine some day, as he was my god-father. The remittances he spoke of used to come regularly; but, when I grew older, my pride rebelled (just as he guessed, you say), and I hated to be dependent on those who, kind as they were, were not my blood-relations. I ran away from school, and lived by myself for a long time in poverty, yet not in absolute need, for I worked for my bread, and worked hard. I had a great deal to go through because I dared not refer any one to the school where I had lived. Mrs. Burtleigh was very kind to me; I told her my story, as far as I knew it, and somehow she found out that we were cousins through my father; so she made me take her maiden name, Houghton, instead of the one I had adopted before. She, of course, thought as I did, that the child of the disinherited Marie Duncombe and the unhappy Englishman, my poor father, could be naught but a beggar. She was kindness itself to me, and, though I was too proud to accept all she offered me, I *did* accept her companionship and her home. Many little industries of my own, pleasant now because no longer imperatively necessary, help me to support myself, as far as pecuniary support can be called such; my *home* has been a generous gift—the gift I prize most."

She stopped, and Mrs. Burtleigh looked up in impatient confusion, perhaps conscious that her feelings and motives had been too mixed to warrant such frank, unbounded gratitude. "Jim" said nothing, and Miss Houghton seemed so calm that it was almost difficult to congratulate her. She was asked if she had recognized herself from the first in the story.

"Yes," she said; "I knew it must be me."

"You took it coolly," some one ventured to observe.

"I have seen too much of the *revers de la médaille* to be much excited about this," she said; but, if she was outwardly calm, her feelings were certainly aroused, for her strange eyes had a far-away look, and the color came and went in her cheek.

Our friend seemed almost crestfallen; we thought he would have been elated. Presently she said to him, giving him the bracelets:

"You must take these to Bruges, and I think you had better take me, too."

He stared silently at her. Just then the bell began to ring for the midnight Mass. What followed Miss Houghton told us herself.

The guests hurried to the chapel, rather glad to get rid of their involuntary embarrassment. Those two remained behind alone. She was the first to speak.

"I think you are sorry you have found me."

"Yes," he answered slowly, "sorry to find it is you: Miss Houghton was poor, and Miss Duncombe is an heiress."

"What matter! If you like, Miss Duncombe will give up the fortune, or, if you want it, she will give it to you."

He looked offended and puzzled.

"You do not understand me," she said, half laughing: "Miss Duncombe will let you settle everything for her, and say anything you like to Miss Houghton."

"You do not mean—" he began excitedly.

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"I do," she answered composedly.

And they were engaged then and there. He wanted to be married before they left England, but she refused, saying their wedding must be in a Flemish cathedral, and their wedding breakfast in a Flemish house. And so it was; and No. 20 Rue Neuve is now their headquarters, while the household of the Belgian heiress is under the control of the old Flemish woman who once shut that door in the face of the heiress' husband.

M. Van Muyden is happy and contented, and a merrier Christmas day was never spent at Aldred than the day of this unexpected recognition.

Midnight Mass, Christmas-tree, school-feast, and all succeeded each other to our perfect satisfaction; the health of the heroine of "Cousin Jim's" tale was drunk in the "wassail-bowl" on Christmas night, and, as the happy, excited, and tired Christmas party separated on the day following New Year's day, every one agreed that it was a pity such things so very seldom happened in real life.

FLEURANGE.

BY MRS. CRAVEN, AUTHOR OF "A SISTER'S STORY."

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, WITH PERMISSION.

PART IV.—THE IMMOLATION.

I.

WHILE our travellers are completing the last stage of their journey, we will precede them to St. Petersburg, and transport our readers for a short time among scenes very different from those in which the incidents of our story have hitherto occurred.

The sentence of condemnation has been pronounced, and for some days the names of the five persons who were to suffer death have been known and privately circulated; privately, for the trials which excited universal interest were seldom discussed in society. At that epoch (different in this respect from a subsequent one, when liberty to say anything was allowed in Russia before anywhere else), whether through prudence, servility, or a fear resulting from the reign of the Emperor Paul, rather than the one just ended, every one refrained with common accord from any public expression of opinion whatever respecting the acts of the government. Flattery itself was cautious not to excite discussions that might give rise to criticism. The sovereign authority did not require approval, but only to be obeyed, not judged. This was generally understood, and the consequence was a general silence respecting forbidden topics; whereas, on every other subject, as if by way of indemnification, Russian wit was unrestrained, and so keen that the nation which prides itself on being the most *spirituelle* in the world found a rival, and only consoled itself by saying Russian wit was borrowed. It is incontestably certain that, though there were still some survivors of the time of Catherine's reign, the French language was now so universally used in society at St. Petersburg, that people of the highest rank, of both sexes, spoke it to the exclusion of their own tongue, and wrote it with such uncommon perfection as to enrich French literature; whereas they would have been

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very much embarrassed if required to write the most insignificant note, or even a mere business letter, in the Russian language.

There is no intention of discussing here the causes that led to this engrafting of foreign habits, or of examining whether the Russians at that period, in imitating the French, were always mindful that when others are copied it should be from their best side. Still less would it be suitable to consider whether the people who possess the faculty of assimilation to such a degree are the most noble, the most energetic, and the most sincere. This would lead us far beyond our modest limits, to which we return by observing that, in spite of a splendor and magnificence almost beyond conception, in spite of a tone of good taste and a courtesy now almost extinct in France, in spite of hospitality on a grand scale, characteristic of Slavonic countries, an indefinable restraint, felt by all, prevailed in this attractive and brilliant circle, insinuating itself everywhere like an invisible spectre, modifying and directing the current of conversation—even the most trifling—and affecting not only the intercourse of fashionable life, but the freedom of friendly converse and the very outpourings of affectionate confidence.

The Marquis Adelardi had had several opportunities of mingling in this society, and found it congenial. It was a society in which he was specially adapted to shine, for he, too, as we are aware, had passed his life in a school of enforced silence; and, if he was formerly numbered among those who revolt under such restrictions, he had now renounced all efforts to break through them, and learned to turn his attention elsewhere. He understood, better than any other foreigner at St. Petersburg, how to navigate amid the shoals of conversation; to be entertaining, agreeable, interesting, and even apparently bold without ever causing embarrassment by an inadvertent remark; and if, in the ardor of discourse, he approached a dangerous limit, the promptness with which he read an unexpressed thought sufficed to make him change, with easy nonchalance, the direction of a conversation in which he seemed to be the most interested.

He was not, however, disposed to talk with any one the day, or rather the evening, we meet him again—this time at the Countess de G——'s, a woman of superior intellect, already advanced in years, whose salon was one of the most brilliant and most justly popular in St. Petersburg. Everything, indeed, was calculated to facilitate social intercourse of every degree, and, if there was a place where the bounds we have just referred to were invisible, though never forgotten, it was here. What could not be said aloud here, more than elsewhere, had a thousand facilities for private utterance. On the other hand, for the benefit of prudent people who preferred to say nothing at all, there were tables where they could play whist or a game of chess. A piano at one end of the spacious salon was always open to attract amateur performers, then more numerous than now, when no one ventures, even in the family circle, to play without unusual ability.

In this friendly atmosphere, our marquis, generally so social, was silent and preoccupied. Seated in a corner on a sofa where no one else was sitting, he took no part in the general conversation. And yet, as the room filled, and various groups were formed, here and there foreigners, and especially the members of the diplomatic corps who frequented the

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house, broached the great topic, and by degrees were heard on various sides the names of Mouravieff, Ryleïeff, Pestel, and two others likewise condemned to death, as well as the names of those who were to be exiled—a punishment almost as terrible.

A young German attaché, perceiving Adelardi, approached, and took a seat beside him. "And Walden," said he in a low voice, "have you not had permission to see him twice?"

"Yes."

"Have you seen him since he was informed of his fate?"

"No; but I have reason to hope I shall obtain that favor."

"He is not sorry, I imagine, to escape the gibbet."

"Not the gibbet; but as to death, I am sure he thinks it preferable to the fate that awaits him."

"Poor fellow! but then, *qu'allait-il faire?*"—

"*Dans cette galère?*" interrupted the marquis with displeasure. "The question is certainly apropos, and I would ask him if I could obtain a reply that would avail him anything."

"By the way," said the other, "I suppose you know who has just arrived at St. Petersburg?"

The marquis questioned him with a look of uncertainty, for he was expecting more than one arrival that day.

"Why, the fair Vera, who has returned to her post."

"Really!" exclaimed Adelardi eagerly. "In that case perhaps we shall see her here, for I am told she comes every evening when in the city."

"Yes, but not till the empress dispenses with her services. It is nearly ten o'clock. She will probably be here soon. Our agreeable hostess is one of her relatives."

"I was not aware of it. I know the Countess Vera but little. She was not at court when I was here three years ago. I only saw her two or three times at the Princess Lamianoff's, who was then here, but was not presented to her."

"At the Princess Catherine's? I believe you. It is said she wished Vera to marry her son, who was indeed very assiduous in his attentions. The young countess did not appear wholly insensible to them at that time. Do you suppose she is still attached to him?"

"I do not know."

"Poor girl! I pity her, in that case, but it is not very probable she will long be infatuated about a convict. Besides, she will find others to console her, if she makes the effort."

At that moment the piano was heard. The young diplomatist was requested to take a part in a trio, and the music put an end to the conversation that was becoming too ardent on every side, through the interest caused, not by the offence, but by the misfortunes of the criminals. Every one knew them, and several of them belonged to the same coterie which now scarcely dared utter their names aloud.

Adelardi remained in the same place, his head resting on his hand, more absorbed than ever. He pretended to be listening to the music, and was mechanically beating time. But he was thinking of something very different, and only started from his reverie whenever the bell announced a new arrival. Then he eagerly raised his head and looked towards the door, but only to resume his former position at the entrance of each new visitor—as if not the one whom he desired to see.

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LI.

At the beginning of the same evening a different scene was occurring, not far distant, in a salon still more elegant and magnificent than the one we have just visited. It was not, however, intended, like that, for the reception of visitors, but solely for the pleasure and comfort of her who occupied it—a lady, as was evident, though there was no profusion of useless trifles or superfluous ornaments. But it seemed as if her hands could only touch what was rare and costly. Gold, silver, and precious stones gleamed from every object destined to her constant use, from the open *cassette* that contained her work to the sumptuous bindings of the books scattered over the embroidered covering of the table, or lying on a small *étagère* of malachite near a large arm-chair. This chair, intended for reading, was also adapted to repose by the soft cushion covered with the finest lace for the head of the reader to rest upon in an attitude at once convenient and graceful. On all sides were flowers of every season in as great abundance as if they grew in the open air at the usual time. They gave out an exquisite odor, which, with perfumes more artificial but not less sweet, embalmed the apartment.

If, as some think, and we have already remarked, places resemble those who inhabit them, the reader may be eager to know the owner of this. We will endeavor to describe her as she appeared to those who knew her at the time of our story: a woman of that age when beauty is in all its freshness; who was truly said to have the dignity of a goddess and the form of a nymph; a face sweet and pale, but with noble, delicate features; a complexion of charming purity; a look and smile that were captivating; and the whole picture was framed by hair floating in long curls over graceful white shoulders.

Such was the person who, at the sound of a manly and sonorous voice, entered the salon just described, and threw herself into the arms of him who had called her by name. Their first words were expressive of joy at seeing each other again after a long separation of some hours, and for a time they seemed only to think of each other. Their glances, their smiles met, and it might have been supposed they had nothing in the world to do but love each other and tell each other so.

But the tone of conversation gradually changed. She grew earnest and he became uneasy. He made an effort to reply to the questions she addressed him and sometimes persistently repeated, but he appeared to do so unwillingly, as if he yielded out of condescension, and with difficulty resisted a desire of imposing silence on her. Once he rose and left her, but she followed him, softly placed her arm within his, and, drawing herself up to her utmost height (for, though she was quite tall, he was a whole head taller) whispered in his ear. He bent down to listen, but while she was talking a frightful change suddenly came over his face. She perceived it, and looked at him with surprise and an anxiety she had never felt before, as he leaned against the mantel-piece and remained there grave and silent with folded arms.

He was then twenty-nine years old, and in the brilliancy of that manly beauty which suffering, care, the violent passions of a later age, and time itself, scarcely altered. Besides his lofty, noble stature, and features

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so regular that no sculptor could idealize them, there was a charm in the expression of his face and the tone of his voice which inspired attachment as well as admiration. Hitherto resentment or anger had seldom been known to flash from his eyes or cause his voice to tremble, and perhaps this was the first time she had ever seen his blue eyes light up with so threatening a gleam. She did not dare persist in her request, but waited for him to break the silence. By degrees his ominous aspect gave place to profound and bitter melancholy. "Ah!" said he at length, "this is a sad beginning!" Then after a short silence, he looked around as he continued: "Cherished home! we shall perhaps often regret the happy days passed here!"—

"We will not leave it," replied she with a quickness that betrayed how unused she was to contradiction. "We will keep it as it is, and always come back to it. Our *grand* days shall be passed, if need be, in the gloomy Winter Palace, but our *happiest* days shall be spent here, and they shall be in the future what they have been in the past."

He shook his head: "The past was ours: the future does not belong to us. We must henceforth devote ourselves to our great country, and sacrifice all—all! God requires it of us."

"All!" repeated she with alarm. "What! even happiness and mutual confidence? Oh! no, that portion of the past nothing shall infringe upon! And there is still another right I shall never renounce—that of imploring favor and pardon for the guilty." She hesitated, and then went on, clasping her hands and fixing her eyes on him with a supplicating expression: "Will you no longer listen to me?"

"Always in favor of the unfortunate, but never for the ungrateful!"

He frowned as he said these words, and turned towards the door, but she stopped him.

She felt it would not do to persist, and with the *adresse* which is the lawful diplomacy of love, she at once changed the subject, and obliged him to listen while she discussed projects she knew he had at heart. She spoke of herself, of him, of the happy past, their brilliant future, of a thousand things, and indeed of everything except her whispered petition which she now wished him to forget.

The reader has already discovered himself to be in the presence of the young emperor and empress, whose unexpected accession took place in the midst of a storm. They were in the habit of meeting thus in the palace where they lived during the happy days of their early married life, when no thought of the throne disturbed their youthful love!* Both hesitated a long time about leaving this charming palace for the sovereign residence, and, when constrained to do so by the necessity of their position, they kept it as it was, without allowing anything to be changed, as a witness of the days that, in spite of the imperial purple, they continued to call the happiest of their life.

After the empress was left alone, she remained thoughtful a moment, then, approaching the malachite *étagère*, hastily rang a small gold bell. A door concealed beneath the hangings instantly opened, and a young girl appeared. She stopped without speaking, awaiting an order or some observation. But there was nothing in her attitude to indicate the timidity that might have been expected in a maid of honor answering the bell of her sovereign. On the contrary,

* The Anitchkoff Palace, on the Nevskoi Prospekt.

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there was a majestic beauty and an air about her which might have seemed haughty had it not been modified when she spoke. Then, there was a caressing glance in her eyes, though they sometimes sparkled as if betraying more passion than tenderness; but her fine form, her black eyes, her thick fair hair, and the delicacy of her complexion, rendered her at once striking and imposing. She waited some moments in silence—then, seeing her mistress did not address her, she advanced and spoke first: "Did your majesty venture to plead his cause?" said she.

The empress started from her reverie and sadly shook her head. "My poor Vera," she replied, "you must renounce all hope."

The young girl turned pale. "Renounce all hope!" exclaimed she. "O madame! can that be your advice? Can it be there is no hope?"

The empress, without replying, seated herself in her arm-chair, took a book from the *étagère*, and began turning over the leaves as if she wished to put an end to the conversation. Vera's eyes flashed for an instant, and it was with difficulty she repressed an explosion of grief or irritation. She remained silent, however, and stood beside the table absently plucking the petals from the flowers in a crystal vase before her.

The empress meanwhile kept her eyes fastened on her book, but presently she raised them and looked at the clock. "I do not need you any longer, Vera. It is ten o'clock. You are going to the Countess G——'s this evening, I think."

"Yes, madame, if your majesty has no further orders to give me."

"No, I have nothing more.—Ah! I forgot. Open that drawer," pointing to the other end of the apartment. "You will find a letter there."

Vera obeyed, and brought the letter to her mistress.

"Be sure to forward it to the address," said the latter. "It is the permission for the Princess —— to accompany her husband to Siberia. I am happy to be able to render that heroic woman this sad service. But she is not the only one."

"What a fate those women are bringing on themselves!" said Vera, shuddering with horror.

"Yes, it is indeed fearful," said the empress; "but I admire them, and will serve them every way in my power."

Vera was silent, and after a moment, seeing the empress had nothing more to say, she gravely approached to take leave of her. As she bent down to kiss her hand, the empress pressed her lips to her forehead.

"Come, Vera," said she, "look a little more cheerful, I beg you. To satisfy you, I promise to make one more effort. But I think, my dear, you are very generous to express so much anxiety about him, for it is not the emperor alone who has reason to call him ungrateful!"

At this, Vera's face crimsoned, and she drew herself up at once. "Your majesty has a right to say anything to me," said she in a trembling voice, "but this right has generally been used with kindness."

"Whereas you now find me cruel. Well, be it so; we will let the subject drop. Good-night, and without any ill-feeling, my dear."

She dismissed her maid of honor with a motion of the head. Vera bowed, and without another word left the room.

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LII.

"The Countess Vera de Lininggen!"

At this name the Marquis Adelardi looked up, but this time he did not resume his former attitude, for the person he had so impatiently awaited at last appeared. It was she! The cause of this impatience, if we would know it, was a resolution to make an effort that evening in behalf of his friend through the Countess Vera, but it was first indispensable to be sure of her feelings towards him. He wondered if he should discover any traces of the ill-concealed passion she once manifested for George, or if time and indignation, aided by the influence of the court, had done their work? Or had his inconstancy inspired an indifference which had not been disarmed by his misfortunes? All this Adelardi flattered himself he should discover in a single conversation, provided she consented to an interview. As to any fear of her eluding his penetration, he had too good an opinion of himself in that respect.

As soon as she appeared, he looked at her with lively interest, and an attention which he indulged in without scruple. Having seen her only twice some years before, without speaking to her, he thought she would not recognize him till he was formally presented.

Vera crossed the salon without embarrassment, and with the ease and grace of a person accustomed to high life and the sensation she produced. She was dressed in black, the court, and even the citizens, still wearing mourning for the Emperor Alexander. This made the dazzling whiteness of her complexion and her golden hair the more striking, and suited her form of perfect symmetry, though noble rather than slender. The only ornament she wore was a knot of blue ribbon on her left shoulder, to which was attached the *chiffre* of diamonds (her badge as maid of honor), in which were woven together the initials of the three empresses: Alexandrine, then reigning; Mary, the empress-mother; and Elizabeth, Alexander's inconsolable widow, who was so soon to follow him to the tomb.

Recent emotion still flushed the young girl's cheeks, and the tears of wounded pride, hastily wiped away, gave her a mingled expression of melancholy and haughtiness which at once inspired a desire to pity and a fear of offending her.

She first approached the table where the lady of the house was playing whist. The latter raised her eyes, and merely smiled as she gave her a friendly nod of the head. Vera, without offering her hand, bowed, and made a salutation at once graceful and respectful, which was customary in that country when one lady is much younger than the other; she pressed her lips to the edge of the black lace shawl which the elderly lady wore; then she remained standing a moment near the card-table, looking around the room. There was in this look neither eagerness, nor curiosity, nor coquetry: it was a mere survey of the room and its occupants, and it was easy to see she was seeking no one and expecting no one. She only replied to the salutations addressed her by a slight inclination of the head, sometimes by a smile.

Presently, seeing a vacant seat, she went to take possession of it, and thus found herself near the *canapé* occupied by the Marquis Adelardi. She was scarcely seated when the

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young diplomatist who had so recently spoken of her approached with lively eagerness, to which she only responded by a look of indifference and giving him two fingers of her gloved hand.

The Marquis Adelardi took advantage of this favorable opportunity to approach the young German and beg to be presented to the Countess Vera. Adelardi's name was no sooner pronounced than it awoke a remembrance, at first vague, then distinct enough to make her blush. This lively embarrassment was quite evident for a moment. She bowed without speaking as he was presented, and, turning her face immediately away, continued for some moments to converse with the other, but only long enough to recover from her confusion. She speedily put an end to this trifling conversation, and, suddenly turning towards Adelardi, she said, without any trace of her recent embarrassment: "I remember very well, Monsieur le Marquis, your visit at St. Petersburg three years ago, but I was so young then you had probably forgotten me."

Adelardi replied, as he would have done in any case, but in this instance with truth, that such a supposition was inadmissible.

"And as for me," he continued, "never having had the honor of a personal acquaintance, I necessarily thought myself wholly unknown to you."

"Your friends have so often spoken of you that your name was familiar, but your features, I acknowledge, were somewhat effaced from my memory."

"Yours naturally clung to mine. Besides, I also heard you constantly spoken of."

There was a moment's silence.

"Have you seen the Princess Catherine lately?" said she.

"No, I left Florence at the beginning of December."

"For St. Petersburg?"

"Yes."

"And have you been here ever since?"

"Yes. You were absent at my arrival, otherwise I should not have waited till the present time to solicit the favor I have just obtained."

There was another momentary pause. The young girl looked around, and continued, in a lower tone: "You were here, then, the twenty-fourth of December?"

"I was."

She hesitated an instant, then, lowering her voice still more, said: "And have you seen your friend since that fatal day?"

"Yes, and I hope to see him once more—alas! for the last time."

Vera bit her lips, quivering with agitation, but soon resumed, with a coolness that surprised and, for a moment, disconcerted the marquis:

"I formerly knew Count George de Walden, but for some time had lost sight of him. Nevertheless, his sentence fills me with horror, and I would do anything in the world to deliver him from it—him and the rest."

"Him and the rest? One as soon as the other?"

"One as soon as the other; they all excite my pity. I wish the emperor would pardon them all." Her voice by no means accorded with her words; but Adelardi continued as if he did not perceive it:

"Pardon them all! That would be chimerical. But there are some who are deserving of clemency."

"The emperor is more lenient towards inferior criminals than to those who, after being loaded with favors, forget his kindness."

"And yet there may be extenuating circumstances even in some cases of that number."

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"Do you know of any that would be of any avail to Count George?" said she eagerly.

"Not quite so loud; we may be overheard."

"Yes; you are right," she said, resuming her former tone. "Let us change our seats; we look as if we were plotting something here, and should avoid attracting attention. Let us examine the albums on yonder table. There we can continue our conversation with less restraint."

"Well," continued she, as soon as they had effected the change proposed, and were seated before the albums, which they pretended to be examining carefully.

"Well," replied Adelardi, "what I mean is that many things of no avail in the eye of the law might not be without influence over him who is head of the law."

And while she was listening with interest, unintentionally betrayed by her eager, agitated expression, her glowing cheeks, and parted lips, Adelardi pleaded his friend's cause, relating what we have already learned respecting his apparent, rather than real, complicity, his ignorance of the actual designs of the conspirators, and the circumstances that led to his presence among the insurgents on the twenty-fourth of December. In short, he gave her all the details of which she had been totally ignorant, having only heard, during her absence, of George's offence and the sentence he had incurred.

"And the emperor," said she eagerly, "does he know it was he who saved his brother's life that dreadful day?"

"I doubt it; there were only two witnesses who could attest it. One of these did not come forward, for fear of compromising himself; the other was exceptionable."

"Who was the other?"

"A man named Fabiano Dini, George's secretary; but a great culprit, not considered worthy of credit. He told the truth, however, ardently hoping his testimony might save his master."

"He is doubtless condemned to the same fate?"

"Yes, but to a more severe one; his sentence is for life, whereas George's is only for twenty-five years."

"Only twenty-five years!" repeated she, with a shudder.

"Yes, it is horrible; it is worse than death! And George will envy the wretch who was the prime cause of his misfortune, for Dini, seriously wounded on the twenty-fourth of December, will probably die before the sad day fixed for their departure."

They were now interrupted by something not foreign to the subject of their discourse. A lady, unpretendingly clad, who till now had remained aloof, approached the young maid of honor, and, with a faltering, respectful tone, asked if the petition addressed his imperial majesty had been granted.

"Yes," said Vera eagerly. "Permission has been accorded. The Princess —— received it this very hour. I left it myself at her door, on my way here."

She kindly extended her hand to the person who addressed her. The latter bent down as if to kiss it, but Vera prevented it by cordially embracing her.

"Behold a true, faithful friend in misfortune," said she, as the other left them. "She herself is capable of going to Siberia with her whose *dame de compagnie* she was in happier days. But then, the Princess —— has in her misfortunes the happiness of feeling herself beloved and respected by all."

"Assuredly," said Adelardi. "She is really an admirable woman."

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"So admirable that she is beyond my comprehension."

"How so?"

"I do not understand how a person can resolve on the course she wishes to pursue—she and the others."

"What!" said Adelardi, looking at her with surprise. "You do not understand how a woman can thus wholly devote herself to the man—the husband whom she loves.

Vera shook her head. "No," said she. "I do not wish to appear better than I am. If I were in such a position, if I had the misfortune of loving one of those convicts, he might rely on my exertions to obtain his pardon, and to use every means in my power to that end. But, as to sharing his lot and following him to Siberia, no, my dear marquis, I frankly acknowledge that is a proof of devoted affection I feel wholly incapable of."

Another form at this moment passed before the marquis' mental vision, beside which the beauty actually before him paled, and slightly modified the lively admiration with which he regarded her.

"Well," said he, after a moment's reflection, "I know one of these convicts for whom a woman—a young lady of about your age—is ready to give a still greater proof of devotion than the Princess ——, for she is not his wife. She is only—his betrothed, and wishes to marry him on purpose to share his fate."

"That is something entirely original," said Vera.

"To do that," pursued Adelardi, "she has a double favor to obtain, and is coming to St. Petersburg for that purpose. She will be here to-morrow, or, at the latest, in a few days. I have been commissioned to solicit for her an audience of the empress. Can I do so through your instrumentality?"

"Certainly. All these requests pass through my hands, and none have been rejected. But this is really the most singular case that has occurred." She drew her tablets and a pencil from her pocket. "The name of your *protégée?*" said she.

Adelardi hesitated an instant, then, noting a little anxiously the effect produced, said:

"Her name is—Fleurange d'Yves." He was relieved to hear the maid of honor say, after carefully writing down the name:

"Fleurange! that is a very singular name, and one I never heard before. To-morrow," continued she, rising, and returning the tablets to her pocket, "before noon you shall have a reply. *A revoir*, Monsieur le Marquis."

As she gave him her hand, she added in a low tone: "I thank you for all your information, and will endeavor to avail myself of it. If you see Count George, tell him—but no, tell him nothing. If by the merest chance I succeed, it will be time enough then to tell him what he owes to my efforts. If I do not—it will be better for him to remain ignorant of my failure."

The Marquis Adelardi returned home greatly preoccupied, and absently took up two letters lying on the table. But after opening them, he successively read them with equal interest. First, he looked at one of the signatures: "Clement Dornthal? He is the cousin who accompanies the fair traveller. They have arrived, then.—Well, the end of the drama is approaching: we must all endeavor to play our parts with prudence. Mine is not the easiest!"

He opened the other note, and hastily ran over it. "Thursday! I shall see him on Thursday at two o'clock. Poor George! it will be a sad meeting, in spite of the news

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I have to surprise and console him."

He had the satisfaction of learning by this note that, thanks to the powerful influence brought to bear on the occasion, he would be permitted to pass an hour with the prisoner every day during the week that yet remained before the sad train of exiles would set forth.

"Poor George!" he again repeated. "Can it be he has really come to this?—But who knows what may yet take place? If the proverb, 'What woman wills, God wills,' is true, all hope is not lost, for here are two women evidently with the will to aid him, and energetic enough to overrule the most adverse destiny. Two—doubtless one too many, and I have been rather bold to risk a fearful collision. But things have come to such a point that they can hardly be worse. If the fair Vera succeeds, it is George's affair to get out of the complication of gratitude to her who has saved him, and the one ready to follow him. But if she fails, as seems only too probable, then the case will be very simple: our charming heroine will have no rival to fear."

LIV.

After the succession of disagreeable surprises Mademoiselle Josephine had experienced during her painful journey, another of a different nature, but the greatest of all, awaited her at the end. Her imagination, we are aware, never furnished her with anything beyond the strictest necessity. It was only with difficulty she succeeded in comprehending that her dear Gabrielle had decided to marry a stranger condemned to the galleys, and this inconceivable idea seemed to have penetrated her mind to the exclusion of all others. She was going to join a prisoner, and from the day of her departure from Heidelberg she looked upon herself as on the way to a dungeon. When therefore she heard the words, "We have arrived!" and their sledge passed under the arch of an immense *porte cochère*, she shivered with fear. It was, consequently, with a sort of stupefaction she found herself in a brilliantly lighted vestibule, whence a broad staircase led to a fine long gallery opening into one salon after another, at the end of which our travellers were ushered into a dining-room, where supper was awaiting them of a quality to which mademoiselle was quite as unaccustomed as to the splendor with which it was served. She looked around with mute surprise, hardly daring touch the dishes before her, and looking at her two companions with an interrogative expression of the greatest perplexity. But they both seemed affected and preoccupied to such a degree as not to notice what was passing around them, and mademoiselle, faithful to her habits, forbore questioning them for the moment.

The repast was made in silence; after which Clement wrote a note which she heard him ask a valet to send to *M. le Marquis*. Then the two ladies were conducted to the apartments prepared for them. Fleurange embraced her companion and wished her good-night, and Mademoiselle Josephine was left alone in a chamber surpassing any she had ever seen, with large mirrors around her, in which for the first time in her life she saw herself from head to foot. There was also a bed *à baldaquin* which she scarcely dared think destined for her modest person, but in which at length she extended

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herself with a respect that for a long time troubled her repose. Never had the excellent Josephine found herself so completely out of her element. She wondered if it was really herself beneath those curtains of silk, and, when at last she fell asleep, it was to dream that Gabrielle, splendidly apparelled, was mounting a throne, and she, Mademoiselle Josephine, arrayed in a similar manner, was at her side. Her disturbed slumbers were not of long duration. Before day she was up, and impatiently waiting for the hour when she could leave her fine chamber and sally forth to explore this strange dwelling which the night before seemed so much like a fairy palace.

This impression was not lessened by the light of day. The rooms were really splendid, and furnished with the taste the Princess Catherine everywhere displayed, and which was as carefully consulted in the house where she only spent three months of the year, as in her palace at Florence, which she made her home. Mademoiselle went from one room to another in a state of continually increasing admiration, and, while thus walking about, she found everywhere the same mild temperature, which seemed something marvellous, for all the doors were open, and not only were there no fires to be seen, but no glass or even sashes in the windows. Apparently there was nothing to screen her from the frosty air without—freezing indeed, for on their arrival at St. Petersburg the thermometer was down to fifteen or sixteen degrees, and yet—what was the secret of this wonderful fact? She was not cold in the least, though the sight of the large windows made her shiver, and she only ventured to stand at a distance and look at the view without.

She beheld a vast plain covered with snow, with carriage-ways in every direction, bordered with branches of fir. Vehicles of all kinds were crossing to and fro. Yonder was a succession of vast buildings, and farther off were the gloomy walls of a fortress flanked by a church whose gilded spire glittered in the winter sun — a sun radiant, but without warmth; which imparted a dazzling brilliancy to the snow, but whose deceptive light, far from alleviating the severity of the season, was, on the contrary, the surest sign of its merciless rigor.

While thus admiring and wondering at everything, Mademoiselle came to the last salon of the *enfilade*, where, before one of the large windows, she perceived Fleurange motionless and absorbed in such profound reverie that she did not notice her approach.

"Ah! Gabrielle, here you are! God be praised! I was lost, but no longer feel so, now I have found you. But, for pity's sake! what are you doing at that open window?"

At this, Fleurange turned around with a smile. "Open! my dear mademoiselle? We should not be alive long, clad as we are."

"I really do not understand why I do not feel the cold, and yet—"

Fleurange motioned for her to approach (for the old lady still kept at a respectful distance from the dangerous openings), and made her touch the thick glass, one pane of which composed the window—a luxury at that time peculiar to St. Petersburg, and which often deceived eyes more experienced than those of the simple Josephine. Reassured, but more and more amazed, she remained beside Fleurange at the window, profiting by the occasion to ask all the questions hitherto repressed. Everything was gradually explained to her, and she comprehended that

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this magnificent house belonged to Count George's mother.

"And he?" she ventured to say when Fleurange had answered all the questions,—"he, Gabrielle, where is he?"

"He!" repeated Fleurange, as a flush rose to her cheeks and her eyes filled with tears—"he is there: there, mademoiselle, within the walls of the fortress before us!"

Poor Josephine started with surprise. "Pardon me!" said she. "If I had known that, I should not have mentioned him."

"Why, mademoiselle?—The sight of those walls does not make me afraid! On the contrary, I long to enter them. I long to leave all this splendor which separates me from him as it did before! O my dear friend! you must not pity me the day I am united to him!"

The language of passion always had a strange effect on this elderly maiden, but she only allowed herself to reply meekly:

"Well, my dear child, we will not pity you! It is Clement and I who will need pity when that day comes, and you must not be vexed if—" And in spite of herself, great tears filled her eyes, which she promptly wiped away.

She remained silent for some moments, then spoke of something else, feeling if she resumed the subject it would speedily lead to an explosion of grief which she resolved to restrain that she might not afflict her young friend.

"What wide plain is that between the quay and the fortress?" she soon continued.

"That is the Neva," replied Fleurange, smiling.

"The Neva?"

"Yes, the river that runs through the city."

"The river?" repeated Mademoiselle Josephine. "Come, Gabrielle, I know I am very ignorant of everything relating to foreign countries, but still, not to such a degree as to believe that. A river!—when I see with my own eyes hundreds of carriages on it, sledges and chariots of all kinds, going in every direction, and houses and sheds!—And what are those two great mountains I see yonder?"

"They are ice-hills, such as they have in Russia, mademoiselle, and which were imitated in wood three years ago at Paris. Do you remember? I am told these are only erected temporarily during the carnival."

"Very well; but what you have said does not prove that to be the river, and that you are right."

"It seems incredible, I know, but everything we see there now will disappear in the spring, leaving only a broad stream between that fine granite quay and the fortress. But I confess I can scarcely realize it myself, never having seen it."

Clement now appeared. He looked pale and disposed to be silent, and gave every indication of having passed a no less restless night than Mademoiselle Josephine, though for a different reason. After exchanging some words with his companions, his eyes glanced over the broad river, and, like those of Fleurange, fastened on the gloomy walls of the fortress. It was a strange chance that led them all there precisely opposite. Clement gazed at the place with despair, jealousy, and horror, but still was unable to turn his eyes away.

"There, then, is the end," thought he; "for her, the end desired: for me, the grave of my youth! Yes, when she once enters those walls, all will be at an end for me, were I to live beyond the usual period. My

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life will be ended at twenty years of age!"—

These reflections and others of the same nature were not calculated to make Clement very agreeable that morning. He was not only serious, which often happened, but, contrary to his habit, he was gloomy and taciturn. Their breakfast was despatched in silence, after which it was only by a great effort he gradually succeeded in regaining his usual manner.

"Cousin Gabrielle," said he then, "I appear morose this morning, I am aware, and I beg your pardon. But I am only sad, I assure you—sad in view of what is approaching. This is pardonable, I hope," continued he, taking Mademoiselle Josephine's hand; "you will not require us, will you, to leave you without regret?"

"That is what I said to her a moment ago," said poor Josephine, wiping away her tears. "She says she is happy; that she longs to be there," casting a glance across the river. "We only desire her happiness, I am sure; but then for us—"

"Yes," said Clement, with a sad smile of bitterness, "for us the few days to come will not be very happy, and we really have reason to be sad. As for me, Gabrielle, I also regret those just ended; for in this new sphere my *rôle* is at an end. I am now to be for ever deprived of the pleasure of being useful to you in any way."

He was still speaking when the Marquis Adelardi was announced; and he hastily rose.

"Stay, Clement," said Fleurange eagerly—"stay. I wish this excellent friend to become acquainted with you."

"I also wish to make his acquaintance, but not now. Tell him that to-morrow, yes, to-morrow morning—or even this evening, if he will receive me, I will call at his residence. Do not detain me now."

And before the marquis appeared he was gone. He felt he should be *de trop* at this interview of such deep import to Fleurange, for such it was. To see George's friend once more, his confidential friend—him who at this solemn period had become the intermediary authorized by his mother!—There was great reason to be agitated at such a thought. Besides, Adelardi had always inspired her with sympathy and confidence, and in this new sphere she realized how beneficial his experience would be, for Clement was right in saying he could no longer be of any use. He was as ignorant as she of the habits and usages of the court. And yet, to obey the Princess Catherine's instructions, her first object must be to obtain an audience of the empress—a formidable prospect, which frightened her a thousand times more than all that afterwards awaited her. She therefore received the marquis with such childlike confidence as to redouble the regard he had always felt for her. There was the same beauty, the same simplicity about her, and, above all, the charm most attractive to eyes as *blasés* as his—of resembling no one else in the world! The extraordinary courage she showed herself capable of made him appreciate the more that which she manifested in separating from George, and revealed to him the whole extent of the sacrifice then made with so much firmness.

The mission confided to Adelardi assumed, therefore, a graver aspect in his eyes than before, and he was for an instant tempted to reproach himself for having, the night previous, invoked the aid of a rival in George's behalf, who might prove an enemy to the charming girl before him. On

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all accounts, however, he could not regret this last effort for his friend's welfare. In case Vera failed, and by chance was afterwards tempted to display any ill-will at another's performing an act of devotedness she declared herself incapable of, he had taken some precautions to defeat her, and flattered himself the favor would be obtained before she discovered by whom it was implored.

Meanwhile, the maid of honor was punctual. The marquis had already received her reply, and now placed it in his young friend's hands.

"Your request is granted: Mademoiselle Fleurange d'Yves will be received by her majesty on Thursday, at two o'clock. V. L."

"The day after to-morrow!" said Fleurange with emotion. Then, blushing as she continued: "But how happens it that the name which I have not borne for so long occurs in this note?"

"It is yours, is it not?" replied the marquis evasively.

"Yes, it is mine, but—" she stopped. A particular remembrance was now associated with the name of Fleurange. No one had called her so but George for more than three years. And the day for ever graven on her memory, he told her he should keep that name for himself—himself alone. She regretted to find it here written by a strange hand, and felt an involuntary contraction of the heart.

"I should have preferred the request made in the name I generally bear."

"Pardon me. I am to blame in this," said Adelardi. "I supposed it a matter of indifference. I thought the name of Fleurange would particularly attract the attention of her whose favor you seek, and remain more surely in her memory."

This was merely an excuse which occurred to him in reply to a question he had not anticipated. His real motive was to conceal from the maid of honor another name perhaps more familiar, and which might be connected in her mind with some prejudice injurious to the success of the petition of which she was the intermediary.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SAYINGS.

"We serve God by climbing up to heaven from virtue to virtue; we serve Satan by descending into hell from vice to vice."—*S. Bonaventura.*

He who reflects upon death has already cut short the evil habit of talkativeness; and he who has received the gift of inward and spiritual tears, shuns it as he would fire.—*S. John Climacus.*

Spiritual blessings attained by much prayer and labor are solid and durable.—*Ibid.*

The first degree of interior peace is to banish from us all the noise and commotion created by the passions, which disturb the profound tranquillity of the heart. The last and most excellent degree is to stand in no fear of this disturbance, and to be perfectly insensible to its excitement. —*Ibid.*

The heart of the meek is the throne on which the Lord reposes.—*Ibid.*

The day will belong to him who is first in possession.—*Ibid.*

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PRINCE VON BISMARCK AND THE INTERVIEW OF THE THREE EMPERORS.

BY M. ADOLPHE DECHAMPS, MIN. D'ETAT

FROM LA REVUE GENERALE DE BRUXELLES.

MY DEAR FRIEND: You question me about the events which during the past two years have been subverting Europe, and you in particular ask me what I think of the meeting of the three emperors at Berlin, and of the policy of von Bismarck.

Your first inquiry is too general for me to take up in a letter which I wish to avoid making too long, but in a work which I am writing at present I will endeavor to do so to the extent of my ability. About the year 1849, I went to work on an *Etude sur la France*, out of which, during the second Empire, I put forth three separate publications.* In these I followed the course of Napoleon III., both in the successes and in the blunders which brought about his fall; and now in the midst of the obscurity of general politics which thickens more and more from day to day, and wherein the attentive observer perceives more sinister flashes than gleams of sunshine, I am about to complete the main work which I began more than twenty years ago.

In 1859, I sent my first publication on the *Second Empire* to the aged Prince von Metternich, who honored me with his friendship, and asked him for his views about the condition of Europe, which was then on the eve of being profoundly changed by the war in Italy.

The following is an extract from the interesting reply which I received from him only a short time before his death: "After having been a witness and spectator of the catastrophes which burst forth between the years 1789 and 1795, in the latter one I made my first entry into the higher walks of the political world, and 1801 was the first year of my diplomatic career. I consequently cannot be in ignorance of anything that has taken place since the two remote epochs above mentioned. Now, am I thereby in advance of other living men? Can I consider myself capable of drawing up a prognostication of what will happen even so far only as regards the most immediate future? Certainly not! But, nevertheless, one thing I know I can do, I can venture to affirm that not during the course of the last seven decades has there been a single moment when the elements which make up *social existence* have found themselves plunged in so general a struggle as they are now."

Since the prince thus wrote me, we have had the campaign of Italy against Austria in 1859; the war in Germany which ended in Sadowa; the civil war in the United States of N. A.; the colossal war of 1870; the astounding fall of the second French Empire; the rule of the Commune, and the conflagration in Paris; a Republican government in France; the setting up of the Empire of Germany;

* In 1859, *Le Second Empire;* in 1860, *La France, l'Autriche et l'Angleterre;* in 1865, *France et l'Allemagne.*

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the Italian Revolution in Rome, which keeps the Pope a captive in the Vatican and all the church in mourning; we have had Spain contended for by three dynasties and a prey to anarchy and civil war; and we have a socialistic revolution stirring up everywhere the laboring masses and unsettling the deepest foundations of the society of our day!

What would old Prince von Metternich say if, having before him the immense upheaving of which we are witnesses, he could be now called upon to reply to the general inquiry which you have put to me? He would decline giving an opinion; he would refuse to make any predictions; he would confine himself to the expression of deeper fears, because of the general and formidable struggle now raging between all the elements which make up the very life of society. I will do just as he would, and for a hundredfold more reasons than he could have. I feel, as do all those who have any political instinct, that decisive and dreadful events are drawing nigh; though I cannot yet distinctly perceive them, I feel them, as one does the approach of a storm, from the heaviness of the air before seeing the lightning flash or hearing the thunder roll.

I lay aside, then, your general inquiry, and take up the second one, which is more precise, and which relates to the meeting at Berlin and to the policy of von Bismarck.

It is almost needless for me to mention that, retired as I have been for a long time from politics, any opinions which I may express are merely individual ones, that I alone am responsible for them, and that nobody can claim a right to extend that responsibility to my friends, and still less to the political party which I have had the honor of serving. I make this express reservation.

What is, then, the meaning, the character, and the bearing of the meeting of the three emperors? Is it a congress? Is it an alliance?

It is neither one nor the other, and this has been carefully proclaimed. It is not an *European* congress, since England and France were not present at it, the one having been left aside, and the other naturally excluded. It is not a *congress*, since no treaty will sanction its views and results. But, besides, Prince von Bismarck wants neither congress nor treaty. He attached great importance to signing the treaty of Prague alone with Austria and the treaty of Frankfort alone with France; he refused, with a certain *hauteur*, to allow any interference of the other European powers in those treaties, although they brought about a fundamental change in the status and equilibrium of Europe.

In times past, after a great war, Europe has always intervened through a solemn congress in which it dictated the terms of a general peace, thereby securing for it solidity and duration. Thus the treaty of Westphalia brought with it its consequent peace, the treaty of Vienna the peace of 1815, and more recently the treaty of the Congress of Paris in 1856 followed upon the war in the Crimea. Heretofore Europe has been subject to a system of equilibrium: Bismarck has done away with the latter, and broken up the former.

But he perceived the danger of this attitude and this situation. Germany had vanquished Austria, crushed France, and had won European supremacy, but she stood alone. Austria, forced out first from Italy, afterwards from Germany, could not, without feeling a deep and natural jealousy, see the German Empire rise to the first rank while she sank to the second. Russia cannot see the Ger-

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man Empire extend from the Danube to the Baltic, and overtop the Slavic Empire, without becoming also jealous. England cannot look upon this state of things, which leaves her nothing to do but to keep quiet and silent, without feeling somewhat as Austria and Russia do. There is felt, then, at St. Petersburg, as at Vienna, and perhaps at London, an invincible distrust of the predominance of Germany and of the rupture, for her benefit, of the equilibrium of Europe. There are deep and opposing interests which are incompatible with a true alliance between the three emperors, and, albeit they have at Berlin shaken hands, toasted, and fraternally embraced one another and exchanged certain general ideas, they have not allied themselves on settled political views.

M. von Bismarck has himself pretty accurately defined the meeting at Berlin: "It is of importance that no one should suppose that the meeting of the three emperors has for its object any special political projects. Beyond a doubt, this meeting amounts to a signal recognition of the new German Empire, but no political design has directed it."

It amounts to this or very nearly this: M. von Bismarck wanted neither a congress nor a treaty, nor did he seek an alliance which was impossible of attainment just now; but he was determined to put an end to his present isolation, and he sought in particular to cut short the dream of retaliation in which France might indulge from a hoped-for alliance with Russia or with Austria.

The government of Berlin has in the meeting of the three emperors sought two and perhaps three ends: I. To bring about the recognition of the German Empire by the two great military powers of the North, and in that way deprive France of all hope of finding an ally, with a view to war, either at St. Petersburg or at Vienna. II. To discourage at the same time the *particularism* * of Bavaria and of South Germany, which has always looked for a support in the direction of Vienna. The third end may be to disarm the resistance of Catholics to the absurd and odious persecutions organized against them, by intimating to them that their cause has been abandoned by the Apostolic Emperor, the head of the House of Hapsburg.

The remarkable letter published in *Der Wanderer* of Vienna, under the heading of "The Order of Battle," sets forth very cleverly each of these two hopes aforesaid of the Berlin diplomats.

"Those diplomats," says *Der Wanderer*, "are rather barefacedly making game of Austria's good-nature. They calculate that this good-nature will have the effect of paralyzing two (as M. von Bismarck considers them) implacable enemies of the empire, but heretofore friends of the Hapsburg dynasty; I mean the particularism of the minor states and the Catholic opposition. 'Thanks to the house of Austria,' say they, 'we are going to disarm those reptiles, and pull out their venomous fangs.' At the same time, those diplomats do not conceal their joy (premature, I hope) at what they call the *Canossa* † of Berlin and the retaliation of Olmutz. 'We will get the old seal of the empire' (I quote their words textually) 'affixed to our heritage by the House of Austria.'"

It would seem, then, that the Emperor of Austria, by appearing at Ber-

* *Particularism* here means the tendency and policy on the part of Bavaria and the Southern States of Germany to resist absorption of their autonomy in certain matters by Prussia.—*Translator.*

† The town where Henry IV., of Germany, performed a penance imposed by Pope Gregory VII.—*Trans.*

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lin, meant to say to particularism and perhaps to the Catholic body: You need no longer count on me. And the Emperor of Russia went there to offer a toast to the German army and to signify to France: Do not count on any alliance with me for a war hereafter.

This would indeed be the crowning of M. von Bismarck's policy. Since the two great wars against Austria and against France which by their prodigious results assuredly far surpassed his hopes and previsions, he has but one solicitude and one thought—to isolate France, to secure her military and political impotence, to file down the old lion's teeth and to muzzle him.

To this end, he needed strong and impenetrable frontiers, which he got by the acquisition of Alsace and Lorraine. Prince von Bismarck cannot fail to perceive that the annexation of these two provinces to Germany constitutes for it, in a political point of view, a source of weakness rather than of strength; that it is an additional embarrassment to the difficulties following the organization of German unity; that Alsace and Lorraine will be, for a long time to come, another bleeding Poland on the flanks of the new empire; nevertheless, the conquest of these two provinces seemed to him, in a military point of view, indispensable as a first material guarantee against the possibility of retaliation on the part of France. By the possession of those provinces, he turns against France the formidable triple line of defence of the Meuse, the Moselle, and the Vosges; at Strasbourg and at Metz he holds the strategical keys of France; these two strongholds are, so to speak, iron gates of which the bolts are kept at Berlin. The other Rhenish frontiers are defended by the armed neutrality of Holland, Belgium, Luxemburg, and Switzerland. Seated behind its impassable frontiers, and relying upon its powerful military organization and the remembrance of its recent triumphs, the German Empire appears perfectly secure from attack.

But even all this was not enough for Prince von Bismarck. He has just been repeating the policy which turned out so well for him in the war of 1866 against Austria. Then, through the guilty and senseless connivance of Napoleon III., he allied himself to Italy; he compelled Austria to divide her forces, to have two armies, one at Verona, the other in Bohemia—which was making sure beforehand of the defeat of Austria. M. von Bismarck has just begun a second time this skilful manœuvre. He has formed an offensive and defensive alliance with Italy which owes its political life to France, and repays the boon by treachery. By means of this alliance he would compel France, in the event of a war, to have an army of the Alps and an army of the Rhine, which would be equivalent to certain defeat.

Any war of retaliation is consequently for a long time to come rendered impossible.

There would be left to France only one resource, and that a distant one, viz., an alliance with a great military power, such as Austria, or, in particular, Russia, whose secret jealousies she would turn to her account.

But such an alliance presupposes France raised up, in a political, military, and moral sense, from her present ruin, and in possession of a settled government, stable within and influential without. Can a republic, even a conservative one, and even if it always had at its head as capable a statesman as M. Thiers, so raise France? Can a republic which is a

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good enough raft to take refuge on for a while, a so to speak narrow bed, which will do for France, wounded and ailing, to lie on during the period of convalescence—can it, in a country which lacks manly habits and historical institutions, unite enough solidity, security, wise liberty, strength, and grandeur to become the ally of so great an empire as Russia? To my mind, the idea of an alliance between a French republic and one of the two empires of the North against the German Empire is one of those impossibilities which need but to be asserted, not to be argued. If France could succeed in reuniting the separated links of her history, in reconciling her present with her past, if she were to again become a traditional, representative, and free monarchy, one holding itself equidistant from the abuses of the old *régime* and the errors of the Revolution—oh! then her situation would indeed be changed, and great alliances at present impossible might become possible soon thereafter. But such alliances would not have for their object never-ending retaliations and new wars; they would bear their fruits through social peace, through the restoration of authority and order, and through that true, prudent, and measured liberty which, now that they have it not, they talk so much about. The greatness of France depends less on the extent of her frontiers than on her political, social, and religious renovation.

It is because M. von Bismarck understands perfectly that an alliance between one of the great military empires of the North and republican France is a chimerical project, that he encourages the adherents of the republic at Versailles to sustain their work.

Anyhow, M. von Bismarck, having in view the nature of contingencies, has sought to shut France out from hopes or temptations in this direction; after, having in her folly dreamt of getting a frontier on the Rhine, she has wretchedly lost, through the folly of her emperor, her eastern frontier; after, having sworn to tear in pieces the treaty of 1815, to which she had submitted with detestation, she has had to sign at Frankfort the treaty in virtue of which she was invaded and dismembered.

The new Empire of Germany, resting on its formidable army, protected by impenetrable frontiers, certain of an alliance with Italy which renders the undertaking of war against it almost impossible for France, sustained by the official friendship of Austria and of Russia, compels France to be resigned and peaceful; condemns her to political and military impotence, or, what may sound better, to walk in the ways of prudence. M. Thiers, in words which the French press has published, has recently made a resolute profession of this policy of prudence, by proclaiming that he desires peace—peace to build up and fructify; and that France, at all events, will not seek to break it.

When, from the balcony of the Imperial Palace at Berlin, it is proclaimed that the object and result of the meeting of three emperors is to sanction the *statu quo* of Europe, and to consolidate a general peace, we believe that they mean what they proclaim; but what is the signification of the proclamation? Why, that they have thereby accepted the actual state of things which has grown out of the recent wars; that is to say, the European supremacy of the German Empire, founded on the powerlessness or the cautious prudence of France; and that they think to have extinguished the centre of combustion from which the firebrand of war might be again hurled over Europe.

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This is assuredly a clever policy, one in which Prince von Bismarck might allow himself to take a certain pride.

But in this serene sky there is one dark cloud, and we may well suppose that this cloud has disturbed the optimism of the diplomats assembled at Berlin. This cloud is that dreaded unknown future when France will be no longer governed by M. Thiers.

Salvation is not to come to France from the republic; in France there is neither a republic nor a monarchy; the forces which tend to a monarchy are disunited, and consequently powerless, and those which tend to a republic are still more divided; the nation is living under an administration *ad interim;* there is an absence of settled government and settled institutions, and an impossibility of establishing either, because of the wide divisions of irreconcilable parties, of anarchy in principles and ideas. The salvation of France for the time being is one man, a leader whose hand is pliable, firm, and commanding enough to hold political parties in submission and keep down the rivalries which would give France over to another civil war. M. Thiers believes that any present attempt to set up a monarchy would light up a civil war; while the conviction of the majority of the Assembly at Versailles is just as strong that, if the republic lasts, this civil war will break out on the morrow of the day when France will have lost M. Thiers. Probably both are right; it is rather to the condition itself of France than to the men that lead her that this lamentable state of affairs is to be attributed which finds its expression in the government of a provisional republic having nothing to look forward to in the future but unfathomable darkness and mystery.

M. Thiers is the embodiment of the conservative republic, which will last just so long as he lives, and I desire that his needed dictatorship be prolonged for a long while yet; but can we reasonably entertain such a hope? He has undertaken the admirable work of saving France; he has in Paris fought and won the great battle against anarchy; he has carried the loans through, reorganized the army and finances of France; he is pushing forward the evacuation of her territory; he maintains order. All this is very fine and grand; he is indeed acting the part of the saviour of his country; but let him not seek to do more; let him not be ambitious to become the founder of a government; let him rather be content with merely playing the first part at the head of affairs.

I thoroughly appreciate the work M. Thiers is engaged in; he directs his policy by the light of present events, the only ones he can control; he is going through the reparative period, *but what is he preparing?* What is he founding for the future? What heritage will he leave after him, and who will be his heir? Such are the questions which must come up to every reflecting mind, and in particular to his, so remarkably clear, perspicacious, and penetrating.

The weak side of his policy is that it leaves France on a political *terra incognita.* The creation of a few additional institutions will not suffice to raise France out of the provisional status in which she lies since her fall; I mean such as a vice-presidency, the establishing of a lower house, all which would be adding shadows to shadows. It would never amount to anything more than an administration *ad interim*, and a period of expectation of a definite, stable, regular government having influence abroad, such an one as France feels that she does not but should possess. The question for M. Thiers, as well as for

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France and for Europe, remains the same: What is being prepared, what will the future bring?

As we know the tree by its fruits, so do we judge a policy by its results, and so will M. Thiers be judged.

If he leaves after him the heritage of a traditional and representative monarchy, or if, like a second Washington, he leaves as his successor to France a second John Adams or Thomas Jefferson who will enter upon the work of consolidating a republic really conservative, free, Christian, and powerful, he will indeed be a great man; but, if he is to be followed in power by a Gambetta who will be the predecessor of the socialist *commune* of Paris, he will, notwithstanding the immense services he has rendered, be severely judged by history. No one assuredly ought to understand this better than he.

Is the second President of the fourth or fifth French Republic to be a now unforeseen Jefferson or a Gambetta?

Such is the dreaded question now before us. These threatening eventualities have doubtless been attentively considered at the conference in Berlin. M. von Bismarck may have developed thereat the political plan which I have endeavored to analyze, and which has for its object the founding of the peace of Europe on France's inability to undertake another war; but revolutionary and demagogical France, bearing incendiarism from Paris to Madrid, to Rome, and perhaps elsewhere, must be opposed in some other way than by the establishment of impenetrable frontiers and the formation of alliances; and on these other means of opposition the three emperors must have seriously conferred at Berlin, and I doubt much whether waging war against the Catholic Church has seemed to them the best way to avert the danger aforesaid.

II.

I have sought in this letter to set forth the character and import of the meeting at Berlin, and to show the policy which Prince von Bismarck has endeavored to inaugurate there. I have not been eaves-dropping at the doors of the chambers in which the three emperors and their chancellors held their deliberations; but there is no difficulty in conjecturing what was talked about, and, I may add, what was thought therein.

We must not overestimate the importance of these conversations; the meeting at Berlin will no more bring about positive results for the solution of pending questions in Europe than did the numerous interviews which Napoleon III. had with the Emperor of Austria, the ministers of Great Britain, and the czar. As we have stated before, it is not a congress; it forms no alliances, and no treaty determining the new European equilibrium will come out of it. What M. von Bismarck wished particularly to bring about was the presence of the two emperors with their counsellors in the capital of the new empire. Their mere presence signified, in the eyes of the prince chancellor:

The recognition of the German Empire; the sanction of the treaties of Prague and Frankfort, which were to form the basis of the new equilibrium of Europe.

The impossibility for Franc to find a powerful ally that would enable her to attempt a war of retaliation.

On the part of Austria, the abandonment of all idea of returning to her old German policy, and the repudiation of all connivance with the *particularistic* resistance of the lesser states of Germany.

I will presently examine whether

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the presence at Berlin of the head of the dynasty of Hapsburg signifies also the repudiation of the Catholic movement which the persecutions directed against the church have stirred up throughout entire Germany.

Assuredly this policy of M. von Bismarck shows, I will not say grandeur, but skill and audacity; and it has been crowned by wonderful success. When I saw Prince von Bismarck raise Prussia, that a few years ago could hardly rank among the great powers, to the height of the Empire of Germany through the victories of 1866 and 1871 — when I contemplated these astounding results, I was for a moment tempted to consider him as a great minister, as one of the rare successors of Richelieu or of Stein.

I was the more inclined to this judgment because, as a Belgian, I was grateful for the honest and upright policy which he had followed as regards Napoleon III. before the last war. There is no longer any room for doubt, now that the diplomatic documents are known, that Napoleon III., in order to redeem the unpardonable blunder which he had committed by favoring the war of 1861 between Prussia and Austria, endeavored to obtain in Luxemburg and in Belgium the compensations which he considered needful for him in view of the aggrandizement of Prussia. We know about the rough draft of the Benedetti treaty, which no amount of equivocation and timid denial can do away with.

I had, in my work published in 1865, clearly denounced the plot; and from the Belgian tribune, because I had pointed out these perils to its government, I have been called a political visionary and almost a traitor to my country. Subsequent events have justified my allegations, and now every one knows that the dangers which we ran for a time were more real, nearer at hand, and greater than even I imagined them to be.

The war of 1870 was the consequence of the refusal of the government of Berlin to yield to the guilty covetousness of Napoleon III. I ascribe the honor of the former to M. von Bismarck and to the integrity of William IV. I had proclaimed the existence of two eminent perils: a diplomatic peril, viz., an alliance of France with Prussia, of which Belgium would have been the stakes and the victim; the chance of a war between those two nations, in which France might have been victorious. We have, almost by a miracle, escaped those two perils; through the war of 1870, Belgium has been preserved from diplomatic conspiracies, and as a Belgian I can never forget it. *

* In the work, published in 1865, which procured me the honor of being made the subject of a parliamentary debate, I had dwelt upon the twofold danger to be feared, whether from an alliance which might reopen the Belgian question, or from a war on our frontiers, it might be, on our invaded territory. I advised appeasing our political discords, the better to resist this double peril. This sums up in a few words the purport of my pamphlet.

My adversaries in the tribune and in the press denied the existence of these dangers which they asserted were merely imaginary; they charged me with having got up a sham Belgian question, and with having, in that way, spread the knowledge of it abroad.

"With what have I charged the Honorable M. de Champs?" said M. Dolez. "It is with having pretended that our nationality was environed by perils, and that a Belgian question was on foot in which our independence might be taken away from us."

M. Frère-Orban ridiculed in a pleasant way my forebodings. He said that I was "a lookout man who, in his tower, descries that which no one else can possibly see, . . . who imagines that he has discovered that which nobody had seen before. To-day," he added, "when there is *nothing, absolutely nothing*, of a nature to cause uneasiness to the country, we are told, in consequence of a party scheme: Let us hold our tongues and appease our discords. The liberal party must, in order to save Belgium from a *danger which does not exist*, cease resisting the pretensions of the clerical party."

Well, what does M. Frère-Orban think now? While he, as minister, was uttering in the tribune the above quieting and optimist statements, M. Benedetti had entered with M. von

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Belgium, since the late war, finds herself in a new position which has not attracted the attention it deserves.

Belgium, for a long time back coveted by France, particularly by France under the Empire and under the Republic, had, above all, to fear an alliance between France and Prussia, which latter might sacrifice her to the political combinations growing out of such an alliance. That is what Napoleon III. attempted in the Benedetti negotiation, and it was this peril which before the recent war alarmed my patriotism.

Now this peril has vanished. An alliance between the German Empire and France is now put off for a long time. But there is another motive still more powerful, and which constitutes our complete security, which is this: that the existence of a *neutral* and *strong* Belgium has become henceforward for the German Empire a necessity of the highest order. Since the government of Berlin has thought it indispensable for strategic purposes to hold Metz and the lines of the Meuse and of the Vosges, it cannot allow, under any consideration, independent Belgium to disappear and France to occupy that territory of Belgium which is watered by the Meuse and the Scheldt. Our neutrality protects the Rhine on the side of the gap between the Sambre and the Meuse, but can afford this protection only provided our neutrality is politically and militarily strong to such an extent as our financial resources will warrant.

Our neutrality, in order to be one of the supports of the peace of Europe, must be ever an honest one; it must stand as a barrier against aggression whether from the east or from the south; it must be hostile to no power. On the other hand, it is plain that, in order to fill this position of barrier and guarantee, Belgium must remain always armed and able to repel an attack at the outset; otherwise, she would become politically useless, and, in the event of a war, the occupation of her territory would follow as the fatal result of such omission.

This was true before the late war, and on this point my views have not changed; but, since the new European situation created by the war, this truth is twice as plain, and our duties to Europe have increased twofold. It is important that all our political men, without distinction of party, and that the entire nation, understand well the position to which we have been brought by recent events.

Far from being hostile to the German Empire, I find in it a new guarantee for the independence of my country. Our neutrality now rests on all the powers and on all the treaties that have been made: it had become a habit, after the advent of the Napoleonic Empire, to consider England as the special protector of our national independence, but now that Germany has a particular and powerful interest in that independence, instead of one special support only, we now have two.

It is proper that I should make this statement, as I am about to submit M. von Bismarck's policy to a severe criticism. In this page of history which I have been rapidly writing, I have not been wanting in praise; and, if these lines are ever read by M. von Bismarck, he cannot complain of the appreciation which I have so far ex-

Bismarck into a parley, the subject of which was the Belgian question. This was the diplomatic peril. The other peril has been clearly revealed to us after Sedan. General de Wimpfen has stated to General Chazal that the question of invading or not the territory of Belgium had been earnestly discussed at Sedan. This would have been bringing the war on our violated soil.

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pressed of his policy. In the pages that follow, I shall not spare criticism. Much as I have admired the policy which prepared the war, in equal degree does my mind fail to comprehend the policy followed at Berlin since the peace, and which appears to me to be a perfect antithesis of the former one.

This latter policy appears to me so incomprehensible that I ask myself whether Prince von Bismarck, instead of being a political genius like Stein, is not entering upon the path of error in which Napoleon III. came to his ruin.

Napoleon III. has also been the ruler of Europe; the second Empire for many years enjoyed preponderance in Europe, and might have retained it much longer but for the accumulated blunders of imperial policy. Napoleon III., who had begun his reign isolated from other monarchs, and to whom the appellation of *my cousin* had been disdainfully denied, found himself, immediately after the war in the Crimea and after the Congress of Paris, at the head of a great Western alliance formed with England and Austria and by isolating Russia and annulling Prussia. He had reached the zenith of power in Europe; he had a star in which he and every one besides believed; kings and emperors came to Fontainebleau and to the Tuileries to pay their court to the *parvenu* sovereign who had been transformed into a Louis XIV., just as has happened at Berlin.

When I saw Napoleon III., at the summit of such a situation, break with his own hands, like a hot-brained child, this magnificent Western alliance to which he was indebted for his high fortune; conspire at the Congress of Paris with M. de Cavour to bring about that fatal war in Italy against Austria which was the first cause of his disasters; turn out of the straight path of conservative principles which he had sworn to follow, and then lose himself in the tortuous and obscure ways of revolution, my judgment of him was definitively made. A man who could commit such a folly was neither a statesman nor a political genius; he was merely a lucky adventurer who had been helped on and spoiled by events, but who did not know enough to turn them to account.

It was just then, in 1859, on the eve of the war in Italy, that I wrote my first work on *Le Second Empire*, in which I did not hesitate to predict that this war, no matter how much glory it might make for the emperor, would nevertheless amount to a political defeat which would lead to the fall of the Empire. "The heads of even the wisest men," I said, "are liable to turn when they have reached such an elevation as he has arrived at." And I selected as the epigraph of my work, the words which old Prince von Metternich had uttered when speaking of the extreme good-fortune of the Emperor of the French: "He is successful," said the prince to me; "he has excellent cards in his hands, and he plays his game well, but he will be lost as a revolutionary emperor on the Italian reef." This remarkable prediction, made long before the war in Italy, has been verified to the letter, and my book, written in 1859, was merely a commentary upon it which subsequent events have confirmed.

M. von Bismarck is also at the acme of his triumph; he is presiding at his Congress of Paris. Behold Prussia, which but a few years ago had hardly any voice in the councils of Europe, now become the German Empire, and behold the Emperor of Germany getting the czar and the Emperor Francis Joseph to sanction

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at Berlin his victories, his conquests, and his political supremacy, by leaving France isolated, and making of no account England, which had kept herself aloof in her policy of forbearance.

Well, I do not hesitate to select this hour of triumph, when M. von Bismarck's policy has been crowned at Berlin, in the midst of festivities the splendor of which is talked of far and wide, to predict its failure in the end if he does not change it. My reason for asserting this in presence of a state of things so contrary to my prediction is that M. von Bismarck is committing one of those blunders, I dare not say one of those political follies, which astonish reason, and which form the premises of a syllogism having for its conclusion an inevitable failure. The blunder is precisely similar to that perpetrated by Napoleon III., who, in consequence of having allied himself with revolutionary Italy, was led from Mexico to Sadowa, and from Sedan to Chiselhurst. This blunder on the part of M. von Bismarck, and of which he will yet repent, is his alliance with revolutionary Italy, which drags him into a war against the Catholic Church, which has always proved fatal to those who have attempted it, and which destroys the work of German unity which he had associated with his name. The epigraph of my work on *Le Second Empire*, borrowed from Prince von Metternich, might serve for this letter as well, if applied to the Emperor of Germany and his chancellor; if the head of the dynasty of the Hohenzollerns continues in the path of revolution in which M. von Bismarck has led him, "he will also perish, like the revolutionary emperor on the Italian reef."

Is it rashness on my part to point out to Prince von Bismarck and to the German Emperor the Tarpeian rock so nigh to the capitol to which they have ascended? Am I unjust towards the prince chancellor?

No one had a higher opinion of his political merit than I, and in appreciating, as I have done in this letter, his astounding successes, I have not been sparing of praise nor indeed of admiration. If, then, I am compelled to draw a comparison between Napoleon III. and him, and to measure by the blunder committed by the Emperor of the French in 1859 that which he is now committing, I must ask his pardon, for I make a great difference between those two contemporary personages. In the same degree that Napoleon III. was irresolute, beset by somnolent indolence and continual hesitation, so does, on the other hand, Prince von Bismarck know how to show a tenacious persistence and audacity in the carrying out of his designs; but this very tenacity may be a source of additional danger, if he enters upon a road which leads to an abyss; he will go forward in it quicker and more irremediably than another would, because he knows neither how to stop nor to draw back.

Let us, then, study the policy of M. von Bismarck.

And, in the first place, without wishing in the least to belittle the share which evidently belongs to him in the triumphs of Prussia, we must, nevertheless, admit that another important share falls to Count von Moltke, the greatest warrior of our day; and an equally considerable part is due to the blunders of his adversaries, Austria and Imperial France.

If, for example, Napoleon III. had not betrayed Austria in 1866 by allowing and favoring the alliance between Prussia and Italy, a war against Austria would have been impossible, and the victory of Sadowa

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would not have taken place; the senseless war of 1870, which grew out of the victory of Sadowa, would have been without either cause or pretext; France would be now erect, Austria would have maintained its influential position in Germany, and the German Empire would not have been established for the profit of Prussian *unitarisme*.

With the foundation of German unity, of the German Empire, Napoleon has had almost as much to do as M. von Bismarck. The great chancellor has found ready for him two instruments which he did not invent: the military genius of von Moltke, and the folly of Napoleon. To complete the expression of my thought, I will add that the German Emperor has only been, as he himself proclaimed after his victories, a mere instrument in the hands of Divine Providence for the chastisement of France. France has been unfaithful to her past history, from which she has severed herself; she has been unfaithful to the monarchical form of government which has rendered her glorious, and to the church which has made her great; she has lost, by a twofold apostasy, her political faith and her Catholic faith; she no longer possesses her institutions, which have been, one after the other, destroyed either by the old *régime* or by the Revolution; she no longer knows how to restore the monarchy, the elements of which have been scattered in the tempests of revolution; she knows not how to keep up a republic of which she has neither the habits, the historical conditions, nor the conditions social and political; she is in that state through which nations, condemned to perish, fall and decay, and out of which those nations which God wishes to save can get, only through punishment by fire or by the sword. M. von Bismarck has been, and may become again, that fire and that sword; which may perhaps be an honor, but does not justify pride.

The political work, then, which has produced the German Empire undoubtedly deserves praise, and assuredly does honor to the political merits of Prince von Bismarck, but does not facilitate the forming of a definitive judgment in his regard. It is in the work of peace that the statesman shows himself, and I must say it, that in this respect I do not find M. von Bismarck as great as events seemed to have made him out to be; just as he has been seen to be intelligent, fortunate, almost great during the period of warfare, so in like degree do I incline to consider him, in the period of present organization, improvident and blind.

This work of organization is a difficult one; it requires wisdom and time. M. von Bismarck has recourse to precipitation, to force, and to wrath.

German unity, inuring to the benefit of Prussia, could not, before the war of 1866, have been foreseen. When, in 1863, the Emperor of Austria made his triumphal entry into Frankfort, bearing in his hand federal reform, he was surrounded by all the princes of Germany. Prussia stood alone, abandoned by all Germany; and, if Napoleon had not foolishly thwarted the plans of the Emperor Francis Joseph, the Emperor of Germany would have been crowned, not at Berlin, but at Vienna.

After the war of 1866, Prusso-Germanic unitarism had not yet been accomplished. Saxony and the states of the South which had fought by the side of Austria were defeated; they submitted to, rather than accepted, the terms which Prussia forced on them as the con-

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sequence of their defeat. Northern Germany was bounded by the Main, and the minor states ever felt themselves drawn towards Vienna, their old centre of attraction.

It was the war of 1870, declared by Napoleon against the whole of Germany, notwithstanding the patriotic protest of M. Thiers, which all at once created this unity; this unity, which brought all the Germans together under one flag, received thus the baptism of glory and of blood.

But the Prusso-German unitarism, extemporized and rough-cast by the war, was not consolidated; many difficulties remained to be overcome.

M. von Bismarck saw before him two formidable adversaries: the particularism of the middle states, and socialist democracy, which claims to abolish unity for its own gain, by substituting the German Republic for the German Empire.

Several symptoms go to show that the particularist movement, which had been stopped by the war, is reviving, and certainly the hostile action directed against the Catholics assists powerfully towards giving it new life. The symptoms of the awakening of this movement are numerous; it is needless that I should enumerate them; they are perfectly known at Berlin, and have assuredly become aggravated since the religious war undertaken by M. von Bismarck.

The particularism of the states, then, is not dead, and red democracy is full of life. These are the two great difficulties which M. von Bismarck's policy finds in its way. To these must be added a third one: the assimilation of the two conquered provinces, Alsace and Lorraine, so thoroughly French by the ties of history, of religion, of habits, and of interests.

To overcome these obstacles, to organize unity, the basis of the new empire, to accomplish his great work, M. von Bismarck needs prudence, time, and the hand of a true statesman.

Now, what does the Prince von Bismarck do? To the three considerable existing obstacles he adds another one, greater and more dangerous than the former, a difficulty which did not exist, which he of his own accord created, which he wantonly got up, and which will crush him; I mean the religious difficulty, the brutal war, the veritable persecution which he is organizing against the Catholics. He had to fight against particularist opposition and radical opposition; he himself, with deliberate purpose, needlessly and without reason, raises up a third one—the opposition of sixteen millions of Catholics united with their bishops; that is to say, almost half of the new empire which he thus unsettles and, so to speak, dissolves with his own hand.

Can anything be imagined more incomprehensible or more thoroughly preposterous?

What end is M. von Bismarck pursuing? By what thought and what views is he guided? The prince chancellor is neither mad nor blind; he has given abundant evidence of this; and yet, is it not folly, is it not blindness, to thus throw, without any appreciable motive, and with a heart as light as that of M. Emile Ollivier, sixteen millions of Catholics, including all their clergy and all their bishops, into a resistance which will be all the more obstinate and formidable because it will derive its strength from the oppression of conscience, from the suppression of liberty, the rending of the constitution, from the violation of justice and of rights? I have put these questions to eminent Germans of all parties, but have never got clear and satisfactory answers.

The Catholic Germans behaved

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admirably during the war; the Bavarian, Westphalian, and Rhenish troops were everywhere foremost under fire and in earning honor and glory. The priests and religious, both men and women, have shown a heroic devotedness on the battle-fields, in the ambulances, and in the hospitals, so that M. Windthorst was enabled to say in the parliament at Berlin that many of those religious would go into exile wearing on their breasts the iron cross which they had earned during the last campaign.* The old antipathies against Prussia which prevailed along the Rhine and beyond the Main among Catholic populations were dying out; the establishment of religious liberty in Prussia on a more generous basis than in the lesser states had won the Catholics over to unity under Prussian hegemony; and the illustrious Bishop of Mayence, Mgr. de Ketteler, in an address which made a great noise in Germany and throughout Europe, raised the standard of rallying and unity.

The German Empire was consequently very near being established. M. von Bismarck stirs up a religious war which divides it in two and breaks it asunder. The war had brought together under the same flag Germans of all nationalities and all religious beliefs. Should not, then, all manner of pains have been taken to keep them united in the mutual work of the organization of the empire? Should not the first thought of a politician, after having achieved such wonderful success, and having before him the obstacles which still remained to be overcome, have been to begin by establishing peace in religious matters?

* Priests and religious, men and women, numbering together 1,909, have given corporeal and spiritual attendance to 21,000 sick and wounded, and this only out of love for God and their neighbor.

But I must repeat the question, What did M. von Bismarck do? He repulses the Westphalians and people of the Rhine who had become reconciled; he revives in Bavaria and in the South that particularism which was dying out; and on the political grievance he grafts a religious one; he doubles the obstacles of all kinds which lie in the way of his plans for Germanizing Alsace and Lorraine, so thoroughly French and Catholic; into their bleeding wounds he, as it were, introduces gangrene, by entering upon an unheard-of religious persecution, and without any pretext that he dare avow; he compromises in the most serious manner the work of unity, towards the founding of which he had aided so much; he acts as would the greatest adversary of that unity who could not contrive any better means for its destruction than to do just what Prince von Bismarck is doing—he drives into the ranks of opposition nearly half of the soundest population of the empire; he sets against himself the two hundred million Catholics spread throughout the world, and who are everywhere protesting against his oppression; he will also turn against him the old conservatives, who have been deeply hurt by the enactment of the law in regard to schools, as well as all sincere friends of religious and political liberty, so audaciously ignored by him. These friends of liberty are becoming scarce; they maintain, in the face of this odious violation of their principles, a shameful silence which they will have to break, if they wish to avoid making liberalism synonymous with hypocrisy.

Have I erred in comparing the policy of M. von Bismarck with that of Napoleon III., and his present blunder with that committed by the ex-emperor when, after the Congress

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of Paris, he broke up the splendid Western alliance?

When I endeavor to interpret M. von Bismarck's conduct, I can find but one motive which can serve for its explanation, and that is his alliance with Italy. That alliance, which he conceived necessary in order to keep the forces of France divided, and to render a war of retaliation impossible, has drawn him into a fatal hostility against the Catholic Church.

His ally, Victor Emanuel, has conquered the Roman States by stratagem and by violence; he has usurped in Rome the throne of the pontiff king, who among the monarchs of Europe possesses assuredly the most ancient and most venerated titles to sovereignty; he holds the Pope captive in the Vatican, until such time as he can compel him to set out on the road to exile; he deprives the Sovereign Pontiff of the church of that sovereignty on which his independence rests, and thus throws the universal church into alarm and mourning.

This outrage against the church, perpetrated at Rome by the Italian government, has had its counterpart in Berlin. No doubt the condition which Victor Emanuel set upon alliance with him has been to make the German Empire enter into the vast plot got up against the independence and liberty of Catholicity.

Well! without being a prophet, it is not difficult to predict that the Italian alliance will prove as fatal to the German Empire as it has been to the second Napoleonic Empire, and that on the Italian rock M. von Bismarck's work will be dashed to pieces, if he allows it to remain in the evil path in which it is now so deeply sunk.

III.

Prince Bismarck considers himself to be the successor of Stein, to whom he has caused a statue to be erected, and whose great policy he claims that he is continuing. In this respect, he is profoundly mistaken; and, very far from following that policy, he abandons and betrays it.

Stein and all his school have, like Burke and Pitt, combated the principles of the French Revolution. French ideas had, at the close of the last century, invaded Germany, and the armies of the first Republic had no difficulty in conquering by their arms a country which they had before overrun with their ideas.

Baron von Stein, that restorer of the German *Vaterland* and liberty, was a mortal foe of the French Revolution. His mission and his work were to withdraw Germany from the fatal path into which, following France, she had strayed, and to bring her back into the path laid out for her by her history.

He could not save Prussia from the defeat at Jena, but he trained her, by his thorough and excellent reforms, for revenge at Waterloo and Sedan. He it was who formed Scharnhorst, the organizer of military Prussia, and whose system Count von Moltke perfected; he, probably, who became the soul of the patriotic movement in 1813; he it was who, together with Scharnhorst, Stadion, and Gagern, gave to Germany that powerful impulse out of which came the great present situation; he it was who stood the distinguished protector of the German historical school, that real antithesis of the French revolutionary school, which former had as its influential organs Niebuhr, Eichhorn, Schlegel, Görres, the two Grimms, de Savigny, etc., and which M. de Sybel represents still in our day.

Stein was a conservative, a patriot, and a Christian. What he fought against in the French Revolution was

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that philosophic and abstract method that France had adopted, destructive of all national tradition; that spirit of exclusive and narrow equality which influenced her course, and in the pursuit of which, according to M. de Tocqueville, she has lost liberty; that absolutism, whether in democracy or in Cæsarism, that obliteration of the individual, that indifference to rights, that worship of brute force, that extinguishment of all local, provincial, and autonomous life, that exaggerated idea of the state, that oppression of religious liberty, of Christian teaching, and of the Catholic Church, all of which characterized the French Revolution.

Stein wanted a Germany united, but federal, Christian, liberal, traditional, and historical; he wanted her, as Burke did England, to be the reverse of revolutionary France.

Now, is it not Stein's work, that Germany born of his reforming genius, that M. von Bismarck is destroying? The *liberal national* party, on which he leans, is merely a *doctrinaire* French party, anti-historic, ideological, and anti-religious, the harbinger of levelling and radical democracy; a party which inclines to absolutism and Cæsarism, adores centralization, unconditional unification, and the omnipotence of the state, and which is the adversary of all proud and free consciences, and of any independent church. It is not the Protestant idea, but the Masonic and Hegelian one which this party represents.

Stein was a Christian, a conservative, and a German; the Prince von Bismarck is sceptical, revolutionary, and belongs to the French school. Stein sought to found German unity on federal liberties, in the alliance of the church with the school, and on peace between religious denominations; M. von Bismarck overturns that basis, substitutes in its place absolutist and Prussian unification, secularized teaching, and religious discord.

It is surprising that, when in France the ideas which inspired the French Revolution have been abandoned even by the most intelligent part of the school of liberalism; by such men as Tocqueville, Thierry, and Guizot, who are discouraged, and talk more openly of their disappointments than of their hopes; when M. Renan asserts that the French Revolution "is an experimental failure"; when the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, through the pen of M. Montégut, proclaims "that the Revolution is politically bankrupt"; on the very morrow of the final miscarriage of that Revolution under its two forms of government, the Empire fallen at Sedan, and the social Republic fallen under the ruins of the Paris Commune—it is at that very time that Prince von Bismarck thinks it skilful and profound to import that French revolutionary system into Germany! M. Renan has cause for rejoicing; he has given utterance to a wish which M. von Bismarck has set about to fulfil. "France," he said, "need not be considered lost if we can believe that Germany will be in her turn drawn into that witches' dance in which all our virtue has been lost."

To sum up: German unity, the great German Empire, which such an extraordinary concurrence of circumstances had created, is being dissolved and ruined by Prince von Bismarck through the most inconceivable of political blunders. He throws sixteen millions of Catholics, once friendly to the Empire, into opposition to it; he gives a new food and new strength to the particularism of the Southern States, and to the Polonism of Posen; he makes twofold

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the difficulties of accomplishing the assimilation of Alsace and Lorraine; to political grievances he superadds religious grievances, far more to be dreaded than the former; he enkindles an implacable religious war upon the ruins of that denominational peace which King Frederic William III. had happily established, and by aid of which the present emperor and the empress Augusta had, in the opening period of their reign, won the hearts of the Catholics of the Rhine. To cover this blunder, M. von Bismarck enters into the Italian alliance which destroyed the second Napoleonic Empire, and will destroy the German Empire; and he abandons the historic German policy restored by Stein, to rush into the retinue of the *national liberal* party, into the paths of the French Revolution, into that *witches' dance* to which M. Renan refers; and he inoculates his own country with the poison which has killed France!

IV.

But there is one final consequence of the policy of Prince von Bismarck to which I wish to call attention, and which is not least in gravity.

Austria, after having lost Italy, had, by the treaty of Prague, been excluded from Germany. Nevertheless, the German Empire, under the hegemony of Prussia, had not been set up; there existed only a Northern Germany, having the Main as its boundary; the Southern States, and even Saxony, preserved a certain autonomy; and Austria might hope by a wise policy to draw little by little into the sphere of her influence and attraction those countries which had been accustomed to look upon Vienna as their political pole.

The war of 1871 against France, which had united all the Germans under one flag, established German unity and the German Empire. The boundaries of the Empire were moved from the Main to the Danube, and all hope for Austria to regain her old German position was gone.

Austria accepted this situation; the Emperor Francis Joseph and his two counsellors, Count von Beust and Count Andràssy, worked together to bring about a sincere reconciliation between Austria and the German Empire.

They gave up the idea of bringing back the Southern States into the circle of Austrian influence; they feared, on the contrary, lest the German provinces of Austria, detaching themselves little by little from the weakened rule of the Hapsburgs, might be irresistibly drawn towards Berlin, the powerful and glorious centre of the German *Vaterland.*

Those fears may at present be entirely set at rest. There has been a complete reversal in the position of things. The people, for the most part so Catholic, of the Tyrol, of Lower Austria, and of Bohemia, will lose all inclination to draw nearer to the German Empire, where a bitter persecution is being waged against their religious faith. The bonds which unite them to Austria will be drawn the tighter. On the other hand, will not the Catholics of the Rhine, of Westphalia, of Poland, of Suabia, of Franconia, of Würtemberg, of Bavaria, of Alsace, and of Lorraine, driven from the bosom of the German Empire, in which they are no longer citizens, but pariahs, be tempted to look again in the direction of Austria, the centre of their older sympathies? All Austria has to do is not to interfere; M. von Bismarck is working for her.

The prince chancellor, notwithstanding the elated confidence which he has in his strength, has understood the danger of the situation.

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In order to change it, he had but one easy thing to do, and that was to modify his policy, to give up persecuting the Catholics, to admit that he had gone astray, and to return to a calmer and wiser policy; but this he would not do; he has preferred to keep on, and to try to drag Austria into the same road.

Last year, at Gastein, he tried to induce Count von Beust to join in the campaign which he wished to begin against the *internationale rouge* and the *internationale noire*, but the Emperor Francis Joseph baffled the attempt. The prince chancellor renewed it the same year with the emperor himself at Salzburg, but he failed a second time.

Has he met with more success at Berlin, upon the occasion of the meeting of the three emperors? Has he tried to get Russia and Austria to recognize not only the German Empire, but to sanction by their adhesion to it his home policy against "Romanism," that is to say, against the Catholic Church, or has he at least succeeded in inducing the belief that he had not tried in vain? Has he sought to drag them into the war which he is carrying on against the Jesuits, against the religious orders, against denominational liberty, against Catholic teaching, against the clergy and the bishops, until such time as he can make it break forth at Rome, by laying, in the next conclave, an audacious and sacrilegious hand on the pontifical tiara?

We shall find this out before long. If Austria follows the policy of the centralist party of the German professors at Vienna and at Prague, to which Count von Beust has already yielded too much, and which is identical with the policy of the *national liberal* party of Berlin, she will have advanced the interests of Prince von Bismarck, and not her own; she will have labored for him and against herself; she will have turned aside the danger imminent to the German Empire through M. von Bismarck's blunders, and of which the Austro-Hungarian Empire should have profited; she will have, with her *historical good-nature*, served the views of Prussia to the detriment of her own; and Francis Joseph, the Apostolic Emperor, unfaithful to his traditions and to the arms of his house, will have made his policy subordinate to that of a Lutheran emperor!

I positively refuse to believe that any such result can come out of the interview at Berlin, albeit that our generation is accustomed to the realization of political impossibilities. I would fain persuade myself that, if the Prince von Bismarck has endeavored to draw Austria into his war against the Catholics and against Rome, he will have failed at Berlin as he did at Salzburg through the good sense of the Emperor Francis Joseph.

V.

The more I study M. von Bismarck's policy, the less I understand it. If he were a sectarian pietist, I could account to myself for the idea of perfecting the political and military unity of Germany by a religious unity, of creating a *Protestant state:* it would indeed be a sorry Utopia, and to attempt it would be to make the mistake of being three centuries behind his time.

But M. von Bismarck is neither a sectarian nor a fanatic; he is rather, I believe, a sceptic who has little care for religious controversies, and who probably understands very little about the question of the Papal Infallibility which he is wielding as a warlike weapon against the church. M. von Bismarck is a politician; politics he aims at and should be

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busied in; his mission is to help found an empire and not a schism or a sect. Now, it is the Empire, the political work, which he gravely compromises by disturbing so profoundly through a denominational conflict the religious quiet which that work needed for its consolidation. Instead of the *German state* founded on unity and general assent, it is the *Protestant state* founded on the deepest and most incurable divisions that he seems to aim at creating. There is no difficulty in predicting that he will lose the political unity in the pursuit of a religious unity which is but a chimerical and impossible anachronism.

This political course which the prince chancellor has inspired the Emperor William to follow, whose past one makes such a striking contrast with it, is to me an insoluble enigma, and raises doubts in my mind of M. von Bismarck's transcendent ability.

I will nevertheless try to make out this political enigma, by studying the pretexts on which the government of Berlin relies to justify itself, the circumstances by which it has been enticed, and the temptation to which it has yielded.

The *pretext* which it puts forward is the decision of the Vatican Council in regard to the authority of the Sovereign Pontiff in matters of doctrine.

The *circumstances* by which it was carried away are the Italian alliance abroad and the alliance with the *national liberal* party at home.

The *temptation* that misleads it is the hope, fortunately disappointed, which the stand of the *inopportunist* bishops of Germany and of Austria caused it to form, which stand the Berlin government had mistaken for a real dissent from doctrine, and destined to become the foundation of a national church separated from Rome by that dissent.

I call the question of Papal Infallibility a pretext, and, in fact, it is a groundless quarrel without any importance or earnest meaning.

I am not called upon to enter here into a theological dissertation upon the dogma of the infallibility of the church and of its sovereign magistracy, etc. I refer my readers to the excellent works which have been published on the subject, and I trust to be excused for mentioning in particular those written by my brother the Archbishop of Mechlin.

I will say but one word *en passant* on the question. For every Catholic, there is no longer any open question. Before the council, discussion was allowable; since the definition proclaimed by an œcumenical council united to the Pope, all discussion is closed.

Every one knows of the conversation between a very intelligent lady of great faith and the Count de Montalembert, shortly before the death of that illustrious friend, in which she asked him what he would do if the council together with the Pope should define infallibility. "Well, I will quietly believe it," replied the great orator, with the firm accent of the Christian who knows his catechism, and who recites his act of faith.

In fact, no father nor doctor of the church, from Origen and S. Cyprian down to S. Thomas and Bossuet, no council, no theologian, no Catholic, has ever doubted the doctrinal infallibility of the church. The controversy lay with the Gallicans, who claimed that the words of the Pope addressed to the church *ex cathedrâ* needed the assent of a council or of the church throughout the world to acquire the character of infallibility.

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All the old Catholics of all the schools, Gallican even included, were agreed to accord to the definitions of a council united with the Pope, that is to say, the church, the divine privilege of infallibility set forth in Holy Scriptures and in all tradition. On this point Bossuet holds the same doctrine as Fénelon and Count de Maistre.

Now, in the present instance we have a council united to the Pope, and no council, from that of Trent back to that of Nicæa, has been more numerously attended, more solemn, freer, or more œcumenical, than that of the Vatican. To deny this is downright nonsense, in which those take refuge who seek to hide their apostasy from their own eyes. If the Council of the Vatican has not been œcumenical and free, then manifestly no council in the past has ever been.

To reject the doctrinal definition of the Council of the Vatican, in which the Sovereign Pontiff and the bishops of all the world, whether opportunist or inopportunist, have agreed, would undoubtedly be to abandon the church of Christ, and to renounce the Catholic faith; it would be going beyond Gallicanism, which never thought of calling in question the decisions of a council united to a pope; even beyond the Jansenism of Port Royal, which would perhaps have accepted the Bull of Innocent X. if sanctioned by a council; it would be going beyond 1682, back to Luther; that is to say, to open heresy, and to the entire abandonment of the church, our mother.

How can M. Döllinger not see this? He who in 1832, at Munich, where the encyclical of Gregory XVI. reached M. de Lamennais, insisted with the latter, with all his force as a theologian, that he should submit to the pontifical encyclical, which, in the doctor's eyes, was binding on conscience, although no council had adhered to it—how can he now, in his own case, resist the decisions of Pius IX. and the Council of the Vatican? He who has written so many works of grave learning, and in particular that one on *The Church and the Churches*, how comes it that he does not see that he is no longer in the church, and that he is seeking a shelter for his revolt in the smallest, the poorest, and the most dilapidated of those churches of a day which, in the name of history, he has so severely condemned? How can he find himself at ease and his soul tranquil in those ridiculous conventicles of Munich and of Cologne, by the side of Michelis, of Reinkens, Friedrich, Schulte, the ex-abbé Michaud, the ex-father Hyacinthe, and surrounded by Jansenist and Anglican bishops, by Protestant and schismatic ministers, by rationalists of all colors? How comes it that his faith and his learning are not shocked when brought into the midst of that confusion of doctrines and of tongues, and of ignorance of all kinds, which rendered the Congress of Cologne so notorious; that congress whereat the question was discussed "of the reunion of the old Catholics with the other churches having affinity of faith," which means with all the sects separated from Rome, to the exclusion of the great universal church of S. Augustine, S. Thomas, Pascal, Descartes, Bossuet, Fénelon, de Maistre, Lacordaire, of the eight hundred bishops of the council, and of the sainted Pontiff Pius IX.? How can he, a man of learning, a priest, advanced in years, on the brink of eternity, prefer to put himself under the pastoral crook and the jurisdiction of the Jansenist Archbishop of Utrecht, or of a schismatic Armenian bishop, and fraternize with the Anglican bishops of Lincoln, Ely, and Maryland,

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rather than remain an humble priest, but proud of that Catholic Apostolic and Roman Church whose admirable unity bursts forth in the midst of the vast persecution which is being begun and prepared for her, and of which the Provost of Munich consents to be the guilty instrument?

This closes my parenthetical remarks on Dr. Döllinger and the Old Catholics, who are in reality merely old Jansenists and very old Protestants, and I come back to M. von Bismarck and to his policy.

Prince von Bismarck and the governments of Germany have no occasion to trouble themselves about the question of settling whether infallibility attaches to the Pope speaking *ex cathedrâ*, or to the Pope united to the council; these are all dogmatic theses with which they have no concern. The pretext got up by politics for trespassing on the domain of religious faith is the following: The politicians allege that the declaration of the council has conferred upon the Pope a *new authority*, that this authority is *absolute* and *unlimited*, and that this state of things affects the relations between the church and the state, which is thereby thrown upon its defence against possible usurpation. The Emperor of Germany, in a conversation which he recently had at Ems with M. Contzen, the courageous Burgomaster of Aix-la-Chapelle, brought out this singular idea of the politicians when he alleged "that the church, by proclaiming the dogma of infallibility, had declared war to the state."

How can this be? In what respect does the question of the infallibility of the church touch the relations between the church and the state?

The declaration of the Vatican Council is not new; it belongs almost textually to the Council of Florence when it proclaimed the faith which had existed for centuries; it is ancient; all, or nearly all, the bishops at the late council were agreed, and are now all agreed, as to the ground of the doctrine; they were only divided on the question of opportuneness, and Mgr. the Bishop of Orléans, in his pastoral letter of assent, declared that he has always professed the doctrine which had been proclaimed.

Nothing, then, has been changed, and church and state remain in precisely the same situation of reciprocal independence in their distinct spheres, and of harmony in their relations, in which they were before the council.

Some either imagine, through most admirable ignorance, or hypocritically make show of believing, that the pontifical infallibility is a *personal* privilege, in this sense, that it is conferred *on a person who cannot err in anything*, that the Pope is infallible in all that he says and in everything; that he could lay upon the faithful the obligation of believing any decision that he might proclaim whether in the exclusive domain of science or in the exclusive domain of politics, where faith is not at all involved.

The object of infallibility is the doctrine of the faith and of the revealed law. The church has the deposit of revelation, of the Holy Scriptures, and of tradition; the Pope is its supreme guardian; the evangelical promise of infallibility is nothing else than the promise of *fidelity* in the custody of this sacred deposit! When the Pope or the council united to the Pope declares that a truth is contained in the deposit of revelation, they do not invent matter, they repeat and discern; they do not create a new truth, they confirm an old one, and cause new light to beam from it.

Infallibility is, then, not personal in the absurd sense in which the word

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is used; neither is it absolute and without limits; its domain, which is that of faith and morals, is clearly marked out by the constitution of the Vatican Council. "According to the perfectly clear text of the decree," say the Prussian bishops who met at Fulda in 1871, "all allusion to the domain of politics is completely excluded from the definition of this dogma." His Eminence Cardinal Antonelli, in his despatch of the 19th of March, 1870, to the Nuncio at Paris, is even more precise. "Political affairs belong," he says, "according to the order of God and the teachings of the church, to the province of the secular authority, *without any dependence whatever* on any other."

But, as between the secular power and the church, relations are necessary, these are settled by the two authorities through arrangements or concordats.

I allow myself to call Prince von Bismarck's attention to this point. Positive relations between the church and states have been settled by concordats only; always, at all periods of history, the popes alone have negotiated concordats with the states; pontifical infallibility has absolutely no connection with concordats, and the Pope when he signs them does not speak *ex cathedrâ* and as supreme doctor of the church. How, then, can the declaration of the council have changed the relations between the church and governments, and how can the church, by proclaiming the dogma of infallibility, be said to have declared war to the state?

It is, then, a mere matter of pretext. In point of fact, it is the German Empire which is laying claim to absolute and unlimited power in the domain of religion as well as in the domain of politics; it examines and judges dogmas, intrudes itself into ecclesiastical discipline; it closes the priest's mouth in his pulpit—by the lex Lutziana; it closes Catholic colleges and schools; it forbids religious to preach, to hear confessions, and even to celebrate Mass; it forbids the bishops to canonically exclude from the bosom of the church those who openly separate themselves therefrom; it banishes, for no crime, without trial and in bodies, the religious orders, in the same way that Louis XIV. (though he could give better reasons) drove the Huguenots from the soil of France; it favors schism, and aims at establishing a national church. It is, then, the German state *which is declaring war to the church*, and which is raising claim to political and religious infallibility by founding a veritable civil theocracy.

Let us put aside the pretext, which can in no wise serve either for the justification or for the explanation of the conduct of the government of Berlin. Let us examine the real motives which governed that conduct, the circumstances by which the emperor was carried away, and the fatal temptations which deluded him.

VI.

Foremost among these reasons and temptations has been, as I have said before, the alliance with Italy. It was the first cause, and was the signal for the sudden change which took place in the interior policy of the German Empire. This is evident from the fact that the political storm burst forth during the last session of Parliament precisely upon the occasion of a paragraph in the draft of the address got up by the national liberal party, and which was a stone hurled at the papacy. This was taking place at Berlin at the very hour when the Italo-German alliance

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had been concluded at Rome; the coincidence is striking, and proves that war against the Catholic Church and her head has been made a condition of this alliance.

The next temptation, the second blunder of Prince von Bismarck, has been his exclusive alliance with the national liberal party, whose character I have defined above. This alliance with pseudo-liberalism is the corollary of his alliance with Italy; both rest within and without on the revolutionary and anti-Christian principle. War on Rome and the papacy has been the condition of the alliance with Italy; war on the Catholics in Germany has been the condition of the alliance with the national liberal party.

Prince von Bismarck had, for several years, met a keen resistance to his plans from the national liberal party, while during the same period he found a support in the conservative section of the Prussian chambers, with whom were joined the few Catholics of note who happened to be members of them.

To-day he turns away from this weakened but still powerful conservative section, and he wages the bitterest war against the centre section, which is made up of Catholics. These two sections watch over the deposit of old German traditions; they wish to preserve the federal and constitutional character of the Empire, to maintain the Christian and denominational character of the schools, and throughout the nation, religious peace. Latterly the conservative section has become weak; it has yielded to M. von Bismarck's policy; but sooner or later its traditions will bring it to the side of the section of the centre, in order that both may unite in sustaining the historic principles of the Germanic race against the centralizing anti-religious policy of the national liberal party, which represents above all else the idea of the French Revolution.

The section of the centre, which, in 1870, in point of numbers amounted in the parliament to but very little, has seen its power increase proportionately with the development of the pseudo-liberal party of centralization, of omnipotence of the state, of political levelling, and of anti-Christian reaction. The outrage committed on the papacy by the Italian government gave increased energy to the Catholic movement, and the section of the centre, which, at the time it was first organized, consisted of fifty members only, saw its numbers increase after the elections to more than sixty, all united together by strong convictions; it can count to-day nearly eighty, and it is safe to predict that, unless the government sends into the interior, or into exile, or puts in prison the leaders of the Catholic movement, the party of the centre will, after the next elections, thanks to the war begun against the church, have gained a force of more than one hundred votes, which will thus counterbalance those of the national liberal party.

It is this growing power of the party of the centre, the fruit of M. von Bismarck's policy, which has impelled him to his policy of violence and anger against the Catholic Church; he means to make the clergy, the Jesuits, the religious orders, and the bishops pay for the political loss of rest occasioned to him by this phalanx which is growing into a legion, and at whose head stand such powerful leaders as Reichensperger, Mallinckrodt, and Windthorst. The eloquent words of these orators, as in former times those of O'Connell in England, and Montalembert in France, spread beyond the bound-

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aries of Germany, to arouse and stir up everywhere all lovers of right, justice, true liberty, and the church of Jesus Christ.

The third temptation of the German government has been the stand taken in the Vatican Council by nearly all the bishops of Germany and of Austria. These pious and learned prelates were all agreed, along with those of the entire world, as to the mere ground of the doctrine; all or nearly all were infallibilists; Josephism, Fébronianism, had been for a long time dying, if not dead; but these same bishops were nearly all inopportunists. This M. von Bismarck misapprehended, he believed that there was, among the bishops in council, a real dissent as to doctrine; he imagined that the majority of the German and Austrian bishops would separate from Rome to follow M. Döllinger in the path of defection or of schism, through which he is moving to his ruin. The Italian alliance and the alliance with the national liberal party carried M. von Bismarck into hostile action against Rome; the difference of opinion among the bishops on the question of the opportuneness of the decision by the council led him to hope that he would find therein the elements for a *Janist** and national church.

In this he has been entirely mistaken. "He had left the Holy Spirit out of his reckoning," said recently to me a learned ecclesiastic of Berlin, and I add that he had also not reckoned on the faith and virtue of the episcopate.

Observe what is going on and how the Catholic tide is rising and resisting. M. von Bismarck met at Sedan a splendid, courageous French army, which, badly led and crushed by the fire of the German artillery, was forced to capitulate; he will henceforth find in opposition to him the Catholic populations, with their clergy and their bishops at their head, who will rise, in the name of God and of the liberty of the church, who will resist and never surrender.

M. von Bismarck is about to have experience of what the Catholic bishops are and of what they can do. They will not conspire; they will not sow rebellion and revolution; they will not join themselves to the red international party, but they will resist and will not yield. "In this present sad condition of things," said the bishops met together at Fulda in April, 1872, "we will fulfil our duty by not disturbing the peace between the church and the state." "As Christians," said the learned Bishop of Paderborn, in his touching address to the exiled Jesuits—"as Christians, we can oppose neither force nor overt resistance to the measures of governmental authority. Albeit such measures seem to us iniquitous and unjustifiable, we may only meet them by that passive resistance which our divine Master Jesus Christ has taught us by his words and example; that silence, calm and full of dignity; that patience, tranquil and resigned, but abounding in hope; that loving prayer which heaps burning coals on the heads of our persecutors."

Such is the admirable language of the German bishops, as it fell from the lips of the Archbishop of Cologne, Mgr. von Droste-Vischering, on the very day preceding that on which he was led captive by a guard of soldiers to the fortress of Minden. The calm and intrepid Bishop of Ermeland is deprived of his salary and injured in his authority; he is marked out for punishment, and he

* Referring to the very bitter attack on the definition of infallibility and the doings of the council which appeared about that time in pamphlet form from a writer under the *nom de plume* of Janus.—*Translator.*

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awaits the coming of the soldiers with the fetters to bind him.

I cannot recall the venerated name of Mgr. Krementz without adding to it the illustrious one of Mgr. Mermillod, whom all Europe will continue to address as Bishop of Hebron and Geneva, despite that decision of the council of state which forbids him to exercise any function whatever, whether as bishop or as curate, and which cuts him off from all salary. Here, then, we have this *republican* and *liberal* Switzerland suppressing the Jesuits and all cognate religious orders, the brothers of the schools, the sisters of charity; closing seminaries, as at Soleure, because the moral theology of S. Liguori was taught there; unseating bishops, as at Geneva; and the people that do these things are yet shameless enough to talk of liberty, while all the speech-makers of liberalism, whose hair stands erect at the mention of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and who dinned the world with their clamors in the young Mortara case, cannot find a single word of liberality, not a single protest, not a single expression of indignation, to stigmatize these unheard-of outrages against all liberties at once, and against all the rights of human conscience.

I have just been adverting to the passive resistance of the bishops in Germany; but the lay movement, which is kept strictly within the law, is less passive, less resigned, and is somewhat inflamed by politics. The reaction against the unwarranted persecution set on foot a year ago is breaking out everywhere. A committee of direction has been formed at Mainz, whose business is to centralize the legal resistance of German Catholics for the defence of religious liberty thus threatened and assailed. This committee, in their address dated in July last, call upon the Catholics of Germany to a crusade in opposition to the aggressions of the government. "We claim," says this address, "for our creed that liberty and independence guaranteed to it by the constitution; and under the device, *For God and our Country*, we will fight to the last for the maintenance of our rights." This address is signed by some of the most illustrious names of Germany, foremost among which I may mention those of Count Felix de Löe, of Baron de Frankenberg, of Count C. de Stolberg, and of the Prince of Isenburg.

A numerous meeting of Catholics voted to send the Archbishop of Munich an address praising him for his firmness and encouraging him in the contest which he is maintaining. At Breslau, a Catholic Congress has just assembled with great *éclat*. All the Catholic men of note in Germany were present at it. Vent was therein given to the most energetic complaints and the most indignant protests, resolutions of great firmness were adopted, a new impulse was given to all those associations which, like that of S. Boniface, of S. Charles Borromeo, and of Pius IX., have multiplied on German soil works of teaching and of charity; powerful preparations were in this congress made for resistance, while confiding in their rights and in God.

While the Catholic laity were thus meeting and organizing at Breslau and at Mainz, the bishops were quietly deliberating at Fulda, presided over by the Archbishop of Cologne, who is mindful of his illustrious predecessor, Clement Augustus. There, as the apostles of old in the *cenaculum*, they tarry in prayer, and they will come forth with a confidence and a courage such as have overcome adversaries far more powerful than the Prince von Bismarck

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VII.

The old *régime*, before it died out, made trial of rebellion against the church. Frederick the Great was certainly as able as M. von Bismarck; he had the world at his feet, and the church in Germany, infected with the doctrines of Fébronius, was apparently in the pangs of death. The last act recorded in history of the then three ecclesiastical electors of Mayence, Cologne, and Trèves had been to meet with the Archbishop of Salzburg, Primate of Germany, for the purpose of drawing up the *Punctuations of Ems* (1786), which were a code of rebellion against the Holy See. What a contrast with the present assembling of the German bishops at Fulda! These servile *Punctuations of Ems* were beginning to be carried out, when the armies of the French Republic came down and inflicted upon the authors of them the punishment they deserved.

Every one knows about Pombal, Choiseul, and Charles III., who confined the Jesuits within certain territorial limits, drove them away, cast them into prison, or sent them into exile, pretty much in the same way as M. von Bismarck is doing.

The power which did all this was swallowed up by the French Revolution.

This revolution, *satanic*, to use M. de Maistre's term, *out and out anti-Christian*, as M. de Tocqueville calls it, in its turn drove out, exiled, put to death, whether in the massacre of September, the drownings of the Loire, by the axe of the guillotine or the dagger of ruffians, the priests, Jesuits, and religious whom the old *régime* had spared.

But this sanguinary revolution went down in the slough of the Directory, and Napoleon put an end to it.

That extraordinary man perceived that persecution wounds the hand which uses it; he sought to make peace with the church; he reopened the churches, recalled the priests and the bishops, and signed the concordat. This was the great epoch of his reign: Ulm, Austerlitz, and Jena.

But the potent emperor, intoxicated by glory and by pride, having become master of the world, thought he would be master of the church as well; his rule was over bodies, he sought to extend it over souls; which is the dream of all founders of empire. He stretched out his hand to the States of the Church, and annexed them to the French Empire; for which he was excommunicated by that gentle Pope Pius VII. He seized the pope, bore him away from Rome into exile at Savona and at Fontainebleau, and he found that under the lamb-like exterior of his victim there beat the heart of a lion. He summoned together the council of 1811, thinking that it would be an easy matter to form a national church of which he would be Supreme Pontiff.

This took place in 1811. The next year brought the campaign of 1812, to be followed by the events of 1813 and 1814; Leipsic, Elba, Waterloo, and the rock of St. Helena last of all.

There is another example nearer to our times, upon which I have looked as a witness, and which I submit for the meditations of the Emperor of Germany.

King William I. of Orange fell into precisely the same blunder which William IV. is now repeating. He ruled over the beautiful kingdom of the Netherlands, so easy for him to maintain, and which through his mistakes was broken up. He, too, sought to constitute national unity through unity of language and of religion. So he suppressed, in 1825, the Catholic schools and colleges in

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Belgium, drove out the Jesuits and the brothers of the Christian schools, founded at Louvain the Philosophic College in which the clergy of the future national church were to be trained, violated the right to teach and of association, prosecuted the Bishop of Ghent, Mgr. de Broglie, got him condemned, and he was pilloried, in effigy, on a public square of Ghent, between two felons. This reckless and blind policy excited in Belgium a movement of resistance similar to that which we remark at the present moment in Germany. Five years later, in 1830, the Catholic liberal union was brought about, and every one knows the events to which it gave birth.

This much is matter of history. The German persecution is a trial for the church and for Catholics, but it will also bear with it the salvation which a trial properly borne always brings. Two results will come out of this trial: the Catholic Church, which they mean to weaken or prostrate, will, as always heretofore, come out of the contest more united and more powerful; Protestantism, in whose name the persecution is set on foot, will be mortally wounded by it, and will see its dissolution hastened; pseudo-liberalism, which will have played the part of intolerance and persecution, will be unmasked, and all the friends of a prudent and sincere liberty will make their reconciliation with the persecuted, one with that great Catholic Church, ever militant, ever attacked, sometimes a martyr, but which ever in the end comes out triumphant over these trials which temper her anew, purify her, and add to her greatness. The world will understand that in trials such as she is now going through in Germany she is fighting for the liberty of the conscience of the human race.

Governments, and in particular great empires founded on force, look upon the independence of the universal church with feelings of jealousy and impatience; the idea of a national church has always been a favorite and a pleasing one with despotisms, because it promises them a servile instrument to carry out their designs. But when the church is subject to the state, there can be no church. The high level of the consciences of the people sinks as freedom disappears. The true and divine church can be contained within no boundaries and in no nationality; it is the spiritual kingdom of consciences and of souls; from the independence of the church, the independence of consciences and souls derives its life. If the church is under the yoke of the state, all consciences must suffer like subjection. The world will at last comprehend that national churches, that is, churches in subjection, can have only enslaved souls as followers, and that there can be no freedom for the conscience of man, except upon the sole condition of the independence of a church, accountable, not to any human power, but to God.

Will the persecution which has been begun be kept up with the same tenacity and violence which the Prince von Bismarck now displays? I fear less from it for the church than for himself and the German emperor, whose good sense, uprightness, and religious conscience must feel out of place in the midst of a policy so *outrée*, revolutionary, anti-Christian, and anti-constitutional, so contrary to his instincts, his natural disposition, and his antecedents. "It cannot be," said M. A. Reichensperger, "that a monarch, crowned with the laurels of victory, after having achieved external peace through the courage and the fidelity of the *entire* German nation, will authorize the per-

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secution of millions of Germans on account of their faith, and consent to destroy internal peace—that peace which in particular is the work of his royal brother, whose memory is still blessed by all Catholics."

I add my prayer and my hope to the prayer and the hope of the great German patriot and orator, but I confess that his fears, which are greater than his hopes, are felt by me also, and to like extent. The times are gloomy. "The deluge is drawing nigh; but on the waters I see the ark of the church," said Count de Montalembert. "She will ride it out, she will live, and will preside at the funeral of the very powers that thought to have prepared her own."

Let Prince Bismarck not forget the words recently uttered by Pius IX. at one of those allocutions so sublimely eloquent and touchingly holy in spirit, which, from his prison in the Vatican he addresses to the world. He was addressing German Catholics, and he told them: "Be confident, be united; for a stone will fall from the mountain, and will shatter the feet of the Colossus. If God wills that other persecutions arise, the church does not fear them; on the contrary, she becomes stronger thereby, and she purifies herself, because even in the church there are things that need to be purified, and nothing contributes more thereto than the persecutions exercised on her by the great ones of the earth."

Prince von Bismarck may perhaps have smiled on reading these words fallen from the lips of the Pontiff Pius IX.; if so, he is sadly mistaken; those old popes who are imprisoned and exiled, but who, to use the profound expression of the Count de Maistre, *always come back*, are also gifted with the command of words which are "as burning coals heaped upon the heads of their persecutors." The Emperor Napoleon I., too, smiled at the excommunication hurled at him by Pope Pius VII., then weak and disarmed, and his complete ruin followed shortly after. I advise the prince chancellor to bear in mind the stone falling from the mountain and breaking the feet of the Colossus. I had myself, in my book published in 1860, ventured to refer to that same passage of Scripture: "That splendid figure," I said, "which Daniel sets before us of kingdoms WITH FEET PART OF IRON AND PART OF CLAY, and of the church, *that stone, cut out of a mountain, without hands, which broke in pieces the kingdoms*, and *became a great mountain*, and filled *the whole earth*—that figure has its application in every age, and should stand for all Christians as a hope amid trials and a teaching to all the proud."

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A CHRISTMAS MEMORY.

God did anoint thee with his odorous oil
To wrestle, not to reign; and he assigns
All thy tears over like pure crystallines
For younger fellow-workers of the soil
To wear for amulets. E. B. BROWNING.

No more brilliant party ever assembled for Christmas festivities in Northern Vermont than that which met on such an occasion, very early in this century, at the home of a young lawyer in the beautiful little village of Sheldon, since widely renowned for the efficacy of its healing waters.

The host and hostess were from families who came among the first settlers to Vermont. The company was gathered from all parts of the new and sparsely settled state, with a sprinkling of students who were completing their legal course at the famous law-school of Judge Reeves, in Litchfield, Conn.—of which their host was a graduate—and of young ladies and gentlemen from different places in Massachussetts and Connecticut. Several of these young ladies were passing the winter with acquaintances in Sheldon, and the whole country from the "Province Line" (and even beyond it) to St. Alban's was made merry with a succession of gay parties, sleigh-rides, dinners, suppers, and dances given in their honor. Even the sequestered hamlets of Richford and Montgomery, nestled among their own green hills, did not escape the general hilarity, but were startled from their quiet decorum, and resounded with a merriment which awakened unwonted echoes in their peaceful valleys.

Among the guests at this Christmas festival was a young lady of Vermont, Miss Fanny A——, whose fair form rises before us as we write from the dim mists of childhood's earliest memories—a vision of gentle dignity and youthful loveliness which time has no power to efface.

Though some years younger than the lady of the house, she was her very dear and intimate friend, and was now passing a few weeks with her. Her queenly manners, the silver ripple of her low, sweet voice in the flow of a conversation which held her listeners spell-bound, as it were, by its clear and impressive utterances, bore witness to her familiarity with the most refined circles of city and country society, and the high culture of her splendid intellect.

Other circumstances, as will be seen, combined with her personal charms at this time to make her the centre of interest and attraction wherever she appeared.

She was the youngest daughter of a Green Mountain hero whom Vermont most delights to honor. Her father died when she was too young to realize her loss. Some years later, her mother—from whom she inherited her remarkable beauty and graceful dignity—married a most amiable man, who was capable of appreciating the rich treasure she committed to his charge in the person of her young daughter. Every advantage the country offered was secured to develop and polish the gem of which he was inexpressibly proud, and over

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which he watched with a solicitude as tender as her own father could have exercised.

At that time, the gay society in New England was strongly tinctured with the species of infidelity introduced and fostered by the writings of Thomas Paine and his disciples, among whom Fanny's father had been conspicuous. Her step-father was not of that school, but he detested the cant and Puritanism of the only religious people he had ever known—regarding them as pretensions of which even those who adopted them were often the unconscious dupes. He had never been drawn within reach of better influences, then exercised only by the Protestant Episcopal Church in Vermont, to rescue intelligent thinkers from the grasp of infidelity. He conducted the education of his gifted daughter, therefore, with the most scrupulous care to avoid entirely all considerations of religion in any form. When her active and earnest mind would peer beyond the veil he had so carefully drawn between its pursuits and the interests of eternity, and send her to startle him with some question touching those interests which he could only answer by evasive ridicule, or an emphatic request that she would refrain from troubling her head about such matters, she would retire to ponder within herself, even while striving to obey her earthly father, the higher obligations imposed by One in heaven. Light and wisdom from above soon illuminated the soul that surrendered itself a willing victim before the altar of eternal truth. She was led by a divine hand, through paths she knew not, to a temple of which she had scarcely heard, and, while still living among those to whom the Catholic religion was entirely unknown, entered its portals to find herself—scarcely less to her own astonishment than to the amazement and horror of her devoted parents—a Catholic, as firmly established and steadfastly resolved as if she had been born and educated in the faith!

The grief and indignation of her parents knew no bounds. They looked upon it as a most disgraceful infatuation. Peremptorily imposing silence upon her in relation to the subject, they determined to suppress it, if possible, until every means had been used to divert her mind from the fatal delusion.

All the wiles and artifices of the gayest and most fashionable circles in various American cities to which she was taken, were exhausted in vain to captivate her youthful fancy and deliver her soul from its mysterious thraldom. In vain the ardent addresses of devoted admirers—who were destined in the near future to be the brightest ornaments the bench and bar of their state could boast—were laid at her feet. In vain were all those worldly allurements, generally so irresistible to the young, spread before her. Her soul turned steadfastly away from each bewitching enticement, to solace itself with thoughts of the humble sanctuary in Montreal, where the weary bird had found a place in which she might build her nest, even within the tabernacle of thy house, O Lord of hosts!

In the autumn preceding the Christmas festival of which I write, the ramblers had returned from their fruitless wanderings. Fanny's parents, discouraged and discomfited, resolved at this crisis to enlist the zeal of a few very intimate friends in their cause, by disclosing to them the great and unaccountable calamity which had befallen their child.

Among those whom they earnestly entreated to aid them in efforts to extricate her from the grasp of the

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great deceiver, was the lady with whom she was now passing the weeks of the early winter. A Connecticut Episcopalian of the High-Church stamp, she occupied what they playfully called a "half-way house," at which they hoped she would be able to persuade Fanny to stop. She invited several gay young ladies to meet and enliven Fanny's visit, but took the greatest pains to conceal from them the religious tendencies of her beautiful guest. She entered with great zeal upon every scheme for winter pastimes, in the hope of diverting the mind of her young friend from its absorbing theme. In their private conversations, she exhausted every argument to convince Fanny that the Episcopal Church offered all the consolations for which her soul was yearning. In vain, in vain! She who had been called to drink from the fountain-head could not slake her thirst with draughts from scattered pools, which brought no refreshment to her fainting spirit. Vain also were the precautions used for concealment. Suspicions soon arose among her young companions that there was something wrong with Fanny. A rosary had been partially revealed as she drew her kerchief from her pocket. Worse still, a crucifix had been discovered under her pillow! Here were proofs of superstition indeed, of rank idolatry in unmistakable form, and no one knows to what unimaginable extent! Then it began to be whispered around the admiring and compassionate circle that she had not only taken the first step on the downward road, but was even now contemplating the still more fatal and final one of religious immolation!

It was their apprehension of this direful result which imparted a new and melancholy interest in their eyes to all her words and actions. Though she maintained a modest reserve upon the subjects dearest to her heart, they thought they could discover some mysterious connection with these in every expression she uttered.

On several occasions, the most adventurous of her companions endeavored to penetrate the silence that sealed her lips in regard to her religious convictions, by direct questions, and, when these failed, by ridicule of such "absurd superstitions"; but to no purpose. Her nearest approach to any satisfactory remark was in reply to one of these questions: "It is impossible to convey any clear idea to your mind, in its present state, concerning these matters. Your opinions are founded upon prejudice, and your prejudices are the result of your entire ignorance in relation to them. If you really desire to be better informed, you need, first of all, to pray with humility for light and guidance, and then seek for knowledge. If you do this with sincerity, you will surely be instructed, and 'know of the doctrine'; but, if you refuse to take this first step, all the teaching in the world will be of no avail. 'They have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them. If they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither would they believe though one should come to them from the dead.'"

She rebuked ridicule with such calm dignity that it was soon abandoned, one of her assailants, a very lively young lady, remarking one day: "It is astonishing to see how terribly in earnest Fanny is! She certainly believes in the Catholic religion with all her heart, though how a person with her extensive information and splendid talents can receive such absurdities is a puzzle to common sense!"

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But her severe trials were in her home. Her parents were unutterably grieved when she persisted in accepting the Catholic faith. This further determination to forsake those who had so fondly loved and tenderly cherished her, and who were so justly proud of the use she had made of the opportunities for improvement which their solicitude had secured for her, was beyond all human endurance.

If she had been the victim of adversity or of disappointed hopes, there might have been some excuse; but that the idol of doting parents should abandon her elegant home to the desolation in which her departure would enshroud it, and turn from all the advantages that wealth, position, and the homage of society could offer—dashing to the ground on the very threshold of life the brilliant prospects which were opening before her —was worse than madness! They complained bitterly to her of her ingratitude and heartless disregard of their feelings and wishes; poured unmeasured and contemptuous reproaches upon her for stifling the modest womanly instincts of her refined and delicate nature, to strike out boldly upon a new road hitherto untrodden by any woman of New England. Remonstrances, pleading, reproaches, and contempt were alike unavailing. Listening only to the persuasions of that "invisible Lover" whose voice had called her to relinquish the seductive charms which surrounded her worldly course, she turned away from them steadfastly to follow him and carry his cross up the steep and thorny paths of penance and self-abnegation, offering herself entirely to him on the Calvary made glorious to her by his precious blood.

Not "immediately," however, like those whom he called of old, did she "leave the ship and her father, to follow him." Weary years of waiting and yearning, far from the tabernacles where her soul had chosen its home, did she accord in tender regard for the feelings of those, so truly and deeply beloved, who could not give her up, and who had no clue by which to trace the course her spirit was taking, or power even to conjecture the motives that actuated her.

When at length the time arrived to which they had consented to limit her stay with them, who shall describe the pangs that rent her heart in a parting so full of grief; in severing these nearest and dearest ties, and in witnessing the anguish which overwhelmed those around whom her tenderest earthly affections were entwined?

Alone, but full of peace, "leaning on the arm of her Beloved," did she tread the painful path. Her parents could not accompany her to witness the sacrifice which prostrated their fondest hopes, nor could they ever bring themselves to visit her in the sanctuary she had chosen.

Her Sheldon friend did so repeatedly, and was amazed to find her radiant with a joy which her countenance had never before revealed—happy in the peaceful home that offered only poverty and an unceasing round of labors in the service of the sick and suffering, with a happiness which the splendors of her worldly one could never impart.

Multitudes of New England people visiting Montreal flocked to the convent, begging to see the lovely young nun of the Hôtel Dieu, who was the first daughter New England had given to the sacred enclosure, and whom they claimed as belonging especially to them through her connection with their favorite Revolutionary hero.

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So continual were these interruptions that she was driven at length to obtain the permission of the mother-superior absolutely to decline appearing in answer to such calls, except when they were made by the friends of former days, for whom she still preserved and cherished the liveliest affection.

By a singular coincidence—or rather, let us say, through tender memories of the gentle nun long since departed from the Hôtel Dieu, and the prevailing efficacy of her prayers—a large proportion of those who were present at the Christmas party at Sheldon, including the mistress of the feast and many of her family, were, from time to time as years flew by, received into the bosom of the Holy Catholic Church.

And so does our gracious and mighty Mother, "ever ancient, ever new," win her triumphs, one by one, perpetually through all the ages—wins them often in the face, nay, even perforce, of circumstances apparently the most directly opposed to her influence; accomplishes them by means so weak and simple as would seem, according to all human reasoning, utterly inadequate. In countries far remote from her gentle influence, one is called—we hardly know how or why—in this place, another in that, as if the words of our divine Lord found their fulfilment even in this: "Two shall be in the field: one shall be taken, and one shall be left. Two women shall be grinding at the mill: one shall be taken, and one shall be left."

And every soul thus called to launch its eternal interests upon the ocean of infinite truth must encounter much the same appalling trials, be haunted by the same startling doubts and dark forebodings. Over the sunken rocks of heresy and unbelief along this coast the billows break with a force that affrights the stoutest heart, and many a would-be voyager shrinks back dismayed before their power; but once pluck up heart of grace to pass the foaming barrier, in the mid-ocean all is "peace, and joy unspeakable, and full of glory."

We cannot more fitly conclude this little sketch of a real event than by a quotation from Montalembert's closing chapter on the "Anglo-Saxon Nuns":

"Is this a dream, the page of a romance? Is it only history—the history of a past for ever ended? No; once more it is what we behold and what happens amongst us every day. . . . Who, then, is this invisible Lover, dead upon a cross eighteen hundred years ago, who thus attracts to him youth, beauty, and love?—who appears to them clothed with a glory and a charm which they cannot withstand?—who seizes on the living flesh of our flesh, and drains the purest blood of our blood? Is it a man? No; it is God. There lies the secret, there the key of this sublime and sad mystery. God alone could win such victories and deserve such sacrifices. Jesus, whose godhead is amongst us daily insulted or denied, proves it daily, with a thousand other proofs, by those miracles of self-denial and self-devotion which are called vocations. Young and innocent hearts give themselves to him, to reward him for the gift he has given us of himself; and this sacrifice by which we are crucified is but the answer of human love to the love of that God who was crucified for us."

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THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF YORKE."

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

CONCLUDED.

LATE in the afternoon, Bessie went down and leaned on the bars again, looking up and down the road, looking at the tracks left by Father Conners' carriage-wheels—the smooth curve of their turning; looking to see the shadows creep across the road as the sun went down. The sadness of a lonely evening was upon her, and, though she had not lost her morning resolution, she had lost the joyous hopefulness with which those resolutions were made.

At her left, and quite near, a fringe of young cedars made a screen between the ground that belonged to her house and the farmer next to it, where her uncle Dennis had lived when John Maynard had wooed and won her.

Pain came with that recollection, and almost the old bitterness. "I must go home again, and put my resolutions in practice right away, or I shall lose them," she said to herself. "It won't do for me to stay here and brood over my troubles. I cannot bear loneliness; and how terribly lonely it is here! I wish I had some one to speak to besides poor Aunt Nancy."

She started, hearing a soft, clear whistling not far away. The strain was familiar, not to this region, but to her city life. While she listened, the sound ceased, or rather broke off suddenly.

Bessie's eyes were wide open, her face flushed. Was there more than one person who could whistle so marvellously clearly and sweetly?

Some one began to sing then more sweetly still, and coming nearer while he sang words written by the most melodious of poets:

"Hark! a lover, binding sheaves,
To his maiden sings;
Flutter, flutter go the leaves,
Larks drop their wings.
Little brooks, for all their mirth,
Are not blithe as he!
'Tell me what the love is worth
That I give thee.'

"Speech that cannot be forborne
Tells the story through:
'I sowed my love in with the corn,
And they both grew.
Count the world full wide of girth,
And hived honey sweet;
But count the love of more worth
Laid at thy feet.

"'Money's worth is house and land,
Velvet coat and vest!
Work's worth is bread in hand,
Ay, and sweet rest.
Wilt thou learn what love is worth?
Ah! she sits above,
Sighing, 'Weigh me not with earth.
Love's worth is love!'"

The singer had come yet more near, and would have been visible to her had not Bessie Maynard's looks been downcast and her head drooping low. When the song ended, and the step paused, she lifted her eyes, and saw James Keene standing before her smiling and waiting for the greeting she was so slow to give.

Surprise, and perhaps fear, deprived Bessie for a moment of her

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self-possession. "What! you here!" she exclaimed, without the least sign of courtesy; and with that exclamation broke down the barrier of silence that had existed between them.

"Why should I not be here?" he asked quietly. "May not I also have memories connected with this place? It was here I recovered health, after an illness that nearly cost me my life. It was here I shot my first bear. And it was here I first saw you."

Bessie perceived at once that, if the old reserve was to be maintained, she must immediately assume an air of decisive politeness. For an instant she wavered. Silence may be best for those who are doubtful of themselves, and, not willing to commit any flagrant wrong, are still not resolved to be absolutely honest. But when we are strong in the determination to be sincere, and to let the light of day shine not only on our actions, but on our inmost thoughts, then, perhaps, by speech we may most nobly and effectually establish our position.

Bessie Maynard, therefore, waited for the words which would give her an opportunity to put an end to the tacit and vague understanding existing between them.

He read her silence rightly; it was a command for him to speak; and he obeyed it, though the pale face and large, downcast lids gave little hope of any such answer as he might wish to receive.

"In those old days, so long ago, when I came here to try what a half-savage life would do for me, and was astonished to find a delicate human flower in the wilderness, I was a prophet."

He leaned on the cedar bar that separated them, and looked dreamily off toward the woods. He would not surprise in her face any involuntary expression she might wish to conceal from him; he would take advantage of no impulse. If she came to him, she must come deliberately. For, setting aside Christianity—and he did not pretend to believe in it—James Keene had an exceptionally honorable nature. He would gladly have taken this woman away from a husband who, he believed, knew not how to value her, and who made her miserable by his neglect, but he held that it would be no wrong for him to do so.

"Yes, I was a prophet," he continued; "for I believed then, what I am sure of now, that your marriage was a most unwise one. Give me credit, Bessie, for having been sincerely pained to see that, as years passed away, you had reason to come to the same conclusion. Whatever selfish wishes I may have had, I would at any time have renounced them could I have seen you happy with the man you chose to marry, knowing no other."

Bessie lifted her eyes, and looked at him with a steady, tearful gaze. "People might say that you are wicked to speak so to me," she said; "but I think that, according to your belief, you are very good; only you have no faith in religion. I esteem you so highly that I am going to make a confession which, perhaps, you may think I ought not to make. There have been times during these last few years when, if I had not had some little lingering faith, I would have welcomed from you an affection which I have no right to receive. There have been times when you might have spoken as lovingly as you could, and I should not have been angry. I tell you this partly because you must have at least suspected that it was so. And more than this. If I had seen you here a few days ago, my impulse would have been to

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welcome you more ardently than I ever yet welcomed any friend. You can understand how it all has been, without my explaining. I was so lonely, so neglected! I was so lonely!"

She had spoken with a sad earnestness, and there was something touchingly humble yet dignified in her manner; but, at the last words, her voice trembled and failed.

He was looking at her now. Excitement and suspense showed in the sparkling of his clear blue eyes, in the slight flush that colored his usually pale face, in the lips firmly compressed.

"All is changed now," she went on. "I have been recalled to my religion, to my duty. I do not think that you should any more show me that sympathy which you have shown, and I do not think that you should see me frequently. I thank you for your kindness toward me. It has often been a comfort. But I am a wife"—she lifted herself with a stately gesture, and for the first time a wave of proud color swept over her face—"and the sadness which my husband may cause me no other man may ever again soothe."

There was silence for a moment. The gentleman's face had grown pale. There was a boundless tenderness in his heart for this fair and sorrowful woman, and he was about to lose the power to offer her even the slightest comfort, while at the same time he must still retain the knowledge of her suffering.

"I shall respect your wish and your decision," he said, with emotion. "Forgive me if I have trespassed too much in the past. It seemed to me very little; for, Bessie, if I had not known that you had a religious feeling which would have held you back, or would have made you miserable in yielding, I should long ago have held out my hand to you, and asked you to come to me. If I had felt sure of being able to convince you beyond the possibility of subsequent regret, I should not have kept silence so long. But I respect your conscience. I should esteem myself a criminal if I could ask you to do what you believe to be wrong."

Bessie Maynard's face was covered with a blush of shame. Her thought had never gone consciously beyond the length of tender, brotherly kindness, and it was cruelly humiliating to see in its true light the position in which she had really stood. At that moment, too, she first perceived what a gulf lay between her soul and that of the man who had seemed always so dangerously harmonious with her. In principle, in all that firmly underlies the changeful tide of feeling, they were antagonistic; for he could speak calmly and with dignity of a possibility from which she shrank with a protesting tremor in every fibre of her being.

"I am going back to my husband," she said, "and I shall never again forget that his honor and dignity are mine. I have been weak and childish, and more wicked than I knew or meant, and it all came because I loved my husband too much and God too little. But I trust"—she clasped her hands, and lifted her eyes—"I trust that I shall have strength to begin now a new life, and correct the mistakes of the past."

She forgot for a moment that she was not alone, and stood looking away, as if there stretched before her gaze the new and loftier pathway in which she was to tread. Her companion gazed at her unchecked, with searching, melancholy eyes, not more because she was dearer to him in her impregnable fortress of Christian will than she ever had been in her human

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weakness, than because there rose from the depths of his restless soul a cry of longing for that firm foundation and trust which can hold a man in the place where conscience sets him, no matter how the tempests of passion may beat upon his trembling heart.

"There is, then, nothing left me but to say farewell."

The poignant regret his voice betrayed recalled her attention.

"It has come to that," she said gently. "But if you could know all I mean in saying farewell to you, it would not seem an idle word; for I hope and pray that you may fare so well as to come before long into the church. It is a refuge from every danger and every trouble, and I have only just found it out! Good-by."

She gave him her hand, and they separated without another word. But Bessie did not stop to look after this visitor. Whatever regret she might otherwise have felt was swallowed up in the one thought—it had seemed to him possible that she might leave, not only her husband, but her sacred, sainted babes, and go to him! To what a depth had she fallen!

When she had disappeared in the house, he strolled slowly down the road. Unless you had looked in his face, you would have taken him for a man who was calmly enjoying the contemplation of nature in that forest solitude. But from his face looked forth a spirit weary and hopeless that hastened not, because it beheld nowhere a place worth making haste to reach. Once only the gloom of his countenance lifted, and then it was with no cheering brightness, but as the cloud is momentarily illuminated by angry lightning.

A man was coming up the road, not such a man as one usually sees in these wild places, but one who bore the marks of city training and habits. The uniform gray clothing, the wide Panama hat, even the unobtrusive necktie, belonged to the city. This man was taller and broader-shouldered than he whose eyes flashed out so scornfully at sight of him. His face was dark, vivid, and clean-shaven, the forehead was wide, the dark-brown hair closely cut, the gray eyes clear and penetrating. It was a face fitter to carve in stone than to paint, for its color and expression were less noticeable than its fine, strong outlines.

Yet now there shone a soft and eager light over that granite strength. There was a look of glad surprise, mingled with a certain amused self-chiding, as though of one who comes back from a long and gloomy abstraction, and finds a half-forgotten delight still waiting at his side.

At sight of this man, James Keene's first emotion had been one of anger, his first impulse to meet him boldly and with scorn. But scarcely had he taken one quickened step before he stopped, with a revulsion of feeling as unsuspected as it was confounding. Reason as he might, emancipate himself as he might from what he considered the superstitions of religion, he found himself now overwhelmed with confusion. He strove to call up to his mind all those arguments on which he had founded himself, but they fell dead. Whether it was the instinct of a noble heart that would not betray even an enemy, or an irradicable root of that religious faith which had been implanted in his childhood, or the strangeness of one who for the first time acts on principles long maintained in theory, or only a sensitive perception of the esteem in which the faithful world would hold his action, he could not have told. He only knew that, in-

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stead of standing, lofty and serene, in the dawn of this new light before which superstition and oppression were to pass away, he felt as if he were surrounded by a baleful glare from the nether fires. Sudden and scathing, it caught him, and burned his courage out like chaff.

In his eagerness and preoccupation, John Maynard had scarcely observed the person who approached; and, when the stranger turned aside into a wood-path, he gave him no further thought.

There was the little crooked house squinting at him out of its two windows, with the boards he had nailed, the chimney he had built, the door he had hung; there was the whole wild, rude place, with everything askew, that had once seemed a paradise—that had been a paradise—to him. With his hands and eyes educated, as they were now, to the utmost precision of outline and balance, the sight made him laugh out; and yet the laugh expressed as much pleasure as mockery.

He was taking his first holiday since he had left this house, and everything was delightfully fresh and novel yet familiar to him. He did not see the beauty that a poet or a painter would have found in that unpruned rusticity, for he was an artist of the exact; but the wabbly frame-house, the reeling fences, the road that wound irregularly, the straggling trees that leaned away from the northwest, made a good background against which to contemplate the trim and shining creatures of his hands, regular to a hair's breadth, unvarying and direct.

Coming to the bars, he threw himself over instead of letting them down, and found that he had grown heavier and less lithe than he was when last he performed that feat. He walked up the rocky path, his heart beating fast as he thought of the old time, and of the slim, bright-faced girl he had brought there as a bride. If she could stand in the doorway now, as she was then, and smile at him coming home, he felt that he could be the old lover again. He had a vague idea that Bessie had grown older, and sober, and pale. Come to think of it, he hadn't known much of her lately, and she had been dissatisfied about something. Why had she allowed him to get his eyes and ears so full of machinery? Surely he had lost and overlooked much. He had a mind to complain of her, only that he felt so good-natured.

At sound of a step, Aunt Nancy went to the door; but at that sound Bessie took her sewing, and bent over it. Had James Keene repented their hasty parting?

"Does Miss Bessie Ware live here?" asked the gentleman, with immense dignity.

"Bessie Ware?" repeated Aunt Nancy, in bewilderment; then, as the recollection of Bessie's confessions flashed into her mind, she stiffened herself up, and answered severely: "No, sir, she does not!"

"The idea of his refusing to give her her husband's name!" she thought indignantly.

"Why, John!" exclaimed Bessie, over the old lady's shoulder.

Aunt Nancy gave a cry of delight. She would at any time have welcomed John rapturously; but his coming now made her twice glad. Of course he and Bessie would make it all up.

The exuberance of her welcome covered, at first, the wife's deficiency. But when the excitement was over, and they had gone into the house, Bessie's coldness and embarrassment became evident.

"I am very much surprised to see you here," she said, when her hus-

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band looked at her. She did not pretend to be glad.

"Are you sorry?" he asked, with a laugh.

"I am too much astonished to be anything else," she replied quietly. "What made you come?"

John Maynard was disappointed and mortified. That for years he had met his wife's affectionate advances as coldly he did not seem aware. Other things had occupied his thoughts. He did not recollect, as he had not noticed at the time, that her manner was now just what it had long been.

Supper was over, eaten in an absent way by the husband, who glanced every moment at his wife. He found her very lovely, though different enough from the glad, girlish bride who had once brightened this humble room for him. He could not understand her. Had she no recollection of those days?

She did not seem to have, indeed, for she made no reference to them by look nor speech, but talked rapidly, and with an air of constraint, of things nearer in time, and listened with affected interest while he told the latest city news, and the latest news of his own work; how high the engine spouted; of the tiny model locomotive he had built, all silver, and gold, and fine steel; of the money he expected to make by his new patent; of an accident that had happened in his shop—a German organist, with two or three others, had come to look at his machinery, and got his hand crushed in it, which would put a stop to his playing.

Bessie looked up with an expression of pain. "Poor man!" she murmured. "How miserable he must be!"

"Yes; I was sorry for him," the husband replied. "They say he cared for nothing but music. His name is Verheyden."

"Poor man!" Bessie sighed again, looking down. "Those machines are always hurting some one."

"It was his own fault," the machinist said hastily. "Did he suppose that the engine was going to stop when he put his forefinger on it? Why, that machine would grind up an elephant, and never mismake its face. But it is the first time any one was ever hurt by a machine of mine."

He did not understand the glance she gave him. It was not pleasant, but what it meant he knew not. She was thinking: "It is not the first time one has been hurt so."

Aunt Nancy found business elsewhere, and left the couple to themselves.

"I forgot you were coming away that day, Bessie," her husband said hastily, the moment they were alone. "I never thought of it till I was five miles off, and then I concluded that you must have changed your mind, or you would have told me not to go."

"You know I never tell you not to go anywhere," she replied coldly.

He colored. "But you know that I didn't mean to have you go to the depot alone. When I read what you wrote to Jamie, I felt sorry enough."

In all the long years that were past, how generously would she have met an apology like this! How quickly would she have disclaimed all sense of injury, and even have tried to find some fault in herself! But now her heart, with all its impulses, seemed frozen. She only gave him a glance of surprise, and a quiet word. "There was no need of company, I knew the way."

There was silence. Gradually, through the deep unconsciousness

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and abstraction of the man, came out incident after incident of their late life, slight, but significant. Each had seemed a detached trifle at the time, but now as he sat there, abashed and ill at ease, they began to show a connection and to grow in importance. It was as when, in a thick fog, the sailor sees dimly a black speck that may be only a floating stick, and another, and another, till, looking sharply, as the mist grows thinner, he finds himself caught among rocks at low tide.

John Maynard tried to throw off with a laugh the weight that oppressed him. "Come, Bessie, let the late past go, and remember only the life we lived here. Let's be young people again."

He went to her side, bent down, and would have kissed her, had she not evaded his touch, not shyly, but with a crimson blush and a quick flash of the eyes.

"Don't talk nonsense, John!" she said, in a low voice that did not hide a haughty aversion. "Let us speak of something sensible. I have been thinking that some of our ways should be changed at home. I shall begin with myself, and attend strictly to my religion. Besides, I am not doing rightly in allowing James to grow up without any discipline, and I think he should be placed in a Catholic school, where he will be taught his duty. He is quite beyond my control."

Her morbid humility and diffidence were gone. The feeling that had made her give up all rights rather than ask for them did not outlive the moment of her reconciliation with the church.

"I am willing he should go to any school you choose," her husband replied gravely, impressed by the change. "I suppose the boy is going on rather too much as he likes. Do whatever you think best about it, and I will see that he obeys."

She thanked him gently, and continued: "I shall go to High Mass after this, and I should be glad to have you go with me, if you are willing. It would be a better example for James than to see you go to the shop on Sundays. He is becoming quite lawless. We have no right to give our children a bad example. I would be glad to have you go with me, if you will."

John Maynard's face was glowing red. He felt, gently as she spoke, as if he were having the law read to him. "I am willing to go with you, Bessie," he said. "I am not a Catholic, but I am not anything else."

She thanked him again, earnestly this time, for it was a favor he had granted her, and she knew that he would keep his word. "You are good to promise that," she said.

He laughed uneasily. "Have you anything else to ask?"

"I do not think of anything," she replied, and there was silence.

The husband got up, and went to the door. The sun was sinking down the west. He looked at the glow it made, and remembered how he had seen it there in the days that were past, how quiet and peaceful his life had been, how much happier, had he but known it, than in the turmoil of later years. Then the days had been full of healthful employment, the nights of rest and refreshment, untroubled by the feverish dreams that now swarmed in his sleeping hours. And what was it that had made his life so happy? What had been the motive, the delight of everything? Nothing but Bessie, always Bessie, his help and his reward.

He turned his face, and saw her still sitting there, her head drooping, her hands folded in her lap. Those

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hands caught his glance. They were pale and thin. They looked as though she had suffered.

He went to her impulsively as his heart stirred, and put his arm about her shoulder. "Bessie, forget the last years, and let's be as we were in the happy old time."

She did not look angry; but she withdrew herself gently from him.

"John," she said, "that is too much to expect at once. Years of pain cannot be forgotten in a moment. When you came to-day, you asked if Bessie Ware lived here. She does not. The Bessie Ware you married is dead. I scarcely know yet who or what I am. I only know that I shall try to do my duty by you, and repair some of the faults and mistakes of the past. But, John, I must warn you that it is harder to reconcile an estranged wife than to win a bride."

One piercing glance, angry and disappointed, shot from his eyes; then he went to the outer door. He stood a moment on the threshold, then stepped on to the greensward. Another pause, and he walked slowly back through the garden, seeming not to know whither he went.

Aunt Nancy, anxiously awaiting signs of reconciliation, saw him wander about aimlessly, then go and lean on a fence next the woods, his back to the house.

She went into the front room at once. She was on John's side now.

"Bessie," she said decidedly, "you mustn't stand too much on your dignity with John. Men are stupid creatures, and do a good many hard things without meaning or knowing; and, if they come round, it isn't wise to keep them waiting too long for a kind word."

Bessie Maynard laid down the work she was pretending to do, and her hands trembled. "I am not acting a part, Aunt Nancy," she said, "and I cannot be a hypocrite. I feel cold toward John. And I feel displeased when he comes and kisses me, as if he were conferring a favor, and expects me to be happy for that. I could not give up if I would, I ought not if I could. There is something more required than a little sweet talk."

A half hour passed, and still John Maynard stood motionless, with his elbows leaning on the fence, and his head bowed. If Bessie had seen his face, it would have reminded her of the time when he first studied mechanics, and became so absorbed in the one subject as to be dead to all else. But there was the difference that he studied then with a vivid interest, and now with gloomy intentness.

An hour passed, and still he stood there; and the sun was down, and the moon beginning to show its pearly light through the fading richness of the gloaming. The birds had ceased singing, and there was no voice of wild creatures in the woods. It was the hour for prayer and peace-making.

John Maynard started from his abstraction, hearing his name spoken by some one. "John!" said Bessie. She had been watching him for some time from the door, and had approached slowly, step by step, unheard by him.

He turned toward her a pale, unsmiling face. "How late it is!" he said. "I must make haste."

She spoke hesitatingly, something doubtful and wistful in her face. "I have been thinking that I might have received you better, when you came on this long journey. Won't you come in now and rest? I didn't mean to turn you out of the house that you made—for me."

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He turned his eyes away. "And I've been thinking, Bessie, that I'd better go right back again; I can go down to the post-office to-night, and take the stage to-morrow morning."

"You will not go!" she said.

"I should only spoil your visit," he went on. "I don't want you to begin to 'do your duty' by me just now. I know, Bessie, that you had a good deal to complain of; but I swear to you that I did not mean to be hard. You know I had twenty-five years to make up; and I was always looking for better times. I was so blind that I was fool enough to think you would be glad to see me here, and that we could begin over again where we began first."

She did not answer a word. There is something confounding in the sudden humiliation of a man who has always been almost contemptuously dominant.

He looked at his watch. "I must make haste, or they will be in bed," he said. "Make some sort of an excuse to Aunt Nancy for me. And when you want to come back, let me know, and I will meet you at the depot or come after you."

He started, and she walked beside him down the path to the road. He seemed hardly able to hold his head up.

She walked nearer, and slipped her hand in his arm, speaking softly: "I said a little while ago that the pain of years cannot be forgotten in a moment. But I was wrong. I think it may."

He looked at her quickly, but said nothing, and they reached the bars. Neither made any motion to let down the pole. They leaned on it a minute in silence.

"The fact is, Bessie," the husband burst forth, "I've been like a man possessed by an evil spirit. I'm sorry, and that is all I can say."

"No matter, Jack! Let it all go!" his wife exclaimed, clasping her hands on his arm, and holding it close to him. "You weren't to blame!" (Oh! wonderful feminine consistency!) "Let's forget everything unpleasant, and remember only the good. How you have had to work and study, poor, dear Jack! You must rest now, and never get into the old drudging way again."

Aunt Nancy raked up the fire, and put down the window, looking out now and then at the couple who leaned on the bar below. Each time she looked, their forms were less distinct in the twilight. "That's just the way they used to do fifteen years ago," she muttered contentedly.

She sat a few minutes waiting, but they did not come in. Aunt Nancy sighed and laughed too. "It beats all how women do change their minds," she said. "I did think that Bessie would hold out longer. Well, I may as well go to bed."

By-and-by she heard them come into the kitchen.

"Now, I shut the doors and windows, and you rake up the fire," Bessie said. "Do you remember it was always so, Jack?"

"Of course I do, little one," was the answer. "But Aunt Nancy has got the start of us to-night."

"Aunt Nancy!" repeated Bessie, in a lower voice. "I declare, Jack, I forgot all about her."

"I'll warrant you did!" says Aunt Nancy to herself, rather grimly, perhaps.

"We will be sure to keep all our good resolutions, won't we?" Bessie said.

"All right!" says John.

The door shut softly behind them, and there were silence, and peace, and hope in the house that Jack built.

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A RETROSPECT.

CONCLUDED.

NOTHING of interest presented itself during the reign of Philip the Bold, except the council held there in 1278. In 1383, the unfortunate Charles VI., wearied with state troubles that he was so ill fitted to cope with, fled in despair from the Louvre to Compiègne. But he was not to find peace here more than in the busy turmoil of the city. Soon after his arrival he was attacked with insanity; at first it was considered of no moment, the natural consequence of a violent reaction or a weak and nervous temperament; great pains were taken to conceal the fact from the public, but after a time the symptoms became alarming, and it was impossible to keep the secret. After the festivities which followed his ill-starred marriage with Isabeau de Bavière, the disease broke through all bounds; everything seemed to conspire to exasperate it: the assassination of Clisson by the Baron de Craon, the apparition of the phantom in the forest that seized the king's bridle and uttered the mysterious message as it disappeared, the bal-masque when the Duke of Orleans inadvertently set fire to the king's Indian costume—a skin smeared with a tarry substance and stuck all over with feathers—all these shocks, coming at short intervals, irritated the disordered imagination to fury, and the attacks became frequent and ungovernable. The king's illness was imputed by popular superstition to the malefices of Valentina of Milan, Duchess of Orleans, who, if she lacked the power, no doubt had strong motives for evoking the powers of darkness to destroy the king's reason, and thereby his authority. The demon which had taken possession of Charles' brain does not seem to have invaded his heart or changed the natural goodness of his disposition. He was removed from Compiègne in one of his fits of madness, and when some years later he re-entered it, it was by force of arms; the Bourguignons held the place. Charles laid siege to it; after a desperate resistance it surrendered, and he entered in triumph; nothing however could induce him to punish the rebels, he said there was blood enough upon the ground, and he would take no vengeance on his subjects except by forgiving them. Compiègne was soon to be the theatre of a more momentous struggle than these rough skirmishes between Charles and his people. Shortly after the mock peace signed there by Bedford, it was attacked by the Duc de Bourgogne and the English with Montgomery at their head. Jeanne d'Arc on hearing of it evinced great sorrow and alarm, but she flew at once to the rescue, and appeared suddenly in the midst of the king's troops, with the oriflamme of S. Denis in one hand, and her "good sword of liege" in the other. The sight of her whom they looked upon as the angel of victory raised the drooping spirits of the soldiers and filled them with new ardor; they raised a cry of victory the moment they beheld Jeanne. Enguerrand de Monstrelet, who was an eye-witness of the siege,

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describes her attitude and the conduct of the troops throughout as "passing all heroism ever before seen in battle." But, alas! the star of the maid of Orleans was destined to set in darkness at the hour of its greatest splendor; her own prediction, so often repeated to Charles and those around him, "Un homme me vendra" (A man will betray me), was about to be fulfilled. On the 24th of May, 1429, there was a formidable engagement between the two armies. Jeanne, at the head of hers, performed prodigies of valor; after a brilliant sortie in which the enemy were repulsed, she was re-entering the town by the Boulevard du Pont, and had almost reached the barrier through which hundreds of her own victorious soldiers had already passed, when, lo! the gates swing forward on their hinges, and are closed against her! The maiden's cry of despair as she raised her sword and stretched both arms towards the gates was echoed by a yell of fiendish joy from the enemy; in an instant she was surrounded, disarmed, and taken captive by Montgomery. Guillaume de Flavy, governor of Compiègne, was accused of having committed this act of treachery, bribed by Jean de Luxembourg. If the accusation be true, and it has never been seriously challenged, the traitor's punishment was as fitting as it was merited; he was immediately destituted of his office and revenues by the Connétable de Richemont, and driven to hide his base head in private life, where the Nemesis who was to avenge Jeanne d'Arc awaited him in the shape of his wife; she was jealous of her husband, who, it would seem, fully justified the fact; after leading him a miserable life and failing to convert him by slow torture from his evil ways, she bribed the barber to cut his throat one morning while shaving him, and finished the operation herself by smothering him under a pillow. For many years de Flavy's effigy was burnt regularly at Compiègne on the 24th of May.

Louis XI. was liberated from the English, and came to Compiègne time enough to embitter the last days of his father, Charles VIII., who let himself die of hunger there from terror of being poisoned by his son. Comines says that his dutiful son and most amiable of men was so irritated by his courtiers for mocking "his boorish manners, his uncouth dress, and his taste for low folk," that to spite them he published an edict forbidding them to hunt or touch the game in the forest of Compiègne, a prohibition against all precedent, nor did he ever invite them to join him there in the chase. But the pretty palace open to the four winds of heaven soon grew distasteful to him, and he forsook it for the more congenial retreat of Plessis-les-Tours, where, surrounded by spies and quacks and a moat filled with vipers and venomous snakes, he ended in terror and suffering a life which presents a strange mixture of shrewdness and credulity, bonhomie and ferocity, impiety and the grossest superstition.

Francis I. took kindly to Compiègne, which had been deserted by his two predecessors. His first act on coming there, as king, was to do public homage to the Holy Shroud. Louis, Cardinal de Bourbon, grand-uncle to the king, and abbot of S. Corneille, exposed it to the veneration of the king and the people amidst great ceremony and prayer of thanksgiving. "He took the holy relic, and laid it on the grand altar with sentiments of great devotion and tenderness, which he expressed by abundant tears." Francis added to the shrine "twenty-two rose-buds of pure

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gold, enriched with precious stones and pearls, and attached to twenty *fleurs-de-lys* of gold," says Cambry, in his *Déscription de l'Oise.* There is also a letter of Francis' giving a naïve account of the ceremony, quoted at length in the *Histoire du Saint Suaire de Compiègne.* Francis passes from the scene, and we see "the noble burgesses of Compiègne," as he was fond himself of calling them, making great stir to receive his successor, Henri II., on his return from Rheims. Two years more, and there is the same merry hubbub, and the town is in gala dress to welcome Catherine de Medicis on her marriage. This abnormal type of a woman fell ill not long after her arrival, and vowed that if she recovered she would send a pilgrim to Jerusalem to give thanks for her; he was to start from Compiègne, and perform the journey all the way on foot, making for every three steps forward one step backward. Cambry says the vicarious pilgrimage was "faithfully executed according to the queen's vow."

Charles IX. was only a flying visitor at Compiègne. An odd story is told by D. Carlier and others as occurring there during his time. A man was discovered in the forest who had been brought up by the wolves, and taken so completely to their way of life that he had nearly turned into a wolf himself. "He was hairy like a wolf, howled, outran the hounds at the hunt, walked on all fours, strangled dogs, tore and devoured them." For a time he made sport for the people, who hunted him like other game, but having shown a propensity to deal with men as he did with dogs, they laid a trap for him, chained him, and took him before the king. Charles, more humane than the noble burgesses, refused to have him killed, but ordered him to be shorn and confined in a monastery. "What reflections," naïvely exclaims D. Carlier, "does not this incident suggest on the danger of bad example, and the pernicious effects of evil society!" It would be interesting to hear how the novice behaved himself in his new position, whether he developed any latent dispositions for the mystic life, and quite left behind him the habits of his early education which had corrupted his good manners; but of this D. Carlier says nothing.

Henri III., who lived at St. Cloud making omelets, expressed a wish to be buried near the Holy Shroud at Compiègne, in the church of S. Corneille; and as soon as Henri IV. became master of his "good town of Paris" he faithfully carried out this wish. Owing, however, to the dilapidated state of the finances, he could not do so with the proper ceremonial. "It was pitiful," says Cheverny, in his *Memoirs*, "to see the greatest king of the earth in a *chapelle ardente* with only one lamp, one chaplain belonging to the late king, named La Cesnaye, and a few shabby *écus* to keep up a shabby service." Instead of being removed to S. Denis after a temporary rest near the Holy Shroud, the body remained on in the vaults of S. Corneille, on account of a prophecy which said that Henri IV. would be buried eight days after Henri III.; a prediction which was actually accomplished, "though not," says Bajin, "in a manner apprehended by the king. When Henri IV. fell by the hand of Ravaillac, the Duc d'Epernon advised Marie de Medicis to have the obsequies of the late king performed before those of her husband. Henri IV. was therefore kept waiting till his predecessor's grave was filled. The first ceremony was performed quietly, almost in secret; and then the "good Béarnias" was taken to S. Denis, all

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France weeping and refusing to be comforted.

Louis XIII. was attracted to Compiègne solely by the pleasures of the chase. We see him watching the meet from a window giving on the Cour d'honneur, and whispering to the Maréchal de Praslin, "You see that man down there? He wants to be one of my council, but I cannot make up my mind to name him." "That man" was Richelieu. The words were repeated to Marie de Medicis, as all her son's words seem to have been, and she, counting on the prelate's influence in supporting her against the king and her other enemies, vowed that he should be named, and so he was. A few days later we see Louis, equipped in his hunting costume, stride into the room of the queen-mother, and proclaim in a boistering manner, meant to vindicate the independence of his choice, that he "had named the Bishop of Luçon member of his council as secretary of state." Marie de Medicis looks coolly surprised, and bows her approval. By-and-by we have the Earl of Carlisle and Lord Holland presenting themselves at Compiègne to solicit the hand of Henriette of France for the Prince of Wales. They are received with every mark of cordial good-will on the part of Louis and entertained with great splendor; but Richelieu looked askance on their mission; it was his way to begin always by mistrusting an offer, whether it came from friend or foe; in this case his piety was alarmed for Henriette's faith, and he suspected England of some sinister design in seeking alliance with France. Louis, however, overruled his fears and scruples, and the minister contented himself with taking extraordinary precautions to ensure to the princess by contract the free exercise of her religion, stipulating that she should have in all her chateaux a chapel "large enough to hold as many people as she pleased." The marriage was celebrated by proxy at Notre Dame, Buckingham representing the Prince of Wales, and from thence the court escorted the bridal party on their way as far as Compiègne. Louis XIII., though he made but short sojourns at the palace, kept up close and friendly intercourse with the inhabitants, writing to them himself when any import event took place. He announced to them, for instance, the siege of Rochelle, the war with the Spaniards, the peace with England, and many other events in which the honor and safety of the state were interested.

Louis XIV. was only eight years old when he paid his first visit to Compiègne, accompanied by his little brother the Duc d'Anjou and the Queen Regent; they were obliged to seek hospitality from the monks of S. Corneille, because the Carmelite nuns were at the palace, which had been lent to them while their monastery was being repaired, and Anne of Austria would neither intrude upon them nor suffer them to be disturbed. What a checkered space intervenes between this first appearance of the *grand monarque* at Compiègne and his last, when we see him passing the troops in review for the amusement of Madame de Maintenon! He stands uncovered beside her *chaise à porteurs* and stoops down to explain the various evolutions, while she raises three fingers of the glass to catch the explanation without letting in the cold; the Duchesse de Bourgogne and the Princesse de Conti, and all the train of princes and princesses, are grouped round the poles of the Widow Scarron's chair, listening respectfully while the king speaks; but he addresses none of them.

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Louis XV. made his entry into Compiègne preceded by a troop of falconers with birds on their wrists, and accompanied by cannon and music of fife and drum, and every demonstration of popular joy. He was just eighteen then; his life was like the beginning of a stream, bright and clear to its depths; soon it was to grow troubled, darkening and darkening as it reached its middle course, till at last the waters ceased to flow and there was nothing but a loathsome swamp. Compiègne was associated with the brightest and happiest incidents of his life. In 1744, after he had commanded the army with the Maréchal de Saxe, taken Ypres, Furnes, and Menin, and performed that series of brilliant feats of arms that raised him to the rank of a demi-god in the eyes of the people, Louis was marching to Alsace when he was suddenly stricken down with a malignant fever and obliged to lay up at Metz. The news of his illness was received as a personal calamity all over France. Never before nor since was such a spectacle given to the world of a nation wrestling with its agony beside the death-bed of a king. The churches were filled day and night, the people weeping as if every man were trembling for a wife, every woman for a son; unable to control their grief they wept aloud, "filling the streets with lamentations"; public prayers were everywhere offered up; processions were formed in every town and village, and a universal concert of supplication was going up to the divine mercy for the life of the king. When it was known that their prayers were heard, and that he was restored to them from the jaws of death, the reaction was like a national frenzy. "The nation," says Bajin, "thrilled with joy from one end to another." They christened their new-found prince *le bienaimé* and henceforth he was called by no other name; he entered Paris like a conqueror bringing home the spoils of half of the world; at every step his progress was impeded by the people falling at his horses' feet and struggling to clasp the hand of their beloved; mothers held up their babes to kiss him, and strong men clung to his hands and covered them with kisses and tears. Louis, overcome by this great tide of love that was sweeping round him from his people's heart, was heard to repeat constantly while the tears streamed down his cheeks, "O mon Dieu, qu'il est doux d'être aimé ainsi!" (O my God! how sweet it is to be thus loved!) It was a manifestation the like of which history has never chronicled. Another not less ardent, though on a smaller scale, awaited the king at Compiègne. The town, deeming itself entitled to make a special family rejoicing, invited him to a *Te Deum* to be sung in the time-honored abbey of S. Corneille. The king went and joined with deep emotion in the solemn hymn of thanksgiving. A monster bonfire was lighted on a hill above the town, a rainbow of colored lamps, stretching over an enormous space, symbolized the fair promise of delight which had risen upon France, fountains of red and white wine flowed copiously on the great Place, and a ball was given at night to which every inhabitant of the town was invited, and came; gentle and simple, rich and poor, old and young, all welded by a common joy without distinction of class into one kindred. The victor of Fontenoy responded nobly to this magnificent testimony of his people's trust. Alas! that he should have outlived this glorious morrow, and turned from his brave career into a slough of selfishness and vice to become a byword to

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the tongues that blessed him, and accursed of the nation that had lavished such a wealth of love upon him! The title of Bienaimé, which had been spontaneously bestowed on him by the people, and been regularly prefixed to his name in the almanac and elsewhere, became a butt for squibmongers, and was applied to the king only in mockery and scorn. The following is a specimen:

"Le Bien-aimé de l'Almanach,
N'est plus le Bien-aimé de France,
Il fait tout *ob Loc et ab Lac.*
Le Bien-aimé de l'Almanach:
Il met tout dans le même sac,
La justice et la finance,
Le bien-aimé de l'Almanach
N'est plus le bien-aimé de France," etc.*

When Marie Antoinette came to France as the bride of the Dauphin, it was at Compiègne that their first meeting took place. Louis Quinze greeted her with the most paternal affection; but his great, his sole preoccupation was, not how the Dauphin would like his fair young bride, or how she would take to the timid and rather awkward youth who blushed to the roots of his hair when the king, after raising her from her knees and embracing her, desired him to do the same, but how this pure young creature, who was entrusted to his fatherly care, would receive the Marquise du Barry. He presented her after all the other ladies of the court, and with a trepidation of manner that he was not able to conceal; but the incident had been foreseen and discussed at Vienna as well as at Compiègne. Marie Antoinette, sustained by her proud but polite mother, proved equal to the occasion; "she showed neither *hauteur* nor *empressement*," but met the difficulty in a manner which put the king at ease, and impressed the court with a high sense of her tact and discretion. Nor was this first impression belied by her subsequent conduct; the Dauphine proved, on many trying occasions, that her good sense and judgment were a match for the nobility of her spirit and the goodness of her heart; the busybodies who worked so diligently to embroil her in a quarrel with Madame du Barry were foiled by her straightforward simplicity and the dignified reserve which she maintained alike towards them and towards the favorite. An instance of this occurred a few weeks after her marriage. The son of one of her women of the bedchamber, a Madame Thibault, killed an officer of the king's guard in a duel; Madame Thibault threw herself at Marie Antoinette's feet, and besought her to implore the king for her son's pardon; the Dauphine promised, and after a whole hour's supplication she obtained it. Full of gratitude and delight the young princess told everybody how good the king had been, and how graciously he had granted her request; but one of the ladies of the court, thinking to spoil her pleasure and excite her jealousy, informed her that Madame Thibault had also gone on her knees to Madame du Barry to intercede for her, and that the marquise had done so. Marie Antoinette, without betraying the slightest vexation, replied very sweetly: "That confirms the opinion I always had of Madame Thibault, she is a noble woman, and a brave mother who would stop at nothing to save her child's life; in her place I would have knelt to Zamore* if he could have helped me."

* The bien-aimé of the Almanac is no more the bien-aimé of France,
He does everything ab hoc and ab hac, puts all in the same sack,
Justice and finance, this bien-aimé of the Almanac, etc., etc.

* Zamore was a negro who repaid by the basest treachery the favors lavished on him by Madame du Barry; he was the immediate cause of her execution, having betrayed her hiding-place to the convention. She is the only woman of that period who died like a coward, struggling to the last.

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Charles V.'s old chateau, which had been patched, and mended, and added to till there was hardly a stone of the original building left, was thrown down by Louis Quinze, and rebuilt as we now see it. It was just finished in time to receive Louis Seize on his accession to the throne. The new king came here often to hunt, but he seldom stayed at Compiègne, though it was dear to him as the place where he first beheld Marie Antoinette. When the Revolution broke out, Compiègne suffered like other towns; some of its churches were destroyed, others pillaged; the Carmelites, whose convent had been the prayerful retreat of so many queens of France, were imprisoned in the Conciergerie, after appearing before Fouquier Tinville on a charge of having had arms concealed in their cellars. To this preposterous accusation, Mère Térèse de S. Augustin, their superioress, drawing a crucifix from her breast, answered camly: "Behold our only arms! They have never inspired fear but to the wicked." But what did innocence avail against such judges? The Carmelites were condemned to death, and executed at the Barrière du Trône. They ascended the scaffold singing the *Veni Creator*, and had just reached the last verse as the last victim laid her head on the guillotine. While awaiting in prison the day of their deliverance, those valiant daughters of S. Teresa amused themselves composing a parody on the *Marseillaise*, of which the following is a couplet:

"Livrons nos cœurs à l'allégresse!
Le jour de gloire est arrivé;
Le glaive sanglant est lévé,
Préparons nous à la victoire;
Sous les drapeaux d'un Dieu mourant
Que chacun marche en conquérant;
Courans et volons à la gloire!
Ranimons notre ardeur,
Nos cœurs sont au Seigneur:
Montons, Montons,
A l'échafaud, et Dieu sera vainqueur!" *

Napoleon I. furnished Compiègne for his young Austrian bride, Marie Louise; she was on her way thither when he met the carriage in the forest, and, jumping in, scared her considerably by the abrupt introduction.

At Compiègne took place Alexander of Russia's famous interview with Louis XVIII.; the king entered the dining-room first, and unceremoniously seated himself; his courtiers, scared at the royal discourtesy, began to murmur amongst themselves, which, the czar noticing, he observed with a smile: "What will you? The grandson of Catherine has not quarterings enough to ride in the king's coach!"

Charles X. received at Compiègne Francis and Isabella of Naples, and gave for their entertainment a hunting *fête*, at which 11 wild boars, 9 young boars, 7 stags, 56 hind, 10 fawns, 11 bucks, 114 deer, and 20 hares fell victims to the will of the royal sportsmen. Charles, who was on the eve of losing a more serious and brilliant royalty (1830), was, by common consent, proclaimed king of the hunt.

The last circumstance of note connected with Compiègne is the camps held there by Louis Philippe in 1847, and commanded by the Duc de Nemours.

Under the Empire the chateau was inhabited for a short time by the court every autumn, and was the centre of brilliant *fêtes* and hospitalities.

* "Let our hearts be light and gay,
Glory's hour is here to-day;
The blood-red blade is raised on high,
We conquer when we die—
Rally to victory.
'Neath the flag of a dying God!
We tread the path he trod;
We run, we fly
To glory nigh.
Behold our ardor rise,
Our hearts are in the skies,
Arise, arise!
The scaffold mount—and God's the victory."

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THE CROSS THROUGH LOVE, AND LOVE THROUGH THE CROSS.

CONCLUDED.

THE next morning he went to the *Juden-Strasse* before the hour of the synagogue service, and walked up unannounced into old Zimmermann's room. As he had hoped, so it proved—*she* was there, reading the Psalms to the old man. He wondered if she remembered him, if she had noticed him when he had stood upon the landing last Sabbath morning. Zimmermann greeted him with a nod that had not much recognition in it, but said:

"Maheleth, give the stranger a chair. *Mein Herr*, this is my good little nurse."

Holcombe bowed, and the girl looked at him in silence for a few seconds.

"I remember," she then said, "you picked up my music for me in a storm, nearly a month ago."

"I thought you would not have known me again," Holcombe stammered.

"Oh! yes, I am not forgetful. You have been very good to my patient, and I am very grateful, for he has eaten more this week than he has for a whole month."

"I think I heard your father was ill, fräulein?"

"Oh! he has been so for many months. Is your English friend gone?"

"Yes; he has gone home to be married. I wish, fräulein, if you could suggest anything, I could be of some use, besides bringing fruit and flowers to this house. Do you know, since I have been in Frankfort, I have never found anything to do?"

"Do you mean," she asked very gravely, "you wish to be of use to *us?*"

"I mean, if I could come and sit with Herr Löwenberg, and read or write for him, while you are away; for they tell me you are out all day, and it must be lonlely for him."

"That is very kind of you," she answered, looking at him in calm wonder; "it is true he has no society, for the little girls hardly count."

"Has he any books?" asked Holcombe. "Because *I* have plenty, and they might amuse him; and I have English newspapers, too, coming in regularly. Does he speak English?"

"He understands and reads it; but you are a stranger, and why should we place our burdens on your shoulders?"

"Oh! you must not mind my way; this sort of thing is a mania with me, you know."

"It is a mania seldom found," croaked out the old man.

"I think," put in Maheleth, "it is time for me to leave you. How can I thank you, Mr. Holcombe? Perhaps, when you leave my friend here, you will stop at the next landing, and go in and see my father?"

"I will, and you must not think I am in a hurry."

The ice thus broken, many visits followed, and at night, when Maheleth was at home, Henry read to the family in the little plain room that was so beautiful in his sight. More than once had he again seen the girl in the cathedral, always standing,

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and separated from the worshippers, always with that same sad, anxious look. One night, he noticed a certain constraint in the father's and daughter's manner, and Löwenberg was less cordial to him than usual. After that, Maheleth seemed yet more troubled, and grew paler and thinner. He asked old Zimmermann if he knew of any fresh trouble in the family, but he could learn nothing from him. Rachel, who always answered the bell, detained him one evening, and said:

"I would not go in to-night, if I were you. Don't be offended, *mein Herr*."

"Why, Rachel, what is the matter?"

"Fräulein Löwenberg went to the Catholic Church last night, and her father found it out, and he said it was your fault."

"Well, I *will* go in all the same; I had nothing to do with it, and my friend must not be angry with his daughter."

Löwenberg was alone, and the room had a tossed look about it, very different from the cosy aspect it usually wore. The invalid lay on a couch, with a discontented expression on his dark, thin face.

"Are you worse to-night?" gently asked Holcombe.

"Ay, worse indeed, and *you* must add to my troubles after I had treated you as a son!"

"*I!* My friend, do you think that of me? Don't you know me better?"

"Ah!" said the invalid irritably, "don't try to deceive me. You know I have nothing left to care for but my daughter, and you have been trying to convert her. I know *why*, too, but you shall not see her any more."

"You wrong me, Herr Löwenberg. I have never spoken to your daughter about religion, because I did not know whether it might be agreeable to her or not, and she never started the subject."

"You know she goes to your church?"

"Yes, I have seen her there several times; she never saw me, however, and I never hinted to her that I had seen her."

"You speak very fairly about it; but I know how unscrupulous you Christians can be in this matter. You would think it a grand thing to convert her."

"Undoubtedly, if I could do it by sheer conviction. But you should know me too well to believe I would do it by any undue or secret influence."

"You do not know how dear she is to me; you do not know how her defection from our ancient faith would break my heart; how I should have to renounce her for my other children's sake!"

"And how you would stain your soul with the blackest ingratitude, Herr Löwenberg, if you did!" interrupted Henry excitedly.

"So you think *that*, do you? You don't know who she is, and how such a thing would be so unpardonable in her that no consideration could influence me. I never told you before, but she is of another blood than you are—she is the descendant of martyred rabbis, and her race is as pure as that of the old Machabees. We are not Germans. We are Spaniards, and, though ruined, our family pride is as great as it ever was—as great, too, as our love for our faith."

"How long ago was it you were ruined?"

"Only a year and two months, and I fell ill six months ago; my wife died almost as soon as we came here, and my Maheleth has earned our daily bread, and taught her sisters, and managed the housekeeping, all

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alone. It is enough to make one curse God!"

"Hush, hush!" said Holcombe. "You do not mean that—you know you have too many blessings to thank him for."

"And the best and only one you are seeking to take from me."

"I swear to you that much as I should wish and pray for it—for that I will not conceal from you—yet I have never influenced your child in any way."

"You have, because you love her."

Henry was staggered at the suddenness of his words.

"You cannot deny it," continued the invalid.

"No," answered the young man; "I have no desire to deny it, but your daughter never heard it from my lips, and never would."

"Never would!" echoed Löwenberg, firing up. "And do you, too, despise her for her race—she that is as far above you as you are above your lowest peasant!"

"God forbid!" said Henry solemnly; "for I think of her as of one of whom I am not worthy. But *my* faith forbids our union, and, love her though I shall to my dying day, my love should never cross my lips to stir and wound her heart."

"You shall see her no more; you have seen her too much already; if you love her, as you say, desist at least now."

"Do you mean that she knows—perhaps returns—my love?"

"I have said enough, and shall not gratify your vanity. But promise me you will not see her again, and I will even believe that you did not try to proselytize her."

"No; I cannot promise that. Circumstances might arise under which it would be death to keep that promise, and yet I should have no hope of inducing you to give it me back."

"You mean she might become a Christian?"

"Even so, as I pray she may."

"And you will marry her then, and she feels it, and yet you pretend you use no influence!"

"I would marry her if she would not think me unworthy."

"I need say no more. You have been my friend, and I thank you for your kindness; but henceforth our paths are separate. If I lose my child, I shall know you robbed me of her. I only ask you now to consider what I told you of our family and fortunes as a sacred confidence."

"My friend," said Henry sadly, as he rose, "I will obey you, and you may consider your secret as sacred as if it were my own. But remember this is your own act, and, if ever you wish to call on my friendship again, my services will be as willingly yours as though this breach had never been. God bless you and your daughter Maheleth!"

He left the room as in a dream; Rachel scanned his face curiously as she let him out at the crazy door.

"So," he thought, "thus ends my connection with that house; and yet God knows how true my intentions were. I dare not seek her, still I know she may need me. God grant it be true that Maheleth is a Christian at heart!"

Unconsciously he bent his steps towards the cathedral; a few people were collected about the confessionals. The stained windows were dark and blurred in the uncertain light; only a lamp here and there hung from the pillars.

Perhaps his prayers were more fervent in intention than full in form, and mechanically he watched the shrouded confessionals. Suddenly from behind the green curtain of one of them issued the figure of the Jewish girl, a calm look lighting up her

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features, and her deportment altogether unlike that which he had so often and so painfully noticed.

Her eye fell upon him instantly, and, far from shunning him, gave him a long glance of recognition and sympathy. She knelt for some time, then rose and walked down the nave. He followed her, and at the entrance door she paused as if to wait for him.

"I have seen your father, fräulein," Holcombe said, "and he told me a great many things."

"I hardly think he quite knows how far things have gone," she answered gently. "I could give up anything for him except my soul, and for some months I have known that only by becoming a Christian could I save it."

"I have often seen you in church."

"Have you, indeed?"

"Your father accuses *me* of converting you."

She blushed, and was silent for a few minutes.

"You have helped me by your prayers, I am sure," she said at last.

"Tell me," he asked, "are you a Catholic yet?"

"No; I only went into the confessional to speak to the priest; in a few days I shall be baptized."

"I have a favor to ask you—will you let me be present?"

"Certainly, it will make me very happy, believe me."

"Do you know that, when your father hears of it, he will turn you out of your home?"

"He said so—did he tell you so?"

"He did, but he could not have meant it."

"Oh! yes," she said sadly, "he would do it; he would think it a duty, a matter of principle."

"It would be very ungrateful."

"Ungrateful! Was I not bound to work for him who gave me life? He worked hard for us, and in the time of trouble we owed it to him."

"But if he throws you off, what will become of *him?*"

"That is the saddest part; but I know God will take care of him."

"Remember, Maheleth, that either for yourself or for him (for your sake) you must never hesitate to call upon me. Promise me that."

It was the first time he had called her Maheleth. She blushed and looked down, saying:

"You have been very generous and very kind to my father; but surely now you have parted friendship with him?"

"No, I have not, as I told even him; but, were it not so, for *your* sake it should be."

"I have God to look after me, Herr Holcombe."

"But I want to be his instrument."

"His Raphael, as you have been to us through this desert of want and poverty."

"And will you not be my Sarah?" he asked suddenly, but in a soft, low voice.

Her whole frame shook; then she looked up in his face, silent.

"I have loved you since I knew you," he went on to say; "I mean since I *saw* you first; but I never meant to tell my secret, for you know I could not wed a Jewess. But now, thank God! the bar is gone, and I can be happy without sin."

She did not answer yet.

"Have I deceived myself, then?" asked the young man sadly. "And do you not love me, as I hoped?"

"I do," she answered, quickly looking up. "God knows I do, but I cannot marry you."

"Why, why, Maheleth? You torture me."

"Because it would break my father's heart, and because it would

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give him reason to say I had changed my faith for you."

"But how could he?"

"I could not leave him in misery, and my little sisters alone, and go and live in peace and earthly comfort which they could not share."

"They are most welcome to share it, Maheleth."

"You are too good, too noble," she said; "but it cannot be."

"And you love me, you say?"

"Must we not love God better, dear, dear friend? Henry, do not be angry with me. You will be my dear brother in the faith always."

Holcombe was too overcome to speak. She stopped and entreated him to leave her.

"I am paining you beyond necessity," she said; "you will be happier and calmer if you do not see me till the day of my baptism. All things are God's will, and, bitter as the trial may be, he gives us strength to bear it, if we look to him. Farewell, Henry."

He wrung her hand in silence, and saw the drooping figure pass quickly out of sight. He felt how much harder her trial was, and how selfish his own words had been, yet he did not try to see her again until the day of her baptism.

The ceremony was to take place at the cathedral, at four in the morning. The sun had just risen, and the quiet streets were golden with his light. Holcombe was watching at the door. She came very soon, wrapped in a long black cloak, looking radiant and calm, as if nothing more could be of any consequence to her, nor stir her heart confusedly. She held out her hand to her friend with a "God bless you!" that left him dumb. Her cloak was laid on a carved bench, and her white robe gleamed under the rainbow from the great stained-glass window above her. More beautiful than ever she seemed, and more angel-like. The priest poured the saving waters upon her head, and performed all the holy mystic ceremonies of the sacrament, and she, as if in a heavenly trance, followed him throughout with her eyes and her lips. Mass was said directly after, and she and Henry knelt together at the altar-rails to receive the Bread of Angels. A long time passed after Mass, and when at length Maheleth, now Mary, rose from her knees, it was only to go to the distant Lady-chapel, and there offer up a golden brooch of Spanish workmanship, one of the few treasures saved from the wreck of her father's fortune.

As she left the church, Henry followed her.

"Are you going *home?*" he asked timidly.

She turned her dark eyes upon him very softly, but with no sadness in them.

"I have no home now," she said slowly. "Last night I bade my father farewell; I am going to the convent."

A look of terror came into Henry's face.

"To stay there always?" he asked.

"As God wills—I do not know," she replied.

"But are you not sorry about your father and sisters?"

"It was a hard trial," she answered, with radiant calmness in her eyes, "but God has taken the sorrow out of it now."

"And shall I not see you again, now your faith is mine? I saw you often when there was a gulf between us!"

"It is better you should forget me. But that shall be as God wills; I leave it to him, and will make no arrangements."

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"Thank you for that, anyhow; remember all I told you, dear Maheleth; so far, at least, you can make me happy."

"I will *remember* it always, and bless you for it, but I do not promise to act up to it."

"Never mind, you cannot help God protecting you, no matter through what instrument."

And with these words he left her.

For some weeks they did not meet, but Henry was busy at correspondence with his English agents and bankers. In the meanwhile, regular remittances arrived at Herr Löwenberg's house, which he at first refused to accept, not knowing whether they came from his daughter whom he had thrown off, or his friend whom he had insulted, and not wishing to be beholden to either for his daily pittance. But starvation was the alternative, and, had not Rachel kindly shared her meals with his children, and sent him little inexpensive dishes now and then, hunger would have made him yield long ago. As it was, he missed his daily sustenance sorely, and at last, under protest, and promising himself prompt repayment of these *loans* as soon as he should be well again, be began to use the money sent to him. Many a time Holcombe can to the door to inquire after him from the good-natured Rachel; and every day, in the dusk of the evening, came his daughter, almost always bearing a basket that held some little delicacy.

One night it happened that Henry and Maheleth met at the door. She was the first to speak.

"You see I am not yet immured in my convent!" she said gayly. "I have to thank you so much for coming here to look after my dear father. I shall be leaving Frankfort soon, and then there will be no one to be so good to him as you."

"But *I* shall not leave. Do you really mean you are going?"

"Yes; the good nuns have got me a governess' situation somewhere in Bohemia with Catholics. I shall go next week."

"May I come and bid you good-by?"

"Oh, yes! come on a visiting day, Thursday. Have you seen my sisters? How are they looking?"

"I saw them a week ago; they looked tired, I thought."

"Oh! they don't know how to nurse him, and he tires them, I am afraid. But God will see to them and him too."

"Will you be able to come back here for a vacation?"

"Perhaps in a year—not before."

"Your father may be well again by that time."

"God grant it! But I must not stay any longer now."

And having made some inquiries of Rachel, she left the house.

Henry Holcombe longed for Thursday. He wanted to ask leave to write to Maheleth, to give her news of her father, he would say. When the time arrived, the parlor at the convent was full, and he hardly relished making his adieus in a crowd. He was relieved to find a nun come and beckon him away, and show him into a quiet little room, with a polished floor, a Munich Madonna, and a few plain chairs round a dark table.

In a few minutes, a pleasant-looking old religious came in, followed by Maheleth.

The girl reached her hand to Henry, saying:

"Sister Mary Ambrose knows you by name very well."

The talk was general for a short time, then the old nun got up and walked to the window.

"I wanted to ask you if I might

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write to you, Maheleth," said the young man, much relieved by the prospect of a comparative *tête-à-tête*.

"If you wish to do so, by all means."

"And you don't wish it?" he said, in disappointment.

"I meant it might be painful to you after all. What I wish is of no moment."

"Maheleth, how can you say so, when you know I shall always feel for you the same love I do now?"

"Well, my friend, let that pass. Write to me, then; you know your letters will be welcome."

"I will always let you know about your father."

"You will not always stay in Frankfort?"

"Not quite, but I shall be here again this time next year."

She smiled and said:

"I might not be here myself."

"Then I shall see you wherever you are, and I shall ask you the same question you have answered once."

"Ah! Henry, do not trust to accidents! It may never be; forget me, as I already told you."

"We'll not argue about it; we will wait and see. Look, I have brought you something," he added, taking a tiny velvet case from his breast-pocket. "It is not an engagement-ring, do not be afraid," he said, as she seemed troubled; "it is only a souvenir, and I want you to promise me to wear it for one year, till I see you again. After that, you shall do as you like about keeping it. You know what a rosary-ring is?" he asked, as he showed her the broad yellow band notched by tiny bubbles of gold. "And here is the cross laid upon it, and the cross is of pearls, the emblem of innocence. You read what is inside now."

She took it and read the device on the interior rim: "Crux per amore; Amor per cruce."

"The cross through love; Love through the cross," he explained.

She replied by kissing the ring and handing it to him, as she said:

"Put it on my finger, Henry, and only you or God himself shall ever draw it off."

"You do not mean—"

"Hush! how can you question him? But I fear he will not call me in that way. Who knows, perhaps we shall meet next year? I leave my father to God and you."

The old nun came back from the window.

"My child, I am afraid I cannot stay any longer," she said.

The girl rose, and took Henry's hand in both her own.

"God bless and reward you, my dear, dear friend. You know all I would say and yet cannot."

He kissed her hand, and, with a ineffable look of holy calm, the Jewish convert left the room, still glancing back at him.

Two months passed, and Löwenberg grew better. One morning, a large letter was brought to him, with the Madrid post-mark. He opened it hastily, and scanned its contents. The letter fell from his hands as he read, and a dizziness came over him; he lay back on his couch, deadly pale.

"Is it anything bad about Maheleth?" timidly asked little Thamar.

"No," he said, momentarily roused to anger. He took up the letter again and muttered, "A million dollars!" The children thought he was worse, and looked on with scared faces.

The letter was from a banker at Madrid, saying that he was authorized by a person deeply in Señor Cristalar's debt, but who wished to remain nameless, to apprise him of a

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certain sum, a million dollars, lying in ready money at his command in Hauptmann's bank at Frankfort. The person had long been wishing to make this restitution, but had not till now been able to ascertain his hiding-place. The invalid was in a fever; he could not help thinking of the young Christian he had spurned, yet he tried to persuade himself it was not he, but the man to whose knavery he had owed his total ruin.

Several days passed, and at last he wrote to Holcombe at the hotel he had been staying at. In ambiguous terms, he spoke of a generous service undeserved by him, and of his desire to see him, if only once. But the Englishman was gone and had left no address. He then wrote to his Madrid correspondent, urging him to try and discover the person from whom the money had been sent; but the banker wrote word that the whole transaction had been kept very secret, and that, before it had become known to him, it had passed through so many hands that it was impossible to find out the first person concerned. There was a hint of some American bank connected with it, and the money had been originally paid down in American gold; but beyond this there was no clue. Cristalar thought the Spanish banker had been probably bribed to keep silence, and a few more weeks sped by without his taking any active measures about his newly-found wealth. He received and acknowledged a letter of advice from Hauptmann's bank, telling him of the sum at his disposal, and Hauptmann himself came to call upon him and offer him his congratulations. The Spaniard, who still called himself by his German name, received the visit of his former employer as a mere conventional act of courtesy, and seemed in no wise elated by the sudden good-fortune he was being congratulated upon. He did not change his lodgings, but he hired a servant, and sent his daughters to the best Jewish school in the town. As soon as he got well, which was by rapid degrees, after he had received the letter that once more made him a millionaire, he left his children in charge of Rachel, and proceeded to London, where he advertised daily for information of Henry Holcombe. The weekly supplies in small sums had never discontinued, but he felt assured that, notwithstanding all these blinds, he could not be mistaken as to the name of his benefactor.

Meanwhile, Maheleth in her Bohemian home heard from Rachel of her father's fortune, his restoration to health, and his journey to England. She, too, wrote to Henry, and asked him to tell her if it were he that had thus returned good for evil. He simply said in reply that he was free to do as he liked with his money, and that he thought Señor Cristalar knew better how to use it than he did.

Summer came again, and with it Henry Holcombe; the old *Juden-Strasse* was once more before him, and then he learnt that Herr Löwenberg had gone three months ago to Madrid. He had been travelling in Italy and Greece, and had never gone home to his old English country-house, which now was let to good and steady tenants. He went to the convent; *she* was not there, but they expected her. So there was nothing for it but to go and chat with Rachel and old Zimmermann about old times and old friends.

A week later he called again at the convent, and the portress told him to wait. In the same little parlor, unchanged and clean, he waited for a quarter of an hour, hoping and dreading to see Maheleth. She

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came in this time alone. He took her hand in his, and looked a hungry look into her eyes. She said to him, smiling:

"Do you see I have kept my promise? I have the dear ring on my finger, and every day I have said the rosary with it for you. And now, you know, I *must* thank you."

"I cannot bear it; don't, for my sake, Maheleth! Have you heard from your father?"

"No; he never *will* write, I knew that; but I have heard *of* him; he is in Spain. He will begin again as a banker, I feel sure, and never rest till he has repaid you."

"I don't want to be repaid, except *with interest*, and you know it is not from *him* I can ask that. Do you remember that I was to ask you the same question I asked once already?"

"Yes, Henry, but think what you are doing."

"I shall ask it first, and then think."

"Well, Henry, if I should say that, I will answer it as you wish, provided you can gain my father's consent?"

The young man looked blank.

"I believe that is what God would wish me to do, Henry. My father has no further need of me, and he or I owe you a debt of gratitude we can never pay; yet I should like his distinct permission, if I could have it, and you can obtain it more easily than I can."

"I shall not rest till it be done," said Holcombe excitedly. "Shall I write to him? Maheleth, you have had 'Crux per amore'; now God will give us 'Amor per cruce.'"

He wrote that very day to Madrid, asking the hand of his daughter from the wealthy Jewish banker, and pleading as hard as though he were some poor outcast, with never a roof to his head, begging for the favor of a royal maiden's love. Cristalar was overjoyed at knowing at last where to find the man he owed health and fortune to, and, instead of a letter, he sent a telegram to say he would be in Frankfort in a week.

Henry took the telegram to the convent; Maheleth turned very pale as she read it.

"It is all right, surely, darling, is it not?" asked Holcombe.

"I have never seen him since the eve of my baptism."

"And," interrupted the young man, "please God, you will see him again the eve of our marriage."

She hid her face in her hands. "God grant it!" she murmured, under her breath.

Ephraim Cristalar, for he called himself by his own name now, went to the hotel where Holcombe used to live, and inquired for the young Englishman. He had not long to wait.

"Mr. Holcombe!" he exclaimed, as he caught him in his arms, "I cannot speak to you—you are master of all I am and have; can you but forgive me, say?"

"My friend and father!" replied Holcombe, "you must not give way like this! I only asked you a simple question, a great favor, it is true, but that is all we have to speak of."

"Oh! I know better than that, Henry. What have you to *ask* of me, when all I have is yours?"

"There is one thing I want, you know what; and my only other request is that you will see your daughter."

Cristalar drew back. "She is yours, Henry Holcombe," he said solemnly, "as far as she is mine to give; but she is an alien to my faith and to my home."

"No, no, it must not, shall not be. Remember how she fed you, worked

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for you, brought up your little ones, and sent you the little she earned, even though you had cast her off."

"It is cruel, Holcombe, to remind me of that," said Cristalar reproachfully "Perhaps as your *wife* I may see her—as the wife of my benefactor, not as my daughter."

"I want to take her from *your* hands. And think how she has wearied for you all this time!"

"I know—and do you think I have not missed *her*? I have only *half* lived since she left me; and I love her beyond description even yet, but that is an unhallowed love."

"Say, rather, an unnatural delusion; I mean your refusal to see her. You will, for my sake, for your son-in-law's sake?"

"Leave me now, Henry, I must think."

Need we tell the end? How his better nature triumphed; how prosperity had softened his heart, and gratitude had bent his pride; how at last his father's love could stand no longer the knowledge of his child's great sorrow; and how Henry's prophecy that Maheleth should see her father on the eve of her marriage was anticipated by many weeks? Her sisters and Señor Cristalar accompanied her to the cathedral, and, after the ceremony, the banker put into the hands of the officiating priest a check for $10,000 for the Catholic poor of Frankfort.

Holcombe House was made ready soon after for the bride's reception, and Señor Cristalar established a branch bank in London, of which his son-in-law was partner and responsible head. In a very few years, the Holcombe income was the same it had been before the appalling drain the agents had spoken of, when the young possessor had drawn the £100,000 of ready money left him by his father, and added to it an equal sum raised on the estate.

The old Spaniard could never be induced to abandon the faith that was as much a part of his family pride as of the tradition of his race; but Thamar and Agar, Maheleth's two sisters, were baptized two years after the marriage, under the names of Elizabeth and Magdalen, and, when they in their turn married into noble English houses, their father certainly showed no sign of disapproval of their change of religion, in the princely fortunes he allotted to each.

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EUROPE'S ANGELS.

It was night, and the old year was passing away. The angels had sung their anniversary strains of gladness, and had announced anew the coming of the Prince of Peace, only a week ago, yet there was a solemn silence now in their serried ranks, as they pressed around a group of their representatives.

I can hardly tell you *where* this was, or whether it was "in the body or out of the body" that I fancied I saw the glorious vision; I only know that it seemed as if infinite space were around them, and an amphitheatre of angelic faces, like living stones, were making a barrier between them and space, as the rainbow does between clouds.

There were many of those whom I have called representatives, and each bore some strange emblem, which I understood to be the badge of the nation over which he was set. Around each stood a host similarly distinguished, the guardian angels of each individual soul composing the nation. There was an awful stillness on this the last night of the year, as the conclave of angels sat brooding over the events of the immediate past. A few, more prominent among their brethren, presently stood forward, while a figure of marvellous beauty, but calm austerity of aspect, presented a book to them, which it supported as a deacon against its head. The book was closely written on one side, while the opposite page was blank.

An angel, crowned with an iron crown, and robed in a wonderful garment of deep azure,* curiously wrought in gold with stars and signs of lore and art, such as only one land in Europe can boast of being able to interpret, taking a pen in his hand, spoke to the assembled multitude.

"Brethren," he said, in a deep, musical voice whose tones indicated both gravity and conscious strength, "before I write my brief record of the year we have now added to our experience, let me speak to you, as fellow-watchers over our God's earthly treasures. My trust has been a bitter and a heavy one, yet withal a glorious vindication of faith and truth. We have risen among nations like a comet that for a moment eclipses the steadier and more lasting glory of the older planets, but in our course there were obstacles which have now become almost the monument of martyrs. Unmindful of the lion-hearted men to whom Wilfrid, and Boniface, and Lioba preached, and of whom the strongest bulwark of intellectual faith was built by their later and more national saints, our new rulers have sought to renew the persecutions of the XVIth century, and the absolutism of a State Church. But our God, the 'dear God'* of our people, knew how to raise up defenders for himself in the fearless pastors of his flock; knew how to inspire them with a bravery that scorned imprisonment and laughed at death, that made them raise their voices against presumptuous and intrusive authority on the one hand, and barefaced heresy on the other. We have triumphed in persecution; we have re-echoed the *non possumus*

* Blue is the color of knowledge.

* *Der liebe Gott*, the received formula in Germany, as the "good God," *le bon Dieu*, in French, and Almighty God in English.

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of our earthly father and Pontiff; we have shown to our God the will of martyrs after having displayed before our sovereign the deeds of patriots. He thought to weld a mighty nation into one empire; he has riven it in twain in his unblest attempt, and has called up against his puny military power the anger of that God who, on the shores of the Red Sea, did punish Pharaoh and his host. 'Who is like to thee, among the strong, O Lord? Who is like to thee, glorious in holiness, terrible and worthy of praise, doing wonders?'" *

Those that wore robes like that of the mighty angel who had spoken took up his last triumphant words, and chanted them forth in two alternate choirs, and the voice that came from this host of choristers seemed like the voice of the sea thundering amid caves and rocks. It surged up and died away in long reverberating echoes, a hymn of strength and defiance, a prophecy of a magnificent and almost endless future.

Then the angel who had spoken wrote a few words in the book, and, turning, presented the pen to one who stood close beside him, tall, stately, and calm, in white raiment, with the historical *fleur-de-lis* broidered thickly over his robe. On his brows shone the same emblem, wrought in gold and pearls, while in his left hand he held a flame-colored standard, the oriflamme of the Crusades.

"My brethren," he began, "this year has been a silent one compared with its last two predecessors; but none the less a year of sacrifice, of heroic expiation, of patient humility of spirit. We have lived amid perils as deep as religious persecutions; amid the perils of a civilization that is unchristian, and of refinements worse than heathen. The worship of the false gods has come back, and we are surrounded with a corruption as terrible as that of imperial Rome or effeminate Byzantium. Our name is no longer supreme, our escutcheon no longer unstained, our sword is broken in the hands of others, our missions are unprotected, and our influence no longer paramount among barbarians and plunderers, and still our corruption flourishes as unblushingly and undauntedly as ever, and our rivals, nay, our very captors, come to learn it at our feet. This is now our shameful supremacy; but, in the midst of these Capuan revels, is there still a hope for the nation? Yes, my brethren, the same hope that our glorious iron-crowned compeer has told us was his hope—the church, the faith, the truth. If our rulers, like those of our whilom foes, forget the Christian heroes whom we call our forefathers, the men who at the field of Tolbiac vowed our nation to the God of armies, and in a thousand fields in Palestine, Syria, and Egypt redeemed that holy vow, *we* do not and cannot forget it. Sons and daughters of the Crusaders, heirs and heiresses of the Kings of Jerusalem and the Knights of Rhodes and Malta, many of our nation are now in the holier army, the holier knighthood of religion; their habit is their coat of mail, their swift prayers and their swifter sacrifices are their battle-axes, their spears, their maces; in every land they are fighting the battle of their own, in every breach defending the honor of their fallen country. All eyes are still upon their acts; their land, like a magnet, compels the glance of Europe and the world. The saviours who are working hiddenly at the regeneration of 'the eldest daughter of the church' are of no party, own no secret master, work for no wages, and seek no reward; they

* Exod. xv. 11.

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are soldiers of the cross, children of God, who, in the hospitals, the prisons, the galleys, the schools, the Chinese stations, the Canadian missions, the cloistered monasteries, under the names of Sisters of Charity, Order of Preachers, *Missions Etrangères*, Christian Brothers, Benedictines of Solesmes, Jesuits, and *Sulpiciens*, work for God, in God, with God. 'Seek ye therefore first the kingdom of God, and his justice, and all these things shall be added unto you.'" *

The choir of white-robed angels that clustered round the one who had ceased speaking took up the grave refrain, and chanted it as their brethren had done before, and the song swelled majestically as it seemed to reach the uttermost bounds of the living barrier of angel faces round the central groups. Ere yet it had subsided, the last of the heavenly speakers wrote his record in the book, and gave the pen into the hand of a third angel who stood in grave expectancy by his side.

This one was tall and stalwart-looking, a warrior-angel, one would involuntarily be sure to think, yet his long trailing robe of crimson was woven not with dragons or golden leopards, but with miniature cathedrals, abbeys, and priories. The heaviness of this golden embroidery seemed to drag the garment into yet more statuesque folds, as the mighty wearer drew himself slowly up and took the pen, letting go, as he did so, his hold upon a silver shield bearing a blood-red cross. His fair waving locks were uncrowned, and he bent his head towards the two who had spoken before.

"My brethren," he began, and his voice sounded clear and clarionlike, "you have each of you sought in the continuation of the traditions of the past a pledge of the regeneration and safety of the future. I, too, looked to the early past for the golden age I would fain see revived among us, but, unlike you, it is neither persecution nor bloodshed that I have to record. Our nation is not eclipsed in power or in influence; and although our rulers are hardly worthy of their chivalric forerunners, yet there are yet among them some who are heirs to their fathers' greatness of soul, though not to the integrity of their faith. Still, our race has kept more unblemished than others that reverence for authority without which no faith is sure, no empire stable. Our life flows more calmly on in our island-home than does the troubled stream of our brethren's days beyond the sea. Still, amid benefits without number, amid the march of science and the progress of art, things that in exchange for the ancient gift of faith our second fatherland every day gives us in return, we have one fruitful source of dread and danger—the sordid love of gain which makes our people restless during life, and leaves them hopeless in death. To strive against this demon of the air—for we seem to breathe his spirit in the very atmosphere—is the constant endeavor of my being. To knit art to God as it was joined to him in the olden days, to put honor before wealth, and conscience before success, to raise principle triumphant over interest, is my daily, necessary, but most wearisome task. Many voices erstwhile charmed our nation—that of the warrior, the bard, the monk; the voice of glory, the voice of learning, the voice of holy love. Now one cry alone harshly calls our children together—the cry of gain. Our country has forgotten its ancient fanes of learning, its island monasteries, its townlike abbeys, its

* Matt. vi. 33.

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glorious cathedrals, colleges, libraries, and halls, it has forgotten its tournaments of science, its chants, its liturgies, even its earthly pageants, and has run after the abject golden calf of these latter days. Not the poor alone, but the noble and great have with less excuse come down into the new arena, and lowered themselves to the level of money-seekers, till the chivalry of our race has become a forgotten dream, a talisman that has lost its charm, a thing as out of date as a crowded abbey with its holy pomps of daily service would be among the darkened, busy streets of a modern gold-coining city. And yet in many a nook, in many an obscure street of a little town, in many a shady, peaceful country home, are rising the fair progeny of our statelier fanes of old, and beneath groined roofs and before carved altars rise prayers as beautiful and as divers as the trefoils and roses on capital and pillar. In prayer, whether petrified into fair churches standing for ever, or moulded into golden altar-plate rich with chasing and with gems, or flying straight to God's feet in ardent, winged words of love, we place our last hope, the hope of the only true conversion our land can ever know; for 'there is a success in evil things to a man without discipline, and there is a finding that turneth to loss.'" *

Here a countless host of angels, as gravely radiant, yet with the same solemn shade of sadness in their aspect, as the last speaker, took up his parting words, and chanted them slowly. I thought they caught unconsciously the ring of the holy words chanted so often through the ages of faith, in that land of cathedrals and cloisters. Indeed, the angel choir and their stately leader seemed none other than monastic champions turned into bright heavenly spirits, so akin is everything in that isle to the claustral ideal from which sprang its life—civil, collegiate, ecclesiastical, feudal, and social.

As the chanted dirge grew less and less distinct, another angel advanced to take the pen his predecessor had just laid in the folds of the book, after having written his year's record within. This one had stood so far in the background as to have escaped my awed notice until now. He wore a long, loosely-falling robe of black, and bowed his head as if in grief; his hands were clasped, and a golden and a silver key were held between his fingers; in his step there was no elasticity, and in his eye no gladness. All those who followed him seemed equally sorrowful, but soon I heard why it was, and no longer marvelled at it.

"Brethren," he said, in mournful tones, "brethren of all climes, who once envied me my proud position of warden over the land which holds the father of all Christians, envy me no longer the sad honors I must yet bear. When I look at my nation, I can see nothing through my tears. Once I saw treasures of art and beauty; I can take pride in them no longer. I saw fair landscapes, the envy of the world, the garden of Europe, the beautiful God's-acre of a past of heroic deeds, buried in honorable oblivion as the seedlings of a more glorious crop of Christian heroism—I can take pleasure in these no more. I saw a people mild, inoffensive, believing, loving; now I see them corrupted, deluded, led away, and turned into furies. I saw churches gorgeous with the many gifts of fervent piety and grateful wealth; I see ruins now, sacrilegiously used for godless purposes, in derision and contempt of their lofty

* Eccl. xx. 9.

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dedication. I saw one city, the jewel of the universe, the city of sanctuary and refuge, where faith reigned, and grief was comforted, and weakness was made strength; a 'city of the soul,' where God held court mid thousands of earthly angels, and where he found again the mingled worship of the mysterious Hebrew temple and of the holy, silent house of Nazareth. But now, brethren, rude men have scattered our treasures, profaned our churches, seized our cloisters, driven away learning and charity to put lewdness and brutality in their place, and have renewed, with far more blasphemous intention, the horrors of the barbaric invasions. I see the father of the faithful with the crown of martyrdom surmounting his tiara, waiting, like the *Ecce Homo* eighteen hundred years ago, the final verdict of an infuriate mob, while other nations, Pilate-like, wash their hands of the sacred, helpless charge it were their first duty to defend. My brethren, weep with me, weep for me, and yet rejoice; 'for the Lord will not cast off for ever.'* 'And in that day the deaf shall hear the words of the book, and out of darkness and obscurity the eyes of the blind shall see.'"†

Many were the eager voices that took up the words of hope and sang them with a fervor which only guardian spirits can know. As the strain swelled and spread, then fell into a gentle murmur, as if the singers were loth to leave off the prayer of faith and hope, the angel had written his short record for the passing year, and looked around to welcome his next successor. There was a pause, and among the angelic conclave a swaying to and fro denoted that some suppressed feeling was at work. Those who had spoken stood apart in a conspicuous group, conferring among themselves; but I looked with awe and interest at those who had hitherto been silent.

The old year's span was very short now. On earth the snow was falling, preparing a fitting shroud for the departing guest, and a fitting cradle for the coming stranger; there were revellers in many houses, heedless sleepers in more, and watchers in only a few; there were monastic choirs filing into silent churches for the coming office of matins; and there were also miserable outcasts, some voluntary slaves of the world, others unwilling watchers, poverty-stricken, hunger-smitten, desperately tempted creatures who might murmur at and even curse their fate, yet would not begin the year by breaking God's commandments; there were many sinners doing penance, many happy death-beds, many freed souls rushing on the wings of long-repressed desire towards the goal that weary years of purgatory had hardly hidden from their longing gaze; and well might the angelic host thrill with holy delight as all these sights and sounds struck upon their consciousness. The good surely outweighed the bad!

Just then an angel stepped from among the hitherto silent throng—an angel with a face full of suffering, sweetness, and patience, yet withal a look of something deeper and stronger than mere patience; and his black robe was sown with silver stars, while a star glittered also on his forehead. In quick accents, full of strength, he addressed his companions, holding the pen in his hand.

"Brethren!" he said, "the march of events, as the world calls it, has passed over and by our nation, but in God's eyes we are not so soon forgotten. The civilizer of Eastern

* Lam. lii. 31. † Is. xxix. 18.

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Europe, the bulwark of Christianity against the Moslem faith, we have nevertheless suffered by the hands of Christian princess and been annihilated in the name of civilization. A martyr-nation, a victim to false diplomacy, we stand in Europe with the chains still about our feet, while empires change hands and dynasties come and go; exiled and dispersed like the Hebrews of old, we are known, like them, by our indomitable faith and ever hopeful patriotism. Within this year, a gigantic empire has manacled us more cruelly, gagged us more closely, than before, but we are steadfast yet, for "blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.'"*

The words were caught up and re-echoed by the angel throng around their star-crowned leader, while he wrote the brief record of another year's bitter wrongs still so heroically and silently borne. He passed the pen to another clothed in purple, who looked at him with angelic sympathy before he spoke. His voice was still and low, but clear as a silver bell.

"My brethren," he said, "my task is hard and dreary; a mist of prejudice hangs over those vast steppes which form my dominions; a false civilization educates our nobles to a pitch of unnatural and seeming polish in which all truth is killed, and all natural kindness crushed; like the apples of the Dead Sea, our country is fair to the eye of the world, but ashes to the taste of God. We have all to hope, it is true, but much to fear; and, while the desolate semblance of the true faith spreads its outward and deceptive gorgeousness before the barren and fettered nation, the souls of our brethren perish of thirst, as it were, within sight of the Fountain of Life. Brethren, pray for my unhappy charge, and thou, O God! enlighten my people! 'How incomprehensible are thy judgments, and how unsearchable thy ways!'"*

The purple-robed choir around him took up the angel's last words, and slowly chanted them, as if in awe and expectation, while their leader wrote a few brief words in the book.

Another came forward, gathering his golden robe together, the hem of which was broidered with figures of ships and charts, somewhat faded now, but this was redeemed by the effulgent brightness of the scroll he held on his outstretched hand a scroll bearing the divine motto, *Ad majorem Dei gloriam.* Looking swiftly around, he began thus:

"My brethren, my provinces are narrowed and my nation lessened since her ships explored the ocean, her fleet sent forth armadas, and her leaders conquered new continents, but the spirit of the missionary and the martyr has not followed that of the less successful and less lasting investigator. Chivalry still lives in the land of the Cid, and fires the hearts in whose veins flows the blood of the Crusaders of Granada. Saints took up the warrior's shield, and won their spurs in distant, dangerous services, till the names of Xavier, Loyola, Gaudia, and Teresa became the household words of a whole universe. Unbelief has poisoned our present position, and for our sins we have suffered dire misfortune and perennial disturbance. Still, our people are unchanged; faithfully the sons of the Visigoth martyrs keep the trust of their fathers, and, secure amid their mountain fastnesses, within the last year have raised the stand-

* Matt. v. 10.

* Rom. xi. 33.

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ard of the cross wreathed with the golden lilies of a national and well-beloved dynasty. We have had triumphs of the soul and heroic deeds of patriotic daring mingled together in the annals of our peasant soldiers; the spirit of another Vendée has spoken to our nation; and God has rejoiced to find at last a human bulwark against human unbelief. 'Judge me, O God, and distinguish my cause from the nation that is not holy; deliver me from the unjust and deceitful man.'" *

And while the angel wrote his record in the book, his followers echoed his last words in tones of mingled triumph and supplication, chanting them, as all the others had done before them, in two alternate choirs. And now there was again a pause, while the first groups of angels who had spoken drew closer to the book, and gazed at the last records written in it. One more representative came forward, an angel robed in softest green, and bearing a harp in his hand. Turning to the west, he spoke in a voice full of deep emotion: "My brethren, I look towards the sea, and gaze at the land of the setting sun. I see my people spreading over the earth, so that I have more children in far-away lands than on my own soil. I see them, the pioneer nation of whom Brendan was the first leader, planting the cross and the shamrock in unfailing union, wherever they go. Long ages of suffering have not reft them of the gift of faith, the treasure of art, or the strength of enterprise; their arm hath upreared every throne and stayed every altar; their women make a Nazareth of every home and a tabernacle of every hovel; their race links two worlds, that of the past and that of the future, that of culture and civilization, to that of enterprise and freedom. I look with pride on the ocean darkened by the barks of my people, and forget, as I look, to sigh over the ruined fanes and dismantled castles of old. Children of impulse, they carry their home in their hearts, and make another Erin round every cross they plant. Sea kings, but Christians, they take from the Norsemen their daring, and from their own isle its poetry, and, blending the two, bear the highest gifts of the Old World to be the heirlooms of the New. To my nation may it well and fittingly be said, 'They went out from thee on foot, and were led by the enemies: but the Lord will bring them to thee exalted with honor as children of the kingdom.'" *

These prophetic words were caught up by the numerous followers of the green-robed angel, and rang now in grand and now in softened cadence through the boundless field of space that encircled the heavenly throng. As the tones died away, the angel wrote his record in the book, and the bells of earth sounded faintly in the still air.

The old year was passing away, and the angels in silence gathered round the book. As the last stroke of midnight was heard, the bearer of it turned the leaf, presenting a surface fair and smooth as the petal of a lily, and the whole company of blessed spirits intoned the *Veni Creator.*

I heard as it were in a dream, and saw forms of light and beauty disperse like the fleecy clouds of morning, till the singing died away in far-away corners of our old, prosaic, yet blessed earth. The songs of heaven were carried into the uttermost recesses where earthly misery was keenest and earthly revelry loudest

* Ps. xlii. 1.

* Baruch v. 6.

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on that fateful night; and, as its echoes passed over them, the misery grew strangely bearable, the revelry was unaccountably hushed. Everywhere the new-born year came in with a blessing and a promise, reverently gathering its predecessor's lessons even while mourning its inevitable shortcomings; and so once more, according to the patience of God, his ministers went forth to clear for every man a new field where, past errors being forgotten, he might renew his struggle in the battle of life, and retrieve himself in the eyes of infinite purity and infinite justice.

Such was the beautiful death of the old year 1872.

THE NATIVITY OF CHRISTE.

BEHOULD the Father is His daughter's Sonne,
The bird that built the nest is hatched therein,
The Old of Yeares an hower hath not outrunne,
Eternall life to live doth now beginnn,
The Word is dumm, the Mirth of heaven doth weepe,
Mighte feeble is, and Force doth fayntely creepe.

O dyinge soules! behould your living Spring!
O dazeled eyes! behould your Sunne of grace!
Dull eares, attend what word this Word doth bringe!
Upp, heavy hartes, with joye your joy embrace!
From death, from darke, from deaphnesse, from despayres,
This Life, this Light, this Worde, this Joy repaires.

Gift better than Himself God doth not knowe,
Gift better than his God no man can see;
This gift doth here the giver given bestowe,
Gift to this gift lett ech receiver bee:
God is my gift, Himself He freely gave me,
God's gift am I, and none but God shall have me.

Man altred was by synne from man to best;
Beste's food is haye, haye is all mortal fleshe;
Now God is fleshe, and lyes in maunger prest,
As haye the brutest synner to refreshe:
O happy fielde wherein this foder grewe,
Whose taste doth us from beastes to men renewe!

SOUTHWELL.

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THE PROGRESSIONISTS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CONRAD VON BOLANDEN.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONTINUED.

ONCE more the bell of the chairman was heard amid the tumult.

"Mr. Seicht, officer of the crown, will now address the meeting," Schwefel announced.

The audience were seized with amazement, and not without a cause. A dignitary of a higher order, a member of the administration, ascended the pulpit for the purpose of making an assault upon Christian education. He was about to make war upon morals and faith, the true supports of every solid government, the sources of the moral sentiment and of the prosperity of human society. A remnant of honesty and a lingering sense of justice may have raised a protest in Seicht's mind against his undertaking; for his bearing was anything but self-possessed, and he had the appearance of a wretch that was being goaded on by an evil spirit. Besides, he had the habit peculiar to bureaucrats of speaking in harsh, snarling tones. Seicht was conscious of these peculiarities of his bureaucratic nature, and labored to overcome them. The effort imparted to his delivery an air of constraint and a sickening sweetness which were climaxed by the fearfully involved style in which his speech was clothed.

"Gentlemen," said Seicht, "in view of present circumstances, and in consideration of the requirements of culture whose spirit is incompatible with antiquated conditions, popular education, which in connection with domestic training is the foundation of the future citizen, must also undergo such changes as will bring it into harmony with modern enlightened sentiment; and this is the more necessary as the provisions of the law, which progress in its enlightenment and clearness of perception cannot refuse to recognize as a fit model for the imitation of a party dangerous to the state—I mean the party of Jesuitism and ultramontanism—allow untrammelled scope for the reformation of the school system, provided the proper clauses of the law and the ordinances relating to this matter are not left out of consideration. Accordingly, it is my duty to refer this honorable meeting especially to the ministerial decree referring to common schools, in accordance with which said common schools may be established, after a vote of the citizens entitled to the elective franchise, as soon as the need of this is felt; which in the present instance cannot be contested, since public opinion has taken a decided stand against denominational schools, in which youth is trained after unbending forms of religion, and in doctrines that evidently conflict with the triumph of the present, and with those exact sciences which make up the only true gospel—the gospel of progress, which scarcely in any respect

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resembles the narrow gospel of dubious dogmas—dubious for the reason that they lack the spirit of advancement, and are prejudicial to the investigation of the problems of a God, of material nature, and of man."

Here leader Sand thrust his fingers in his ears.

"Thunder and lightning!" exclaimed he wrathfully, "what a shallow babbler! What is he driving at? His periods are a yard long; and when he has done, a man is no wiser than when he began. Gospel—gospel of progress—fool—numskull—down! down!"

"Quite a remarkable instance, this!" said Gerlach to the banker. "Evidently this man is trying might and main to please, yet he only succeeds in torturing his hearers."

"I will explain this man to you," replied the banker. "Heretofore Mr. Seicht has been a most complete exemplar of absolute bureaucracy. The only divinity he knew were the statutes, the only heaven the bureau, and the only safe way of reaching supreme felicity was, in his opinion, to render unquestioning obedience to ministerial rescripts. Suddenly Mr. Seicht heard the card-house of bureaucracy start in all its joints. His divinity lost its worshippers, and his heaven lost all charms for those who were seeking salvation. He felt the ground moving under him, he realized the colossal might of progress, and hastened to commend himself to this party by adopting liberal ideas. He is now aiming to secure a seat in the house of delegates, which is subsequently to serve him as a stepping-stone to a place in the cabinet. Just listen how the man is agonizing! He is wasting his strength, however, and the attitude of the audience is beginning to get alarming."

For some time past, the chieftains in the chancel had been shaking their heads at the efforts of this official advocate of progress. To avoid being tortured by hearing, they had engaged in conversation. The auditors in the nave of the church were also growing restive. The speaker, however, continued blind to every hint and insinuation. At last a tall fellow in the crowd swung his hat and cried, "Three cheers for Mr. Seicht!" The whole nave joined in a deafening cheer. Seicht, imagining the cheering to be a tribute to the excellence of his effort, stopped for a moment to permit the uproar to subside, intending then to go on with his speech; but no sooner had he resumed than the cheering burst forth anew, and was so vigorously sustained that the man, at length perceiving the meaning of the audience, came down amid peals of derisive laughter.

"Serves the gabbler right!" said Sand. "He's a precious kind of a fellow! The booby thinks he can hoist himself into the chamber of deputies by means of the shoulders of progress, and thence to climb up higher. But it happens that we know whom we have to deal with, and we are not going to serve as stirrups for a turn-coat official."

The chairman wound up with a speech in which he announced that the vote on the question of common schools would soon come off, and then adjourned the meeting.

The millionaires drew back to allow the crowd to disperse. Near them stood Mr. Seicht, alone and dejected. The countenances of the chieftains had yielded him no evidence on which to base a hope that his speech had told, and that he might expect to occupy a seat in the assembly. Moreover, Sand had rudely insulted the ambitious official to his face. This he took exceedingly hard. All of a sudden, he spied the

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banker in the chancel, and went over to greet him. Greifmann introduced Gerlach.

"I am proud," Mr. Seicht asseverated, "of the acquaintance of the wealthiest proprietor of the country."

"Pardon the correction, sir; my father is the proprietor."

"No matter, you are his only son," rejoined Seicht. "Your presence proves that you take an interest in the great questions of the day. This is very laudable."

"My presence, however, by no means proves that I concur in the object of this meeting. Curiosity has led me hither."

The official directed a look of inquiry at the banker.

"Sheer curiosity," repeated this gentleman coldly.

"Can you not, then, become reconciled to the spirit of progress?" asked Seicht, with a smile revealing astonishment.

"The value of my convictions consists in this, that I worship genuine progress," replied the millionaire gravely. "The progress of this community, in particular, looks to me like retrogression."

"I am astonished at what you say," returned the official; "for surely Shund's masterly speech has demonstrated that we are keeping pace with the age."

"I cannot see, sir, how fiendish hatred of religion can be taken for progress. This horrible, bloodthirsty monster existed even in the days of Nero and Tiberius, as we all know. Can the resurrection of it, now that it has been mouldering for centuries, be seriously looked upon as a step in advance? Rather a step backward, I should think, of eighteen hundred years. Especially horrible and revolting is this latest instance of tyranny, forcing parents who entertain religious sentiments to send their children to irreligious schools. Not even Nero and Tiberius went so far. On this point, I agree, there has been progress, but it consists in putting a most unnatural constraint upon conscience."

Gerlach's language aroused the official. He was face to face with an ultramontane. The mere sight of such an one caused a nervous twitching in his person. He resorted at once to bureaucratic weapons in making his onslaught.

"You are mistaken, my dear sir—you are very much mistaken. The spirit of the modern state demands that the schools of the multitude, particularly public institutions, should be accessible to the children of every class of citizens, without distinction of religious profession. Consequently, the schools must be taken from under the authority, direction, and influence of the church, and put entirely under civil and political control. Such, too, is now the mind of our rulers, besides that public sentiment calls for the change."

"But, Mr. Seicht, in making such a change, the state despotically infringes on the province of religion."

"Not despotically, Mr. Gerlach, but legally; for the state is the fountain-head of all right, and consequently possessed of unlimited right."

"You enunciate principles, sir, which differ vastly from what morality and religion teach."

"What signify morals—what signifies religion? Mere antiquated forms, sir, with no living significance," explained Seicht, lavishly displaying the treasures of the storehouse of progressionist wisdom. "The past submitted quietly to the authority of religion, because there existed then a low degree of intellectual culture. At present there is only one authority—it is the prepon-

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derance of numbers and of material forces. Consequently, the only real authority is the majority in power. On the other hand, authorities based upon the supposed existence of a supersensible world have lost their cause of being, for the reason that exact science plainly demonstrates the non-existence of an immaterial world. *Cessante causa, cessat effectus*, the supersensible world, the basis of religious authority, being gone, it logically results that religious authority itself is gone. Hence the only real authority existing in a state is the majority, and to this every citizen is obliged to submit. You marvel, Mr. Gerlach. What I have said is not my own personal view, but the expression of the principles which alone pass current at the present day."

"I agree in what you say," said the banker. "You have spoken from the standpoint of the times. The controlling power is the majority."

"Shund, then, accurately summed up the creed of the present age when he said, 'Progress conquers death, destroys hell, rejects heaven, and finds its god in the sweet enjoyment of life.' It is to be hoped that all-powerful progress will next decree that there are no death and no suffering upon earth, that all the hostile forces of nature have ceased, that want and misery are no more, and that earth is a paradise of sweet enjoyment for all."

Mr. Seicht was rather taken aback by this satire.

"Besides, gentlemen," proceeded Gerlach, "you will please observe that the doctrine of state supremacy is a step backward of nearly two thousand years. In Nero's day, but one source of right, namely, the state, was recognized. In the head of the state, the emperor, were centred all power, all authority, and all right. In his person, the state was exalted into a divinity. Temples and altars were reared to the emperor; sacrifices were offered to him; he was worshipped as a deity. Even human sacrifices were not denied him if the imperial divinity thought proper to demand them. And, now, to what condition did these monstrous errors bring the world of that period? It became one vast theatre of crime, immorality, and despotism. Slavery coiled itself about men and things, and strangled their liberty. Matrimonial life sank into the most loathsome corruption. Infanticide was permitted to pass unpunished. The licentiousness of women was even greater than that of men. Life and property became mere playthings for the whims of the emperor and of his courtiers. Did the divine Cæsar wish to amuse his deeply sunken subjects, he had only to order the gladiators to butcher one another, or some prisoners or slaves or Christians to be thrown to tigers and panthers; this made a Roman holiday. Such, gentlemen, was human society when it recognized no supersensible world, no God above, no moral law. If our own progress proceeds much further in the path on which it is marching, it will soon reach a similar fearful stage. We already see in our midst the commencement of social corruption. We have the only source of right proclaimed to be the divine state. Conscience is being tyrannized over by a majority that rejects God and denies future rewards and punishments. All the rest, even to the divine despot, has already followed, or inevitably will follow. Therefore, Mr. Seicht, the progress you so loudly boast of is mere stupid retrogression, blind superstition, which falls prostrate before the majority of a mob, and worships the omnipotence of the state."

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"Don't you think my friend has been uttering some very bitter truths?" asked the banker, with a smile.

"Pretty nearly so," replied the official demurely. "However, one can detect the design, and cannot help getting out of humor."

"What design?" asked Seraphin.

"Of creating alarm against progress."

"Indeed, sir, you are mistaken. I, too, am enthusiastic about progress, but genuine progress. And because I am an advocate of real progress I cannot help detesting the monstrosity which the age would wish to palm off on men instead."

The church was now cleared. Greifmann's carriage was at the door. The millionaires drove off.

"Pity for this Gerlach!" thought the official, as he strode through the street. "He is lost to progress, for he is too solidly rooted in superstition to be reclaimed. War against nature's claims; deny healthy physical nature its rights; re-establish the reign of terror of the seven capital sins; permit the priesthood to tyrannize over conscience; restore the worship of an unmathematical triune God—no! no!" cried he fiercely, "sooner shall all go to the devil!"

A carriage whirled past him. He cast a glance into the vehicle, and raised his hat to Mr. Hans Shund.

The chief magistrate was on his way home from the town-hall. He could not rest under the weight of his laurels; the inebriation of his triumph drove him into the room where sat his lonely and careworn wife.

"My election to the assembly is assured, wife." And he went on with a minute account of the proceedings of the day.

The pale, emaciated lady sat bowed in silence over her work, and did not look up.

"Well, wife, don't you take any interest in the honors won by your husband? I should think you ought to feel pleased."

"All my joys are swallowed up in an abyss of unutterable wretchedness," replied she. "And my husband is daily deepening the gulf. Yesterday you were again at a disreputable house. Your abominable deeds are heaped mountain high—and am I to rejoice?"

"A thousand demons, wife, I'm beginning to believe you have spies on foot!"

"I have not. But you are at the head of this city—your steps cannot possibly remain unobserved."

"Very well!" cried he, "it shall be my effort in the assembly to bring about such a change that there shall no longer be any houses of disrepute. Narrow-minded moralists shall not be allowed to howl any longer. The time is at hand, old lady — so-called disreputable houses are to become places of amusement authorized by law."

He spoke and disappeared.

CHAPTER IX.

PROGRESS GROWS JOLLY.

The agitators of progress were again hurrying through the streets and alleys of the town. They knocked at every door and entered every house to solicit votes in favor of common schools. Thanks to the overwhelming might of the party in power, they again carried their measure. Dependent, utterly enslaved, many yielded up their votes without

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opposition. It is true conscience tortured many a parent for voting against his convictions, for sacrificing his children to a system with which he could not sympathize; but not a man in a dependent position had the courage to vindicate for his child the religious training which was being so ruthlessly swept away. Even men in high office gave way before the encroaching despotism, for in the very uppermost ranks of society also progress domineered.

One man only, fearless and firm, dared to put himself in the path of the dominant power—the Rev. F. Morgenroth. From the pulpit, he unmasked and scathed the unchristian design of debarring youth from religious instruction, and of rearing a generation ignorant of God and of his commandments. He warned parents against the evil, entreated them to stand up conscientiously for the spiritual welfare of their children, to reject the common schools, and to rescue the little ones for the maternal guardianship of the church.

His sermon roused the entire progressionist camp. The local press fiercely assailed the intrepid clergyman. Lies, calumnies, and scurrility were vomited against him and his profession. Hans Shund seized the pen, and indited newspaper articles of such a character as one would naturally look for from a thief, usurer, and debauchee. Morgenroth paid no attention to their disgraceful clamor, but continued his opposition undismayed. By means of placards, he invited the Catholic citizens to assemble at his own residence, for the purpose of consulting about the best mode of thwarting the designs of the liberals. This unexpected fearlessness put the men of culture, humanity, and freedom beside themselves with rage. They at once decided upon making a public demonstration. The chieftains issued orders to their bands, and these at the hour appointed for the meeting mustered before the residence of the priest. A noisy multitude, uttering threats, took possession of the churchyard. If a citizen attempted to make his way through the mob to the house, he was loaded with vile epithets, at times even with kicks and blows. But a small number had gathered around the priest, and these showed much alarm; for outside the billows of progress were surging and every moment rising higher. Stones were thrown at the house, and the windows were broken. Parteiling, the commissary of police, came to remonstrate with the clergyman.

"Dismiss the meeting," said he. "The excitement is assuming alarming proportions."

"Commissary, we are under the protection of the law and of civil rule," replied Morgenroth. "We are not slaves and helots of progress. Are we to be denied the liberty of discussing subjects of great importance in our own houses?"

A boulder coming through the window crushed the inkstand on the table, and rolled on over the floor. The men pressed to one side in terror.

"Your calling upon the law to protect you is utterly unreasonable under present circumstances," said Parteiling. "Listen to the howling. Do you want your house demolished? Do you wish to be maltreated? Will you have open revolution? This all will surely follow if you persist in refusing to dismiss the meeting. I will not answer for results."

Stones began to rain more densely, and the howling grew louder and more menacing.

"Gentlemen," said Morgenroth to the men assembled, "since we are not permitted to proceed with our delib-

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erations, we will separate, with a protest against this brutal terrorism."

"But, commissary," said a much frightened man, "how are we to get away? These people are infuriated; they will tear us in pieces."

"Fear nothing, gentlemen; follow me," spoke the commissary, leading the way.

The ultramontanes were hailed with a loud burst of scornful laughter. The commissary, advancing to the gate, beckoned silence.

"In the name of the law, clear the place!" cried he.

The mob scoffed and yelled.

"Fetch out the slaves of the priest—make them run the gauntlet—down with the Jesuits!"

At this moment, a man was noticed elbowing his way through the crowd; presently Hans Shund stepped before the embarrassed guardian of public order.

"Three cheers for the magistrate!" vociferated the mob.

Shund made a signal. Profound silence followed.

"Gentlemen," spoke the chief magistrate, in a tone of entreaty, "have the goodness to disperse."

Repeated cheers were raised, then the accumulation of corrupt elements began to dissolve and flow off in every direction.

"I deeply regret this commotion of which I but a moment ago received intelligence," said Shund. "The excitement of the people is attributable solely to the imprudent conduct of Morgenroth."

"To be sure—to be sure!" assented Parteiling.

The place was cleared. The Catholics hurried home pursued and hooted by straggling groups of rioters.

The signs of the approaching celebration began to be noticeable on the town-common. Booths were being erected, tables were being disposed in rows which reached further than the eye could see, wagon-loads of chairs and benches were being brought from all parts of town, men were busy sinking holes for climbing-poles and treacherous turnstiles; but the most attractive feature of all the festival was yet invisible—free beer and sausages furnished at public cost. The rumor alone, however, of such cheer gladdened the heart of every thirsty voter, and contributed greatly to the establishment of the system of common schools. Bands of music paraded the town, gathered up voters, and escorted them to the polls. As often as they passed before the residence of a progressionist chieftain, the bands struck up an air, and the crowd cheered lustily. They halted in front of the priest's residence also. The band played, "To-day we'll taste the parson's cheer," the mob roaring the words, and then winding up with whistling and guffaws of laughter. This sort of disorderly work was kept up during three days. Then was announced in the papers in huge type: "An overwhelming majority of the enlightened citizens of this city have decided in favor of common schools. Herewith the existence of these schools is secured and legalized."

On the fourth day, the celebration came off. The same morning Gerlach senior arrived at the Palais Greifmann on his way home from the Exposition.

"I am so glad!" cried Louise. "I was beginning to fear you would not come, and getting provoked at your indifference to the interests of our people. We have been having stirring times, but we have come off victorious. The narrow-minded enemies of enlightenment are defeated. Modern views now prevail, and education is to be remodelled and put in

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harmony with the wants of our century."

"Times must have been stirring, for you seem almost frenzied, Louise," said Conrad.

"Had you witnessed the struggle and read the newspapers, you, too, would have grown enthusiastic," declared the young lady.

"Even quotations advanced," said the banker. "It astonished me, and I can account for it only by assuming that the triumph of the common-school system is of general significance and an imperative desideratum of the times."

"How can you have any doubt about it?" cried his sister. "Our town has pioneered the way: the rest of Germany will soon adopt the same system."

Seraphin greeted his father.

"Well, my son, you very likely have heard nothing whatever of this hubbub about schools?"

"Indeed, I have, father. Carl and I were in the midst of the commotion at the desecrated church of S. Peter. We saw and heard what it would have been difficult to imagine." He then proceeded to give his father a minute account of the meeting. His powerful memory enabled him to repeat Shund's speech almost verbatim. The father listened attentively, and occasionally directed a glance of observation at the young lady. When Shund's coarse ridicule of Christian morals and dogmas was rehearsed, Mr. Conrad lowered his eyes, and a frown flitted over his brow. For the rest, his countenance was, as usual, cold and stern.

"This Mr. Shund made quite a strong speech," said he, in a nonchalant way.

"He rather intensified the colors of truth, 'tis true," remarked Louise. "The masses, however, like high coloring and vigorous language."

A servant brought the banker a note.

"Good! Shund is elected to the assembly! The span of bays belongs to me," exulted Carl Greifmann.

"Your bays Seraphin?" inquired the father. "How is this?"

Mr. Conrad had twice been informed of the wager; he had learned it first from Seraphin's own lips, then also he had read of it in his diary; still he asked again, and his son detailed the story a third time.

"I should sooner have expected to see the heavens fall than to lose that bet," added Seraphin.

"When a notorious thief and usurer is elected to the chief magistracy and to the legislative assembly, the victory gained is hardly a creditable one to the spirit of progress, my dear Carl. Don't you think so, Louise?" said the landholder.

"You mustn't be too rigorous," replied the lady, with composure. "Rumor whispers many a bit of scandal respecting Shund which does, indeed, offend one's sense of propriety; for all that, however, Shund will play his part brilliantly both in the assembly and in the town council The greatest of statesmen have had their foibles, as everybody knows."

"Very true," said Gerlach dryly. "Viewed from the standpoint of very humane tolerance, Shund's disgusting habits may be considered justifiable."

Seraphin left the parlor, and retired to his room. Here he wrestled with violent feelings. His father's conduct was a mystery to him. Opinions which conflicted with his own most sacred convictions, and principles which brought an indignant flush to his cheek, were listened to and apparently acquiesced in by his father. Shund's abominable diatribe had not

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roused the old gentleman's anger; Louise's avowed concurrence with the irreligious principles of the chieftain had not even provoked his disapprobation.

"My God, my God! can it be possible?" cried he in an agony of despair. "Has the love of gain so utterly blinded my father? Can he have sunk so low as to be willing to immolate me, his only child, to a base speculation? Can he be willing for the sake of a million florins to bind me for life to this erring creature, this infidel Louise? Can a paltry million tempt him to be so reckless and cruel? No! no! a thousand times no!" exclaimed he. "I never will be the husband of this woman, never—I swear it by the great God of heaven! Get angry with me, father, banish me from your sight — it would be more tolerable than the consciousness of being the husband of a woman who believes not in the Redeemer of the world. I have sworn—the matter is for ever settled." He threw himself into an arm-chair, and moodily stared at the opposite wall. By degrees, his excitement subsided, and he became quiet.

In fancy, he beheld beside Louise's form another lovely one rise up—that of the girl with the golden hair, the bright eyes, and the winning smile. She had stood before him on this very floor, in her neat and simple country garb, radiant with innocence and purity, adorned with innate grace and uncommon beauty. And the lapse of days, far from weakening, had deepened the impression of her first apparition. The storm that had been raging in his interior was allayed by the recollection of Mechtild, as the fury of the great deep subsides upon the reappearance of the sun. Scarcely an hour had passed during which he had not thought of the girl, rehearsed every word she had uttered, and viewed the basket of grapes she had brought him. Again he pulled out the drawer, and looked upon the gift with a friendly smile; then, locking up the precious treasure, he returned to the parlor.

He found the company on the balcony. The sound of trumpets and drums came from a distance, and presently a motley procession was seen coming up the nearest street.

"You have just arrived in time to see the procession," cried Louise to him. "It is going to defile past here, so we will be able to have a good look at it."

A dusky swarm of boys and half-grown youths came winding round the nearest street-corner, followed immediately by the head of a mock procession. In the lead marched a fellow dressed in a brown cloak, the hood of which was drawn over his head. His waist was encircled with a girdle from which dangled a string of pebbles representing a rosary. To complete the caricature of a Capuchin, his feet were bare, excepting a pair of soles which were strapped to them with thongs of leather. In his hands he bore a tall cross rudely contrived with a couple of sticks. The image of the cross was represented by a broken mineral-water bottle. Behind the cross-bearer followed the procession in a double line, consisting of boys, young men, factory-hands, drunken mechanics, and such other begrimed and besotted beings as progress alone can count in its ranks. The members of the procession were chanting a litany; at the same time they folded their hands, made grimaces, turned their eyes upwards, or played unseemly pranks with genuine rosary beads.

Next in the procession came a low car drawn by a watery-eyed mare which a lad bedizened like a clown

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was leading by the bridle. In the car sat a fat fellow whose face was painted red, and eyebrows dyed, and who wore a long artificial beard. Over a prodigious paunch, also artificial, he had drawn a long white gown, over which again he wore a many-colored rag shaped like a cope. On his head he wore a high paper cap, brimless; around the cap were three crowns of gilt paper to represent the tiara of the pope. A sorry-looking donkey walked after the car, to which it was attached by a rope. It was the *rôle* of the fellow in the car to address the donkey, make a sign of blessing over it, and occasionally reach it straw drawn from his artificial paunch. As often as he went through this manœuvre, the crowd set up a tremendous roar of laughter. The fat man in the car represented the pope, and the donkey was intended to symbolize the credulity of the faithful.

This mock pope was not a suggestion of Shund's or of any other inventive progressionist. The whole idea was copied from a caricature which had appeared in a widely circulating pictorial whose only aim and pleasure it has been for years to destroy the innate religious nobleness of the German people by means of shallow wit and vulgar caricatures. And this very sheet, leagued with a daily organ equally degraded, can boast of no inconsiderable success. The rude and vulgar applaud its witticisms, the low and infamous regale themselves with its pictures, and its demoralizing influence is infecting the land.

The principal feature of the procession was a wagon, hung with garlands and bestuck with small flags, drawn by six splendid horses. In it sat a youthful woman, plump and bold. Her shoulders were bare, the dress being an exaggerated sample of the style *décolleté*; above her head was a wreath of oak leaves. She was attended by a number of young men in masks. They carried drinking-horns, which they filled from time to time from a barrel, and presented to the *bacchante*, who sipped from them; then these gentlemen in waiting drank themselves, and poured what was left upon the crowd. A band of music, walking in front of this triumphal car, played airs and marches. Not even the mock pope was as great an object of admiration as this shameless woman. Old and young thronged about the wagon, feasting their lascivious eyes on this beastly spectacle which represented that most disgusting of all abominable achievements of progress—the emancipated woman. And perhaps not even progress could have dared, in less excited times, so grossly to insult the chaste spirit of the German people; but the social atmosphere had been made so foul by the abominations of the election, and the spirits of impurity had reigned so absolutely during the canvass in behalf of common schools, that this immoral show was suffered to parade without opposition.

The very commencement of this sacrilegious mockery of religion had roused Seraphin's indignation, and he had retired from the balcony. His father, however, had remained, coolly watching the procession as it passed, and carefully noting Louise's remarks and behavior.

"What does that woman represent?" he asked. "A goddess of liberty, I suppose?"

"Only in one sense, I think," replied the progressionist young lady. "The woman wearing the crown symbolizes, to my mind, the enjoyment of life. She typifies heaven upon earth, now that exact science has done away with the heaven of the next world."

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"I should think yon creature rather reminds one of hell," said Mr. Conrad."

"Of hell!" exclaimed Louise, in alarm. "You are jesting, sir, are you not?"

"Never more serious in my life, Louise. Notice the shameless effrontery, the baseness and infamy of the creature, and you will be forced to form conclusions which, far from justifying the expectation of peace and happiness in the family circle, the true sphere of woman, will suggest only wrangling, discord, and hell upon earth."

The young lady did not venture to reply. A gentleman made his way through the crowd, and waved his hat to the company on the balcony. The banker returned the salutation.

"Official Seicht," said he.

"What! an officer of the government in this disreputable crowd!" exclaimed Gerlach, with surprise.

"He is on hand to maintain order," explained Greifmann. "You see some policemen, too. Mr. Seicht sympathizes with progress. At the last meeting, he made a speech in favor of common schools; he sounded the praises of the gospel of progress, gave a toast at the banquet to the gospel of progress, and has won for himself the title of evangelist of progress. He once declared, too, that the very sight of a priest rouses his blood, and they now pleasantly call him the parson-eater. He is very popular."

I am amazed!" said Gerlach. "Mr. Seicht dishonors his office. He advocates common schools, insults all the believing citizens of his district, and runs with mock processions —a happy state of things, indeed!"

"His conduct is the result of careful calculation," returned Greifmann. By showing hostility to ultramontanism, he commends himself to progress, which is in power."

"But the government should not tolerate such disgraceful behavior on the part of one of its officials," said Gerlach. "The entire official corps is disgraced so long as this shallow evangelist of progress is permitted to continue wearing the uniform."

"You should not be so exacting," cried Louise. "Why will you not allow officials also to float along with the current of progress until they will have reached the Eldorado of the position to which they are aspiring?"

"The corruption of the state must be fearful indeed, when such deportment in an officer is regarded as a recommendation," rejoined Mr. Conrad curtly.

A servant appeared to call them to table.

"Would you not like to see the celebration?" inquired Louise.

"By all means," answered Gerlach. "The excitement is of so unusual a character that it claims attention. You will have to accompany us, Louise."

"I shall do so with pleasure. When sound popular sentiment thus proclaims itself, I cannot but feel a strong desire to be present."

The procession had turned the corner of a street where stood Holt and two more countrymen looking on. The religious sentiment of these honest men was deeply wounded by the profanation of the cross; and when, besides, they heard the singing of the mock litany, their anger kindled, their eyes gleamed, and they mingled fierce maledictions with the tumult of the mob. Next appeared the mock pope, dispensing blessings with his right hand, reaching straw to the donkey with his left, and distorting his painted face into all sorts of farcical grimaces.

The peasants at once caught the

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significance of this burlesque. Their countenances glowed with indignation. Avenging spirits took possession of Mechtild's father; his strong, stalwart frame seemed suddenly to have become herculean. His fist of iron doubled itself; there was lightning in his eyes; like an infuriated lion, he burst into the crowd, broke the line of the procession, and, directing a tremendous blow at the head of the mock pope, precipitated him from the car. The paper cap flew far away under the feet of the bystanders, and the false beard got into the donkey's mouth. When the mock pope was down, Holt's comrades immediately set upon him, and tore the many-colored rag from his shoulders. Then commenced a great tumult. A host of furious progressionists surrounded the sturdy countrymen, brandishing their fists and filling the air with mad imprecations.

"Kill the dogs! Down with the accursed ultramontanes!"

Some of the policemen hurried up to prevent bloodshed. Mr. Seicht also hurried to the scene of action, and his shrill voice could be heard high above the noise and confusion.

"Gentlemen, I implore you, let the law have its course, gentlemen!" cried he. "Gentlemen, friends, do not, I beg you, violate the law! Trust me, fellow-citizens—I shall see that the impertinence of these ultramontanes is duly punished."

They understood his meaning. Sticks and fists were immediately lowered.

"Brigadier Forchhaem," cried Mr. Seicht, in a tone of command—"Forchhaem, hither! Put handcuffs on these ultramontanes, these disturbers of the peace—put irons on these revolutionists."

Handcuffs were forthwith produced by the policemen. The towering, broad-shouldered Holt stood quiet as a lamb, looked with an air of astonishment at the confusion, and suffered himself to be handcuffed. His comrades, however, behaved like anything but lambs. They laid about them with hands and feet, knocking down the policemen, and giving bloody mouths and noses to all who came within their reach.

"Handcuff us!" they screamed, grinding their teeth, bleeding and cursing. "Are we cutthroats?" The bystanders drew back in apprehension. The confusion seemed to be past remedying. A thousand voices were screaming, bawling, and crying at the same time; the circle around the struggling countrymen was getting wider and wider; and when finally they attempted to break through, the crowd took to flight, as if a couple of tigers were after them.

Many of the spectators found a pleasurable excitement in watching the battle between the policemen and the peasants; but they would not move a finger to aid the officers of the law in arresting the culprits. They admired the agility and strength of the countrymen, and the more fierce the struggle became, the greater grew their delight, and the louder their merriment.

Holt had been carried on with the motion of the crowd. When he dealt the blow to the fellow in the car, he was beside himself with rage. The genuine *furor teutonicus* had taken possession of him so irresistibly and so bewilderingly as to leave him utterly without any of the calm judgment necessary to measure the situation. After his first adventure, he had submitted to be handcuffed, and had watched the struggle between Forchhaem and his own comrades in a sort of absence of mind. He had stood perfectly quiet, his face had become pale, and his eyes looked about strangely. The excitement of

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passion was now beginning to wear off. He felt the cold iron of the manacles around his wrists, his eyes glared, his face became crimson, the sinews of his powerful arm stiffened, and with one great muscular convulsion he wrenched off the handcuffs. Nobody had observed this sudden action, all eyes being directed to the combatants. Shoving the part of the handcuff which still hung to his wrist under the sleeve of his jacket, Holt disappeared through the crowd.

The resistance of the peasants was gradually becoming fainter. At length they succumbed to overpowering force, and were handcuffed.

"Where is the third one?" cried Seicht. "There were three of them."

"Where is the third one? There were three of them," was echoed on every hand, and all eyes sought for the missing one in the crowd.

"The third one has run away, sir," reported Forchhaem.

"What's his name?" asked Seicht.

Nobody knew.

A street boy, looking up at the official, ingenuously cried, "'Twas a Tartar."

Seicht looked down upon the obstreperous little informant.

"A Tartar—do you know him?"

"No; but these here know him," pointing to the captives.

"What is the name of your comrade?"

"We don't know him," was the surly reply.

"Never mind, he will become known in the judicial examination. Off to jail with these rebellious ultramontanes," the official commanded.

Bound in chains, and guarded by a posse of police, these honest men, whose religious sense had been so wantonly outraged as to have occasioned an outburst of noble indignation, were marched through the streets of the town and imprisoned. They were treated as criminals for a crime, however, the guilt of which was justly chargeable to those very rioters who were enjoying official protection.

The procession moved on to the ground selected for the barbecue. A motley mass, especially of factorymen, were hard at work upon the scene. The booths, spread far and wide over the common, were thrown open, and around them moved a swarm of thirsty beings drawing rations of beer and sausages, with which, when they had received them, they staggered away to the tables. Degraded-looking women were also to be seen moving about unsteadily with brimming mugs of beer in their hands. There were several bands of music stationed at different points around the place.

The chieftains of progress, perambulating the ground with an air of triumph, bestowed friendly nods of recognition on all sides, and condescendingly engaged in conversation with some of the rank and file.

Hans Shund approached the awning where the woman with the bare shoulders and indecent costume had taken a seat. She had captivated the gallant chief magistrate, who hovered about her as a raven hovers over a dead carcass. Moving off, he halted within hearing distance, and, casting frequent glances back, addressed immodest jokes to those who occupied the other side of the table, at which they laughed and applauded immoderately.

The men whom Seraphin had met in the subterranean den, on the memorable night before the election, were also present: Flachsen, Graeulich, Koenig, and a host of others. They were regaling themselves with sausages which omitted an unmistakable odor of garlic, and were of a

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very dubious appearance; interrupting the process of eating with frequent and copious draughts from their beer-mugs.

"Drink, old woman!" cried Graeulich to his wife. "Drink, I tell you! It doesn't cost us anything to-day."

The woman put the jug to her lips and drained it manfully. Other women who were present screamed in chorus, and the men laughed boisterously.

"Your old woman does that handsomely," applauded Koth. "Hell and thunder! But she must be a real spitfire."

Again they laughed uproariously.

"I wish there were an election every day, what a jolly life this would be!" said Koenig. "Nothing to do, eating and drinking gratis — what more would you wish?"

"That's the way the bigbugs live all the year round. They may eat and drink what they like best, and needn't do a hand's turn. Isn't it glorious to be rich?" cried Graeulich.

"So drink, boys, drink till you can't stand! We are all of us bigbugs to-day."

"And if things were regulated as they should be," said Koth, "there would come a day when we poor devils would also see glorious times. We have been torturing ourselves about long enough for the sake of others. I maintain that things will have to be differently regulated."

"What game is that you are wishing to come at? Show your hand, old fellow!" cried several voices.

"Here's what I mean: Coffers which are full will have to pour some of their superfluity into coffers which are empty. You take me, don't you?"

"'Pon my soul, I can't make you out. You are talking conundrums," declared Koenig.

"You blockhead, I mean there will soon have to be a partition. They who have plenty will have to give some to those who have nothing."

"Bravo! Long live Koth!"

"That sort of doctrine is dangerous to the state," said Flachsen. "Such principles bring about revolutions, and corrupt society."

"What of society! You're an ass, Flachsen! Koth is right—partition, partition!" was the cry all round the table.

"As you will! I have nothing against it if only it were practicable," expostulated Flachsen; "for I, too, am a radical."

"It is practicable! All things are practicable," exclaimed Koth. "Our age can do anything, and so can we. Haven't we driven religion out of the schools? Haven't we elected Shund for mayor? It is the majority who rule; and, were we to vote in favor of partition to-morrow, partition would have to take place. Any measure can be carried by a majority, and, since we poor devils are in the majority, as soon as we will have voted for partition it will come without fail."

"That's sensible!" agreed they all. "But then, such a thing has never yet been done. Do you think it possible?"

"Anything is possible," maintained Koth. "Didn't Shund preach that there isn't any God, or hell, or devil? Was that ever taught before? If the God of old has to submit to being deposed, the rich will have to submit to it. I tell you, the majority will settle the business for the rich. And if there's no God, no devil, and no life beyond, well then, you see, I'm capable of laying my hand to anything. If voting won't do, violence will. Do you understand?"

"Bravo! Hurrah for Koth!"

"There must be progress," cried

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Graeulich, "among us as well as others. We are not going to continue all our lives in wretchedness. We must advance from labor to comfort without labor, from poverty to wealth, from want to abundance. Three cheers for progress—hurrah! hurrah!" And the whole company joined in frantically.

"There comes Evangelist Seicht," cried Koenig. "Though I didn't understand one word of his speech, I believe he meant well. Although he is an officer of the government, he cordially hates priests. A man may say what he pleases against religion, and the church, and the Pope, and the Jesuits, it rather pleases Seicht. He is a free and enlightened man, is he. Up with your glasses, boys; if he comes near, let's give him three rousing cheers."

They did as directed. Men and women cheered lustily. Seicht very condescendingly raised his hat and smiled as he passed the table. The ovation put him in fine humor. Though he had failed in securing a place in the assembly, perhaps the slight would be repaired in the future. Such was the tenor of his thoughts whilst he advanced to the climbing-pole, around which was assembled a crowd of boys. Quite a variety of prizes, especially tobacco-pipes, was hanging from the cross-pieces at the top of the mast. The pole was so smooth that more than ordinary strength and activity were required to get to the top. The greater number of those who attempted the feat gave out and slid back without having gained a prize. There were also grown persons standing around watching the efforts of the boys and young men.

"It's my turn now," cried the fellow who had carried the cross in the procession.

"But, first, let me have one more drink—it'll improve the sliding." He swallowed the drink hastily, then swaying about as he looked and pointed upward, "Do you see that pipe with tassels to it?" he said. "That's the one I'm going after."

Throwing aside his mantle, he began to climb.

"He'll not get up, he's drunk," cried a lad among the bystanders. "Belladonna has given him two pints of double beer for carrying the cross in the procession—that's what ails him."

"Wait till I come down, I'll slap your jaws," cried the climber.

The spectators were watching him with interest. He was obliged to pause frequently to rest himself, which he did by winding his legs tightly round the pole. At last he reached the top. Extending his arm to take the pipe, it was too short. Climbing still higher, he stretched his body to its greatest length, lost his hold, and fell to the ground. The bystanders raised a great cry. The unfortunate youth's head had embedded itself in the earth, streams of blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils—he was lifeless.

"He's dead! It's all over with him," was whispered around.

"Carry him off," commanded Seicht, and then walked on.

One of the bystanders loosed the cross-piece of the mock crucifix; the corpse was then stretched across the two pieces of wood and carried off the scene. As the body was carried past, the noise and revelry everywhere ceased.

"Wasn't that the one who carried the cross?" was asked. "Is he dead? Did he fall from the pole? How terrible!"

Even the progressionist revellers were struck thoughtful, so deeply is the sense of religion rooted in the heart of man. Many a one among

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them, seeing the pale, rigid face of the dead man, understood his fate to be a solemn warning, and fled from the scene in terror.

The progressionist element of the town was much flattered by the presence at its orgies of the wealthiest property owner of the country.

The women had already made the discovery that the millionaire's only son, Mr. Seraphin Gerlach, was on the eve of marrying a member of the highly respectable house of Greifmann, bankers. But it occasioned them no small amount of surprise that the young gentleman was not in attendance on the beautiful lady at the celebration. Louise's radiant countenance gave no indication, however, that any untoward occurrence had caused the absence of her prospective husband. The wives and daughters of the chieftains were sitting under an awning sipping coffee and eating cake. When Louise approached leaning on her brother's arm, they welcomed her to a place in the circle of loveliness with many courtesies and marks of respect.

Mr. Conrad strolled about the place, studying the spirit which animated the gathering.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ΥΠΝΟΣ.

Not now for sleep, O slumber-god! we sue;
Hypnus! not sleep, but give our souls repose!
Of the day's music such a mellowing close
As might have rested Shakespeare from his art,
Or soothed the spirit of the Tuscan strong
Who best read life, its passions and its woes,
And wrought of sorrow earth's divinest song.
Bring us a mood that might have lulled Mozart,
Not stupor, not forgetfulness, not dreams,
But vivid sense of what is best and rarest,
And sweet remembrance of the blessèd few;
In the real presence of this fair world's fairest:
A spell of peace—as 'twere by those dear streams *
Boccaccio wrote of, when romance was new.

* The Arno, Chiana, and Mugnone.

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A LEGEND OF SAINT OTTILIA.

ATTICH, Duke of Alsace, had a lovely wife, with whom he lived in great happiness, desiring but one thing more than he possessed—this was the blessing of children. His prayers, however, remained unanswered until he vowed that, if the Lord would grant his ardent wish, he would dedicate the child entirely to his service. At length a daughter was born to him, but the parents' first joy was turned into sadness, for the child was blind.

Ottilia (thus was she named) grew up a lovely maiden, with rare goodness and virtues, showing, from her earliest youth, singular piety and devoutness of character. One of her daily prayers was that God might bestow on her the gift of sight. By-and-by, to the great astonishment of all, this prayer was answered. Beautiful before, the new expression of her eyes so enhanced her charms that, whereas previously she had no lack of suitors, now she was wooed by many and most noble youths. These dazzling prospects affected the mind of her father, and led him to repent the vow he had made to give his sweet child to God. Then Count Adelhart, a brave man, and one who had performed great services for Attich, claimed the hand of Ottilia, and the duke resolved that his daughter should become his wife. Ottilia heard this with terror; she told her father how wrong she believed it to be, and how she feared the vengeance of heaven if they thus disregarded his vow. Seeing, however, that her entreaties were of no avail, and that they meant to marry her by compulsion, she fled she knew not whither. Then Attich called out his servants to pursue her, he himself, in company with Ottilia's suitor, taking the lead. They took the road to Freiburg, in Breisgau.

The day began to decline, and their efforts to find her had been in vain, when, on riding up a hill from whose top they could overlook the country, they heard a cry; turning their eyes toward the place from whence the sound came, they saw her whom they were seeking standing on the summit. They urged their steeds onward, rejoicing in the certainty of capturing the fugitive. Then Ottilia threw herself upon her knees, and prayed to heaven for assistance. The rock opened beneath her feet, and, in the sight of all, she sank into the yawning depth. The rock closed again, and, from the spot where it had been reft in twain, a clear well flowed, taking its course downward into the forest below.

The mourning father returned to his now desolate home. Never again did he behold Ottilia.

The wonderful tale soon spread far and near. The fountain became a place of pilgrimage. People drank from its waters, to which a wonderful healing influence for weak eyes was attributed. A hermit built his hut in its neighborhood, and "The Well of S. Ottilia" was and is much frequented by old and young. The mountain itself bears the name of "Ottilia-Berg."

Thus runs the simple legend which, even after the lapse of centuries, brings people to visit this famous spring, partly drawn thither by religious faith in the curative power of its waters, and partly attracted by the renowned beauty of the scenery which surrounds the spot where heaven-trusting Ottilia had thrown herself upon the intervention of Providence.

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THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1872.

THERE lurks a grim sarcasm in our title for those who, as the years grow and die out one after the other, ask each in turn: What have you brought us? what growth of good and lessening of evil? what new bond to link the scattered and divided masses of a humanity which should be common—but is not—more closely and firmly together? Have you brought us a step nearer heaven, that is, nearer the destiny which God marked out in the beginning for his creation, or thrown us backward? Years are the days of the world, of national life; and as each closes, even the superior minds which will not deign to believe in such old-fashioned words as a God, a heaven, or a hell, cannot fail to ask themselves the question, What has the world gained or lost in this its latest day?

We know that we shall be greeted at the outset by the old cry:—Catholics behind the age again: it is plain their religion was not made for the XIXth century; they will drift backward and sigh for the days that were, the gloom and the mist and the superstition of the "ages of faith": they refuse to recognize the century, to understand it and its glorious enlightenment: they decline to march hand in hand with the great leaders, the apostles of the day, in politics, science, and religion—the Bismarcks, the Lanzas, the Mills, the Fawcetts, the Bradlaughs, the Döllingers, the Beechers, the Huxleys, the Buckles, the Darwins, the novelists, and the newspapers; the "enlightened" ideas of the age on marriage, education, civil government, and the rest. We humbly plead guilty to the greater portion of this charge. Modern enlightenment, as preached by the apostles above enumerated, and others such, possesses still too few charms to win us from our benighted ignorance To us Utopia appears as far off to-day as when it grew upon the mind of Sir Thomas More in the shape of a dream too splendid to be realized; as far off as the fairy-land which presented itself to our youthful imagination, where everybody was goody-goody, where all were kings and queens with crowns and sceptres, or lovely princesses and amiable princes, who loved each other with the most ardent nursery love, and with only one crabbed old fairy to spoil the scene, whose witcheries caused the amiable princes to undergo a certain amount of mild misfortunes, creating a corresponding amount of misery in the bosoms of the lovely princesses, till at length the old harridan was overridden to her shame and confusion, truth and virtue triumphed, everybody married everybody else, and there was peace and joy for ever after. To drop fancy: the story of the year would not seem to bring happier tidings of the great joy which was announced at the coming of Christ: of "peace on earth to men of good-will." "Civilized" governments still hold fast by the good old rule,

> That he may take who has the power,
> And he may keep who can.

We purpose passing in review a few of the chief events which have moved the world during the past year and made its annals memorable in all time. Our review must necessarily be a rapid one, a mere glance in fact, at the multitude of events which confront us, some like ghosts which we have summoned from their graves in the buried year, others which accompany us into the new and the unknown to ripen or wither with us into their measure of good or of evil.

As the year opened, the eyes of the world were fixed upon the sick-bed of the Prince of Wales, stricken down by fever apparently beyond hope of recovery. The whole thing is long forgotten; but the anxiety which his illness caused—in view of the possible political complications which might have resulted from the death of the heir to the English throne—and the enthusiasm which his recovery evoked from end to end of the land, makes the event worthy of mention in the record of the year as significant of the innate as well as outspoken loyalty of the English nation for their crown and institution—a national trait which it is becoming fashionable to question.

Our own year opened tragically with the murder of Fisk by Stokes, his boon companion. The man's end was in keeping with his life, and his name

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should not have sullied our pages, but for the consequent collapse of the long triumphant Erie Ring. The era of blood thus commenced has flourished bravely. *Quid novi? quid novi?* was the daily cry at Athens when S. Paul entered it. We would not demean the commercial metropolis of the New World and of the new age by comparing it with the intellectual metropolis of paganism; but as the cry of the Athenians was each day: What new system, doctrine, or philosophy is there? the question of our more enlightened and Christian capital might well be: What new thing in the way of murder? Scarcely a day passes but some fresh horror greets our eyes in the morning. Nor is it left to the hand of man alone to take life as he pleases; the privilege has passed to women, and they make right good use of this latest form of their "rights." We read till our blood curdles of the political poisonings of the XVIth century in Italy; of their secrecy and the safety of their carrying out. We are a more honest race than the Italians; we enshroud our deeds of blood in no false Machiavellian veil; we kill in open day. The lady or gentleman who has just taken away a life politely hands the pistol to the officer, who escorts him or her with the utmost courtesy to the police station, where a cell is luxuriously fitted up according to the exigencies of the case; the murderer stands up in open court, with the ablest champions to defend him; he calls upon the law to save him, and the "law" does. In the meantime obtuse people are beginning to inquire if there be such a thing as law in New York, and in America generally, and if the present administration of justice be not very closely allied to administering injustice.

We have felt compelled to touch on this point at some length; for murder, cool, deliberate, wilful murder, has marked our year with a red stain which was never dry; the murderers have either escaped or are living at ease and being "lionized" by the press in their prisons; justice is not administered among us. So true is this, that outraged public feeling, which requires a very heavy force to set its inertia in motion, has at length found it necessary to begin to weed the judiciary. Until it does so thoroughly, the law of New York is the law of the bullet and the knife.

If we were not above taking a lesson from people for whom we entertain, of course, a sovereign contempt, we might find something commendable in the action of the populace in Lima, Peru, on the occasion of the murder of Colonel Balta, the president, by Guttierez, the minister of war; who, in order to attain supreme power, caused Balta to be assassinated, having previously gained over the garrison of Lima, and had himself proclaimed dictator. The people, finding reason to object to this summary mode of settling questions, refused to accept this dictatorship; rose in revolt, overpowered the garrison, hanged the dictator and his brother to lamp-posts in the public square, and burned their bodies. We are far from advocating the cause of "Judge Lynch"; but a slight touch of the sensible spirit displayed by the inhabitants of Lima has a wonderfully wholesome effect on evil doers in power.

Our political life for the past year has been absorbed in the presidential election and the settlement of the Alabama claims. This latter very vexed question has come at last to a final, peaceful, and satisfactory solution. Our claim for "indirect damages" against England was ruled out of court. An adequate propitiation was made in the final decision, given in our favor: England was compelled to pay us £3,000,000; she is supposed to have lost very much in prestige in consequence; particularly as the San Juan boundary question was also decided in our favor; the whole thing was settled by peaceful arbitration, and, therefore, no matter which party lost in prestige, or diplomacy, or pocket, both have good reason to congratulate themselves on getting out of sight, let us ardently hope, for ever, a very ugly question which was fast becoming a gangrene, corroding and eating out all good feeling between the two nations. It is one of the things which we sincerely trust may be buried with the dead year; and the two rival claimants we hope to see enter on a new lease of friendship and good-will.

General Grant was re-elected; the opposition arrayed against him under Mr. Greeley as candidate for the presidency, and such very able secessionists from the republican ranks as Messrs. Sumner, Schurz, and others, and the attempted coalescing of Democrats with dissatisfied Republicans, who would not coalesce, utterly broke down. General Grant's is undoubtedly a national election: we trust, therefore, that his future term may

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correspond with the confidence placed in his rule by the nation; may be productive of all the good which we expect of it for the nation at large; may heal up old wounds still sore, and may lead the country wisely into a new era of prosperity and peace: the more so that the outer world is fast pouring in on us the most skilled artisans and law-abiding, intelligent citizens of every European race.

Having said so much for ourselves, we turn to the workings of events in Europe during the past year, which indeed have occupied our attention more, almost, than our home questions. Our gaze has been riveted with an interest of almost painful intensity on the two contestants during the late dread struggle, and the actions and bearing of each have brought out the inner character of the two nations in such strong relief that we can think of Germany and France as two individualities. On the one side, we behold United Germany, the victor in the fight, like a strong athlete glorying in his great strength, setting on his own brow the laurels which he plucked from that of his fallen foe; not resting on his honors, and satiated for the time being with his glory, but anxious, careful, trying his strength, not letting his arms rust for want of practice, preparing himself for new glories and new contests to come as though they were to come to-morrow, and as a matter of course. On the other, we have France wounded and bleeding at every pore. We thought its life had ebbed out, stricken first by the terrible blows of a merciless conqueror, after by a delirious contest with itself. And what do we behold? No longer a weak convalescent, sick, sore, and spiritless, but a great nation, infused with a new life; strong and gaining in strength every day; cautious indeed and still uncertain, but these are not bad signs in a nation which is recovering at however rapid strides, and which fell from its overweening confidence. It has almost exhausted its terrible debt to Germany, and rid the soil of the foot of the foe. Its loans were eagerly taken up and covered four times over: its exports for the first six months of the year were in advance of those for the corresponding six months, esteemed a period of great prosperity, prior to the war; its army is again on a firm and sound footing; its children are peaceful, calm and obedient to the law in the face of the tyranny and unnecessarily harsh measures and dictation of the conqueror and the rash declamations of Gambetta, biding their time with a calm good sense which we scarcely expected in the French people. Of course the nation is taxed and heavily; but the wonder is that a nation can endure such blows and live; can not only live, but present to the admiration and astonished gaze of the world, a year after what we considered its death and burial, so glorious a resurrection into a powerful and wealthy country. As these two nations have been the centre of attraction to the whole world during the year, we feel called upon to touch upon each in a more special manner than on other nations.

On April 7th, the Emperor William delivered a speech from the throne, from which we cull the following extract:

"Honored Gentlemen: You will share the satisfaction with which the Confederate Governments look back on the events of the first year of the newly founded German Empire, and the joyful confidence with which they look forward to the further national and state development of our internal institutions. With equal satisfaction you will hail the assurance that the policy of his majesty, the emperor and king, has succeeded in retaining and strengthening the confidence of all foreign states; that the power acquired by Germany through becoming united in one Empire is not only a safe bulwark for the fatherland, but likewise affords a strong guarantee for the peace of Europe."

Now, that sounds so well, at least it did in April last, that it is almost a pity to spoil it by the inevitable comments which cannot fail to present themselves to the minds of its readers in December, in the face of one or two little events which have occurred since April. But before commenting on it, we must add a further exquisite little piece of irony from the same speech of Bismarck's—we mean of the Emperor William: Prince Bismarck only read it:

"The new administration in, and the consolidation of the affairs of, Alsace and Lorraine make satisfactory progress. The damage done by the war is gradually disappearing with the aid of the subvention given in conformity with the law, dated June 15, 1871."

As it is not the purport of this article to go extensively into the various subjects which come under our notice, we think

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that the best mode of dealing with the German question will be to read the above speech by the December light:

Honored Gentlemen: You will share the satisfaction with which the Confederate Governments look back on the events of the intervening nine months since his majesty, the emperor and king, first found reason to congratulate you on the consolidation of the newly founded empire. Those events are, in brief, as follows:

1. As we consider national education to be the first means in making good, sound, and efficient citizens of the Empire, and as we consider it, moreover, to be the great moralizer of the masses in these days, we have found it necessary to take this education from the hands in which it has rested for so long, "which the Prussia of the past encouraged, and indeed enforced; which have had the honor to receive the zealous support of two deceased monarchs, the father and brother of the present sovereign; which have received for the last two generations the approbation of all sorts of thinkers—who believed that the Prussian state could only subsist by a strict military and religious organization, that a definite church system must be chosen by the state, and the people drilled in it as they were drilled for his majesty's armies."* Notwithstanding the very solid proofs which our success in the late war gave us of the efficiency of this system, when our soldiers went to battle under the double panoply of intelligence and faith in God, we have since found it fit to divorce religion from education, and place this moralizer of the masses in the hands of those to whom morality is a thing unknown, or, if it mean anything, means blind obedience to the state in all things.

2. Holding as we do that marriage is another powerful moralizer of the masses, and the strongest bond for the welfare, happiness, and power of a nation, we have thought fit to divorce it also from religion, to strip it of the sacred character with which Jesus Christ invested it, and which, even were it false, has been the chief means of restoring woman to her fitting station in life, of civilizing man, and substituting love and purity for sensuality and animal passion: being perfectly alive to all this, we have still seen fit to hand the power of the binding and the loosing of marriage into the hands of the magistracy, to be dealt with for the future as a civil contract, thus reducing it to the far more convenient form of a mere matter of buying and selling at will.

3. Having already testified in the most direct and special manner our gratitude for the great services rendered us by the Society of Jesus and kindred orders recently on the fields of France, and in the more lasting and beneficial fields of intellectual and religious culture under the educational system which obtained so long and with such profit to us, but which we have since seen fit to put an end to, we think it fit to prove their devotion still further to us by banishing them the Empire, breaking up their communities, closing their churches, appropriating their property to our own use and imprisoning them if we find them within our territory. We mercifully spare them the further trial of immediate martyrdom.

4. Having been compelled to meet the demands of two powerful bodies of our subjects whose interests on religious questions sometimes clash, we have very wisely, and very satisfactorily to both bodies, met those demands by special articles in our legislative code which have hitherto answered their purpose so well that both bodies have been enabled to work harmoniously though in friendly rivalry together as common children of fatherland. We have seen fit to erase those laws, at least in the case of the Catholics. We cannot allow their bishops to excommunicate our subjects, though we have hitherto allowed it, and though we still allow it to the Protestants.*

Honored Gentlemen: Having thus succeeded in creating a profound and widespread agitation by outraging the feelings and the conscience of 14,000,000 of our most faithful subjects, an agitation which has spread from these 14,000,000 to hundreds of millions of their co-religionists outside the Empire, and indeed of large bodies and powerful secular organs

* London *Times*, Feb. 3.

* As was shown in THE CATHOLIC WORLD last month, excommunication is not only recognized by the law in the case of Protestant excommunicators, but has been sanctioned and confirmed by law, on an actual case being brought into court. Of course we shall be met by the objection that the formal declaration of Papal Infallibility has altered the connection between the Catholic Church and the state. Unfortunately for this easy method of explaining away difficult matters, excommunication has not been a whit altered in force, relation, or form from the days of the Apostles to Pius IX.

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opposed to them in faith, the confederate governments, the most powerful of which is Catholic, may look forward with joyful confidence to the further national and state development of our institutions. With equal satisfaction you will hail the assurance that the policy of his majesty, the emperor and king, has succeeded in retaining and strengthening the confidence of all foreign states,* that the power acquired by Germany is not only a safe bulwark for the fatherland,† but likewise affords a strong guarantee for the peace of Europe.

The new administration in, and the consolidation of affairs in, Alsace and Lorraine, have made most satisfactory progress. By careful and well-devised management we have succeeded in driving out the population of these two provinces, two of the wealthiest in the world, in rendering their cities desolate and their smiling country a desert: in gaining for ourselves a new legacy of hatred, and arousing the disgust and, what politically is worse, the suspicion of all governments outside our own.

As a further comment on this speech we must add the dangerous symptoms of revolt exhibited by the Upper House in the Prussian diet, and the dubiously constitutional mode adopted of bringing it to submission. The influx of French gold would seem to have created a South Sea Bubble commotion in financial circles. Rent in the chief cities and towns has increased twofold; the cost of living has risen with it. This falls heaviest, of course, on the middle and lower classes, so that we are not surprised to hear, that the rate of living having increased 60 or 70 per cent. for the poorer classes during the last six or seven years, and the French gold never having filtered down to their pockets, the poor have been unable to meet their new expenses, and "ever since the conclusion of peace with France," to quote the special correspondent of the London *Times*, April 11th, "the German workmen have been at war with their 'masters.'" As a last comment we see the German people fleeing from this glorious consolidation of confederate governments in such numbers that the central government is compelled to call into practice measures as harsh on the one side to restrain their own people from running away as they used to force out the inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine. We believe we have said enough of German "Unity" on its first two years of lease to show that its workings, whether internal or external, have been anything but satisfactory so far, and far from hopeful to the world at large.

The strikes which were successful in Germany were not restricted to that locality. They spread through the greater part of Europe, and reached out here to us, with varied success. New York was in many departments of business at a standstill in what is generally esteemed as the busiest portion of the year. Fortunately with us and for the greater part elsewhere, the "strikes" passed off peaceably, and the masters and workmen succeeded in coming to a compromise at least for the time being. This uprising of labor against capital formed one of the most significant, we fear most threatening, aspects of the year. There was a union and a combination among the working classes of European nations and our own, which enabled them to offer a persistent, solid, and bold front to their employers. Funds and a more perfect organization, neither of which seem to us impossible, would convert trades-unions into the most formidable power in the world. Christian education can alone hope to convert this into a legal power. At present it wavers between the dictates of good sense and fair demands and the wild and impossible, but, to half-educated men, very fascinating, dreams of the Communists. Labor is beginning at last to feel its power, its numbers, its irresistible

* In proof of which read the declaration of Count Andrássy to the Austrian Parliament that, notwithstanding the friendly assurances with which the three emperors parted at the breaking up of their recent conference at Berlin, he could not guarantee peace even up to Christmas. Observe also the significant rearming of all the great European powers and the recent order from Berlin of 3,000,000 rifles of a new pattern.

† Witness Bavaria's remonstrance, which was disregarded, at the sudden imposition of the severe military code of Prussian service without allowing it time to recover. As a more recent comment on that, read the very able and interesting letters which appeared in the *New York Herald*, Nov. 22, on the European situation, a short extract from which, of a Bavarian view on German unity, we give: "Germany accepts it, because it in some respects realizes the German dream of unity. That, of course, every German wants. But no one wants a united despotism, a military code that turns the whole nation into a camp, and takes half a million able-bodied men away from the farms and industrious callings. We want a Germany for the good of the fatherland, not for the glory of a little upstart Prussian prince whose name is not much older than the Bonapartes' crown."

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force; that the world cannot get on without it, as little as it can get on without the co-operation of the rest of the world. Let the laboring classes receive an education worthy of the name, plant religion in their hearts while at school, and, when they come to face the hard problem, the division of wealth, they will be led away by no fallacious teachings that what is and always must be a necessity is a wrong done to humanity; but divorce the schools, as governments seem now resolved to do, from religion, and labor will merge into Communism.

France has borne her terrible trials with a calmness, a magnanimity, and a self-dependence which have regained for her in the eyes of the world more than she ever lost at Sedan. We speak here of the nation, not of its haphazard government. Thiers is at present a necessity; and by the aid of the bogy "resignation" which he has conjured up so often, and whereby he frightens the still cautious Assembly into submission, he has managed to hold the dangerous elements in such a state of order that the nation has been able so far to regain public confidence that its loans were caught up with avidity; it has almost freed itself from the foot of the foe; it has frowned down the folly of Gambetta; restored its army to a sound footing, and won the admiration and good-will of all by its truly patriotic bearing in the face of a rapacious, dictatorial, and merciless conqueror. But Thiers cannot last, and what is to follow? The country would not bear the rule of "the man of Sedan," though, undoubtedly, his twenty years of firm government wrought it up to the pitch of material prosperity which even its terrible losses have been unable to destroy. The speech of the Duc d'Audiffret Pasquier on the army contracts, showing a system of finance in the army somewhat similar to that which has recently greeted our eyes in the city government, has killed Napoleonism for the nonce. We can only hope for the best in France from some other and nobler sprout of former dynasties; we cannot foresee it. We must not forget that the nation has been kneeling at its altars and shrines. Of course superior people and "witty" writers have laughed at and insulted a nation for being foolish enough and so far behind the age as to believe in the assistance of a God whom they could not contain in their capacious intellects. France has survived the laughter and disregarded the laughers; but her sons have been none the less obedient to the laws and constitution established, and thus restored confidence in their country, by acknowledging the efficacy of divine worship, and the intercession of the blessed Mother with her divine Son.

The year has, happily, borne no war stain on its record; for we cannot dignify the English expedition against the Looshais in India by that title. Revolts among the natives have of late been cropping up again in British India, while the silent but steady march of Russia, with all her vast forces, nearer and nearer to the outline of the British possessions, threatens at no distant date an inevitable collision between the two powers, which, in the not very doubtful event of Russia's victory, would avenge Sebastopol, and, at the same time more than counterbalance the present supremacy of Germany in Europe.

While England was all aglow with the gorgeous story of pomp and pageantry coming from the far East, of reviews of armies, of gallant processions from end to end of the land, of displays of splendor, and more than royal magnificence flashing on the bewildered gaze of the Easterns; outshining in dazzling brilliancy their own "barbaric pearl and gold"—wrought up to win over their allegiance by giving them some idea of the vast power of that empire far away, whose representative could muster such a show of majesty—came a cruel little flash across the world telling us that the show was ended by the death of the chief performer at the hands of an obscure assassin. A few feet in advance of his party, in the gloom of evening, as he is about to step from the pier into his boat, the stroke of a knife from a hidden assailant, and—Lord Mayo, the great Viceroy, is slain. England viewed his death as a national calamity. Following close on the heels of the murder of Mr. Justice Norman by another native, of the outbreaks of the Kookas and the Looshais, it had a significance which the nation took to heart.

From a further corner of the East still comes a dread story of famine devouring 3,000,000 of people in Persia. Small succor was offered them by their Christian brethren: and such as was sent seems to have reached them with the greatest difficulty. Horrible tales are told of hunger overcoming all the ties of nature, and mothers, in their madness, devouring even

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their own offspring. The harvest for this season was a very excellent one; but its effects cannot be felt till the coming year.

The East has not exhausted its romance yet, though this time it wears a less grim visage. We refer to the discovery of Dr. Livingstone by Mr. Stanley, a reporter of the *New York Herald*. Everybody believed Dr. Livingstone dead: Mr. Bennett believed him living: he despatched Mr. Stanley to interview him somewhere in the middle of Africa, and Mr. Stanley obeyed as successfully as though he had only been despatched to one of our hotels to "interview" a political man. Of course nobody believed either Stanley or the *Herald;* and of course there has been much consequent laughing at the "easy-chair geographers," when white, after all, turned out to be white and not black, as the learned gentlemen thus designated demonstrated to a nicety. But we should imagine that the persistent doubts of these gentlemen were the highest compliment which could be paid, either to Mr. Stanley or Mr. Bennett, as indicating the almost utter impossibility of their stupendous and brilliant enterprise. To the world at large, the finding of a man, whom, with all due respect, we cannot but look upon as self-lost, is the least part of the undertaking. Mr. Stanley's expedition and disclosures of the horrors of the slave trade have awakened a new interest in that horrible traffic, and promises to enlist the sympathies of nations in unison against it.

After a sleep of centuries Japan has reopened her gates to Christian influences and civilization—gates closed since the work so gloriously commenced by S. Francis Xavier was marred by the narrowness and selfishness and unchristian spirit of European traders. The Mikado despatched an embassy under the leadership of one of his chief statesmen, Iwakura, in order to study this boasted civilization and see what it was like. In the meantime, Christians are still suffering persecution and even death in Japan. But why should Iwakura interfere to stop it when he finds "civilized" governments, such as Germany and Italy, setting Japan a brilliant example in the same line of policy?

Correspondents give us reason to dread a fresh outbreak in China similar to the Tientsin massacre. We trust that the representatives of the European powers and our own will be alive to this. Nothing of great import has occurred in the empire beyond the marriage of his Celestial Majesty.

Going back to Europe, we find Spain in much the same state as the opening year found her; restless, dissatisfied, and disunited. A Carlist rising was effected in the spring, which at one time threatened to be formidable; but, after showing itself in fitful bursts at different points, it finally died out, for the time being at least, with a greater loss of gunpowder than of life. It was mismanaged. There were and still are a variety of little eruptions here, there, and everywhere. An attempt on the life of King Amadeo was got up for the purpose of arousing some loyalty in his favor. It created a little sensation at first; but people speedily suspected something, and the subject dropped. All parties in Spain are still at daggers drawn. Even if Amadeo could, by his influence, which we very much doubt after his sufficient trial, conciliate them, they would not be conciliated. We do not expect to find Amadeo's name at the head of the Spanish government this day twelvemonth. A good regent, not Montpensier, might bring about the restoration of Don Alfonso; but where is such a regent? Don Carlos possesses the greatest amount of genuine loyalty to his name and cause, and he would be the winning man, could he only manage his rising in a more efficient manner. Even the *Saturday Review*, the other day, almost lamented the loss of Queen Isabella,

The state of Italy is perhaps on a par with that of Spain, with the advantage of the utter lawlessness touched upon in our last number. We are now informed that a bill for the suppression of religious orders is introduced. Of course it will pass. A government which shakes hands with the *Garibaldini*, which is hand and glove with the murderer and assassin whom it fears, is strong when it comes to the spoliation of religious houses and the persecution of Christian men who it knows will not resist. We cannot pass Italy by—alas! what an Italy it has become!—without one word of admiration for the Holy Father. Men, journalists, all sorts of people, would have driven Pius IX. from Rome long ago. But the pilot is still at the helm of the barque of Peter, though pirates tread the decks. And never during the successive storms which have made his long reign so dark with trial

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has our great pontiff presented to the angry world a more forcible spectacle of a man utterly above all the pettiness, all the trials, all the misery, which human malice can inflict upon humanity, than at this moment in his own person; looking afar over the troubled waters for the calm which shall come from heaven, and bring men back from their insane mood at the old whisper, "Peace, be still!" He stands there the truest and purest living protest of justice shackled by injustice, and around that prisoned throne range the hearts of all true Catholics and all true men in the world.

In England, the Gladstone Ministry after many threatenings has managed to hold its own, in consequence probably of the successful termination of the Alabama claims. The Ballot Bill has at length passed, and in future we hope to be spared the degrading scenes which were wont to accompany English elections. The Irish Church Establishment has falsified Mr. Gladstone's high hopes of new life, vigor, efficiency, and so forth, on being deprived of its "temporalities," which came into act this year. It has come to a miserable collapse, and is now a pauper asking alms to live. The agitation for the disestablishment of the English Church is gaining ground, as is also the Home-Rule movement in Ireland, which undoubtedly received a fresh impetus from the attack made by a renegade Catholic judge on the Irish clergy and on one of their leaders, Archbishop McHale, whose name is venerated wherever his fame is known. There has been a cry of a coal failure, and a much more serious one, because better founded and more immediate, of a potato failure in Ireland as well as England, which, coupled with the strike of the agricultural laborers and the coming winter, threatens an ugly season. Serious riots incurring a lamentable loss of life and property occurred in Belfast on the repeal of the Parties Processions Act. The rioters held the city in a state of terrorism for days. "Of course the Orangemen began it," commented the London *Spectator*; "the worst murder committed, that of Constable Morton, was the murder of a Protestant by Protestants, because he upheld the law."

In Mexico, the death of President Juarez, the murderer of the unhappy Maximilian, as well as of countless others, whom "people who ought to know" were never tired of calling the saviour of his country, the true patriot, and the like, oddly enough put an end to the internecine strife which was ravaging the country, and everybody suddenly collapsed into peace: "Yet Juarez was an honorable man."

In the natural order, there have been terrible convulsions, followed, in the closing year, by a succession of tempests on sea and land, productive of dismal disasters. In the spring, an earthquake shook Antioch, and half the city was gone, with a loss of 1,500 inhabitants. In the same month, Vesuvius belched forth torrents of burning lava for days, causing a vast destruction of property and loss of life to a few overcurious sight-seers. Later on came the inundations of the Po, accompanied by losses more grievous still. Then storms swept the country, and, indeed, all Europe, strewing the shores with wrecked vessels and their crews. Fire touched and marred, but, fortunately, did not succeed in destroying, two of the grandest monuments of European art—the Escurial of Philip II. in Spain, and the Cathedral of Canterbury in England, doubly consecrated — the second time by the blood of the martyred S. Thomas. It was more successful among ourselves; and a few hours' blaze in the month of November destroyed the finest portion of our most ancient city, Boston.

Among what might be termed the curiosities of the year figured the Boston Jubilee; an assembling together of European bands and singers, with a native chorus of 20,000. It was called music. A second curiosity was the epidemic which recently broke out among the horses, and brought life in New York to a standstill, or at least to a walking pace, for several days. It is to be hoped that means of transit may be devised to prevent the effects of such a casualty in future. A third curiosity was an assembly of recreant priests and others to the number of 400 at Cologne in order to do something. What the something was never appeared. They dined, quarrelled, and separated; while the world was agape to see something arise which should crush God's Church. Other curiosities were the great trials, civil and military, which took place during the year. Among the former class that of the man known as the "Tichborne Claimant" stands pre-eminent. The story is too well known to be commented on here;

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the "claimant's" case broke down; he was committed to Newgate prison, bailed out, and is now "starring" the country to procure funds for a new trial. The case was remarkable for the strangest and oddest disclosures of character and hidden life from the highest almost to the lowest classes, not only in England, but in many other countries. The trial of Marshal Bazaine for the surrender of Metz, which is still pending, stands foremost in the rank of military trials. *Væ victis!* Many of Bazaine's comrades were condemned for premature surrender by the Committee of Inquiry; we shall see whether the once great marshal will be able to come off with a clear escutcheon. Other trials were those of the Communists and the murderers of the Archbishop of Paris and the clergy. As a rule, a more villanous set never stood face to face with justice. They have had full, fair, and exhaustive trials; such as could offer any excuse for their crimes escaped; the others were shot.

Death has been mowing right and left among us with indiscriminating scythe. In Persia he grew weary of his own grim harvest. Eastern Europe was threatened with cholera, but escaped. Some tall heads have fallen among the mean; many whose names are memorable for evil as well as good; many others whose places it would seem hard to fill. The Catholic Church has lost Archbishop Spalding, Bishops McGill and O'Connor in America, Morris and Goss in England, Cardinal Amat in Italy. Their names will live in the church and in her prayers. Anderson and Meade have gone, Seward and Morse, and Bennett, the founder of the *New York Herald*, and Greeley, the founder of the *Tribune*. Persigny, and Conti, and Mazzini, each memorable in his way, dropped out during the year. Lever, one of the most genial of Irish novelists, is dead, and his much-lamented countryman, Maguire, of Cork. The only surviving son of the Duc d'Aumale, a promising young man, was snatched away—an important event, as the claims of this branch of the family to the French throne fall now to the Count de Chambord. Bernadotte, Charles XV. of Sweden, has gone, and was succeeded on the throne by his brother Oscar.

And now, passing from the old, we look to the new, not without anxiety. The war against the church, in reality against the rights of man, the freedom of conscience, commenced in Germany, has spread thence to Italy, Switzerland, and Spain, and, under the form of the educational question, wider and further still. If Catholics would save the souls of their children, and of their children's children, from the infidelity and the moral decay which we see around us, even in this free breathing atmosphere, they must be firm and united in their resistance to the encroachment of the state, where states possess no rights—over the dictates of conscience. The uprise of labor against capital, which was the real cause of the first French Revolution and its mad excesses, we have already touched upon. It should be a deep source of anxiety and care to true statesmen. War looms on the European horizon, gathers in silent thunder-clouds all around. A flash is enough to kindle the combustion and make the thunder speak. Who shall say when or whence it comes? Europe is arming, and we have good authority for saying that "the next war will rage over half a century"—Bismarck himself. For the church we foresee an increase of bitter and severe trials. We can only appeal to that enlightenment which the age vaunts; to its common sense and common fairness to allow us the freedom in our own worship which they, if they possess any, claim for themselves. Public opinion is, to a great extent, the lever of the age. We must work at that until we shame it into powerful and persistent action to remove and overthrow the mountain of intolerance, bigotry, and opposition, which rulers, who are neither Protestant nor Catholic, are raising up in order to overwhelm all religion, all right, all freedom.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MY CLERICAL FRIENDS. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1873.

We need not say more than that the above is by the author of that production of exquisite humor and satire, *The Comedy of Convocation*, to awaken a profound interest in its appearance. This new book from his pen is somewhat similar. It is a choice compound of argument, history, and wit. Its object is to represent the English clerical body as it is, with a special intention of showing the ridiculousness of the claim made by some of its members to the character of Catholic priesthood. The author is the son of a clergyman, and was himself a clergyman, and is at home in his subject. We promise our readers a rare treat in this new and spicy volume.

CONVERSION OF THE TEUTONIC RACE. CONVERSION OF THE FRANKS AND ENGLISH.

SEQUEL TO THE SAME. S. BONIFACE AND THE CONVERSION OF GERMANY. By Mrs. Hope. Edited by the Rev. J. B. Dalgairns, of the Oratory. London: Washbourne. 1872. 2 vols. crown 8vo. (New York: Sold by The Catholic Publication Society.)

Few readers of English books know much of those most splendid and important chapters of history, of which these two volumes contain a summary within a moderate compass. The lady who has written them is a very competent and graceful narrator of historical scenes and events. She has given us the cream of authentic and truly scientific historical works with care and skill, and at the same time she has clothed her narrative with a flowing and agreeable diction. There are scarcely two volumes to be found in the whole mass of recent English literature better worth reading than these. We are delighted, also, to meet again, in the preface of the second volume, with F. Dalgairns, from whose pen nothing ever comes which is not choice both in matter and style. His editorship adds a most satisfactory sanction to the historical and critical accuracy of these volumes, over which he has exercised a supervision, and some pages of which have been written by himself. These volumes which have gained great repute and favor in England will, we trust, have also a wide circulation in this country, and help to diffuse sound historical knowledge, which, as F. Dalgairns remarks, is such a powerful auxiliary to religious truth.

LIFE AND TIMES OF SIXTUS THE FIFTH. From the French of Baron Hübner. By James F. Meline. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1873.

The dying Gregory XIII., worn out with the difficulties and responsibilities of his position, raised his weary hands to heaven, and exclaimed: "Thou wilt arise, O Lord, and have mercy on Zion"; prophetic words that were realized in the election of Pope Sixtus V., who, as Ranke justly observes, possessed in the highest perfection the moral and intellectual qualities demanded for the suppression of the prevalent disorders of the times. Perhaps there is no other pope whose life is of more universal interest. His striking individuality of character appeals to the popular mind, and has given rise to a variety of fables respecting him which fasten themselves on the memory and, though not literally true, yet embody a certain truth of their own.

His rise from obscurity to become a link of that august dynasty beside which "the proudest royal houses are but of yesterday," his ability to cope with all the difficulties of his position at a critical period in the political and religious world, his astuteness in dealing with the most wily diplomatists, his clear notions as to the necessity of balance of power among different nations, his financial ability and genius for statesmanship, have all commanded the very admiration of the enemies of the papacy. "A grand old man," the *British Quarterly* styles him, and with reason. "A great pope, to whom posterity owes a debt of gratitude in consideration of the whole results of his pontificate," says the *Edinburgh Review*.

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The extraordinary events of the life of Sixtus V. were the result of his wonderful energy and persistency. People like decision of character—a man with a purpose, and the ability of putting it into execution. This is why all admirers of "self-made" men like to retrace the upward steps of the life of this eminent pope, from the rustic boyhood of Felice Peretti on the shores of the Adriatic; his thirst for knowledge that impelled him to study by the lamp of the sanctuary; his girding himself with the cord of the humble Francis while yet a mere boy; his career as a young friar-preacher, drawing crowded Roman audiences to listen to his fervid eloquence, among them such men as S. Ignatius de Loyola and S. Philip Neri; his promotion to a cardinalship by a sainted pope who was his benefactor, and whose last moments he had the happiness of witnessing; his temporary retirement to his villa, where he gave himself up to quiet observation of the needs of the times, especially of his own country, the study of architecture and the improvements needed in Rome, and all those pursuits which tended to fit him for his subsequent elevation to the papacy. Sixtus V. did not look upon his success in life as solely due to his own merit. He recognized the finger of Divine Providence, and chose as his motto: "Thou, O God, hast been my defender, even from my mother's womb."

The Life of Sixtus V. by Baron Hübner, though written from a Catholic point of view, is acknowledged by the *Edinburgh Review* to be one of the most valuable contributions to the literature of the age, so rich in historical biography. Its superiority to the previous lives of that pope is partly due to his access to the archives of Simancas, not open to research at the time of Ranke. Though the pontificate of Sixtus V. was only about five years long, it embraced a rapid succession of extraordinary and tragical events, as is evident when we remember he was contemporary with Queen Elizabeth of England, Mary Queen of Scots, Philip II. of Spain, and Henry of Navarre, whose names recall the persecution of the Church in England, the execution of Mary Stuart, the Armada, the overthrow of the League, and the accession of Henri Quatre to the throne of France, and show us what a weight of responsibility rested upon the Head of the Church. No wonder he was soon worn out by the pressure. The tiara is but a thorny crown at the best, as befits him who stands in Christ's stead. The very condition of the Pontifical States was an affair of no slight difficulty. Only a man of extraordinary energy and decision of character could have surmounted it. Sixtus V. has been called pitiless from the terrible punishments he inflicted for apparently trivial offences, but he was personally humane, for at the murder of his nephew he was the first to entreat the pope (Sixtus being at that time Cardinal Montalto) to drop his investigations, and when he had cleared the Roman States of brigandage, he endeavored to conciliate the nobles. His inflexible severity seemed imperiously demanded. Twenty-seven thousand brigands ravaged his dominions; the castles of noblemen were their strongholds; they were protected by neighboring princes; and the very streets of Rome often witnessed the attacks of peaceful citizens by armed bands. Sixtus himself when a cardinal had nearly lost his life in encountering a band of lawless young nobles as he was going home one night. He saw the absolute necessity of putting an end to such disorders and the terror of the inhabitants. Accordingly, one of his first acts after his election was to forbid the carrying of fire-arms in the streets, and, when he found his order disobeyed by four young men, he had them hung the very next morning.

But he was strictly impartial in administering justice. No clerical offender was screened by the sacredness of his garments. The friar who imposed on the piety of the faithful was scourged from one end of the Corso to the other; the cardinal who was desirous of protecting a guilty servant was threatened with the Castle of St. Angelo; the traitor-priest who gave Queen Elizabeth information of what was occurring at Rome was executed in such a manner as to strike terror into every treacherous breast. No wonder Sixtus became a terror to evil doers, and his very name sufficed to put an end to the brawls in the streets. The time arrived when he could say with grim humor: "*Fugit impius nemine persequente*"—"The wicked flee when no man pursueth."

Sixtus V. left proofs of his genius and energy all over Rome. He kept thousands of men constantly employed. The

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dome of S. Peter's was completed in twenty-two months, though the architect said it would require ten years. He restored a colossal aqueduct that had fallen to ruin, and brought the Acqua Felice into Rome from a distance of about twenty miles. He opened great thoroughfares all through the city, built the Lateran Palace, erected monuments, undertook to drain the Pontine Marshes, encouraged agriculture and the manufacture of silk, established the Congregation of Rites and several others, limited the number of cardinals to seventy, and partly revised the Vulgate with his own hand. His practical nature by no means made him insensible to softer influences. His soul was so alive to music that at the exciting time of his election he lent an ear to Palestrina's music hastily composed for the occasion, and remarked that Pierluigi had forgotten Pope Marcello's Mass—a criticism that mortified the great composer, but which has since been acknowledged to be true.

He won the gratitude of the Israelites by his favor. Amazed Rome saw a Gentile actually scourged on the Corso for insulting a member of that ancient race. To another Israelite was granted special privileges for his success in increasing the production of silk.

Col. Meline's book is not a literal translation of Baron Hübner's *Life of Sixtus V.*: it is rather a *résumé*, as the preface explains. It consists of three parts: the first reviews the life of that pope, giving such details as are of interest to the general reader; the second portrays the experience of a Transalpine traveller to Rome three centuries ago; and the third is a vivid picture of Rome at that time: the whole being an improved edition of three essays already given to the public.

The readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD are already too familiar with Mr. Meline's felicitous style and his power of analysis to require any commendation on our part. And to the public at large he has recommended himself by his chivalrous defence of Mary, Queen of Scots. The strong lance he has wielded in the defence of her fair name against that doughty writer of fiction, Mr. James Anthony Froude, has been too universally applauded not to secure a general welcome to whatever comes from his able pen.

THE HEART OF MYRRHA LAKE; or, Into the Light of Catholicity. By Minnie Mary Lee. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1872.

The enthusiastic author of this charming little story has succeeded in presenting much logic which is usually dull, in very attractive attire. The arguments and conclusions are so wonderfully clear, that it is to be hoped the book will fall frequently into the hands of the class most in need of it, but, alas! least likely to read it. There is in it much of quiet humor which is irresistible and very "telling"; as, for instance, when to the question, "What Catholic books have you read, sir?" the sturdy Methodist, Abner White, replies: "*Fox's Book of Martyrs, Maria Monk, Six Months in a Convent, Romanism at Home, Priest and Nun*, etc." And again, in the interview between Aunt Ruth and the committee of Methodist ladies who had come to wait upon her after her husband's conversion, human nature, and especially Methodist nature, is painted with a very clever pen. Who has not known just such spinsters as Miss Nancy and Miss Sarah? And what a keen dash is this:

"'Then we shall report that you choose to follow your husband, rather than the goodly rules of our Methodist discipline?'

"'I shall go with my husband certainly,' was the firm, respectful answer.

"'And may God have mercy on your soul,' solemnly added the spinster, as if addressing a person about to be hanged.

"'Thank you!' absently and innocently responded the quiet Quakeress.

"'I suppose, then, *we need not even pray for you!*' said one.

"'You always *was* a little queer, Sister White, you and Brother White, too, now that we come to think it over,' said another.

"'Extremely odd it is for one to lose all sense of propriety, and assume the responsibility of such a fearful step,' rapidly spoke little Sarah.

"'We pity you, and *would* help you, but you won't let us,' was Mrs. Sand's trembling good-by.

"'We wash our hands of all sin in this matter. It lies at your own door,' were the last consolatory words of Miss Nancy."

Many another reader might say with Myrrha, "When I took up that small book called *A General Catechism of the*

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Christian Doctrine, I little dreamed upon what a study I had entered. Again, after reading it through, I as little dreamed upon what a sea of speculation I had launched." May the result of such reading prove as fruitful of good to all readers as to Myrrha! But such results seem to happen oftener in books than in real, selfish life. The best of this story is its ending, which, this time, is neither marriage nor death for the lovers.

FLEURANGE. By Mme. Augustus Craven. Translated by M. P. T. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1872.

Rarely, indeed, have we met a work whose author exhibits so many of the qualities indespensable in a good novelist, as the one under consideration. Artistic in conception, pure and elevated in style, it is withal faultless in tone and sentiment.

It is not our purpose to give an outline of the plot of this tale, or to enlarge on the actors through whom it is evolved, but we shall confine ourselves to some observations on certain characteristics of the writer as developed in her work.

The author manifests a high degree of insight and the æsthetic sense, an intimate knowledge of feminine nature, and more of that of the opposite sex than its members may dream of—in acquiring which the delicate intuitions of her own sex doubtless serve a better purpose than the mere logic and learning of ours. Although the story introduces the reader into the highest social circles, and its incidents are of the most absorbing interest, there is no sacrifice of the dramatic unities, or any departure from the essential simplicity of the narrative. This severity of style, we may say, is at once the most winning quality of a work of genius, and the best test of its success; making the latter dependent on inherent excellence, rather than adventitious aids. In works of this character, art in letters reaches its highest development—that in which it becomes the most natural.

A noticeable feature is the epigrammatic conciseness with which a sentiment or description is finished. The reader is never wearied with platitudes or over-minuteness of limning. Whatever idea occurs to the writer which she is willing to share with the reader is expressed in the fewest possible words. Is a scene to be presented to the mind's eye?—a few touches of the artist's pencil bring it vividly before us. The reader finds himself moved alternately to mirthfulness, or tears, or astonishment, as he encounters an unexpected bit of humor, and exquisite burst of pathos, or some reflection almost startling in depth or suggestiveness. Some passages are open to obvious inference, while others constitute studies if we would probe their philosophy. It was a question with those who watched the serial progress of the story, how the author could bring order and harmony out of the complications in which she had involved her principal characters; and the way this has been accomplished will be acknowledged as not the least of her achievements. No characters are interchanged or lose their identity. Each acts his part as naturally, and retains his individuality, as in real life; so that, when the *dramatis personæ* are at length summoned to the footlights for a final adieu, we feel inclined to protest, in the name of all the delighted auditors, against the call, as a premature termination of a very pleasant intercourse.

The reception *Fleurange* has met with thus far is very flattering. It has commended itself to the favorable judgment of the London *Saturday Review*, and other authorities of like critical acumen; has been *crowned* by the French Academy; and received the general approval of the press and public, so far as we have learned, while passing through the pages of *Le Correspondant* and THE CATHOLIC WORLD. We know of no recent imaginative work of which we could speak in terms of more unqualified approbation, or better deserving a permanent place in our literature, both as a work of art and for the sound principles by which it is pervaded and informed.

On the translation, we do not know that we could bestow higher praise than to say that it reads like an original work of the first order; while we are convinced that it is a faithful and conscientious rendering from the French text.

LEGENDS OF ST. PATRICK By Aubrey De Vere. Dublin: McGlashan & Gill. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1872. (New York: Sold by The Catholic Publication Society.)

"If the Ireland of early times is ever understood, it will not be till after thoughtful men have deemed her legends worthy of their serious attention." This

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remark Mr. De Vere makes in his preface, and not until we had read through his *Legends* did we fully realize its truth. It is a most certain fact that the twilight of Irish history can be changed into day only by the profound study of its legendary lore. We have read several lives of S. Patrick, and more than one history of Ireland have we studied, but from none of them did we get so clear an insight into the character of the saint and the genius of his people as from Mr. De Vere's *Legends*, few and short though they be.

The subjects are beautiful and poetic, and the author's conception of them lofty and spiritual. There is indeed a sacred melody about early Irish song which only a spiritual bard can evoke. Chords there are in Erin's ancient harp which a hand of mere flesh and blood may not touch. Mr. De Vere has sung those songs; he has touched these chords, and they have given forth their true melody. It is not to his beautiful diction and varying metres, it is not to his wonderful descriptive powers and high poetic gifts, that we attribute this success, but it is to those two passions of his soul which impress themselves on all that he writes—love of God and love of Ireland. And here an opportunity is afforded us of speaking of Mr. De Vere as the poet of Ireland. That he is far superior to any Irish poet of the present day is beyond all question, and that his equal, in everything save popularity, to any English poet of the day is a verdict competent judges have not hesitated to give.

We often ask ourselves, How is it, then, he is so little known and read by his countrymen in America? For twenty years he has scorned "the siren's tinsel lure," and devoted all his talents to sounding the praises of Ireland and of Ireland's Catholicity. His sole aim through life has been to enshrine Ireland's faith and Ireland's song in the temple of fame. Patriotism is his only incentive to labor; he seems indifferent to popularity, and perhaps this is one reason why he enjoys so little. But there are other reasons, we think, and they also are in his favor. Mr. De Vere is too polished, too thoughtful, and too spiritual to be a popular poet.

If he would descend from his high poetic ideal to sing love songs, he would soon be popular; but he will never prove a recreant bard. Those for whom he has so long and so faithfully labored must disenthrall themselves from the spirit of the age, and ascend to his level; then will they find in him all they can desire, and proclaim him their laureate. They will not find in him, it is true, the inimitable sweetness of Moore or the poetic fire of Davis, but they will find in him the patriotism of both, a polish superior to either, and, over all and above all, they will find a muse ennobled by the highest sentiments of religion and morality.

THE TRUTH. By Field Marshal the Duke of Saldanha. Translated from the Portuguese, by William John Charles Henry. London: Burns, Oates & Co. 1872. (New York: Sold by The Catholic Publication Society.)

This little volume will be found to contain not only some of the most forcible arguments for Christianity that have ever been advanced, but particularly a collection (in the first chapter) of testimonials from ancient heathendom to what is only realized in Christ and his religion. Nothing can be more interesting, surely, than the study of the great tradition of expectation which fulfilled the prophecy of the dying Israel: "And He shall be the expectation of the nations" (Gen. xlix. 10). Our noble author opens his first chapter with this sentence: "From the east to the west, from the north to the south, in every language, in the literature of all nations, with a voice spontaneous, universal, and unanimous, the entire human race cried aloud for the coming of a Divine Teacher." And when we have delightedly perused this first chapter, we as heartily endorse its concluding sentence: "This we believe to have most clearly demonstrated that, . . . with one voice, unanimous, spontaneous, and universal, the human race cried out for the coming of a God of revelation."

The work is designed for a defence of Christianity against the infidelity of the day. And we think it a most able and a singularly attractive one. Let our young men especially read it. It will make them a match for any sceptical show of learning.

CATHOLIC WORSHIP. A Manual of Popular Instruction on the Ceremonies and Devotions of the Church. By Frederick Canon Oakeley. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1872.

Recent converts and inquirers after re-

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ligious truth frequently experience some difficulty in understanding the ceremonies of the church and the various devotional practices of Catholics. We know of no more suitable book to place in the hands of such persons than this little treatise of Canon Oakeley. It is concise, clear, and methodical. Nothing is left unexplained, from the practice of taking holy water upon entering the church to the consecration of a bishop. This book will be found to be of great use not only to converts, but to Catholics in general, containing as it does a thoroughly reliable explanation of everything connected with our worship. This second edition is an evidence of the favor with which it has been received by the Catholic public.

THE SHADOW OF THE OBELISK, and Other Poems. By Thomas William Parsons. London: Hatchards, Piccadilly. 1872.

This modest volume is from the author whose translations from Dante, that have appeared in our magazine, are attracting deserved attention.

Mr. Parsons' powers as a lyric poet are considerable. His verse has, for the most part, the easy and often careless diction of a school which many think gone out, but which we believe destined to revive. Yet here and there we see the influence of Tennyson. The lines, "To Henry Wadsworth Longfellow," are in the latter style. For strength his sonnets are his best efforts. We wish he had favored us with more of them.

There is ample variety in the pieces collected. The poet has travelled much. "The Shadow of the Obelisk" sets us musing in Rome. "The Birthplace of Robert Burns" takes us to "bonnie Scotland." "St. James' Park" tells us the writer has philosophized in London. While the "Willey House," "On the Death of Daniel Webster," and "Hudson River" are themes from his native America. The lines, "On a Magnolia Flower," are fragrant with the South —the pale, sad South—and one of the gems of the book.

Mr. Parsons is a Unitarian, as he takes care to indicate; but, like Longfellow, he has Catholic sympathies. However, there is one short translation from Dante, entitled "A Lesson for Easter," the last two lines of which *seem* to talk Protestantism:

"Ye have the Testament, the Old and New,
And this for your salvation is enough."

But the preceding lines should throw light on the Catholic poet's meaning:

"Christians, be staid: walk wisely and serene:
Be grave, and shun the flippant speech of those
Who think that *every* wave will wash them clean—
That *any* field will serve them for repose.
Be not a feather to each wind that blows:
There is a *Shepherd* and a *Fold* for you:
Ye have a *Leader* when your way is rough."

All this is unmistakable orthodoxy; and, therefore, the two lines quoted, which come next, speak of the evidence of the Old and the New Testament for the "one Fold and one Shepherd" and the infallible "Leader."

We conclude by hoping that Mr. Parsons will vouchsafe us another volume of minor poems, and especially of sonnets.

THE LIFE OF FATHER MATHEW, THE PEOPLE'S SOGGARTH AROON. By Sister Mary Francis Clare, Author of *The Illustrated History of Ireland, Advice to Irish Girls in America, Hornehurst Rectory*, etc.

The indefatigable Nun of Kenmare could not have employed her pen on a worthier subject than the life and labors of the Apostle of Temperance. She will have accomplished a great end if this work serves to keep green in the hearts of her countrymen and of all Catholics the memory of one who accomplished more good than many who possessed more brilliant abilities, yet who neglected to employ their talents in that usurious activity which wins a blessing.

DAILY STEPS TO HEAVEN. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1872.

This, as well as the preceding work, belongs to a series of publications by the same author, embracing religious, historical, and miscellaneous books, which have attained an extraordinary popularity in the old country and in the United States.

A BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY. By Rev. Reuben Parsons, D.D. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

This work has been compiled "for the use of colleges, schools, and families." It contains short biographical sketches of the principal characters of history, together with chronological tables. The subjects are for the most part well selected, and, as far as we have read, are well and correctly treated. The style of the

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author is terse and vigorous, and well adapted to this kind of composition.

The printing is excellent, the binding neat, but the figure in the frontispiece has suffered not a little at the hands of the artist—an accident which mars somewhat the general appearance of the book.

THE NEW GOD. Translated from the German of Conrad von Bolanden, by Very Rev. Theodore Noethen, V.G. Albany: M. O'Sullivan. 1872.

Our readers have already had a sufficient taste of this author's quality in "The Progressionists," now going through our pages, to desire the further treat to be found in the new products of his pen. We do not recall any series of fictitious writings, designed to combat vicious principles and actions, more admirable as specimens of vigorous and effective composition. The most obtuse progressionist could scarcely fail to comprehend the drift of the underlying argument, while the more fastidious reader will be carried along by the interest of the tale through which it is conveyed. Father Noethen is performing an acceptable service in making these works known to the English reader.

Bolanden's works fairly palpitate with the gravity of themes of living interest. The new German Government, the burthen of the present tale, has given evidence of their telling effect by ordering their suppression.

GERALDINE: A TALE OF CONSCIENCE. By E. C. A. New York: P. O'Shea.

Geraldine was one of the first successful religious novels which followed the revival of Catholic doctrine in England, and bids fair to hold its own for many a year to come. It enjoys a wider reputation than either of Miss Agnew's other works, one of which, *Rome and the Abbey*, forms a sequel to this.

Mr. O'Shea also issues a reprint of Cardinal Wiseman's *Lectures on the Connection between Science and Revealed Religion*; intended, apparently, as the commencement of an uniform series of the great author's works.

It is to be regretted that this work had not undergone a thorough revision by some competent hand before its reappearance, in order to adapt it to the present state of scientific investigation. Although true science can never be out of harmony with revelation, its successive developments may enable us to see the conditions of that harmony and relation in a clearer light than when the *Lectures* were originally published.

THE HISTORY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY. Translated from the French of the Abbé Orsini, by the Very Rev. F. C. Husenbeth, D.D., V.G. Boston: Patrick Donahoe. 1872.

This work is already known to many readers in the presentation edition issued by the Messrs. Sadlier some years since, and the recent English edition of which the above is a *fac-simile*. We are glad to see an edition like this made accessible to the great body of readers, though the fire in which the publisher was involved, will interfere for a time with that consummation. It has a number of pictorial illustrations, and there are appended the letters apostolic concerning the dogmatic definition of the Immaculate Conception.

LIZA. By Ivan S. Turgenieff. New York: Holt & Williams. 1872.

Liza is another work from the pen of M. Turgenieff, the distinguished Russian novelist, several of whose works are already familiar to us. His quiet sarcasm in depicting the Russian of the old school, who needs no scratching to reveal the genuine Tartar—crafty and brutal, but with a kindly streak withal—and the Russian of the present generation who has imbibed foreign habits and theories by no means elevating, is admirably calculated to correct the evils of a transition state of society. The former affords us two affecting pictures in this book of women of repressed lives, who humbly kiss with their dying lips the hand that has crushed them. One of them leaves a young son, Fedor Lavretsky, who never forgets his pale and gentle mother, who in turn hardly dared caress him for fear of the sharp eyes and cutting tongue of her sister-in-law, Glafira, who had taken charge of the child. He is brought up under a system of repression, and, when his father dies, he goes to Moscow determined to repair the defects of his education. There he falls in love with the face of a beautiful girl who regards him as a *schöne Partie* and marries him. He gives himself up to the happiness of his new life, and is induced by his wife to leave his estate, and, after various changes, to go to Paris, where admiration seems to have intoxicated her. Fedor, becoming aware of her real character, settles an an-

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nuity on her, leaves her, and returns to his native land. He cannot bear, however, to go to his own seat where he passed the first happy days of his married life, but betakes himself to his aunt's place—the stern Glafira, who had died during his absence. The desolate house is once more opened, and he stands alone in the room where she breathed her last, and looks with softened heart on the sacred icons in their gilded frames in the corner, and the worn carpet, covered with drippings from the wax candles she had burned before them, and on which she had knelt to pray. His old servant waits on him, he drinks tea out of the great cup he had used in his boyhood, looks over the large book full of mysterious pictures which he had found so wondrous in childish days. Everything recalls the earlier remembrances of his life. "On a woman's love my best years have been wasted," thought he.

Going to pay his respects to his great-aunt, who is admirably drawn with a few vivid touches, he meets with Liza, whom he left a child, but is now nineteen years of age. There is a natural grace about her person; her face is pale, but fresh; her eyes lustrous and thoughtful, her smile fascinating, but grave, and she has a frank, innocent way of looking you directly in the face. Lavretsky is instantly struck with her appearance, and the impression is deepened the oftener he sees her. Liza's mother is one of those women, *qui n'a pas inventé la poudre, la bonne dame*, as one of her visitors ungratefully remarks. Her daughter owes the elevation and purity of her character to the nurse of her childhood, who gave herself up to penitential observances. Instead of nursery tales, she told Liza of the Blessed Virgin, the holy hermits who had been fed in their caves by the birds, and the female martyrs from whose blood sprang up sweet flowers. She used to speak of these things seriously and humbly, as if unworthy to utter such high and holy names, and Liza sat at her feet with reverent awe drinking in the holy influences of her words. Aglafia also taught her to pray, and took her at early dawn to the matin service. Liza grew up thoroughly penetrated with a sense of duty, loving everybody, but loving God supremely and with tender enthusiasm. Till Lavretsky came, no one had troubled the calmness of her inner life.

After some time, learning through a newspaper that his wife is dead, he confesses his love to Liza. She feels drawn towards him, her heart seems to respond to his love, but it is hardly with genuine passion; it is rather the agitation of a lily too rudely stirred by the breeze. Not that she has no depth of feeling; but, as she afterwards acknowledges, when she did indulge in hopes of happiness, her heart shuddered within her. Love seemed almost a profanation, as if a stranger had entered her pure maiden chamber.

Suddenly, the wife, supposed to be dead, reappears. It is all a mistake. Her husband is stunned. He feels he can never give back his love to one who has no longer his respect. And Liza is lost to him. After several attempts, he sees her again. Her eyes have grown dimmer and sunken, her face is pale, and her lips have lost their color. She implores him to be reconciled to his wife, and they part without her allowing her hand to meet his.

Six months later, Liza takes the veil in a remote convent in Russia. The Greek as well as the Latin convent seems to be the ideal refuge of startled innocence and purity. Once Lavretsky goes there, hoping to catch a glimpse of her. He sees her as she is leaving the choir. She passes close by him with the quick, noiseless step of a nun, but keeps steadily on without looking at him. But he sees the almost imperceptible tremor of her eye; she bends her emaciated face still lower, and the hands that hold the rosary are clasped more tightly together.

But the chief value of M. Turgenieff's novels to a Catholic lies not in the stories themselves certainly, but in the delightful pictures of Russian life and manners they present, and the influence they have had in softening the rugged manners of the north and changing the condition of the serfs.

WONDERS OF THE MOON. Translated from the French of Amédée Guillemin, by Miss M. G. Mead. Edited with additions, by Maria Mitchell, of Vassar College. Illustrated with forty-three engravings. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1873.

This little book contains a tolerably full account of all that is known about the moon, and that is of interest to the general reader. Our knowledge of our

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satellite is in some respects hardly equal to that which we have recently acquired of the much more distant sun; though so near, comparatively, to us, it is still too far away for the telescope ever to give us as clear a view of it as we need; and the spectroscope is of little use in its examination. We shall never know much about it, and especially about its other side, unless we go to see it; and a trip to the moon, chimerical as it may seem, may not always remain an impossibility for some adventurous person who is willing to run his chance of finding in the apparently uncomfortable little place the necessary conditions for human life. However, not a few of us will be content with the information given in this book, which is vastly greater than what most persons would probably acquire by examining the moon with the finest telescope; for a telescope is of little service to one unaccustomed to use it, and few things are more provoking to an experienced moon-gazer than evident failure of others to see what seems to him so plain. To those, then, who really wish to get a good idea of the moon, and especially of its physical constitution and probable scenery, in really the most satisfactory way, this little volume, notwithstanding a few slight inaccuracies (such as the placing of Petit's bolide at 9,000,000 miles from the earth), will be quite interesting and valuable. These inaccuracies, if in the original, should have been corrected in the translation.

THE GREAT PROBLEM: The Higher Ministry of Nature viewed in the Light of Modern Science, and as an aid to advanced Christian Philosophy. By John R. Leifchild, A.M., author of *Our Coal Fields and our Coal Pits; Cornwall: Its Mines and Miners*, etc., etc. With an introduction by Howard Crosby, D.D., LL.D., Chancellor of the University of New York. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son. 1872.

Dr. Crosby introduces this really able and valuable essay with a just and manly rebuke of the unparalleled absurdity and impudence of our modern materialistic scientists; and it is high time for him, considering what balderdash he is obliged to listen to from his chancellor's chair. The essay of Mr. Leifchild is a series of arguments on the topics of natural theology, in which some of the principal manifestations of the power and wisdom of God in the physical world are pointed out and referred to their true cause and end. The author most absurdly saws off the limb of the tree on which grows all the fruit he admires so much and gathers so carefully, by denying the value of metaphysics. But, in spite of that, his sound mind holds implicitly the very metaphysics he ignorantly despises, and he is therefore able to reason very well and conclusively. Most persons who read books of this kind are more ready to listen to a geologist teaching theology than to a professed theologian, and they prefer the roundabout method of coming to a point by induction to the straight road of logical deduction. This book is likely to be useful, therefore, and is, besides, printed in very clear, legible type, which makes it a pleasant book to read, though laboring under the sad inconvenience of having neither index nor table of contents. There are a good many interesting facts and statements about eminent writers interspersed, *e.g.*, Spinoza and Leibnitz; but the author is seriously mistaken in ascribing any pantheistic doctrines or tendencies to Henry Suso and Tauler. We are happy to welcome such books from English writers who are adepts in the physical sciences. For these sciences, and the men who are really masters of them, we have a great respect in their own sphere. And we consider it a very praiseworthy and useful task for men of this kind, to undertake to show the conformity of these sciences with the queen over all the scientific realm—Christian philosophy.

THE MINNESINGER OF GERMANY. By A. E. Kroeger. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1872.

In this little book we have a very charming, as also very learned, exposition of mediæval art. The Minnesinger or ministrel-knights of the latter half of the XIIth and earlier half of the XIIIth centuries are but little known outside of Germany. In this book we are introduced to the principal masters of this beautiful and ephemeral school of song, Gottfried von Strassburg, Walter von der Vogelweide, Ulrich von Lichtenstein, Hartmann von der Aue, Regenbogen, Conrad von Würzburg, and Henrich von Meissen, known as "*Frauenlob*," or "ladies' praise." These poets sang chiefly of religion and love. But foremost among all women, the great Mother

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of God chiefly claimed their enthusiastic homage, as we see by the long extracts given by Mr. Kroeger of some of their glorious "Hymns to the Virgin." Here is an example, from "The Divine Minnesong," attributed sometimes to Gottfried of Strassburg:

"Thou art the blooming heaven-branch,
Which blooming, blooms in many a grange;
Great care and strange
God lavished, Maid, on thee."

We have, unfortunately, no space for a selection of the beauties collected for us in this book, and can only recommend our readers to procure it for themselves. It is full of gems, and is especially welcome to us as evidence of the high degree to which the burning faith of those days had led and guided lyrical art. Hartmann von der Aue's "Poor Henry" is, so we are told, "the original of that sweet story of self-sacrifice which Longfellow has made universally known as the 'Golden Legend," (p. 190). The same hymn we have already quoted has this allusion to the "living wine of true remorse" and the following words:

"He whom God's love has never found
Is like a shadow on the ground,
And does confound
Life, wisdom, sense, and reason."

Conrad von Würzburg, in his "Golden Smithy," represents himself as a goldsmith working an ornament for the Queen of Heaven, and says, "If in the depth of the smithy of my heart I could melt a poem out of gold, and could enamel the gold with the glowing ruby of pure devotion, I would forge a transparent shining and sparkling praise of thy work, thou glorious Empress of Heaven." Walter von der Vogelweide sings these grand words:

"Who slays the lion? Who slays the giant?
Who masters them all, however defiant?
He does it who himself controlleth;
And every nerve of his body enrolleth,
Freed from passion, under strict subjection."

Mr. Kroeger has done a service to art, to history, and to religion in opening thus before our eyes a few of the treasures of the *so-called* dark ages.

COLLEGE JOURNAL. Georgetown College: Dec., 1872, Vol. I., No. 1.

This is as elegant a little paper in outward appearance as we remember to have seen. The articles are written with taste and correctness, and we offer a hearty welcome to the young gentlemen of classic Georgetown on their editorial *début*. We have only one piece of advice to give them, which is, to be careful that their wit and humor be as classic and scholarly as their serious pieces Most papers, especially juvenile ones, break down on this point. We wish our young friends honor and success in their enterprise.

The Catholic Publication Society will publish in a few days *Wild Times*, a story by Miss Caddell.

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

From C. DARVEAU, Quebec: Francis Parkman. Par L'Abbé H. R. Casgrain. 18mo, paper, pp. 89.

From A. WILLIAMS & Co., Boston: The Blazing Star; with an appendix treating of the Jewish Kabbala. 12mo, pp. 180.

From JAMES R. OSGOOD & Co., Boston: The Masque of the Gods. By Bayard Taylor. 12mo, pp. 48.

From LEE & SHEPARD, Boston: Humanity Immortal. By L. P. Hickok, D.D., LL.D. 8vo, pp. 362.—God-Man. By L. T. Townsend, D.D. 12mo, pp. 446.—Autobiography of Amos Kendall. Edited by his Son-in-law, Wm. Stickney. 1872.

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XVI., No. 95.—FEBRUARY, 1873

WHO MADE OUR LAWS?

It is a characteristic of every succeeding century to consider itself much wiser than any or all that have preceded it. In this respect our beloved Nineteenth is no exception; in fact, with a vanity that may be palliated, if not excused, it considers that, comparatively speaking, the world has hitherto been in its schoolboy days, and only attained its majority on the first day of January, 1800. It is true that the great advances made in the physical sciences, in chemistry, astronomy, and geology, and in the application of steam and electricity, have marked our age as one of true progress in a certain direction, and are substantial subjects of self-congratulation; but it must also be remembered that very little of the genuine happiness of mankind in general depends upon any or all of these discoveries and appliances. Man, being an intellectual as well as an animal being, must look to spiritual discoveries and mental agencies for his chief sources of enjoyment; and, as the soul controls the body, as his main duty in this life is to qualify that soul for an eternity of bliss, as the unlimited future is superior to the limited present, it follows that the things merely of this world play a small and insignificant part in the real drama of the life of a human being. The sad misconception of this solution of the problem of man's destiny has been the principal mistake of materialists, and their consequent punishment here below has been so marked that the criticism of the charitable is considerately withheld.

Fortunately for us Catholics, the great desideratum—the law that includes all laws—is immovably fixed, and no new discoveries, no alleged progress, no experiment, can disturb it. Immutable as the eternal hills, it stands to-day as when promulgated in Judæa over eighteen hundred years ago by its Divine Founder, and though the heavens and earth may pass away, we have the assurance that it shall not. But there have sprung out of the operation of this great law other laws which may be called secondary or subsidiary, which have long affected the welfare of Christendom, and upon the observance or rejection of which much of the welfare or misery of nations has depended and must for ever depend. Political justice, social order, art, science, and literature, everything which relates to the relations of man with his fellows, and brightens and

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beautifies life, have a great deal more to do with forming the character and insuring the purity of a people, as well as the regulation of their actions justly, than railroads, telegraphs, and anæsthetic agents. Respect for the memory of the dead and charity for the living prevent us from pointing out individual instances where men, remarkable for their skill and perseverance in forwarding the latter projects, have neither been distinguished for their truthfulness, liberality, nor for any moral quality typical of intelligent Christians. The best of these men are simply clever mechanists, increasing, it is true, our sum of knowledge of the effect of certain forces in nature, yet without being able to reveal the nature of the forces themselves, which seems impossible; but whoever teaches us true ideas regarding the active agencies that govern ordinary life is the true benefactor of his species, and is the governor of his audience or race. Have our discoveries in this science of making mankind more moral, humane, and refined kept pace with our more intimate acquaintance with the secrets of nature and the laws of mechanism, or have we to look back to the despised past for all our ideas of rectitude in legislation, honesty in the administration of government, and truthfulness in the plastic arts? We fear that a candid answer to this question would involve some loss of our self-esteem. While, like the degenerate Hebrews, we have been worshipping graven images, the work of men's hands, we have been neglecting the Tables of the Law.

All national governments reflect more or less correctly the ideas of the people governed. The absolutism of Russia is as much the reflex of the mental status of the inhabitants of that vast and semi-civilized empire as that of the United States is of our busy, hasty, and heterogeneous population. The first is a necessity growing out of a peculiar order of things, wherein many tribes and barbarous races are to be found struggling towards light and civilization; the other is the creation of the matured minds of experienced and profound statesmen, acting as the delegates of a self-reliant and self-sustaining people. Still, though the framework of the government is *unique*, the ideas of justice and equality which underlie it are old. In one sense they are not American, but European, for it cannot be denied that the principles of our constitutions, state and national, the laws accepted or enacted in harmony therewith, and the modes of their interpretation and administration, are taken from the civil polity of the nations of the Old World, as those again have been the direct and palpable result of the teachings of the Catholic Church. Russia to-day is mainly barbarous, and subject to the unfettered will of one man, because centuries ago the East broke away from the centre of Catholic unity, and, in losing the Apostolic authority, lost all its vivifying power, and the ministers of the so-called Greek Church their capacity and efficiency as civilizers and law-givers.

The West was more loyal, and consequently more fortunate. If we consider for a moment the chaotic condition of the greater part of Europe when the church commenced to spread far and wide the teachings of the Gospel, slowly but steadily pursuing her holy mission, we may be able to appreciate the herculean task before her. Then, in every part of Europe, from the pole to the Mediterranean, from the Carpathians to the Atlantic, disorder, ignorance, and rapine prevailed. Wave after wave of Northern and Eastern hordes had swept over the continent and most of the islands, submerging the effete nations of the South, and carrying

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destruction and death wherever they surged. The old Roman civilization, such as it was, was entirely obliterated, all municipal law was abolished, the conquered masses were reduced to the condition of serfs, and, as each successive leader of a tribe rested from his bloody labors and built a stronghold for his occupancy, he reserved to himself the exclusive monopoly of plunder and spoliation in his own particular neighborhood. This of course led to rivalry and unceasing warfare between rival marauders, and the incessant slaughter and oppression of their retainers and tenants.

It was with these fierce and lawless *nobles*, as they loved to style themselves, that the church for centuries waged most persistent and uncompromising warfare, and against them she hurled her most terrible anathemas. It was she who taught the sanguinary barons and chieftains that there was a moral power greater than armed force and stronger than moated and castellated tower, who took by the hand the downtrodden, impoverished serf, freed him from his earthly bonds, taught him the knowledge of God's law, the principles of eternal justice and the rights of humanity, and instilled into his heart those ideas of human liberty which have since fructified and now permeate every free or partially free government in both hemispheres. Those great results were achieved in many ways, as local circumstances required; by teaching and exhorting, by persuasion or threats, by taking the serf into the ministry of the church and thereby making him the superior of his former master, by introducing gradually just and equitable laws, and when necessary forcing their adoption on unwilling sovereigns and reluctant nobles, and, perhaps, most potently by the example of her own organization, which permitted the humblest of her children to be crowned by a free election with the tiara of the successors of S. Peter.

The influence of the church in secular affairs was particularly remarkable in England, from which we have drawn so many of our political opinions and principles. The early missionaries to the Britons and Saxons were doubtless men of high intelligence as well as sanctity; but the Norman and Anglo-Norman ecclesiastics who came into the country with William the Conqueror and clustered around his sons and successors were still more remarkable for astuteness and breadth of view. For many generations after the Conquest they may be said to have governed England in so far as they framed her laws, conducted her ordinary jurisprudence, and mainly directed her foreign and domestic policy. The most interesting, though by no means the most impartial, chapters in Hallam and Blackstone are those devoted to the struggles between the lay lawyers supported or subsidized by the nobility, and the clerical jurists who defended the privileges of their order and the natural rights of the oppressed masses. The Great Charter, of which we hear so much from persons who very probably never read it, was undoubtedly the work of the latter, though signed by all the barons with their seal or mark; trial by jury, the germs of which may be traced into remote antiquity, was systematized and as far as possible perfected under their auspices; courts of equity, for the rectification of "injustice which the law from its generality worketh to individuals," were their creation, and even until comparatively late years were presided over by them; and representative or parliamentary government may justly be said to have been the fruit of their fertile and ever-active brains. Its founder, in England at least, was de Montfort, who, though not in orders, was the fol-

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lower, if not the pupil, of the great S. Bernard.

It is thus that we, the ungrateful or forgetful eulogists of the XIXth century, while laying the flattering unction to our souls that we have done more than put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes, ignore the long, painful, and continuous efforts of our spiritual forefathers to christianize, civilize, and make free our ancestors in the order of nature whom pagan despotism and barbaric cupidity sought to degrade and brutalize. In our self-glorification we forget that all we have in legislation, of which we are naturally so proud and for which we never can be too thankful, is the product of long years of toil and reflection of humble priests and learned prelates, whose names are now scarcely remembered. The ideas of justice and clemency generated in the minds of those men of the past by the spirit of Catholicity are the same which govern our daily actions, and regulate the most important affairs of our lives and of those most dear to us, though we are so occupied or so ungrateful that we fail to acknowledge the sources from whence they arose.

For instance, the possession of real estate forms one of the principal attractions for the ambition of industrious Americans, yet how few of them ever think that the laws regulating its disposition, acquisition, and inheritance are the very enactments framed by monks, hundreds of years ago, and recognized by armed laymen after long and at times doubtful contests with the advocates of the arbitrary feudal system. Personal liberty, speedy trial by our peers, were first secured in an incontestable form by an archbishop of the church which some of our so-called and "loudly called" preachers are never tired of denouncing as tyrannical. That the right of the people governed, to elect representatives to make laws affecting their "lives, liberty, and pursuit of happiness," was obtained and carried into practical effect by a Catholic statesman many centuries before Thomas Jefferson or Benjamin Franklin were born, seems to have been forgotten by our pseudo-liberals; while the grand principle of political equality which lies at the foundation of our republic, instead of being less than a hundred years old, is coeval with Christianity itself, and in its operation within the church is more expansive and less discriminating as regards social rank and condition.

But though, in this inconsiderate age, we fail to acknowledge the deep debt of gratitude we owe to the workers and thinkers of the past for our laws, civilization, and correct ideas of government, we cannot if we would deny that we are still ruled by those very ideas, and that none of our boasted, and in their way valuable, discoveries have had the effect to give us a new or a better scheme of jurisprudence, whereby mankind can be made better, wiser, or happier.

The people of the United States are not generally considered a profoundly reflective people; we are too much engaged with the present to care much about either the past or future; but we respectfully suggest that, while we may be justly proud of our laws and system of government, it is hardly fair or generous to assume to ourselves all the credit for their formation and existence. We have done enough to secure the liberty of our fellow-men, and maintain our authority in the family of nations, not to be able to be just, if not generous, to the memory of the men who have bequeathed to us so invaluable a legacy; and let us therefore accord to our Catholic ancestors due credit for the conception and transmission of the laws under which we all so happily live. After all, their ideas rule more than our own, whether we will or not.

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DANTE'S PURGATORIO.

CANTO SIXTH.

When from the game of hazard men depart,
The loser stays, and, casting o'er his throws,
Learns a hard lesson with a heavy heart;
While with the winner all the assembly goes:
One runs before, one plucks his robe behind,
But he delays not, though beside his way
Another comrade calls himself to mind;
And every one perceives that he would say:
"*Press me no more!*" to whom he lifts his hand,
And by so doing keeps the crowd at bay;
Such I was, freeing me from that dense band,
To this and that one bending my survey,
And promising to answer each demand.

Here was that Aretine whose lethal wound
The savage hands of Ghin' di Tacco made;
Also that knight who in pursuit was drowned.
Here with stretched palms Frederic Novello prayed,
The Pisan, too, at whose defeat his sire,
Good old Marzucco, showed a strength sublime.
I saw Count Orso, and that soul whom dire
Envy and spite, but no committed crime
Tore from his mortal frame, as he declared;
Pierre de la Brosse I mean: so, while she may,
Be that bad woman of Brabant prepared
Lest she go join a far worse flock than they.

When I had freed me from the gathering press
Of shadows praying still that others' prayers
Might hasten forward their own blessedness,
I thus began: "Thy page, my Light! declares
Expressly, in one text, that Heaven's decree
To no beseeching bendeth.* Yet this race

* '**Desine fata deûm flecti sperare precando.**'—*Virg. Æn.* vi. 376.

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Prays with such purpose: will their praying be
  Without avail? or have I in that place
Misread thy word?" He answered: "It is gross
  And plain to reason: no fallacious hope
Is theirs, if thy sound mind consider close;
  The topmost height of judgment doth not slope,
Because love's fire may instantly complete
  The penance due from one of these: but where
I closed that point with words which you repeat,
  A gulf betwixt the Most High was and prayer:
No praying there could cover past defect.
  Yet verily, in so profound a doubt
Rest not, till she who, 'twixt thine intellect
  And truth, shall be thy light, herself speak out.
Dost understand me? Beatrice I mean:
  Thou shalt behold her in a loftier place,
This mountain summit, smiling and serene."
  "Good Guide," said I, "then let us mend our pace,
I feel no more my weariness: o'er us
  The mountain shadow grows and hides mine own."
"We will go forward"—he gave answer thus—
  "Far as we can, ere this day's light be gone;
But thy thought wanders from the fact. That height
  Ere thou canst gain, thou shalt behold the day's
Returning orb, who now so hides his light
  Behind the hill that thou break'st not his rays.
But yonder look! one spirit, all alone,
  By itself stationed, bends toward us his gaze:
The readiest passage will by him be shown"

SORDELLO.

We came up tow'rds it: O proud Lombard soul!
  How thou didst wait, in thy disdain unstirred,
And thy majestic eyes didst slowly roll!
  Meanwhile to us it never uttered word,
But let us move, just giving us a glance,
  Like as a lion looks in his repose.
Then Virgil, making a more near advance,
  Prayed him to show us where the mountain rose
With easier slope, and still that soul replied
  Nothing to his demand; but question made
About life, and our country. My sweet Guide
  Began to answer: "Mantua"—and the shade
From where it had been, separate from his band,
  All rapt in self, sprang up towards him in haste,

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Saying: "O Mantuan, I am of thy land,
I am Sordello." And the twain embraced.

Ah slavish Italy! thou common inn
For woe to lodge at! without pilot, thou
Ship in great tempest! not what thou hast been,
Lady of provinces, but brothel now!
That gentle soul so quickly, at the dear
Sound that recalled his country, forward came
To grace his townsman with a greeting here;
And now thy living children, to their shame,
Are all at war, and they who dwell most near
Prey, each on each, with moat and wall the same!
Search, wretched! search all round thine either coast,
And then look inland, in thy bosom, see
If peace in any part of thee thou know'st!
What though Justinian made new reins for thee,
What boots it if the saddle remain void?
Without his mending thy disgrace were less.
And O ye tribe that ought to be employed
In your devotions, and let Cæsar press
The seat of Cæsar if God's word you heed,
See, since your hand hath on the bridle been,
How wanton grown and wicked is the steed,
Through want from you of the spur's discipline.
O German Albert! who abandonest
Her now run wild, unchecked by curb of thine,
When thou shouldst ride her with thy heels hard-pressed;
May heaven's just judgment light upon thy line,
And be it something strange, and manifest,
To make him tremble that comes after thee,
Because, for lust of barren fiefs out there,*
Thou and thy Father have not shamed to see
The empire's garden desolate and bare.
Come see the Capulets and Montagues,
Monaldi and Filippeschi, O thou being
Without concern! these wan with fears, and those
Already crushed: come sate thyself with seeing,
Thou cruel man, the outrage that is done
To thy best blood, and make their bruises well!
And thou shalt see too, thou cold looker-on,
Santafiore's lords how safe they dwell.
Come see thy Rome that mourning all alone
Weepeth, a widow, calling day and night,
Why, O my Cæsar, dost thou leave thine own?
Come see what love there—how all hearts unite!
And if no pity move thee at our moan

* In Germany.

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Blush for thy fame beholding such a sight.
And, lawful if I speak, O most high Jove
Who wast for *our* sakes crucified on earth,
Are thy just eyes who watchest men above
Turned elsewhere?—Or is this before the birth
Of some great good a preparation hid
From us in the abyss of thy intent,
That all the Italian towns are tyrant-rid,
And every clown that comes on faction bent
Makes as much clamor as Marcellus did?

My Florence! well may'st thou remain content
At this digression; it concerns not thee,
Thanks to thy people, great in argument!
Many with justice in their hearts there be
Who stay the shaft lest, coming to the bow
Without discretion, it might err; but they
On their lips wear it. Many men are slow
To serve the state, and turn from place away;
Thy people do not—every one bends low,
Crying before he's called for: "I obey."
Now make thee joyful, who may'st triumph well;
Thou who art rich—so wise! and so at peace!
If I speak true in this—let the truth tell.
Athens and Sparta, that raised civil Greece
To such a height, and framed the ancient laws,
Towards the well-ordered life made small beginning
Compared with thee, whose legislation draws
Threads out so fine that thy October spinning
Comes before mid-November to a pause.
How many times hast thou renewed thy men,
Yea, within days that in thy memory dwell,
And changed thy laws and offices, and then
Customs and coins! if thou remember well
Thou wilt behold thyself, unless quite blind,
Like a sick woman, restless, that in vain
Seeks on her pillow some repose to find,
And turns and turns as 'twere to parry pain.

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THE CHURCH THE CHAMPION OF MARRIAGE.

"THERE is nothing new under the sun," least of all the continued crusade the church has headed and now heads against the enemies of Christian marriage. What marriage is, what duties it involves, what holiness it requires, what grace it confers, we leave to other pens more learned or more eloquent to define. What are the Scripture authorities and allowable inferences concerning the married state, its indissolubility and its future transformation in heaven, we leave to theologians to state. Those who may feel curious as to that part of the question, or as to the local and civil enactments concerning marriage and divorce, we refer to two able articles published in THE CATHOLIC WORLD of October, 1866, and July, 1867.*

But as witnesses are multiplied when a strong case has to be made out in favor of some important issue, let us turn to the tribunal of history, and look over the record of the church's battles. Witnesses without number rise in silent power to show on which side the weight of church influence has ever been thrown—the side of the oppressed and weakly. Every liberty, from ecclesiastical immunities to constitutional rights, she has upheld and enforced, and it would be impossible that she, the knight-errant of the moral world, should have failed to break a lance, through every succeeding century, for the integrity of the marriage bond.

Take, for instance, the history of the new Frankish kingdom in the VIth century, at the time when the church was laboriously moulding pagan hordes into Christian and civilized nations. The times were wild and unsettled, the very laws hardly established, heathen license barely reined in by the threatening barrier of solemn excommunication. They were times of great heroism, it is true, but none the less of great abuses and of startling crimes. The bishops of the Christian church stood alone in the midst of the universal depravity, like mighty colossi, defying the civil power and rebuking royal license. S. Nicetus, the Bishop of Trèves, was one of these. The young King of the Franks, Theodebert, who was betrothed to Wisigardis, the daughter of the Lombard king Wakon, had, during a war against the Goths, taken a beautiful captive named Denteria. He made her his mistress, and, forgetful of his solemn betrothal, lived with her for seven years. The bishop never ceased boldly to admonish him and warn him, but to no purpose. After a while, his powers of persuasion failing to effect his charitable design, he resorted to the penalties of the church, and excommunicated him. But, instead of suspending his evil career, the king persuaded many of his courtiers to follow his example. The holy bishop excommunicated them all with calm impartiality. Despite the censures under which they lay, they insolently attempted to assist at High Mass one Sunday in the bishop's presence. S. Nicetus turned to meet the sacrilegious throng, and undauntedly announced that, unless those who were excommunicated left the church, the Mass would not be

* "Divorce Legislation in Connecticut," and "The Indissolubility of Christian Marriage."

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celebrated. The king publicly demurred to this, but a young man in the crowd, possessed by the devil, suddenly started up, and in impassioned language gave testimony to the holiness of the bishop and the vicious and debased character of the king himself. Four or five stalwart men got up to hold him, but were unable to do so; his strength defied their utmost efforts, and burning words of condemnation continued to fall from his lips. The king, abashed, was forced to leave the church, while S. Nicetus caused the young man to be brought to him. The touch of the holy bishop's hand, and his efficacious prayer breathed over him, cured him at once of the grievous affliction which had beset him for ten years. Finally, the displeasure of the Franks at the insult offered to the King of the Lombards and his daughter grew so serious that, with S. Nicetus at their head, they called a general meeting to denounce his conduct. He listened to their reproaches, and at last agreed to dismiss his mistress and fulfil his contract with the Lombard princess.*

An eminent French writer, De Maistre, says of the part played by the popes in the middle ages: "Never have the popes and the church rendered a more signal service to the world than they did in repressing by the authority of ecclesiastical censures the transports of a passion, dangerous enough in mild and orderly characters, but which, when indulged in by violent and fierce natures, will make havoc of the holiest laws of marriage. . . . The sanctity of marriage, the sacred foundation of the peace and welfare of nations, is, above all, of the highest importance in royal families, where excesses and disorders are apt to breed consequences whose gravity in the future none can calculate."

In the early part of the VIIth century, S. Columbanus, the great Irish monk who founded the powerful monastery of Luxeuil in Burgundy, began that opposition to royal license which finally cost him his exalted position, and made him an exile and wanderer from his chosen abode. Queen Brunehault was practically reigning in Burgundy under the name of her grandson Theodoric. She connived at the young sovereign's precocious depravity, and herself furnished him with attractive mistresses, thereby preventing his marriage with a suitable princess, for fear of losing her own influence over him in public affairs. One day, as S. Columbanus, whose monastery the king had munificently enriched, came to see Theodoric on matters of importance, the queen rashly presented the king's illegitimate children to the saint, and begged him to bless them. Columbanus refused, turning away his eyes and saying sternly, "These children are the offspring of guilt, and they will never sit upon their father's throne." Another time, after many vain threats and remonstrances, the saint again visited Theodoric, but, instead of accepting the hospitality of his palace, took up his quarters in a neighboring house. Brunehault and her grandson, keenly alive to the implied rebuke, and resenting the public slight thus put upon them before their court and subjects, sent some officers of their household with costly vases and golden dishes, full

* For this and the following references, see Rohrbacher's *Histoire Universelle de l'Eglise Catholique*. This work is so comprehensive, and so full of the most learned and accurate researches, that we have relied entirely upon its lengthened narratives for the facts mentioned in this article. The work is excessively voluminous (28 vols 8vo), and to verify personally each separate reference given by the author would be almost impossible, besides being a very tedious undertaking. We have preferred, therefore, to rely upon the single authority of one who is confessedly the best modern church historian.

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of delicacies from the royal table, to Columbanus, at the same time entreating him to come to them. The saint made the sign of the cross, and spoke thus to the messengers: "Tell the king that the Most High spurns the gifts of the unjust; heaven is not to be propitiated by precious offerings, but by conversion and repentance." And as he spoke the vases fell to the earth and broke, scattering the food and wine that had been brought to bribe the servant of God. The king, afraid of the divine judgments, promised to amend, but did not fail to relapse into sin, upon which Columbanus wrote to him again, and finally excommunicated him. Theodoric then visited the monastery of Luxeuil, and in retaliation publicly accused the saint of violating his rule. Columbanus answered, "If you are come here to disturb the servants of God, and stir up confusion among them, we will relinquish all your aid, countenance, and presents, O Theodoric; but know that you and all your race shall perish." The king retired, awed for this time into silence; but, being further incensed against Columbanus by his grandmother Brunehault, he had him exiled to Besançon. The saint's reputation was such that no one would venture to guard him, and he of his own accord soon returned to Luxeuil. Theodoric, growing more obstinate the firmer he saw his judge become, again ordered him to leave, even threatening force. Columbanus defied him, and announced that physical violence alone could drive him from his post; but, upon the persecution of the monastery continuing unabated, he judged it more perfect and charitable to exile himself for the peace of his community. Three years after, Theodoric and his children were all killed, and Clotaire, his relative and ruler of a neighboring kingdom, reigned in Burgundy in his stead.

The Byzantine Empire also was constantly torn by schisms and dissensions originating in the unbridled passions of its ignoble sovereigns. In the VIIIth century, Constantine VI., surnamed Porphyrogenitus, the son of the Empress Irene, married at his mother's instigation an Armenian woman of low birth but irreproachable morals, named Mary. It was not long, however, before he became enamored of one of his wife's attendants, Theodota, whereupon he proceeded to divorce the Empress Mary and force her to take the veil. The Patriarch of Constantinople, Tarasius, refused to dissolve the first marriage and perform the second, as required by the dissolute emperor, who then attempted to blind him by alleging that his wife had conspired to poison him. This the patriarch firmly refused to believe, and, moreover, represented to the emperor the scandal of his conduct, the infamy that would attach to his name in consequence, and especially the incalculable evil his bad example would cause among his not too chaste courtiers and people. Constantine lost his temper, and violently replied that he would close the Christian churches, and reopen the temples of the heathen gods. The patriarch threatened to refuse him the right of entering the sanctuary, and of assisting at the sacred mysteries; but when an unworthy priest, Joseph, the treasurer of the church of Constantinople, was found willing to celebrate between the emperor and Theodota an invalid "marriage" in one of the halls of the palace of S. Maurice, Tarasius hesitated to pronounce the excommunication. At this distance of time, it is not easy to point out the reasons and excuses which the unsettled state of things in

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the Byzantine Empire may have furnished for this act of seeming compromise; much less should we rashly condemn a holy and zealous bishop; but it is noticeable that such instances have never been repeated when it was the popes themselves who were directly appealed to.

As the patriarch had foretold, evil results followed the sovereign's licentious example, a frightful laxity of morals prevailed, and insubordination to the church went hand in hand with the violation of the marriage bond. Tarasius excommunicated the priest Joseph two years after, but, although he had refrained from directly and publicly censuring the principal culprit, he was none the less persecuted by him.

In the following century, a still worse case of the kind took place, the chief actors in it being Bardas, the ambitious uncle of the wretched Emperor Michael the Drunkard, and the Patriarch of Constantinople, S. Ignatius. The former, who had the practical control of the state, and had induced his sottish nephew to give him the title of "Cæsar" of the Byzantine Empire, deliberately left his lawful wife, and lived in publicly incestuous union with the wife of his own son. S. Ignatius indignantly reproved him, and when the prince, braving his censures, presented himself in church on the Feast of the Epiphany, the patriarch publicly refused to admit him to the Holy Communion. Bardas furiously threatened him before the faithful, but the holy prelate boldly presented his breast to the blows he seemed about to receive, and in a few solemn words invoked the wrath of God on the sacrilegious "Cæsar." He was promptly exiled to the Island of Teberinthia, where Bardas, partly by threats and partly by hypocritical promises, induced all his suffragans to repair in a body, and entreat him to resign the patriarchate. With holy firmness he resisted the treacherous appeal, whereupon Bardas had him put in irons, deposed, and replaced on the patriarchal chair by Photius, a creature of his own and a layman. The famous schism of Photius thus sprang from the same cause as later heresies, and everywhere we see contumacy to ecclesiastical authority making common cause with abandoned passion and shameless license.

The Photian schism was abetted in the West by another rebellious son of the church, Lothair, King of Lorraine, who was anxious to get rid of his wife Thietberga. This was one of the most famous cases of the sort during the middle ages, and was prolonged over many years, breeding not only the utmost moral disorder, but threatening also to bring about even political convulsions. Lothair had conceived a criminal passion for one of his wife's maids, Waldrade, and to marry her his first endeavor was to prove the queen guilty of incest before her marriage with him. For this purpose he summoned his bishops three times at Aix-la-Chapelle, in 860, and had Thietberga condemned to the public penance usually inflicted in those days on a fallen woman. The time-serving prelates, after a superficial examination of the evidence, allowed the divorce on the plea that "it is better to marry than to burn"; thus giving an early historical proof of the old saying about a certain person "quoting Scripture." Widalon, Bishop of Vienne, who had not concurred in this iniquitous decree, wrote to the pope for guidance. The pope, Nicholas I., firmly standing by the tradition of the church, and vindicating the fundamental dogma of the sanctity of marriage, replied uncompromisingly that the divorce was null and void, the bishops

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blamable for their servility, and that even were it proved beyond doubt that Thietberga had been guilty of incest or any other sinful intercourse before marriage, yet the marriage itself could never on that account be legally dissolved. The queen herself then appealed to the pope, who appointed two legates to inquire into the matter. Baffled in his first attempt, Lothair now trumped up a second pretext, and pretended that he had been previously married to Waldrade, and that the queen had therefore never been his lawful wife. The pope replied that, until this matter was disposed of, the queen should be sent with all honor to her father, and suitably provided for from the royal treasury. Thietberga was now arraigned before a packed and bribed tribunal, and forced to acknowledge herself an interloper, but found secret means of sending word to the pope that she had acted under compulsion. Nicholas then wrote an indignant letter to the king and bishops, annulled all previous decisions, and commanded a new and *fair* trial of the case to be held. He then wrote to the Emperor of Germany, Louis II., and the King of France, Charles the Bald, as well as to all the bishops of the four kingdoms, Lorraine, France, Germany, and Provence, whom he ordered to repair to a council at Metz, where his legates would meet them. He charged them to have more regard to the laws of God than the will of men, and to protect the weak and innocent with all the dignity of their influence. Lothair, however, succeeded in corrupting the legates themselves, and the council merely met to confirm the previous infamous decrees and condemnations. Two of the prelates were chosen to report to the pope and bear hypocritical and falsified messages to him, but in vain. Nicholas, secretly advised of this treachery, and no doubt also divinely inspired, detected the imposition, abrogated the decrees of the false council, and canonically deposed the two guilty prelates from all their functions and dignities. They immediately took refuge at Benevento with the Emperor Louis II., who, hotly espousing their cause, marched with his army against Rome, and surprised the clergy and people in the act of singing the litanies and taking part in a penitential procession at S. Peter's. His soldiers dispersed the people by force of arms, and blockaded the pope in his palace. Nicholas escaped in disguise, and for two days lay concealed in a boat on the Tiber, with neither covering for the night nor scarcely food enough to sustain nature. Thus the conflict between a sovereign's unbridled passions and the calm and immutable principles of the Gospel was carried so far as to entail actual persecution on the sacred and representative person of the pontiff. The emperor, repenting of his hasty attack, sent his wife to the pope to negotiate a reconciliation. The two insubordinate bishops at the same time sent an embassy to Photius, the sacrilegious successor of S. Ignatius in the See of Constantinople, to demand his support and countenance. "And thus," says Rohrbacher, to whom we are indebted for these graphic pictures of the early struggles of the church, "did the schism born of the adultery of Lothair in the West join hands with that born of the incest of Bardas in the East." Lothair and the rebellious bishops now quarrelled among themselves, and one of the deposed prelates, the Archbishop of Cologne, repaired in haste to Rome to reveal the duplicity, the plotting, and insincerity that had characterized the whole of the proceedings.

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The king himself, however, showed a disposition to submit, most of the bishops begged the pope's forgiveness, and the former legate, Rodoaldus, having been excommunicated for his collusion with the king, a new one, Arsenius, Bishop of Orta, was appointed. The conditions he was charged to demand were explicit—either Waldrade must be dismissed, or the excommunication until now delayed in mercy would be pronounced. Unwilling to submit entirely, yet dreading the consequences if he did not, Lothair actually recalled Thietberga to her lawful position, and allowed Waldrade to accompany the legate to Rome, as a public token of her repentance and obedience. But although his royal word was plighted, he soon found his blind appetites too much for his reason and his faith, and, sending messengers to bring back his mistress, relapsed into his former sins. Waldrade herself was now publicly excommunicated.

In the meantime, Pope Nicholas died, and was succeeded by Adrian II., who proved himself no less strenuous an opponent of royal license than his holy predecessor had been. Lothair, naturally inclined to temporize, offered to go to Rome and plead his own cause with the new pontiff. In a preliminary interview held at Monte-Casino, the pope reiterated his firm intention of coming to no understanding before the king had made his peace with Thietberga and finally dissolved his criminal union with Waldrade. The next day was Sunday, and the king hoped to hear Mass before he left for Rome, but he could find no priest willing to celebrate it for him, and was forced to take his departure in diminished state for Rome, where no public reception awaited him, so that he had to enter the Holy City almost as a pilgrim and a penitent. In those days of princely hospitality and profuse pageantry, such an occurrence was rare, and, therefore, all the more significant of the majestic and practical power of the church.

Lothair, now thoroughly sensible of his sin, and warned by the terrible dissensions of the past of what further misery to his country and people his prolonged obstinacy might involve, signified his intention to submit unconditionally to the pope's decree. High Mass was then celebrated in his presence and that of all his noble followers by the pope in person, and when at the moment of communion the king approached the altar, Adrian impressively addressed to him the following unexpected adjuration:

"I charge thee, O King of Lorraine, if thou hast any concealed intention of renewing thy shameless intercourse with thy concubine Waldrade, not to dare approach this altar and sacrilegiously receive thy Lord in this tremendous sacrament; but if with true repentance and sincere purpose of amendment thou dost approach, then receive him without fear."

The king, evidently moved by this solemn address, knelt down and communicated, and his retainers and courtiers took their places at the sacred board. That no pretext might remain for further equivocation, the holy pontiff warned them also, before administering the Blessed Sacrament to them, saying:

"If any among you have wilfully aided and abetted the king, and are ready wilfully to aid and abet him again in his wicked intercourse with Waldrade, let him not presume to receive sacrilegiously the body of the Lord; but you that have not abetted him, or that have sincerely repented of having done so, and are resolved to do so no more, approach and re-

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ceive without fear." A few of them shrank back at these awful words, but the greater part, whether in sincerity or in contempt, followed the king's example and received.

After this, which did not take place till 869, we hear no more of Lothair's passion for Waldrade.

Germany, too, had her Lothair, and, in the XIth century, King Henry IV., one of the most abandoned sovereigns that ever reigned, brought upon himself not only the papal anathema, but the displeasure of his electors and confederated vassals themselves by his shameless trifling with his marriage vows. His wife Bertha, a beautiful and virtuous woman, the daughter of Otho, Marquis of Italy, never found favor in his sight; and, in concert with some of his simoniacal bishops, Siegfried, the Archbishop of Mayence at their head, Henry held a diet at Worms in 1069 to procure a divorce from her. Siegfried, however, feeling uneasy at the part allotted him, sent to the Pope Alexander II. for advice, and received from him a severe reprimand for having countenanced the dissolute king. The papal legate, an austere and holy man, Peter Damian, arrived during the session of a diet at Frankfort, where the king's cause was to be finally judged. Despite Henry's protestations that his divorce would enable him, as he hypocritically said, to marry lawfully a wife that would please him, and to abandon his numerous harem of favorites, whom he would have no excuse any longer to retain, the stern sentence of Rome was passed against him—either excommunication or reconciliation with his wife. He reluctantly submitted, but only in appearance, for he refused even to see Bertha, and soon gave himself up to his former illicit pleasures. His brutal treatment of his second wife, Praxedes of Lorraine, whom he married according to his own choice after the death of Bertha, drew upon him further ecclesiastical censures, and he left a memory justly branded by all historians as more infamous still than that of the notorious Henry VIII. of England.

At the same time that his passions were revolutionizing the German Empire, Philip I. of France was showing an equally deplorable example to his vassals and subjects. He was married to Bertha, daughter of Hugh, Count of Frisia, by whom he already had two children, one of whom, Louis le Gros, succeeded him; but, blinded by a sinful affection, he carried off, in 1092, Bertrade, the wife of Fulk, Count of Anjou, and lived with her in a doubly adulterous union.

Hugh of Flavigny, a contemporary historian, says of this occurrence: "Even if our book were silent, all France would cry out, nay, the whole of the Western church would re-echo like thunder in horror of this crime. It is truly monstrous that an anointed king, who should have defended even with the sword the indissolubility of marriage, should on the contrary *wallow shamelessly* for years in *intolerable disorder*." The Blessed Yves, Bishop of Chartres, immediately lifted his voice against the enormity of the crime; but though his fervent reproaches fell upon a deadened conscience, and his letter to the king was in vain, still among the bishops of France none could be found, at least for a long time, to perform a scandalous "marriage" between the king and his mistress. At last the Archbishop of Rouen allowed himself to be blinded, and consented to unite them, but a prompt and sharp interference on the part of Rome punished him by a deposition from all his ecclesiastical dignities, which lasted

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for several years. The whole of the controversy had now come clearly to the knowledge of the Pope Urban II.

The Count of Anjou had declared war against the ravisher, and the king had put the B. Yves in irons under the guard of the Viscount of Chartres. In the meanwhile, the pope wrote a scathing letter to the metropolitan of Rheims and the episcopate of France. "You," he says, "who should have stood as a wall against the inroads of public immorality, you have been silent and allowed this great crime; for not to oppose is to consent. Go now, speak to the king, reproach him, warn him, threaten him, and, if necessary, resort boldly to the last measures." From 1092 to 1094 the pope never ceased publicly and privately to oppose Philip's unlawful passion, and, sending as his legate Hugh, Archbishop of Lyons, convoked an assembly at Autun for the 15th of October, 1094, to decide the matter. The king insolently attempted to forestall the papal decision by calling a council for the 10th of September previous, which accordingly took place, and in which a few contumacious bishops confirmed the king in his obstinate resistance to the head of the church. As the queen had died a short time before, Philip presumptuously began to hope that his marriage with Bertrade would now be legalized; but, since she herself was the wedded wife of the Count of Anjou, it will be easy to see how vain were his expectations. The Council of Autun met, and, finding the king determined to continue in sin, solemnly excommunicated him. Philip then wrote a threatening letter to the pope, declaring that, if he did not absolve him from the church's censures, he would go over to the anti-pope Guibert, styled Clement III. Philip now attempted to secure immunity for himself in another way: he promised all sorts of reforms, both ecclesiastical and moral, if he could only obtain permission to indulge his guilty passion undisturbed. To this proposal the B. Yves replied, like S. Columbanus to Theodoric, that it was impossible to compound for sin by costly gifts, that God desires ourselves, not our treasures, and that heaven is won by penance and not by gold.

At length, in 1095, the Council of Placentia was held. Philip pleaded for a delay, which was granted him, but at the following council, that of Clermont, he and his concubine were at last rigorously excommunicated. And here Rohrbacher takes occasion to remark, *à propos* to the crusade which was then occupying Christendom: "Indeed, of what use would a crusade against the Turks have proved if the popes had not, at the same time, resolutely opposed the introduction of Turkish disorders into Christian society?"

In 1096, Philip consented to submit, and went in state to the Council of Nismes to meet the pope, and be absolved from the excommunication, which, as he found, weighed very heavily on his conscience. Throughout the middle ages this one trait, a lively faith, proved, indeed, the only barrier against excesses which, had they been unrestrained by the fear of ecclesiastical censures, would have simply produced a state of license worse than that of the latter days of the Roman Empire. But Philip's repentance was short-lived; he recalled Bertrade, and even gave away benefices and church dignities to her favorites, seculars, and persons of questionable morality. Urban II. died, and was succeeded by Paschal II., who again sent his legates to the king, and, at the Council of Poictiers, excommunicated the guilty pair a

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second time. At this council a strange scene took place. A layman threw a stone at one of the legates, and, though it missed him, it split open the head of another bishop who was standing near. This was the signal for a violent attack on the prelates; the unruly crowd outside the church battered down the doors, and rushed in, throwing stones and missiles of all kinds among the deliberating bishops. Of these a very few, seized with panic, hastily made their escape, but the greater part stood like heroes at their post, and even took off their mitres that their heads might present a better mark to the infuriated and partisan mob. Nor was this the only act of violence perpetrated in the name of Philip and Bertrade. Shortly after this scene, while staying at Sens, they remained a fortnight without hearing Mass, which so incensed Bertrade that she sent her servants to break open the doors of the church, and caused one of her priests, a tool of her own, to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice in her presence. Philip now noisily proclaimed that he was going to Rome to receive absolution, but Yves of Chartres warned the Pope of the king's insincerity, and the pontiff remained conscientiously cold to all his advances until he had wrested from him a solemn oath not only to cease his criminal intercourse with Bertrade, but also to abstain from seeing her or speaking to her unless in the presence of a third person. Nevertheless, the solemn absolution was not pronounced in his favor before the Council of Beaugency, assembled in 1104, *twelve* years after his first sin in carrying off the lawful wife of his own vassal and kinsman.

The XIIth century, so stormily begun, was disturbed later on by yet another controversy of the same kind. It has been noticed by Protestant writers, says De Maistre, that it was almost invariably marriage, its indissolubility and the irregularities against its integrity, that have provoked the "scandal" of excommunication. In this admission, made rather to criminate than to honor the church, made indeed to throw the obloquy of schism upon the popes themselves, is there not an unwilling testimony to the Papacy's unflinching championship of virtue?

In 1140, Louis VII. of France, surnamed *Le Jeune*, refused to sanction the canonical nomination of Peter, Archbishop of Bourges, whom Thibault, Count of Champagne, valiantly defended and upheld. At the same time, Raoul, Count of Vermandois, a man advanced in years, who had long been married to Thibault's niece, wished to dissolve his marriage in order to contract another with Petronilla, the sister of the Queen of France, Louis' wife, Eleanor of Antioch. He succeeded in persuading a few bishops to grant him this permission on the plea of relationship between him and his first wife, which, if true, would have made that union illegal from the first. S. Bernard, in a fervid letter to Pope Innocent II., denounces his vile conduct, giving a most lamentable picture of the state of the kingdom of France. "*That which is most sacred in the church*," he says, "is trodden underfoot." The pope, through his legate, Cardinal Yves, excommunicated the Count of Vermandois, and laid his whole territory under an interdict. Mass could no longer be said, the sacraments were not administered, the churches were closed, the bells silent. The king revenged himself by declaring war on the Count of Champagne, who had given shelter to the archbishop, and appealed to Rome against the Count of Vermandois. He devastated Thibault's territory with fire and

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sword, and behaved, says Rohrbacher, rather like a Vandal chief than a Christian king. In 1142, he arrived before the town of Vitry, sacked it, and set fire to its church and castle. In the former were no less than 1300 persons, men, women, and children, who had sought safety in the sanctuary. He ruthlessly closed all avenues to the church, and burnt the miserable inhabitants as they vainly strove to escape. The town was hereafter called *Vitry le Brûle.* The Count of Champagne, weakened by this terrible onset, sued for peace, and promised to exert his influence to have both excommunication and interdict taken off the person and fiefs of Raoul de Vermandois. It was, in fact, provisionally suspended, but, as the culprit still refused to dissolve his criminal union, he was excommunicated for the second time. S. Bernard was a prominent actor in this controversy, and powerfully worked for the preservation of peace.

But greater troubles were yet in store for France and the church. In 1193, Philip Augustus lost his first wife, Isabella of Hainault, and soon afterwards sent the Bishop of Noyon, Stephen, with great pomp to the King of Denmark, Canute III., to ask the hand of his sister Ingeburga in marriage. The request was joyfully granted, and the queen-elect brought back to France with all possible honor. The marriage took place at once, and the king confessed himself much pleased with his new consort. The next day he caused her to be solemnly crowned, a ceremony to which great importance was attached in those days; but, strange to say, during the service itself he was seen to turn pale as if with horror, and to cast sudden looks of aversion towards the queen. He, however, retired with her to Meaux, and lived with her a short time, still unable to conquer his dislike, which many did not fail to attribute to witchcraft, for Ingeburga was both comely, virtuous, and accomplished. The king now called together his parliament at Compiègne, his uncle, the Archbishop of Rheims and legate of the Holy See, presiding. The queen, who did not understand French, and whose Danish attendants had all been sent away, was present at the deliberation. Unheard, therefore, and even unchallenged, she was speedily declared too closely related to the king through his former wife Isabella to be united to him in lawful marriage. This seems to have been the favorite pretext for dissolving inconvenient marriages in those times, as it was also later in the too famous case of Henry VIII. of England and Catharine of Aragon, but even in this we see the spirit of subordination to the general authority of the church still underlying the partial revolts of her unruly sons. When Queen Ingeburga was made acquainted by an interpreter with the sentence rendered against her, she was painfully astonished, and, bursting into tears, cried out in her broken French, *Male France! Male France!* Some pitying hearts there must have been in that assembly of lords spiritual and temporal, some remorseful consciences among that gathering of Frenchmen, who, as Rohrbacher quaintly says, "forgot even to be courteous to a stranger and a woman." Ingeburga, rising, then added, "Rome! Rome!"—sublime appeal of oppressed innocence to the fountain-head of justice and honor! Philip had her immured in the Abbey of Cisoing. Pope Celestine III. sent legates to inquire into the rights of the case, but the king succeeded in intimidating them, and no conclusion was arrived at in the council held at Paris. The pope

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then wrote an energetic letter to the bishops, concluding by a decision to this effect, that, having carefully examined the genealogy upon which turned the question of the alleged close relationship between the king's first and second wives, he solemnly annuls the unlawful act of divorce passed at the Parliament of Compiègne, and decrees that, if the king should attempt to marry any other woman during Ingeburga's lifetime, he should be proceeded against as an adulterer.

This speedily came to pass. Not content with repudiating his wife, he attempted, in 1196, to marry another, Agnes of Merania (Tyrol). Ingeburga instantly appealed to the pope, saying that for this outrage her husband "allegeth no cause, but of his will maketh an order, of his obstinacy a law, and of his passion *une fureur*," as Rohrbacher rather untranslatably puts it.

The Protestant historian Hurter says: "In this instance, the pope stands face to face, not with the king, but with the Christian. Innocent III. (he had succeeded Celestine) would not sacrifice the moral importance of his office even to procure help for the Crusade or to prepare for himself an ally in his dissensions with the German emperors."

Pope Innocent remonstrated with the king first through the Bishop of Paris, Eudes de Sully, then personally by letter, and threatened him with the last and most awful punishment, excommunication. The king temporized, and would give no satisfactory answer, until in 1198 the papal legate, Peter of Capua, was directed to give him his choice between submission within one month or the imposition of an interdict upon the whole kingdom. This appalling measure had never before been so sweepingly resorted to, and the preparations for it were as solemnly magnificent as if they had portended the funeral of a nation. The council met at Dijon in 1199, and, during its seven days' session, once more invited the king to attend and avert the doom his sin had well-nigh brought upon the realm. But Philip remained inflexible, despite the last and urgent letters of the pope, and the interdict was accordingly pronounced.

Four archbishops, eighteen bishops, and a great number of abbots composed the august assembly, and on the seventh day of the council a strange and impressive scene closed the unavailing deliberations. At midnight the great bell of the cathedral tolled out the knell of a parting soul, the prelates repaired in silent and lugubrious procession to the high altar, now divested of all its ornaments, the lights were extinguished and removed, the figure of Christ on the great rood was veiled in penitential guise, the relics of the patron saints were removed into the crypt below, and the consecrated hosts yet unconsumed were destroyed by fire. The legate, clothed in purple, advanced to the foot of the denuded altar, and promulgated the awful sentence that was to deprive a whole Christian kingdom of the consolations of religion. The assembled people answered with a great groan, and, says a historian of the times, it seemed as if the Last Judgment had suddenly come upon men. A respite of twenty days was allowed before the interdict was publicly announced, but after Candlemas Day, 1200, it was not only announced, but rigorously enforced. The effect was terrible; thousands flocked to Normandy and other provinces belonging to the King of England, to receive the sacraments and perform their usual devotions; the king's own sister, on

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the occasion of her marriage with the Count of Ponthieu, had to remove to Rouen to have the ceremony canonically performed. The king, meanwhile, vented his fury on the bishops, imprisoned some, confiscated the temporalities of others, and caused many to be even personally maltreated. Queen Ingeburga was dragged from her convent, and barbarously imprisoned in the Castle of Etampes, near Paris. Philip's wrath extended to all classes; the nobles he oppressed, the burghers he taxed beyond their means, until his very servants left him as a God-forsaken man. The pressure at last became so terrible that he was heard to exclaim in a transport of rage, "I shall end by becoming a Mussulman! Fortunate Saladin! he at least had no pope over him!" At a meeting of the lords and prelates of the kingdom, at which Agnes of Merania assisted, Philip moodily asked, in the midst of an ominous silence, what he was to do. "Obey the pope," was the instant and uncompromising reply of the assembly; and, when the king further obtained a confession from his uncle the Archbishop of Rheims that the decree of divorce passed by him had been invalid from the first, he exclaimed in ill-concealed anger, "You were a fool to give it, then!"

At this juncture, both Agnes and the king sent ambassadors to Rome to ask for a suspension at least of the interdict, but the pope was inflexible, and would hear of no negotiation before an unconditional submission. This Philip reluctantly promised; the interdict had now lasted seven months, and he could no longer withstand the dangerous and threatening attitude of his dissatisfied subjects. In the summer of the year 1200, Cardinal John Colonna, Cardinal Octavian, of Ostia, and several others repaired first to Vezelay, then to Compiègne, where they met the king and received his overtures. On the eve of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, the assembly of lords spiritual and temporal met at the Castle of S. Léger, where the legate insisted on the deliberations being held in public. The anxious people crowded round the doors of the great hall, eager to watch every fluctuation in the proceedings. At last, on the legate's urgent advice, and in his presence, Philip consented to visit Queen Ingeburga in state. She had been sent for to be present, but had not yet seen her husband. It was their first meeting since their separation six years before. At sight of her, the king recoiled, crying out, "The pope is forcing me to this."

"Nay, my lord," replied the injured wife, calmly and meekly, "he seeks but justice."

Philip soon afterwards swore by proxy to receive the queen as his only and lawful wife, and to render her all the honors due to her rank. As soon as this was done, the bells rang out a joyous peal, and the people knew that peace had been made. The sacred images were again uncovered, the church doors were opened, and Mass was everywhere celebrated with great pomp. The people were frantic with joy, but the king, though he had bent under the weight of influence that had been brought to bear upon him, still persisted in asking for a divorce from his wife on the before-mentioned plea of relationship. The pope delayed an answer, and, the better to satisfy the reason of the refractory king, appointed another meeting to be held at Soissons, six months after the date of the recent one at S. Léger.

To this meeting Canute III. of Denmark sent bishops and learned doctors to plead his sister's cause, but, as on the king's side was arrayed the

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best — though servile — talent of France, the case seemed not very hopeful, until an unknown and obscure ecclesiastic arose, and, towards the end of the council, which had already lasted a fortnight, modestly asked leave of the august judges to speak in favor of Queen Ingeburga. His address startled and moved all who listened, and they agreed with one voice that this sudden and almost inspired burst of eloquence was surely a sign of the will of God directly urging the queen's rights. Philip, anticipating the papal decision, determined to surprise the assembly by forestalling it. He accordingly appeared on horseback very early one morning at the gate of the palace of Notre Dame, the queen's residence, and in public—and shall we not say primitive?—token of reconciliation took Ingeburga away with him, making her sit on a pillion behind him. They rode away quietly and almost unattended, but soon after it became known that he had again imprisoned her in an old castle, and that, having thus broken up the council before a public decision had been rendered, he still considered himself free to seek the divorce. Soon after the difficulty was lessened by the death of the unfortunate Agnes of Merania, whose health had been shattered by the terrible and infamous publicity necessarily brought upon her during her recent pregnancy. It was not, however, for many years after her death, not until 1213, that Philip was sincerely and permanently reconciled to Ingeburga, whom he calls in his will his *dear wife*, and to whom he left a suitable provision as queen-dowager.

Hurter and Schlegel both give witness to the admirable conduct of the mediæval popes in these and kindred struggles. The former says: "If Christianity was not reduced to a vain formula like the religion of the Hindoos, or relegated to one corner of the globe like a common sect, or sunk altogether in the mire of oriental voluptuousness, it was entirely owing to the vigilance and constant efforts of the popes." And Schlegel, in his *Concordia*, speaks thus: "We hardly dare to liken the Guelphs, with the popes at their head, to anything approaching *liberalism*, so degraded has the term become in connection with *modern liberals;* yet they alone, because they had religion and the church on their side, were the *true liberals* of the middle ages. Indeed, if we look at the position of the popes in its highest type, we shall find that they were always either gentle peace-makers and arbiters in times of unnecessary and foolish wars, or stern champions of the oppressed, and austere censors of morals."

We pass over a few other less important cases, and come at once to the last and most fatal, those connected with the Protestant Reformation. In the XVIth century, the old story of Bardas and Photius was lamentably repeated in England. Germany was in open revolt; Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, was extorting shameful permissions for polygamy from the married monk Luther; religious were trampling their vows underfoot; Wittenberg, according to the Lutheran chronicler Illyricus, was no better than a den of prostitution; troops of "apostate nuns," as Luther himself called them, were constantly arriving, begging, says Rohrbacher, for *food, clothing, and husbands;* Luther, their prophet, was hawking his mistress, Catharine Boris, about among his disciples, offering her as a wife first to one, then to the other, till he was at last forced to take her himself, to the no small disgust of his best friends, who remonstrated in the following graphic words:

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"If any, at least not *this* one." The Germanic world was crazy with a new revolution, and henceforth the struggle was no longer to be a partial one, a revolt of the flesh, but a radical onset upon everything divine, upon revelation and faith, as well as upon moral restraints and social decencies. Philip of Hesse, petitioning in 1539 for permission to marry a second wife while the first was living, says that "necessities of body and of conscience obliged him thereto"; that "he sees no remedy save that allowed of old to the chosen people" (polygamy); that "he begs this dispensation in order that he may live more entirely for the glory of God, and lie more ready to do him earthly services; that he is ready to do anything that may be required of him in reason (as an equivalent), whether concerning the property of convents or anything else." He also hints that he will seek this permission from the emperor, "no matter at what *pecuniary cost*," if it be denied him by the Wittenberg divines, and alleges as a sufficient reason that it is too costly for him to take his wife to diets of the empire, with all the honors due to her rank, and equally too hard for him to live without female society during such times of gaiety. The permission was granted at last, reluctantly, it must be admitted, for even the first Reformers, lax as they were, were not Mormons. Melancthon drew it up, and eight divines, including Bucer and Luther, signed it, but made secrecy a condition. The shameful "marriage" was performed on the 4th of March, 1540, between the landgrave and Marguerite de Saal, and perhaps the most revolting feature of the proceeding was the consent of Philip's lawful wife, the Duchess Christina.

In Chambers' *Book of Days*, a collection of curious information, we read that a still more liberal dispensation from the ordinary rules of morality was in the last century accorded by the Calvinistic clergy of Prussia to the reigning King, Frederick William, successor of Frederick the Great, to have three wives at the same time, the Princess of Hesse, the Countess Euhoff, and Elizabeth of Brunswick." The progenitor of the Prussian dynasty had already given a similar example of licentiousness. In Luther's time, Albert of Brandenburg, Grand Master of the religious order of chivalry, the Knights of S. Mary, otherwise called the Teutonic Order, broke his vows and took a wife, having already abjured his faith. Prussia, then only a province dependent on the Order, he seized as his own, Protestantizing it, and making moral disorder the rule there rather than the exception.

But we must glance at England, though the story of its defection is so well known that we will not do more than pencil the outlines of the conflict on this occasion. After twenty years of married life, without a scruple to mar his domestic peace, without a breath of scandal to sully the fair fame of the queen, Henry VIII. suddenly strives to obtain a divorce from his wife, Catharine of Aragon, that he may marry one who is already his mistress and the acknowledged head of his court. A faithful son of the church until a personal test of fidelity is demanded from him, he had already refuted Luther's errors, and gained the title of "Defender of the Faith." But passion blinds him, and everywhere he seeks a sanction for his unrestrained license. He applies to Rome and to Wittenberg: the latter answers in a deprecatory tone, "Rather than divorce your wife marry *two* queens"; the former, in the person of Clement VII., urges him to desist from his unlawful courses. Re-

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pulsed the first time, the pope sends Cardinal Campeggio, his legate, to treat of the matter with Cardinal Wolsey; they summon the queen to their presence; she refuses point-blank, and appeals directly to Rome.

In 1531, Cromwell, the astute and traitorous *protégé* of Wolsey, suggests schism to the king as a means to the desired end. Henry, knowing the corrupt and venal state of the clergy in England, eagerly accepts the proposals, and instantly attempts to enforce a declaration of his supreme headship of the English Church by putting in force, against the clergy, several obsolete statutes of Norman origin, named "præmunire"; the whole ecclesiastical body is threatened with the punishment of attainder due to high treason, and to save the rest they offer the king a ransom of £100,000 (equal at that period to at least four times that sum according to modern computation). The king only accepts this amount with the supplementary condition of the "oath of supremacy." At one stroke the episcopate is gagged, and schism practically effected. Meanwhile, Cranmer is sent to Rome to apply anew for the divorce.

His mission proved unsuccessful, and on his return a final council was held at Dunstable, Bedfordshire, where, however, the queen refused again to appear, and was therefore condemned as *contumacious*. Shortly after, at Lambeth, her marriage was annulled, and her daughter, the Princess Mary, declared illegitimate. Pope Clement VII. threatened to excommunicate the king; Henry never heeded him. A public consistory, held at Rome in 1534, reversed the Lambeth decision, but the die was already cast, and the complaisant parliament was ready to confirm Henry in all his desires. More's and Fisher's were the only dissentient voices heard throughout the kingdom; we know at what cost their courageous protest was raised. A reign of blood was inaugurated; confiscations enriched the royal treasury, and the servile episcopate bent to the shameful yoke like one man. Of the Franciscan friars, Peyto and Elston, who dared to preach to the king's face against his adulterous union, the Protestant historian Cobbett says: "They were not fanatics, as some have said; they were the defenders of morality and order, and I know of no instance in ancient or modern history of a greater and nobler heroism than this." *

In 1536, Queen Catharine died, and the same year was performed the marriage of Henry with Anne Boleyn by a Catholic chaplain, who was ordered to say Mass early one morning by the king, Henry falsely alleging that he had in his possession the newly arrived permission from Rome. But passion is no foundation whereon to build a permanent and happy domestic life. Anne's immorality matched Henry's, and ere long she was accused, vaguely, it is true, of treason, adultery, and incest. Her supposed accomplices and lovers were all executed, and she herself, in cruel derision, condemned on the 15th of May, 1536, to be executed on the 19th, while, on the intermediate 17th, the Archbishop of Canterbury, according to his royal master's orders, declared her marriage annulled, and her daughter Elizabeth illegitimate. Thus she was first proved to have never been the king's lawful wife, and then beheaded for *infidelity* to the man who had never been her husband. Of Henry's subsequent wives and his methods of disposing of them we need say nothing; the separation from Rome had won him a sad in-

* *History of the Reformation.*

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dependence of the only tribunal once recognized by kings, and divorce, adultery, and consequent murder had already begun the dark record which has ever since steadily increased in England.

The church was the only bulwark adequate to resist that flood of violent and powerful passions which kingly supremacy naturally incites and fosters, and, in breaking with the church, the licentious sovereigns of the XVIth century acted indeed with the *wisdom* of the children of this world. Still the church stood fast, sad but not conquered; the Mosaic law stood fast, passing into the dicta of society even where it was exiled from the legal courts—for who does not attach even now some idea of obloquy to a divorced or impure person?—still history pointed to the inevitable punishments that fall on the adulterer, and of which the "churches" so-called, born of royal adultery, have invariably been palpable monuments.

In our days, who can doubt that that church alone which guarantees the sanctity and indissolubility of marriage can hope to become the saviour and regenerator of modern society; that that church alone which protects and ennobles woman can remain triumphant in lands where woman's influence is slowly leavening the whole social mass; who can doubt that that church alone which can trace its uncompromising laws back to Mount Sinai can hope to retain the moral mastery over the unruly ages to come, even to that age which shall witness the Last Judgment and the final condemnation?

FLEURANGE.

BY MRS. CRAVEN, AUTHOR OF "A SISTER'S STORY."

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, WITH PERMISSION.

PART IV.—THE IMMOLATION.

LV.

The clock had just struck two. Vera, according to her custom, was waiting in the ante-room of the empress' audience-chamber. The door was soon opened by an usher, and the person she was waiting to introduce appeared. There was an involuntary movement of surprise on the part of both. Fleurange stopped as if in doubt. Vera's appearance did not correspond with the idea she had formed of the lady-in-waiting she expected to find at her majesty's door, and for an instant she thought she was in the presence of the empress herself.

Vera, on her side, expected still less to see a petitioner like the one who now appeared.

The Princess Catherine, with her usual forethought, had, in view of this important occasion, carefully prepared a dress for her who was to be regarded as her son's *fiancée*, and, when the day came, the young girl opened a coffer which had a special place among her luggage, and followed with docility the instructions she there found in the princess' own handwriting, with the dress she was to wear. It was black, as etiquette then required, but a court dress, and the princess took pleasure in having it made as magnificent as possible.

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Fleurange thus arrayed was dazzling. Nevertheless, her only ornaments were a gold chain from which was suspended a cross concealed in her corsage (a precious gift from her father which she never laid aside), and on her right arm a bracelet the Princess Catherine had taken from her own wrist the eve of the young girl's departure, assuring her it would bring her good luck. She wore no ornament on her head, but her beautiful hair was turned back and plaited in a way not common at that time, though so becoming and striking as to add another peculiar charm to that of her whole person, which was as noble as if she was entitled to a place at court, but simple enough to show that she now appeared there for the first time.

The two young girls looked at each other, and, as we have said, their surprise was mutual. But it was only for an instant. Vera advanced.

"Mademoiselle Fleurange d'Yves, I suppose?"

Fleurange bowed.

"The empress awaits you: follow me." She turned towards the door, but before opening it she said: "Take off the glove on your right hand—that is etiquette—and hold your petition in that."

Fleurange mechanically ungloved her beautiful hand in which trembled the paper she held. She stopped a moment, pale and agitated.

"Do not be afraid, mademoiselle," said the maid of honor to her in an encouraging tone. "Her majesty is kindness itself. You have nothing to fear; she could not be better disposed to give you a favorable reception."

There was not time to utter another word. The door then opened. Vera entered first. She bowed, and made Fleurange advance; then retired herself with another profound reverence, leaving the young girl alone with the empress.

The audience lasted over half an hour, and Vera, though accustomed to wait, was beginning to find the time long, when the door again opened, and Fleurange came out. Her face was agitated, her eyes brilliant and tearful. Perceiving Vera, she stopped, and took her by the hand.

"Oh! you were right," she said. "Her majesty treated me with wonderful kindness. But I know how much I am also indebted to you. It was owing to you she was disposed to be gracious even before I was heard. May God reward you, mademoiselle, and repay you for all you have done for me!"

Vera replied to this effusion with unusual cordiality, and accompanied Fleurange to the door. As they took leave of each other, their eyes met; a common impulse caused them both to make a slight movement; but a little timidity on one side, and some haughtiness on the other, stopped them, and the young girls parted without embracing each other.

Vera slowly retraced her steps, and entered the empress' salon. As soon as the latter perceived her, she said: "Well, Vera, what have you to say? Did you ever see a more charming apparition?"

"The young lady was beautiful indeed," said Vera, with a thoughtful air. "I never saw such eyes."

"That is true—eyes that look you directly in the face, with an expression so innocent, so frank, and almost of assurance, were it not so sweet. I was not reluctant, I assure you, to take charge of her petition, and promise to favor it. Here, take it: I would not even read it. I am ready to grant all this charming girl requests. It is sufficient to know she loves one of those criminals, and

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wishes to marry him in order to share his fate. Such a terrible favor will not be refused, I am sure."

The empress seated herself in her large arm-chair. "But what fools men are," she continued, after a moment's silence, "to thus foolishly risk the happiness of others as well as their own! Really, I admire these women whom nothing daunts, nothing discourages, and who thus sacrifice themselves for such selfish beings."

"Yes," replied Vera, "their devotedness is certainly admirable; but the women who implore, who supplicate, and at length avert the punishment of the guilty, have also a noble *rôle*, madame, and one which the unfortunate have reason to bless."

"I understand you, Vera. Your large beseeching eyes have nothing to remind me of, or reproach me for. I have already told the emperor all I learned from you yesterday. We must now leave it to his magnanimity, and importune him no more."

These words were uttered with a slight accent of authority, and some moments of silence followed. Vera, with mingled sadness and displeasure, stood motionless with her eyes cast down, awaiting her sovereign's order. In this attitude, she perceived a bracelet on the carpet, which she picked up to give her mistress, who recognized it. "Ah!" said she, "it is the talisman that charming creature, just gone, wore on her arm. Keep it, Vera, you can return it to-morrow with the reply I promised her."

Vera examined the bracelet with curiosity. It was a massive gold chain with a deep-red cornelian clasp on which was graven some talismanic figure. It looked natural. She had seen some one wear a similar bracelet, she was sure; who could it be? For the moment, she could not remember.

While thus examining it, the empress continued: "Take a seat at that table, and write Prince W—— in my name, without any further delay—in my name, you understand. Send this petition with your letter, and say it is my wish it should be granted, and that I beg him to send me an answer—a favorable answer—to-morrow morning at the latest. As soon as it arrives, you will forward it in my name without any delay to that lovely girl. She is staying at the Princess Catherine Lamianoff's house on the Grand Quay."

Vera could not resist a slight start: "The Princess Catherine's?"

"Yes; but make haste, and do what should be done at once."

Vera again looked at the bracelet; the princess' name clearly recalled the remembrance so vague a moment before. It was hers. She had seen the Princess Catherine wear the bracelet.

"Come, Vera, what are you thinking of?"

"Nothing, madame; excuse me."

"Then make haste and write what I tell you, and send the letter and the petition without any delay."

Vera obeyed without reply; she took the petition, and went to a table in one of the deep embrasures of the windows, before which a gilt trellis covered with a vine formed a genuine screen. As soon as she was seated in this place where she could not be seen, she eagerly opened the petition, and glanced over it before beginning the letter. This glance was sufficient to justify the suspicion just excited. A deadly paleness came over her face; her features, generally so calm, were suddenly transformed by a violent explosion of anger and hatred. She crushed the paper, and remained motionless on the chair into which she had fallen, incapable of acting, thinking, or realizing where she was and what she had to do.

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At length she returned to herself, and made an effort to collect her thoughts. The moments were passing away; the empress would be astonished at the time it took to accomplish her wishes. She therefore took up her pen, but had scarcely written a few words with a trembling hand, when a noise, unusual at that hour, was heard in the court—the sound of a drum, and the guards shouldering arms. Vera rose with surprise, and looked out of the window. The emperor had arrived in his sledge, alone and without any escort, according to his custom, though this was not his usual time of coming. Shortly after, the doors of the salon were thrown open—a signal for Vera to leave the room. She tore up the note, put the petition in her pocket, and, while the empress was advancing to meet her husband, the lady of honor disappeared through a side door, and hurried to her room next the empress' apartment.

A whole hour passed away, she could not tell how. She had been able to control and generally to effectually disguise the strong feelings which pique had not suppressed—feelings which gave her assurance of some day overcoming all obstacles. And then, what were these obstacles? It was not long since George, her chosen husband from childhood, plainly testified the attraction he felt for her, and seemed as much as she to regard the union arranged in their infancy as the realization of his wishes. It is true a cloud had since passed across that brilliant horizon, and, when she met George again, he was not the same.—Why was it so?—She had often sought the reason, but all she was able to ascertain was that a young girl, an obscure *demoiselle de compagnie* in his mother's service, fascinated him for a while, and some one had whispered the name of *Gabrielle*, but the haughty Vera was not disturbed by so trifling an affair. The future was hers, and she was awaiting it without any fear, when the news of George's crime and misfortune came like a thunderbolt, enabling her to estimate the depth of her affection for him by the very liveliness of her grief. From that time she had but one thought—to prevail over the emperor, obtain George's pardon, and win him back to herself. Her first repulse did not destroy all hope of success. But while her influence, her passion, and her efforts were still without any result, another — and what a rival! (for Vera, in spite of her pride, was not so vain or so stupid as not to recognize the redoubtable charm against which she had to struggle) — another, young, as beautiful as herself, and even more so, had eclipsed in an instant, by an heroic act, all her own devotedness had even dreamed of, and gone beyond the limits which she dare not cross! How could she doubt George's feelings when the young lady she had just seen appeared in his prison. How could she thwart her? What was to be done? Besides, who was this girl who suddenly appeared in their midst — who had the air of an angel, but whom she hated as if she were a demon? All at once an idea flashed into her mind. "Can this be Gabrielle?" she exclaimed aloud. But before Vera had time to dwell on this idea, and calm the fresh agitation which it caused, the sound of the little bell interrupted her painful reverie. She rose, but with some surprise, for she had not heard the usual signal of the emperor's departure, and she was very seldom admitted when he was present. But her hesitation was only momentary, for the bell again hastily re-

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peated the summons. Vera hastened to answer it, but, confused at the sight of the emperor, she stopped at the door, and bowed profoundly. The empress, with mingled kindness and impatience, exclaimed:

"Why do you not come in, Vera? The emperor wishes to speak to you, and you are making *him* wait!"

LVI.

While all we have just related was occurring at the palace, the Marquis Adelardi was on his way to the fortress, considering as he went what it was advisable to say to George. After much reflection, he resolved not to announce Fleurange's arrival till he knew the result of her interview with the empress. He must not torture George in his misfortunes with vague hopes; above all, he must avoid arousing expectations that might prove vain. This would delay the communication but little, for the young girl's audience was the same day, and on the morrow he could act with a complete knowledge of the case.

Strong apprehensions were mingled with these thoughts as he reflected on the new position in which his friend now stood. His fate was decided, the prolonged excitement of the trial was over, and the time come for him to resign himself to his lot. In what disposition should he find him? With a nature ardent and impetuous, but at the same time delicate, sensitive to the least restraint, and excessively fond of the comforts of life, how would he endure the horrors of this new prospect—he whose very object in his studies, and in the gratification of his tastes and passions, was only enjoyment? Pleasure by means of his intelligence, his affections, his intellect, and his senses—such had been the sole motive of his actions, even the best; and, in the dangerous risks that led to his destruction, he had rather sought to satisfy a thirst for a new sensation than the realization of a chimerical though generous scheme. How would he, for whom the words duty, sacrifice, and restraint had no meaning, now bear up in the presence not of danger, but of misfortune under so merciless a form?

The marquis asked himself these questions with an anxiety founded perhaps on some resemblance between his own nature and that of him whom he comprehended so thoroughly. Both were men of the world: one more refined and cultivated, more captivating; the other with more acuteness, more sagacity, and more judgment. Both were generous and noble, and, apart from the political entanglements that had misled them one after the other, incapable of a base action unworthy of their noble birth. But there exists in the human soul a chord whose tone is the echo of the divine voice; this chord gave out no sound in these men, otherwise accomplished; or, if not voiceless with the elder of the two, at least, according to the expression of the great poet of his country, inert and feeble from "silence too prolonged." This mysterious and hidden chord never resounds very loudly, it is true, and the tumult of the world with its passions, pleasures, wit, talent, and glory, often deadens its tone and prevents its being heard; but when the silent hour of adversity comes, then it awakes to a sweet, powerful harmony which sometimes transforms the soul it fills. At such a time its want is felt, and excites a horror, the cause of which is not comprehended by those who experience it.

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George was not confined in a dungeon, but in a narrow cell lighted only by a high grated window. There was nothing in it but a bed, a table, and two straw-bottomed chairs. In his former visits, the marquis had found his friend sad, but always calm, courageous, and, as it were, contemptuous of the danger of his position. Though grown pale and thin, his features hitherto retained their lofty, noble character, and the disorder of his hair and even of his garments did not at all detract from the aristocratic appearance which, in the very best sense of the word, characterized his whole person. But this was no longer the case. He could not have been more changed by a long illness, or the inroads of time, than he was since they last met. Seated beside his table in an attitude of deep dejection, he hardly raised his head at his friend's entrance. After pressing his hand, the latter remained some moments too much affected himself to break the mournful silence. George waited till the warden who ushered the visitor in had left the cell.

"You have come at last, Adelardi," said he at length, with an altered voice. "I have been surprised not to see you since—since everything was decided."

"I could not obtain permission to enter any sooner; but, to make up for it, I am allowed to come every day, till—" He stopped.

"Till I give up the enjoyments of this place for those that await me when I leave it," said George, with a bitter smile.—"Adelardi," continued he, changing his tone, and rising abruptly, "can a friend like you come to me to-day with empty hands? Is it possible you have not divined my wants, and are here without bringing me the means of escaping my doom, and meeting death, which they have had the cruelty to refuse me?" He strode up and down his cell two or three times as if beside himself. "Answer me, then, Adelardi!" exclaimed he, in a violent manner. "Why have you not rendered me this, the greatest of services? In a similar position, you would have expected it of me, and I assure you it would not have been in vain."

The marquis was not ignorant of the religious principles that should have inspired his reply, but he had long lost the habit of appealing to them. He therefore simply replied: "You know well, George, what you ask would have been impossible."

"Ah! yes, I forgot. — It is just. They take precautions to prevent their victims from finding another way out of these walls than that opened by their murderers; but they do not consider all the resources of despair," continued he, with agitation. "When a man is determined to die, they must be sharper than they are now to prevent him, and oblige him to accept the odious life they would inflict upon him."

Adelardi allowed him without any interruption to give vent for some time to the despair that burdened his heart, but at last he turned to him with sudden firmness: "George, I have always found you calm and courageous till to-day, but now your language is unworthy of you."

A slight flush rose to the prisoner's brow, and he resumed his seat. "You are right, my friend, I acknowledge. I am no longer what I was. I must indeed astonish you, for I no longer recognize myself." He remained thoughtful for some moments, and then continued: "It is strange! for, after all, Adelardi, in saying that till now I never knew what fear was, or shrunk in the presence of danger or death, saying I had courage, was not laying claim

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to any extraordinary merit, for there are but few men who lack it. Yes, if any virtue fell to my lot, it was certainly that, it seems to me. Why, then, am I so weak to-day?—Courage," repeated he, after a pause. "Is it true? Was it really courage, or was I merely brave, which seems to be another thing? What is the difference between them?"

"I know not," replied the marquis, as if in a dream; "but there is a difference, certainly."

Neither of them possessed the true key to the enigma; neither of them now thought of searching for it. But Adelardi, glad to see his friend's excitement somewhat allayed, continued the subject to which the conversation had led. Besides, he saw it would afford an opportunity of touching on a point he did not wish to introduce directly.

"No," he resumed, "bravery and courage are not the same thing. What proves it is that the most timid woman can be as courageous as we when occasion requires it, and often more so."

"Yes, I acknowledge it."

"For example," continued Adelardi, looking at him attentively, "more than one of your companions in misfortune have had a signal proof of such courage to-day."

"How so?"

"Do you not know that their wives have fearlessly and unhesitatingly requested and obtained the favor of sharing their lot? Some are to accompany them in their sad journey; others will follow them."

"And have their husbands accepted such a sacrifice?"

"They who inspire such great devotedness can generally comprehend and accept it. It was only yesterday, one of them conversing with a friend admitted to see him, as I to see you, said: 'I can submit to anything now; I can endure my fate without murmuring; I shall not be separated from her. The only intolerable sorrow in life will be spared me. I am grateful to the emperor, and will no longer complain!' I must add that he was recently married, and adores his wife."

"The only sorrow," repeated George slowly—"the only one!—that is really something I cannot understand. To love a woman to such a degree as to feel her presence could alleviate such a lot as ours, and that never to behold her again, would be a misfortune surpassing that which awaits us! No, I do not understand that, I frankly confess."

"And yet," said Adelardi, with some eagerness.—But he stopped and did not continue his thought—that one can accept and admire heroic affection, but not suggest it.

"And yet," continued George, smiling, "how often you have seen me in love, you were going to say. Yes, I acknowledge it, though perhaps I was sincerely so but once, only once, and yet—shall I confess it, Adelardi? Love even then was a holiday in my life; it added to its brightness; it was an additional enjoyment, another charm. Her beauty; her rare, naïve intelligence; even her virtue, which gave a mysterious attraction to the passionate tenderness sometimes betrayed, in spite of herself, by her eyes, so innocent and frank in their expression; Oh! yes, that time I was in love and ready to commit a folly I am now glad to have avoided. Poor Fleurange! If I had married her, what a fate I should have reserved for her, as well as for myself."

"For her! Yes, indeed; it was a very different lot your affection promised her when you displayed it without any scruple; but if she—she, charming, devoted, and coura-

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geous, were there with you, do you not imagine she could sweeten yours?"

"Mine?—my lot?—the frightful lot that awaits me?" asked George, with a bitter laugh. Then he resumed the previous tone of their conversation.

"No, no; I am not one of those men whom love alone can suffice—stripped of all that outwardly adorns and adds to its value. In short, think of me as you please, Adelardi, but I do not resemble in the least my companion in misfortune you have just referred to. No human affection could make me endure the life I lead here; judge how it would be elsewhere."

He rose, and began again to walk around in an excited manner. Adelardi remained silently absorbed in anxious, painful thoughts. George soon resumed, in a kind of fury: "Here, Adelardi, speak to me only of one thing; give me only one hope—death! death! that is all I desire." And touching, with a gesture of despair, the black cravat negligently fastened around his neck, he said, in a hoarse voice: "This will be a last resort, if in a week I do not succeed in finding some means more worthy of a gentleman of escaping from their hands."

His friend preserved a gloomy silence. What could he say? What reply could he make at a time when every earthly hope failed, and there was none felt in heaven? Adelardi was now fully conscious; he had a lively sense of what was wanting. He was born in a land where the impressions of childhood are always religious, and the longest period of indifference or forgetfulness seldom effaces them completely from the soul in which they were profoundly graven in early life.

"My dear friend," said he, with a melancholy gravity not habitual to him, "to be of service to you at such a time, I feel I should be different from what I am. Yes, George; in the fearful temptation that now besets you, in your despair in view of the frightful lot that awaits you, there is only one resource, and but one. I feel unworthy of suggesting the only remedy." His voice faltered, as he continued, with emotion: "George, you must believe — you must pray."

George was for a moment surprised and affected. After a pause, which neither seemed disposed to interrupt, he said, in a softened tone: "Well, Adelardi, let it at least be permissible, in praying, to implore a favor not refused to a man more guilty than I: Fabiano is dying."

"I know he cannot recover from his wound."

"But perhaps he would not be in immediate danger had he not been violently attacked with typhus fever the day before yesterday. I hoped something myself from the contagion; but, doubtless afraid of shortening our heavy chain, they sent him last night to die at a hospital, I know not where."

At that moment the bolt flew back, the hour had elapsed, and they were obliged to separate, but with an effort scarcely lessened by the thought that it was not a final farewell, and that this sad interview would be repeated more than once before the last.

As the marquis was about to leave the prison, the warden said in a low tone, as he was opening the last door:

"I do not think I am acting contrary to my duty in confiding this letter to you, sir. The dying prisoner who was taken away last night gave it to me one day, begging me to forward it to the address after his

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departure. He has gone away, and I wish to fulfil the poor fellow's request."

"Give it to me," said Adelardi, as he took it. "I will see that it is forwarded."

After leaving the fortress, he looked at the letter confided to him, and was greatly surprised to find it addressed to *Mademoiselle Gabrielle d'Yves, at Professor Dornthal's, Heidelberg.*

LVII.

The Marquis Adelardi entered the sledge awaiting him at the gate of the fortress, but gave no orders to his coachman, uncertain where he should go. Fleurange by this time must have returned from the palace. Should he go to see her, as was agreed upon the evening before, to learn the result of the audience, and at the same time remit the letter confided to him? This was the plainest course to pursue, and, if he hesitated, it was because his interview with George had left a certain dissatisfaction or, at least, uneasiness which he feared to betray. In the singular mission confided to him, he began to feel that the love and courage of the two parties were unequally divided, and he would have anxiously questioned whether it was certain that the gratitude of one would finally correspond to the devotedness of the other, had he not been reassured by several reflections.

It was not, perhaps, very surprising that George depreciated a happiness he considered beyond his reach. But if she whom he was by no means expecting suddenly appeared in his prison, would he then complain that his bride was too beautiful? The marquis thought not. He knew better than any one else how Fleurange once charmed him. No woman had ever held such empire over George's mobile heart, and he was sure the very sight of her again would suffice to revive the powerful attraction. As to this, his perfect knowledge of his friend's character prevented all doubt, and therefore, though wounded by his coldness in speaking of Fleurange, he came to the conclusion his indifference would vanish like snow before the sun as soon as she appeared. She would never perceive it or suffer from it. He regarded this as the most important point.

The interest Fleurange inspired him with was one of the best and purest sentiments he had ever experienced in his life. Without suspecting it, and without aiming at it, she exercised a beneficent influence over him. A thousand early impressions, effaced and almost stifled by the world, awoke in the pure atmosphere that surrounded this young girl, and he welcomed them with a feeling that surprised himself. Therefore, from the time of meeting her again, he seriously assumed, more for her sake than George's, the quasi-paternal *rôle* the Princess Catherine had entrusted to him with respect to both.

The considerations referred to having, therefore, completely reassured him respecting George's probable if not actual dispositions, he returned to his first intentions, and gave orders to be taken to the house on the Grand Quay. He had scarcely descended and asked to see Mademoiselle d'Yves, when he saw Clement crossing the hall. He bethought himself it might be better to consult him first.

Clement was gloomy and preoccupied. He had just seen his

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cousin return from the palace in all the brilliancy that dress and the joy resulting from success added to her beauty. But the marquis had not time to notice the young man's physiognomy, nor the effort with which he replied to the first questions addressed him as soon as they were alone together in a room on the ground floor.

"I wish to speak to you, Dornthal, about an unexpected incident. But first, has your cousin returned from the palace?"

"Yes."

"Do you know whether she is satisfied with the audience?"

"Yes; the empress promised to have her petition granted by to-morrow."

"I did not doubt it. The empress is always so kindly disposed to grant a favor; and, were it otherwise, the sight of her who presented the petition could not fail to ensure its success."

Clement made no reply to this observation. "You said, Monsieur le Marquis, that an unexpected incident —"

"Yes, I am coming to it. I must first tell you what perhaps you are ignorant of.—That miserable Fabiano Dini, who so cruelly compromised George, and was confined with him —"

Clement, surprised, interrupted him with emotion. "The unfortunate man is actually dying, Monsieur le Marquis. He was removed from the fortress last night, and —"

"*Parbleu!* I know it; that was precisely what I was going to tell you. But how did you find it out?"

"I made inquiries respecting him."

"You knew this Fabiano, then?"

"Yes, a little, and was interested in knowing what had become of him."

"And do you know now?"

"Yes, I know in what hospital he is, and that, thanks to his illness which makes flight impossible, and the fear of contagion which keeps every one away from him, he is only guarded by the infirmarians. I hope to get admittance to him to-day."

"You know him?" repeated the marquis after a moment's reflection. "Then that explains what seemed so mysterious. Your cousin Gabrielle, in that case, perhaps knows him also?"

"Yes, she knows him — the same as I."

"That explains everything; and, since it is so, here, Dornthal," said the marquis, giving him the letter of which he was the bearer, "have the kindness to give her this."

At the sight of his cousin's writing, Clement was unable to conceal his emotion, and, seeing the marquis' observant eye fastened on him, it seemed useless to conceal the truth. Without any hesitation, therefore, he briefly related all the circumstances of the life of him who was now expiating his faults by the final sufferings of a miserable death.

"I am not afraid, Monsieur le Marquis, to confide to you the secret of his sad life. You will keep it, I am sure, and will never forget, I hope," added he in a faltering tone, "that it is *Fabiano Dini*, and not Felix Dornthal, who will be delivered by death from an infamous punishment."

The marquis pressed his hand. "Rely on my silence, Dornthal.' After a moment, he continued: "This unfortunate man showed great courage during his trial, and absolute contempt of danger for himself. He only seemed preoccupied with the desire of saving him whose destruction he had caused. God forgive him!"

"Yes, truly, God forgive him!" gravely repeated the young man.

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Adelardi again extended his hand, and was about to leave the room when Clement stopped him. "Monsieur le Marquis, will you allow me now to ask you a question?"

"Certainly."

"Well, may I ask if Count George has been informed of Gabrielle's arrival?"

"No, not yet."

"But he is doubtless aware of her intentions?"

"No, my friend, he is likewise ignorant of them. Though I had no doubt as to Gabrielle's success in her interview with the empress to-day, nevertheless, before giving George such a surprise, I wished to be absolutely sure there was no uncertainty to apprehend."

"Oh! yes, I comprehend you. To lose such a hope, after once conceiving it, would indeed be more frightful than death!" said Clement, with a vivacity that struck the other. He soon continued in a calmer tone:

"One more question, Monsieur le Marquis—an absurd question, I acknowledge, but one I cannot resist asking at such a time. You know my position with regard to Gabrielle is that of a brother. Can you assure me that he whom she loves, and is thus going to wholly immolate herself for—can you assure me on your honor that he is worthy of her?—that he loves her?—that he loves her as much as a man ever loved a woman? I certainly cannot doubt it, but then I must see her happy in return for so much suffering — I must!" repeated he almost passionately, "and I beg a sincere reply to my question."

The marquis hesitated a moment. Clement's vehemence struck him, and under the impression of his recent interview with George, he did not at first know how to reply. Should he betray his friend? Ought he to deceive him whose noble, upright look was fastened upon him? He remained uncertain for some moments; at length, he decided to be frank, and reply as candidly as he was questioned.

"You ask for the truth, Dornthal. Well, it is not in my power to affirm that George's love is at this moment all you desire. According to my impression, Gabrielle is now only a sweet dream of the past. But be easy, my dear friend; as soon as this dream becomes a reality, as soon as she appears before him—is with him—his—oh! then there is no doubt but the almost extinguished flame will revive and become as brilliant as it once was, and this charming creature will have no cause to suspect a shadow of forgetfulness had ever veiled her image. What do you expect, Dornthal? As to love and constancy, women far surpass us, and they are not the less happy for that. Adieu! my dear friend, till to-morrow."

Clement only replied by taking the hand the marquis again extended before going out. He listened to him, pale and shuddering, but, as soon as he was alone, he exclaimed, endeavoring with an effort to suppress the sobs that stifled his breast:

"Ah! my God!—my God!—Is that love?"

LVIII.

Fleurange, to the great regret of Mademoiselle Josephine, laid aside the rich dress which seemed to realize the old lady's dreams of the previous night, and had just reappeared clad in the simple high-necked dress of dark cloth which was her usual costume, when Clement, who had told her he should not return till late in the evening, suddenly re-entered

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the salon he left only half an hour before. His intention was to consecrate the remainder of the day to the sad duty he felt he owed his cousin, and thought it useless to mention it to Gabrielle, from whom he concealed all he had learned respecting Felix. But the letter just given him altered the case, and made it indispensable to inform her at once.

He therefore explained to her without much preamble the actual situation of their unhappy cousin; he informed her of the attempt he was about to make to see him, and then related what he had learned from the Marquis Adelardi, giving her the letter of which he was the bearer. It was not without lively emotion Fleurange broke the seal and hurriedly read it aloud:

"COUSIN GABRIELLE: I am condemned to the mines for life, but as, at the same time, I am dangerously wounded, I shall probably have long ceased to exist when this letter reaches you, if it ever does. I regret the misfortunes I have brought on so many, and especially on my last benefactor, and I particularly regret this on your account, for it will perhaps be a source of suffering to you. I should have thought of this sooner, but, seeing you unexpectedly pass by in a calèche one evening at Florence, I waited at the door of the hotel where I saw you stop, and yielded to the irresistible desire of making you think of me by throwing you some lines concealed in a bouquet. A few days after, my patron, who was very far from suspecting my acquaintance with the original, imprudently showed me his beautiful Cordelia. I confess I was seized with a keen desire to tear him away from contemplating it, which irritated me. Lasko opportunely arrived. But I did not think that would go so far. As to the rest, Gabrielle, believe me, my love which you rejected (and I confess you acted wisely) was perhaps more worthy of you than his; for I feel if I had met you sooner, and you could have loved me, you would have made me better, whereas he!—But it is too late to speak to you either of him or myself!—It is all over. It is to you—you alone, dear cousin, I address these last words; you must repeat them to all to whom they are due; uttered by you they will be heard. *Forgive* and *Farewell.* F. D."

Fleurange wiped away the tears that filled her eyes. The letter affected her in more than one way, and Clement, it may be imagined, did not listen to it with indifference. But now one thought overruled all others, and, after a moment's silence, he said: "This letter was written when he expected to die from his wound. Illness is now hastening his end, and perhaps he is no longer living while we are talking. This evening, at all events, you will know whether I found him dead or alive."

Fleurange interrupted him: "Clement, listen to me. If Felix is still alive, as is by no means impossible, I should like to see him again, and will go with you."

"You! — no, that cannot be; the danger from contagion is too great. That hospital! you cannot go there; it is a place provided for criminals and miserable creatures of the lowest grade. I cannot expose you to so much danger. I will not."

"But, perchance," said Fleurange, "this preference, this sort of sympathy he has always expressed for me in his way, might give me the power of consoling the last moments of his wretched life. Who knows but my voice might utter some word to soothe the despair of his last agony? Clement, Clement, do you dare tell me I should not attempt it? Can you conscientiously venture to dis-

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suade me from it, because thereby I shall incur some danger?"

"Gabrielle," said Clement, with a kind of irritation, "you are always the same! Do you not understand that you are merciless towards those that love you?"

"Come, reflect a moment," persisted she, "and answer me, Clement."

A moment of silent anguish followed these words. Then, with a troubled voice, he said: "Be quick; lose no time. You may perhaps have an influence over him no one else could have. Make haste, I will wait for you."

Before he ended, Fleurange was gone from the room. In less time than it takes to relate it, she returned wrapped in her cloak, her velvet hat on her head, her face concealed by a veil, ready to go. They went down without speaking a word. Clement's sledge was waiting at the door. He took a seat beside her, and they set off with the almost frightful rapidity which is peculiar to that mode of conveyance. It was no longer light, being after four o'clock, but the brilliant clearness of the night, increased by the reflection of the snow, sufficiently lighted the way, and the horses went as fast as in the daytime. The place of their destination was on the opposite bank of the Neva, much lower down than the Princess Catherine's house. They therefore crossed the river diagonally, following a road traced out by the pine branches which from time to time indicated the path. They were thus transported in the twinkling of an eye from the splendor of the city into the midst of what looked like a vast white desert. In proportion as they descended the river, the palaces, the numerous gilded spires of the churches, with the immense succession of buildings whose effect was heightened by the obscurity, were lost in the distance, and, when they at length stopped at the very extremity of a faubourg on the right bank of the river, they found themselves surrounded by wooden hovels, with here and there some larger buildings, but all indicating poverty, and none more than a story high. Clement aided his cousin in alighting, and looked around for the person he expected as his guide. A man approached.

"M. Clement Dornthal?" said he in a low voice.

"It is I."

"You are not alone."

"What difference does that make?"

"I have no permission, and a woman — it is forbidden."

"I suppose, however, more than one has entered the place?"

"Oh! yes, but they must have permission — or else — "

"Here," said Clement in a low tone, "mine will answer for both."

The guide seemed to find the reply satisfactory; he pocketed the gold piece Clement slipped into his hand and made no further objection. They walked swiftly after him towards one of the buildings just referred to which was the best lighted. As they approached, they saw the light proceeded from a large fire kindled in the open air, around which quite a number were warming themselves, some squatting down, others standing, and some asleep near enough to the fire not to freeze to death; all lit up with the wild light which revealed their bearded faces, their angular fur caps, and their sheep-skin caftans. Here and there were some venders of brandy, who furnished them with a more efficacious means of resisting the cold even than the fire in the brazier.

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Clement and his companion passed rapidly by this group, not, however, without being assailed by some annoying words. A vigorous blow from Clement sent a curious wine-bibber flying back who attempted to lift Fleurange's veil. This lesson was sufficient, and they arrived without any further annoyance at the door of the building decorated with the name of hospital, which was only a long, spacious wooden gallery.

They entered. Passing thus suddenly from the light of the great fire, and the sharpness of the extreme cold, into the obscurity and warmth of the ambulance, their first sensations were caused by the darkness and stifling atmosphere. Fleurange hastily threw back her veil, then took off her hat and unclasped her cloak, for she could not breathe; she felt nearly ready to faint from the effects of this sudden transition, but she almost immediately recovered. Clement was alarmed at first, but soon saw she was able to continue their sad search. As soon as their eyes became accustomed to the dim light around them, they saw the long row of pallets on which lay, in all the frightful varieties of suffering, nearly two hundred human beings whose mingled groanings rose on all sides like one sad cry of pain, enough to chill the veins with horror, and excite the pity of the most courageous and most hardened heart.

That of Fleurange beat painfully as they slowly advanced through the obstructed space. Clement was remorsefully regretting his consent to bring her to such a place, when all at once a moan, followed by some words indicative of delirium, checked every other thought, and kept them motionless where they stood. They listened — which of these unfortunate beings had uttered those words? They looked around as well as the poor light permitted, but on all these sick-beds so close to each other they did not perceive one whose features bore the least resemblance to those of the unhappy man whose voice they thought they recognized.

"I beg you to lend me your light only for a moment," said Fleurange, in a low, supplicating tone to an infirmarian to whom she had just heard some one speak in German, and who was rudely passing by her, lantern in hand.

The infirmarian stopped at hearing his language spoken, and looked at the young girl with surprise, then, as if softened by her aspect, he gave her the lantern, saying: "You can have it while I am gone to the other end of the ward; I will take it when I return." As Clement took it, the light flashed across Fleurange's face and uncovered head. Instantly there was a cry, an almost convulsive movement, and Gabrielle's name was pronounced by the voice they had just heard. This indicated which of the miserable beds contained him whom they sought. They both approached with full hearts. By the aid of the lamp they gazed at the dying man. Was it really he? — was that Felix? His voice and words left no doubt, and yet there was nothing in that face, disfigured by agony and a horrible wound, to recall him whom they saw last in all the fulness of strength and the pride of youth. After his exclamation, he fell back almost lifeless, and Clement trembled as he bent down to ascertain if he still breathed. His heart was beating, though feebly and irregularly.

"Felix," said he, "do you hear me? Do you know me?"

Felix opened his eyes. "What a strange dream!" murmured he. "It seems as if they were all here. That vision a moment ago, and now this

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voice — O my God, would I might never awake!"

Fleurange took the dying man's hand, and bent over him to catch his words. Her features thus became distinctly visible in the light, and his eyes fastened with frightful tenacity on those of the young girl.

"It is impossible!" said he. "But what illusion is this which makes me see and hear what cannot be?"

"Felix," said Fleurange, with a penetrating accent of sweetness, "it is not an illusion. We are here. God has sent us that you may not die alone without a friend to pray for you, without begging and obtaining pardon and peace."

A ray of perfect clearness of comprehension now lit up his eyes, hitherto fixed or wandering. He seemed to comprehend, but did not reply. Clement and Fleurange were afraid to break the solemn silence. Felix's eyes soon wandered from one to the other, and, taking the young girl's hand and that of Clement, he pressed them together upon his heart, saying: "O my God! what a miracle!" Then he added in a feeble voice: "What a comfort that it is he, and not the other!"

They both understood his mistake, but were not equally affected. Fleurange slightly blushed, and withdrew her hand with a faint smile, but Clement's face became almost as pale as that of the dying man. But graver thoughts prevailed over both at such a time. After a short silence, Fleurange again addressed Felix some words, but he made no reply, and his head, which she tried to raise, fell on his shoulder. He continued faint for some moments, then opened his eyes, and saw her beside him.

"God be praised!" said he. "The vision is still here!"

"Yes, I am here, Felix," said Fleurange in a fervent tone: "I am here to pray with you. Listen to me," continued she, speaking softly and very distinctly. "Say with me that you repent of all the sins of your life."

"Of all the sins of my life!"— repeated the dying man.

"And if your strength were restored, you would make a complete and satisfactory avowal of them, with a sincere repentance. Do you understand me?"

The hand she held pressed hers. A tear ran down Felix's cheek. A voice which was a mere whisper repeated the words: "A sincere repentance"— another faintness seemed to announce his end. "O my God!" said Fleurange, fervently raising her eyes to heaven, "if the sacred absolving words could only be pronounced over him!"

At that moment the infirmarian returned and abruptly took the lantern from Clement's hand. "Excuse me, I need it for some one who has come to visit a patient."

In the narrow space that separated the two rows of beds, there could be indistinctly seen a person of majestic, imposing appearance, whose long beard and floating hair, whose ample robes of silk and gold cross, clearly indicated his character; he was, in fact, a priest of the Greek Church. He had not, however, come to this sad place to exercise his ministry. One of the poor men suffering from the contagious disease was the object of his charity, and he had come to visit him. He was passing along without looking around, even turning his eyes away as much as possible from the sad spectacle that surrounded him, when Clement's hand on his arm stopped him as he was passing Felix's bed.

"What do you wish of me, young man?" he asked, with surprise.

"I implore you," said Clement,

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'to come to this dying man who is truly contrite for his sins, with a sincere desire to confess them if he had the strength. Have the kindness to give him sacramental absolution!"

In spite of the place, the hour, the awful solemnity of the moment, the young Catholic girl started at hearing these words; her large eyes opened with an expression of the keenest surprise, and turned towards Clement with a mute glance of anxiety. He understood her, and, while the infirmarian was interpreting his words which had been heard but not understood, he replied: "This is a priest, Gabrielle, invested with all the authority of Holy Orders. In the presence of death, we can avail ourselves of it, without regard to anything else."

He knelt down. Fleurange did the same. The dying man clasped his hands, and, whilst the word "forgive" once more trembled on his lips, the Greek priest raised his right hand with a majestic air, and pronounced over him the merciful, divine words of holy absolution!

TO BE CONTINUED.

COLOGNE.

WHAT is more familiar than the name of Cologne? What is more delicious than the perfume of the veritable Jean Maria Farina? What is more delightful than the receipt of a box, with the stereotyped picture on the cover of the Rhine lazily flowing under the bridges, of the cathedral looming up to the sky, of the houses clustering around it as though for protection?

No one need be ashamed to avow his or her love of it; it is acknowledged to be indispensable. Bishop or priest, sage or philosopher, can use it without being thought undignified. Imagine a pope, or cardinal, or bishop, or priest, or senator, or judge scented with "Mille Fleurs," or "Jockey Club," or "Bouquet de Nilsson"! The bare thought is revolting! To be sure, for some years, "Bouquet d'Afrique" has been the fashion among the "potent, grave, and reverend seigniors" at Washington who make our laws and amuse themselves by adding "Fifteenth Amendments" to the highly respectable and ever-to-be-respected Constitution of the United States.

But that will pass away with Time, the healer and destroyer; the reconstructionist will make all right; the "Fifteenth" will be amended with the "Sixteenth"; and, with the sway of lovely woman, Cologne, without which no well-bred, well-dressed woman's toilette is complete, will resume its reign over heads and hearts; and "Bouquet d'Afrique" will perhaps return to the hot and happy home where the indefatigable Stanley recently discovered the wandering, long-sought Livingstone—who did not care to be found, as he certainly appeared perfectly content among dusky dark-browed brothers and sisters, hunting lions and tigers, and imagining each little rivulet and lake the source of the Nile, or Congo, or Niger, or any other meander-

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ing river taking its rise in the great water-shed by the Mountains of the Moon.

If mothers are to be judged by the character of their sons, the mother of Nero, in whose honor Cologne was named, could not have been the mildest and gentlest of her sex. Says Lacordaire, "The education of the child is commenced in the womb of the mother, continued on her breast, completed at her knees." Sweet must have been the reveries, refreshing the instructions, edifying the conduct of Julia Agrippina, who brought into the world the finished despot that drenched the soil of Rome with the blood of the Christian martyrs, who persecuted unto death the heroes of the faith that now people heaven.

Cologne owes its origin to a Roman camp established by Marcus Agrippa. The Emperor Claudius, at the request of his wife, Julia Agrippina, daughter of Germanicus and mother of Nero, sent a colony of Roman veterans, A.D. 50, named the town after her *Colonia Agrippina*, and it then became the capital of the Province of Germania Secunda. Vitellius was here proclaimed Emperor of Rome, A.D. 69; Trajan here received from Nerva the summons to share his throne; the usurper Sylvanus was also proclaimed emperor here in 353; a few years later Cologne was taken by the Franks; Childeric made it his residence in 464; and Clovis was here proclaimed king in 508.

During the reign of Pepin, it was the capital of the kingdoms of Neustria and Austrasia. Bruno, Duke of Lorraine, was the first of its archbishops who exercised the temporal power, with which he was invested by his brother, Otho the Great. From that time the town increased rapidly in wealth and splendor, and shortly after became one of the principal emporiums of the Hanseatic League; the commerce of the East was here concentrated, and direct communication with Italy constantly kept up. In 1259, the town acquired the privilege by which all vessels were compelled to unload here and reship their cargoes in Cologne bottoms.

At this period it had a population of 150,000, and could furnish 30,000 fighting men in time of war. In the XIIIth century, there was a mutiny among the weavers; 17,000 looms were destroyed; the rebellious workmen were banished from the city; and that, together with the expulsion of the Jews in 1349, did great injury to the town, the number of whose inhabitants was reduced in 1790 to 42,000, of whom nearly one-third were paupers. Then came the devastating wars which succeeded the maelstrom of the French Revolution, when in the general upheaval empires and kingdoms disappeared, new political combinations were made which changed the map of Europe, and the Rhine became the frontier of the French Empire.

Cologne was nominally French, but the hearts of the people were German—as German as the most ardent worshipper of the "New God," as Von Bolanden calls the new Empire, the child of Bismarck and Von Moltke. After Waterloo, the Holy Alliance made another partition of the kingdoms and peoples, and Cologne shook off the French yoke, and returned to her national ways and customs. One great cause of its decay had been the closing of the navigation of the Rhine, which restriction was removed in 1837, and, since then, trade has greatly revived, and the town been much improved.

Many of the old streets have been widened and paved, and a consider-

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able portion of waste ground covered with new buildings. The opening of the railways to Paris, Antwerp, Ostend, Hamburg, and Berlin has greatly added to its commercial prosperity, and Cologne bids fair to resume its former position among the chief cities of Europe. Cologne was formerly called the "Holy Cologne," and the "Rome of the North"—titles which she owed to the number of relics and churches she possessed.

At one time, the city contained 200 buildings devoted to religious uses. These gradually diminished, until in 1790 their number was reduced to 137. During the French Revolution, they were shamefully plundered, the convents suppressed, and their property confiscated; so that at present there are not more than twenty churches and seven or eight chapels; but many other ecclesiastical buildings still remain, used as warehouses and chapels.

Maria im Capitol, so named from its having been built on the site of the Roman capitol, stands on an eminence reached by a flight of steps. The Frankish kings had a palace close by, to which Plectruda, the wife of Pepin, retired in 696, having separated from her husband on account of his attachment to Alpais, the mother of Charles Martel. In 700, she pulled down the capitol, and erected a church on its site, to which she attached a chapter of canonesses. Until 1794, the senate and consuls repaired hither annually on S. John's day to assist at Mass, when the outgoing Burgomasters solemnly transferred the insignia of office to the newly elected, who were each presented with a bouquet of flowers by the abbess.

The convent no longer exists, but there is a large cloister of the XIth century at the west end of the church, which was restored a few years ago. In this church, there are mural paintings of the early Cologne school, representing the wise and foolish virgins, numberless saints, the raising of Lazarus, and the founders of the church with their children. As in duty bound, Plectruda is properly conspicuous; her effigy in basso-rilievo beneath the great east window is a very interesting work of the Xth century, and, on one of the towers, her sculptured figure appears between two angels, who are conducting her to her eternal home.

All the churches are more or less interesting, none more so than that of S. Gereon, founded in the IVth century. S. Gereon was the commander of a Roman legion, and he and his companions, 700 in number, were murdered by order of Diocletian upon the spot where the church was built by the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine.

The style is Byzantine, and very singular. The body of the church, preceded by a large portico, presents a vast decagonal shell, the pillars of whose internal angles are prolonged in ribs, which, centring in a summit, meet in one point and form a cupola, one of the latest examples known. A high wide flight of steps, rising opposite to the entrance, leads to an altar with an oblong choir behind it, from whence other steps again ascend to the sanctuary, a semicircular apse, belted, like the cupola, by an open gallery with small arches and pillars resting on a panelled balustrade.

The rotunda is surrounded by ten chapels, in which are the tombs of the martyrs. The walls are encrusted with their skulls, and, in the subterranean church, the pavement and walls are formed by the tomb-stones covering the holy dust. In the lower church is the tomb of S. Gereon, and in one of the chapels is a mosaic

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pavement laid in the time of the Empress Helena. Behind the stalls of the clergy are hangings of Gobelin tapestry, portraying the history of Joseph and his brethren.

The baptismal font of porphyry, immensely large, was a present from Charlemagne; and, as the lid is too ponderous for any one to lift, there is a little machine that takes it off when required. We remained a long while in this very delightful church, and, by the time we left, what with Helen and Constantine, Diocletian and Charlemagne, we felt quite like an animated verd-antique, so intensely Roman and Catholic had we become.

Afterwards we proceeded to S. Ursula's, where the cruel Roman emperor was exchanged for the barbarian Huns. S. Ursula's history was done in English by the old sexton, who finished every sentence by assuring us that S. Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins met with their untimely fate from the barbarian Huns, who massacred them in cold blood. We made a stride of a few centuries, became Gothic, and extended our hatred to the barbarian Huns. As in S. Gereon, the bones of the martyrs are built in the walls for a space of two feet the whole extent.

In the Golden Chamber we saw the shrine of S. Ursula, the relics of S. Margaret, a thorn from the crown of Our Lord, and one of the vases used at the marriage feast of Cana, that witnessed the first miracle of the God-man. Link by link we were carried to the days when Our Lord was incarnate on the earth; we do not need such testimony to assure us of the truth of our holy faith, but, when we touch the vase that has been touched by Our Lord, our senses are awed by the thought of the God-like condescension of him who became man, who lived like us, who mingled in our joys and sorrows, that we might become greater than the angels.

The Cathedral of Cologne, the queen of pointed architecture, erected on the site of a church founded in 814 by Archbishop Hildebold, and more beautiful than even we could imagine it, familiar as we were with it by picture and description, was commenced in August, 1248, by Archbishop Conrad, of Hochstaden. The works were for some years pushed on with great activity under the direction of Master Gerard von Rile, a builder of whom nothing more is known than that he died before 1302.

In 1322, the choir was completed and consecrated; then the building went slowly on until 1357, when the works were discontinued for a long time. In 1796, the cathedral was converted by the French into a warehouse, and it had very nearly become a ruin in 1807, when the brothers Sulpice and Melchior Boisserée drew attention to it by their illustrated work on its history. In 1824, the work of restoration was commenced, but little progress was made until, in 1842, the idea of completing the cathedral was conceived, and an association was formed to collect subscriptions for this purpose; and now the entire edifice will soon be finished if the works are carried on as zealously as they have been of late.

The glorious roof, arching 150 feet in the air, is magnificent; every day new beauties are added; four hundred men are daily at work, the stones are all cut, and in ten years at least this triumph of genius will be ready to receive the homage of all true lovers of art. The shrine of the Three Kings is superb—gold adorned with precious stones. There are the heads of the three men who came in faith, and bowed in all their pride and majesty before the infant Jesus in the

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manger; their names, Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthazar, are encrusted in rubies above the crowns that encircle their brows. Their bodies were brought from S. Eustorgio, in Milan, by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, after the taking of that city, and presented by him to Archbishop Rainoldo, who deposited them in the ancient cathedral July 23, 1164; from whence they were removed into the present chapel in 1337.

Among the treasures of the cathedral is a splendid ostensorium, one of the finest in the world, presented by some sovereign; another, not so handsome, sent by Pius IX.; and the cross and ring, given to the present archbishop by Kaiser William; both are of diamonds and emeralds, the ring, an immense emerald, surrounded by four circles of diamonds. The man who showed the church prided himself upon his English; would call the archbishops architects: "This is the statue of Engelbert, the first *architect from* Cologne." And when we innocently inquired if the architects wore mitres and copes, he impressively repeated his remark; so we are still in doubt whether the archbishops built the cathedral or the architects dressed like bishops!

Wandering one day through the aisles of the cathedral, we paused for a while to gaze upon something beautiful that attracted our attention. It was behind the high altar; we were standing between it and the Chapel of the Magi, when, by chance, we looked down, and on the slab at our feet we saw in large letters, "Marie de' Medici"—no date, no epitaph. So much for human greatness! Under that stone, trodden daily by hundreds, was the heart of Marie de' Medici, one of the powerful family that gave to the church Leo X. and Clement VII., the descendant of Lorenzo the Magnificent, the widow of Henri Quatre, the mother of Louis XIII., the ex-Regent of France. Banished from France, the inexorable hostility of Richelieu pursued her wherever she sought refuge. No crowned head dared shelter her.

One heart was true, one man was found who remembered in her adversity that she had favored him in the days of her prosperity. When, in the zenith of her power, she built the Luxembourg, she sent for Rubens to adorn it with the creations of his genius; she loaded him with favors, sent him on diplomatic missions to restore peace between Philip IV. of Spain and Charles I. of England. Both monarchs responded to her wishes, showered honors upon the artist-diplomat, and Charles I. knighted him, and then presented him with the sword which had been used for the ceremony.

Genius is a power. Richelieu could command kings on their thrones, and the refugee queen was abandoned by all—by those who should have been bound to her by the ties of kindred, of position, by the claims of misfortune. England, Spain, Holland, refused her entrance; only in the free city of Cologne could she find sanctuary, and that sanctuary was the house of the noble, chivalric artist, Pierre Paul Rubens, whose brave heart quailed not before the wrath of the most powerful man of his age.

With loving care and respect he watched over her, soothed her in her dying agony, and held her in his arms when she breathed her last sigh. The house of Rubens still remains, and the room in which Marie de' Medici died is preserved with the greatest care. When we visited it, we felt as though we were treading on holy ground, as in a shrine made

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sacred by a noble deed; for what more royal, more heroic, more Christian, than the brave, grateful heart that dared power to shelter misfortune?

Meanwhile that Marie de' Medici lived and died in poverty in Cologne, Richelieu was at the apogee of his glory. King, nobles, courts, cowered beneath his glance. The conspiracy of Cinq-Mars was quelled; his head had paid the penalty of his youthful folly. Richelieu, satisfied and avenged, left Lyons for Paris, carried on the shoulders of his attendants in a kind of furnished room, for which the gates of the cities through which he passed were demolished if they were too narrow to admit it. But the triumph was short-lived. A few months after the death of Marie de' Medici, her relentless persecutor followed her to the tomb, and her poor wearied body was removed to France and buried in S. Denis; but the heart was left in the Cathedral of Cologne—a mausoleum sufficiently splendid for any mortal dust.

Soon after leaving the house of Rubens, we came to another famous in Cologne; a large building, where, from one of the windows of the third story, two stone horses were contemplating the busy scene in the Neumarkt below; and then we heard the legend of the horses. Once upon a time this house was the residence of the wealthy family d'Andocht. Richmodis, the wife of Herr Mengis d'Andocht, died during the plague of 1357, and was buried with great pomp in the Church of the Apostles on the Neumarkt.

Her dressing attracted the notice of the sexton. He fancied he would like to have some of the gold and silver adornments; so the night after she was put into the vault he descended into it, opened the coffin, and took off some of the jewels. One of the rings would not move To make the task easier, he cut her finger; she was only in a trance, and this summary process restored her; she sat up; the man rushed off affrighted. She managed to get out of the coffin. In his haste he had left his lantern behind; with it she made her way out of the church, and reached her home near by.

She knocked at the door; a servant opened it, and scampered off half dead with terror. She went to her husband's room. He thought she was a ghost or devil; she told him she was his wife, as surely as that their horses would come up-stairs and jump out of the window. As she spoke, the horses galloped up-stairs, threw themselves out of the window; whereupon the husband acknowledged her to be his veritable wife. She soon recovered her health, lived for many years, and, to commemorate the wonderful event, the husband had the two horses done in stone and put in their respective panes of glass, where they have ever since remained, looking out of the window.

Now the house is a hospital, and we hope the patients are as much amused as we were at the effigies of the two well-bred, obedient horses, who were as good at vouching for identity as Dame Crump's little dog. In the Church of the Apostles, a faded Lent hanging is still preserved that was presented by Richmodis in gratitude for her wonderful deliverance from a living death.

The Rathhaus or Town Hall is a curious building, erected at different periods; the Hansa-Saal is a fine room on the first floor, in which the meetings of that once powerful mercantile confederation were held; and at one end of it are nine statues holding escutcheons emblazoned with the arms of the Hanse Towns.

The *Musée*, a comparatively new

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creation, erected partly by the government, and partly by private subscription, contains many works of art. In the lower story are numerous Roman antiquities, found in or near Cologne; amongst them are busts of Cæsar, Germanicus, Agrippina, a statuette of Cleopatra, and a very fine head of Medusa, said to be larger and more beautiful than the Medusa Rondinini in the Glyptotheca at Munich. One gallery is filled with exquisite specimens of stained glass; the upper rooms are devoted to statuary and paintings, many of which are of the Düsseldorf school.

We were particularly struck with one, the "Triumph of S. Michael over Lucifer." S. Michael is radiant, his sword flaming; and Lucifer, who is sinking into darkness, is terrible. There he is—no horned demon, but the beautiful fallen archangel, majestic and powerful; profound despair and gloom on his noble features, as the darkness overshadows him, and hell opens to receive him.

The people of Cologne are gay and sociable; in the afternoons, the Zoological Gardens are filled with children and nurses admiring the giraffes, elephants, and every other kind of animal belonging to earth, air, or water. An immense lion was a particular object of interest, as he had distinguished himself the day before we had the pleasure of seeing him by devouring his keeper. The Flora or Winter Garden is charming—a crystal palace, filled with fragrant plants, green vines garlanding the sides and roof, fountains playing, beautiful music well rendered by a good orchestra, and hundreds of people drinking coffee and smoking, who don't bother themselves by receiving at home, but meet and gossip in the Flora, or the Opera House, to which they generally adjourn.

The Opera House is very pretty but miserably lighted, only two feeble gas-lights by the door. Prussian officers, however, abounded, and the glittering uniform shone in the *clair-obscur* like fire-flies in Florida on summer evenings. Perhaps it was to add to the effect of "La Dame Blanche," which was the opera we chanced to hear, that we were kept in such gloomy darkness; but, as the music was well executed, the time passed pleasantly.

One extraordinary event must be chronicled—we did not buy one bottle of Cologne in Cologne; we left the city of Jean Maria Farina, and only saw the outside of his shop. What with Gothic churches and relics, Roman towers and antiquities, time flew, and we found ourselves also flying off from Cologne on an express train, without one drop of the veritable *Eau-de-Cologne* in our possession. *Mirabile dictu!*

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JOHN.

In beauty, not above criticism; in courage, undaunted; in love, most generous and most forgiving; in patience, rivalling Job; in constancy, unswerving; in humility, without an equal.

After the above enumeration of qualities, it should be superfluous to add that John is a dog. It would be ridiculous to expect so much of a man. He is, moreover, a Skye-terrier, well-born and well-bred.

To announce to John's acquaintances that one was about to eulogize the dog would be to incur and deserve some such reply as that made by the Spartan to a rhetorician who announced his intention to pronounce an eulogium on Hercules: "An eulogium on Hercules?" repeated the Spartan. "Who ever thought of blaming Hercules?"

Our reply would be that we write, not for those who deny, but for those who never heard.

There is no shifting of scenes in our little drama. The unities are preserved with almost Grecian strictness; the writer, however, as chorus, claiming the privilege of being occasionally discursive.

Scene.—A suburban summer residence in that most magnificent of seasons, autumn, "in that month of all months in the year," October; furthermore, the most perfect of Octobers. The stone-colored house is the only neutral bit in the landscape; all else is a glow of color. The fresh greensward recedes under flower-bosses of solid brilliancy. A flower carpet, gayer than any loom of Turkey, Brussels, or France ever wove, lies under the clump of evergreens in a far corner of the estate. Tapestries of woodbine hang over balconies, and porches, and bay-windows; and the noble trees that stand, two and two, in stately pairs, all about the place, and up the avenue, are a torchlight procession, which sunshine, instead of quenching, fires to a still more dazzling blaze. It is that picturesque time when ladies throw gay scarfs over the summer dresses they still wear; when the sky shakes out her violet mists to veil the too divine beauty of earth; that season of exquisite comfort when one has open windows and open fires; that delicious season when fruit is brought to the table still warm with the sunshine in which it finished ripening five minutes before. Above all, it is that season when people who are at all sympathetic are inclined to silence.

Mrs. Marcia Clay was not at all sympathetic. She was simply herself, a frivolous woman, with a strong will, and a Chinese wall of selfishness and self-complacence built up on all sides of her. The soft "Hush!" on the lips of the Indian summer, when the soul of Nature plumes her wings for flight, she heard not. The suspense, the regret, the melancholy, the fleeting rapture of the season she perceived not. To her it was surely the fall of the year, when people get ready for the winter, lay in coal, buy new clothes, and go back to town.

Flounced to the waist in rattling silk, her fair hair furbelowed all over her head, and, apparently, pounds of gold hanging from her ears, thrust through her cuffs, dangling at her belt, strung about her neck, and fast-

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ened to the pin that held her collar, this lady sat in one of the pleasant parlors of her house, and talked as fast as her tongue could run.

The woman who listened was of another kind, one who might have come to something if she had been possessed of will and courage, but who, having a small opinion of herself, was only somebody by little spurts, which did no good, since they were always followed by unusual self-abasement. She was not without a despairing sense of this incongruity, and had more than once bewailed in her own mind the fact that she was neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, but inclined to each in turn; had little wings which, as she spread them, changed to little fins, which, as she moved them, became little feet, that, when she would have walked, collapsed utterly, and left her floundering—a woman without moral vertebræ, who had been all her life the prey of people in whom the moral vertebræ were in excess. She was nothing in particular, physically, either, being gayish, oldish, tallish, weakish, and dressed in that time-honored, thin plain black silk gown which is the infallible sign of genteel poverty, and which, at this instant, adorns the form that owns the arm that moves the hand that holds the pen that writes this history.

Mrs. Marcia Clay.—"It is very provoking, my dear, but it can't be helped. If I should intimate to him that our trunks are all packed to go in town, he would leave instantly. He is the most touchy of mortals. To be sure, I have invited him here again and again, but I expected him in summer-time, not when we were on the point of moving, and had our very beds half made in the city. There's nothing for it but to unpack, and pretend to be delighted. Fortunately, he amuses himself."

The uncertain person in the black silk gown ventured to suggest that Mr. Bently might accompany them to town, and was met by a little shriek which made her jump.

"Fancy him in my blue satin or pink satin chamber! Why, my dear, he smokes, and—*chews! chews*, dear! Between you and me, he is a bear in his habits, a positive bear. If you will believe me, I have seen him wear slipshod shoes and crumpled linen. You should see him at home, in his den. An inky dressing-gown that he wipes his pens on, old slippers with holes in them, books piled all about, and dust that you could write your name in! In that state he sits and writes hour after hour."

Ah! Mrs. Clay & Co., who look at littleness through magnifying glasses, and are blind to all true greatness, the sole of this man's slipshod shoe is cleaner than your tongue. There is no dust on his thoughts; there are no holes in the fabrics his brain weaves; and when he writes, far-away lands that know you not, and kindred greatness nearer by, feel the electric spark that slips from his pen's point.

"What a shocking person he must be!" says Miss Uncertainty, meaning to please. "I don't wonder you won't have him in town."

"Goodness gracious, Miss Bird!" cried the lady, coloring up. "What can you be thinking of! Why, Mr. Bently is famous. He can afford to be eccentric. It is an honor to have him in one's house. People have turned and looked at me when they heard that I am his cousin; and his name opens to me places that—well, everybody can't enter. Then it is a very fine thing to have a gentleman in one's parlors who can talk to those lions whom one doesn't know what to say to, and who can tell what one's pictures, and bronzes, and

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marbles mean, and translate from every language under the sun. I well remember a time when he won for me a perfect triumph over Mrs. Everett Adams. It was delicious. Mrs. Everett Adams is always picking up lions, especially learned and scientific ones, and, when Professor Porson came here, she monopolized him at once. You cannot conceive how odiously she behaved, nor what airs she assumed. One heard nothing but Porson, Porson, till I was sick of the name; and it was impossible to go anywhere, to theatre, opera, or concert, without seeing her sail down to the most conspicuous place, after everybody was seated, with Prof. Porson in her train. Well, one evening she brought him to our house, just to plague me, and we had half a dozen or so persons to meet him. It was an evening of torment, my dear. The professor was in the clouds, with Mrs. Everett Adams fluttering behind him, like a tail after a kite, and all the rest were in raptures, except me—I was extinguished. The professor knew what every bronze and marble was, and who made it, and if it was an original or a copy; and, in short, everything I had seemed as common as possible. As a last desperate resort, I brought out some old books in foreign languages that poor dear Clay had picked up. He was always collecting things of that sort. The professor turned them over with the tips of his fingers, and read a word here and there. Oh! he knew all about them. Yes; he had read them when he was a boy. But I had begun to suspect him. My poor husband used to say that, when a man will not own that there is anything he doesn't understand, root and branch, he was always sure that that man was an impostor. So I took up two of the books that I saw he had passed over, and asked him to translate a passage for me. They looked about as much like a printed language as the figures on my carpet do. To my joy, he had to own that he couldn't. They were Chaldaic, he said, and he had made but little study in that language. Mrs. Adams glanced angrily at me, and I smiled. Just at that moment, as good luck would have it, the door opened, and in came Cousin Bently. I flew at him with the books. Triumph, my dear! Never did I have such a rapturous moment. Cousin took the books up in his slow way, put up his eye-glasses, and looked them over in such a superior manner that really my hopes rose. They were Arabic, I've forgotten what about, and he read out some passages, and translated them, all the company looking on. My dear, the Porson and Adams stock sank to less than one per cent. in an instant. The professor was red, and Mrs. Adams was pale. I could have hugged Cousin Bently on the spot, though his boots were not blacked, and his collar was in a positively shocking state."

"How charming it must be to have him visit you!" says Miss Bird, wheeling about as the wind veered.

Poor thing! She did not mean to be insincere. She merely wanted to say the right thing, and didn't care a fig about the matter, one way or the other.

"Charming!" repeated Mrs. Clay, with emphasis. "It gives a *tone*. Besides, it draws some people one likes to know. You should see Madame de Soi, the most exclusive of women, flutter round him like a butterfly round a—round a—well, really, I am at a loss for the word. It is impossible to call Cousin Bently a flower, unless one should make a pun about the seedy contents of his valise. I studied botany once, and I

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know a pun can be made of it. Madame knows no more and cares no more about his learning than a cat does, but she has tact, and does contrive to smile at the right time. I never could do that. When I smile, Cousin Bently is sure to push out his under lip, and stop talking. But she will look and listen with such rapture that you would positively think he were describing the dress the empress wore at the last ball; and sometimes she even says something that he will seem pleased with. That very evening of the Porson collapse she talked with him half an hour of *molecules*, whatever they are. I actually thought they were speaking of people. Fancy being called a molecule! Yes, Cousin Bently is a great credit, and a great convenience to me. Why, but for him, I couldn't have gone to those stupid exclusive lectures of Mr. Vertebrare's, where I yawned myself to death among the very cream of society."

The lady paused for breath, and her companion, feeling obliged to say something, faltered out that she always feared those very clever persons.

"I should think you would after the experience you had with that dragon," replied Mrs. Clay significantly.

Miss Bird colored, and was silent. "That dragon" was a rather difficult old lady, a Miss Clinton, with whom she had lived and suffered many years, and who had lately died.

"And so," Mrs. Clay summed up, "I have Cousin Bently on my hands for a week or ten days, and must make the best of it. And"—suddenly lowering her voice—"speak of angels—ahem! Cousin Bently, allow me to make you acquainted with Miss Bird, an old schoolmate of mine."

Miss Bird rose with a frightened air, dropped her eyes, blushed deeply, half extended her hand, and half withdrew it again, and stammered out, "Good-morning, sir!" which was not a very felicitous greeting, the time of day being near sunset.

Mr. Bently acknowledged the introduction with rather a stately bow, gave the person before him a calm and exhaustive glance, protruded his under lip very slightly, without meaning to, and walked to the further end of the room.

"Why need people be such fools?" he muttered, half philosophical, half impatient. He had been, as all learned and even merely clever people must be, too much looked on as an ogre by the simple. It was rather provoking to see people shaking at his approach, as if he were going to compel them to talk Greek and calculus, or have their lives.

As the gentleman seated himself in an arm-chair before a delightful bay-window, and facing the window, there was another addition to the company, and—enter our hero!

Reader, John!

A longish, curly-haired quadruped with bright dark eyes full of merriment and kindliness, and teeth so beautifully white and even that it would be a privilege to be bitten by them. Of course he has undergone those improvements which man finds it necessary to make in the old-fashioned plan of the Creator, and his clipped ears stand up pointed and pert, and his clipped tail is indeed less a tail than an epigram. But the bounding grace of his motions no scissors can curtail.

Do not imagine that John has entered the room properly, and stood still to be presented and described. Far from it. He bounced in through the window, as though shot from a mortar, and, while we have been writing this brief sketch of his person, has flown into the learned gentleman's

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arms, kissed him enthusiastically a dozen times, pawed his hair into fearful disorder, made believe bite his nose and hands, with the utmost care not to hurt him in the least, pulled one end of his cravat out of knot, and threatened to overturn him, chair and all, by drawing back and rushing at him again like a little blue and yellow battering-ram. His manner was, indeed, so overpowering that Mr. Bently had half a mind to be vexed, and could not help being disconcerted. His affection for dogs was entirely Platonic, and he had a theory that bipeds and quadrupeds should have separate houses built for them; but this creature had struck him as being the most honest and sensible being in the house, and had, moreover, taken to him.

Miss Bird looked askance at the scene in the bay-window, and Mrs. Clay looked askance at Miss Bird, and wondered at her impudence and folly. Bird had blushed and dropped her eyes when she was introduced to the gentleman, and she was now watching him out of the corners of her eyes. Bird was an old maid, with a moderate annuity; Mr. Bently was an old bachelor, with next to nothing beside brains and a name. Bird must be set to rights. So much the lady's actions told of her thoughts.

"I wish I dared send for Marian Willis here," she whispered confidentially, watching the effect of her words. "Nothing would please me better than to bring those two together again. But Cousin Bently would suspect my drift, and, as likely as not, start off at once. Nothing annoys him so much as to see that any one is trying to get him married. Marian is in every way suitable, and between you and me, dear, I think they would both be glad to have a mediator, only they are too proud to own it. Everybody thought about ten years ago that they were engaged, and they certainly were in a fair way to be, when some lovers' quarrel occurred, and they parted. You have never seen Miss Willis, have you?"

Yes; Bird had seen her at Miss Melicent Yorke's wedding, and she was the grandest looking lady there. She wore a black velvet dress, buttoned up high with diamonds, and not another jewel about her. She had a pink half-open camellia in her bosom, and a wide-open one in her hair. Clara Yorke said that the beautiful plainness of Miss Willis' toilet made everybody else look all tags and ends. She gave the bride a rare engraving of some picture of The Visitation, which Miss Melicent didn't half like, because the S. Elizabeth was on her knees, and because there was a crown carved in the frame just over the Virgin's head. But the bridegroom had reconciled her to it, saying that motherhood is a crown to any woman. Mrs. Edith Yorke, Carl's wife, who is now abroad, was very fond of Miss Willis, and used to call her "Your Highness."

"Oh! their intimacy was because Mr. Carl Yorke was a Catholic," interposed Mrs. Clay rather abruptly.

When Bird got talking of the Yorkes, she never knew when to stop; and the subject was not pleasant to her listener. Mrs. Clay had tried to be intimate with the family, and had signally failed. Always kind and courteous, there still seemed to be an invisible crystalline wall between them and her.

"Marian's religion is her one fault. It may be possible that she and Cousin Bently disagreed about that, though it would be hard to find out what he believes, or if he believes anything. He defends every religion you attack, and attacks every religion you defend."

"But do you think she would marry

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him ?" asked Bird incredulously; and her glance toward the window became depreciatory and critical, instead of awful.

Mr. Bently, as a learned man, was to be regarded with fear and admiration; but as a bridegroom—that was another thing.

"Why, she is handsome and rich."

"What if she is ?" asked the other tartly. "It only makes her more suitable. But she is not rich, though she lives with a rich old uncle, who may leave her something. She is in every way suited to Cousin Bently. He would never marry an inferior woman."

This last assertion Mrs. Clay made very positively, for the reason that she was mortally afraid it was not true. Her private opinion was that Mr. Bently must have been very lonely in his bachelor lodgings before he came to visit her, and that he might easily be induced to marry even Bird, rather than live alone any longer.

Meantime, the object of their conversation, having put the vociferous John away, and induced him to lie at his feet, instead of pervading his neck and face, sat gazing out through the window. He certainly was not an eminently beautiful man, neither was he a pink of nicety in his dress, though he abhorred untidiness in others, particularly in women. His form was rather fine, but his features were too strong for grace, his hair was growing gray, and his teeth were discolored by his odious beloved tobacco. There was something a little neglected in his appearance. Evidently he needed some one with authority to remind him, when occasion demanded, that his cravat was horribly awry, that he had forgotten to smooth his hair down since the last time he combed it up with his ten fingers, and that, really, that collar must come off. In fine, he needed an indulgent wife, who would look out for him constantly, but with discretion, never intruding the cravat and collar question into his sublime moments.

Was he conscious of something lacking in his life, that his expression was less the gravity of the man of thought than the sadness of the lonely man ? Something ailed him—physical sickness, no doubt, for his face was flushed, and his eyes heavy—but some trouble of the mind also. He looked across the lawn, that was bounded by a dense line of autumn-colored trees, with a sky of brilliant clearness arching over. Betwixt sapphire and jasper the low purple dome of a mountain pushed up, making a background for a shining cross that might be suspended in air for any support visible to him who gazed on it. But he had seen that cross before, and his mind, leaping over the few intervening miles, followed down from its sunlighted tip and touched a slim gray tower and a vine-covered church, and, looking through the gay rose-window over the chancel, saw a tiny lambent flame floating in and fed by sacred oil of olives. Mentally he stood before the church door, saw the grove of beeches that hid it from the road, saw through those heavy boughs the green slope of a lawn near by and the mansion that crowned its summit. But in one respect the eyes of the seer were less true to the present than to the past, for they beheld roses, instead of autumn colors, wreathing pillar, porch, and balcony.

In this house Marian Willis lived. He sat and recollected all his intercourse with her, from the first pleasant dawn of friendly regard and sympathy, growing up to something brighter and closer, yet scarcely defined, to its sudden extinguishment.

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His acquaintance with her had been like a day that breaks in silent and cloudless light, and is shut in by a cold and smothering fog before its noon. What had been expressed to her of all that sweetness he found in her society? What to him of the pleasure she seemed to feel in his? Nothing that had other utterance than silent looks and actions. What had separated them? A mist, a fog, an impalpable yet irrestible power. Some tiny wedge had been inserfed that gave a chance for pride to rush in and thrust their lives apart. There had been a slight reserve that grew to coldness and thence to alienation. Who does not know how those many littles make a mickle? Possibly a certain gallant officer, just home from the wars, with his arm in a sling, and a sabre-scar across his temple, had had something to do with the trouble. Certainly the last mental picture Mr. Bently had carried away from his last visit at Mr. Willis' was of this same officer walking in the garden with Marian Willis leaning on his sound arm, and listening to the tale of his adventures as women always do and always will listen to soldiers who bring their wounds to illustrate their stories.

On that occasion, Mr. Bently had returned to his cousin's house and behaved in what he considered a very reasonable manner. He locked himself into his chamber, let in all the light possible, placed himself before the mirror, and critically examined the reflection he saw there. There was no glorious sabre-wound across his temple, showing where he had once wrestled with death, and come off conqueror; but, instead, there were long, faint, horizontal lines beginning to show on his forehead—mementoes of the silent combat with time, and of anxious quest in search of hidden truth. There were no crisp, fair curls shining over his head; the brown hair was straight and short, and here and there a white hair rewarded the search for it. The soldier's large violet eyes flashed like jewels; but these eyes in the mirror were no brighter than wintry skies, a calm, steady blue that a planet might look through, perhaps, but that were not used to lightning. The soldier was clad in a trim uniform that set off well a form of manly grace, the stripe that glimmered down the leg, the band, like a lady's bracelet, that bound the sleeve, the golden eagle outspread on either shoulder, all helping to make a gallant picture; the raiment reflected with pitiless fidelity by the mirror before him was decidedly neutral. No one could call it picturesque nor even elegant of its kind. It was simply calculated to escape censure.

Having made a full survey and, as he thought, a fair comparison, this self-elected judge then pronounced sentence on the person whose reflection he gazed at.

"You are a fool!" he said, with a conviction too deep for bitterness. "What is there in you that a fair and charming woman could prefer? Bah! She prizes you as she does those vellum Platos and Homers that she admires because others do, but cannot read a word of. When she sinks into her arm-chair for that hour of rest before dressing for dinner, does she take with her a book of Greek or of logic? No; she reads the poet or the novelist. You have nothing to do with her more intimate life."

Thus had the scholar decided, gazing at his own reflection in the mirror, seeing there only the shell of the man, and that not at its best, at its worst rather. The kindling of intelligence, the scintillating of sharp intellectual pursuit, the soft radiance which dawning love gave him when

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he was shone upon by the beloved object—those he saw not. He saw only a fool.

So far, so good. But he had not finished the work. A fool may be miserable, may be ruined by his folly, even while owning it. He must not only prove the vanity of hoping, but the vanity of loving. He must remove the halo from his idol's brow, not rudely, but with all the coolness and gentleness of reason. What, after all, were beauty and grace, a sweet voice and smile, and gracious speaking? He set himself to analyze them, physiologically, chemically, and morally.

So the botanist analyzes a flower, and when he has destroyed its ravishing perfume, and that exquisite combination which constituted its individuality—a combination man can separate, but which only God can form—he points to the fragments, and says, "That is a rose!"

But suppose that, even while he speaks, those withering atoms should stir and brighten, the anthers should gather again their golden pollen, and hang themselves once more on each slender filament, the petals blush anew, and rustle into fragrant crowding circles, and a most rosy rose should rise triumphantly before him!

Some such experience had Mr. Bently when he had finished his work of demolition. Turning coldly away from the ruins of what had been so fair, he walked to the window to take breath, and saw there before him the living woman complete, her soul welding with immortal fire every characteristic and mood into a being irresistibly lovely, baffling, and—disdainful. She stood in the garden where Mrs. Clay had purposely detained her beneath his window, and she stood there unwillingly. Only a social necessity had brought her to the house, and she had determined that she would not, if it could be helped, meet that gentleman who, from being a daily visitor of her own, had suffered three days to pass during which he had once or twice talked with her uncle over the gate, but had never approached her.

Since that hour when, looking from his window, he had seen her sail past without raising her eyes, Mr. Bently had been haunted at times by two antagonistic visions—the rose dissected, which he viewed with indifference, succeeded by the rose full-blown, triumphant in unassailable sweetness.

He thought it all over now as he sat looking out of Mrs. Clay's eastern bay-window. And having thought it over once, it began to go through his mind again, and still again. The various scenes passed, one by one, slowly, like persons in a procession, and he gazed at them from first to last; and there was the first again! He had had enough of it, but it would not stop. His head was aching, and feeling somewhat light besides. He pressed his forehead with his hands, and tried to think of something else, even if it were no more pleasant subject than the cold he must have taken to make him so sore from head to foot. But still that procession moved with accelerating speed. He spoke to John, tired and annoyed himself a little with the creature's antics, then leaned back in his chair, and let his brain whirl.

Certainly he was ill; but nothing else was certain. Whether to go or stay, to speak or remain silent, he could scarcely decide. When dinner was announced, instinct kept him conventional. He ate nothing, but he went through all the proper forms, with no more abstraction than might be attributed to his intellectual oddities. But dinner, with its inanities, over, he made haste to escape to his own room.

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"Going out for a walk, cousin?" asked Mrs. Clay, as he passed her.

How the trivial question irritated him! He bowed, afraid to utter a word, lest it should be an offensive one. His nerves felt bare, his teeth on edge.

Miss Bird looked more deeply than her friend had, and in the one timid glance she gave the gentleman saw a painful trouble underneath his cool exterior.

"I hope he didn't hear what we were saying of him before dinner," she remarked apprehensively.

"No, indeed!" was the confident response. "He scarcely hears what you say to him, still less what is said of him."

"But he looked displeased," persisted the anxious Bird.

Mrs. Clay cast a sarcastic glance on her subordinate. "My dear," she said with decision, "the less you occupy yourself with my cousin's feelings, the better for you. Your solicitude will be quite thrown away."

Bird sighed faintly, and resigned herself to being snubbed.

Mr. Bently walked up-stairs slowly, dreading to be alone, and shut himself into his room; and, when there, desolation settled upon him. It is not pleasant to be sick in one's own home, with loving and solicitous friends surrounding one with their cares, and taking every task from the weak hands; it is still less pleasant when, though friends are near, they are powerless to lift the burden which only those helpless hands can carry; but how far more miserable, how far more cruel than any other desolation on earth, is it when sickness falls upon one who must work, and the sick one is not only oppressed by the burden of duties unperformed, but is himself a burden, coldly and grudgingly tended, or tended not at all? Mr. Bently knew well the extent of his cousin's friendship, and the worth of her Chinese compliments, and he would far rather have fallen in the street, and been left to the tender mercies of strangers, than fall ill in her house.

Morning came, and it was breakfast-time, by no means an early hour. Mrs. Clay had put off the meal half an hour on her cousin's account. "He has at least one polite habit—he does not rise early," she said. "But then he is as regular as a clock in his late hour."

He was not prompt this morning, however, for they waited ten minutes after breakfast was on the table, and rang a second bell, and still their visitor did not appear.

Miss Bird suggested that he had looked unwell the evening before, and might be unable to come down.

"Really, how thoughtful you are!" Mrs. Clay said with cutting emphasis. "I had quite forgotten. Perhaps, my son, you will go up and see if Miss Bird is right."

"My son" objected to being made a messenger of. "If the old fellar wanted to sleep, let him sleep. Don't you say so, Clem?"

Clementina always agreed with her brother; the two prevailed, and the "old fellar" was left to sleep, or toss and moan, or be consumed with fever and thirst, or otherwise entertain himself as he or fate should choose, while the family breakfasted at their leisure.

It is scarcely worth while to put Clementina and Arthur Clay in print. They are insignificant and, in a small way, disagreeable objects, and their like is often met with to the annoyance of many. The mental ignorance and lack of capacity which we lose sight of when they are overmantled by the loveliness of good-will, in such as these become contemptible by being placed on

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pedestals of presumption and ill-nature, and hateful when they are set as obstacles and stumbling-blocks in the way of souls who would fain walk and look upward.

Breakfast over, and no Mr. Bently appearing, Mrs. Clay felt called on to make inquiries, and, accordingly, dispatched a servant to her cousin's door, while she herself listened at the foot of the stairs. She heard a knock, but no reply, then a second knock, followed by the servant's voice, as if in answer to some one within.

"Paper under the door, sir? Yes, sir!"

She was half way up the stairs by this time, and snatched the slip of paper which the man had found pushed out under Mr. Bently's door. "What in the world can be the matter? Where are my eye-glasses? Cousin Bently is such a frightful writer that, really—"

While the lady is adjusting her glasses, and her children and companion are gathering about her, we will read this document, for there will be no time afterward. It is short, and is strongly scented with camphor.

"I am ill, and, it is possible, may have small-pox. It has been where I was a fortnight ago. Keep away from me, and send for a doctor."

Confusion ensued. Screams resounded from the parlor; orders and counter-orders were given, only one fixed idea penetrating that chaos—to get away from the house as quickly as possible. Carriages were got out, silver and valuables piled into them by Bird, who alone would go upstairs, and who was made to do everything, and in less than half an hour the whole family started for the city. The servants, all but the gardener, had already fled.

"But who is to take care of Mr. Bently?" Bird asked, pausing at the carriage door.

"I shall give the gardener orders to get a doctor and nurse," Mrs. Clay said impatiently, fuming with selfish terror.

"But I'm not afraid," Bird hesitated. "I've been vaccinated. And it's hard to leave him alone."

"Nonsense!" cried the lady. "I shall allow nothing of the sort. It is not necessary, and, besides, it is not proper. Do get in, if you are going to town. It really seems to me, Miss Bird, that you are altogether too much interested in Mr. Bently."

Then, at last, Bird perceived what was in the speaker's mind, and, as most women would in such circumstances, laid down her better impulses at the feet of meanness. Crushed and ashamed, and, at the same time, weakly and despairingly angry, she took her place in the carriage, and listened in silence to the lamentations and complaints of her companions.

"How could Cousin Bently do such a thing? How could he come to me when he knew he had been so exposed?"

That Mr. Bently had only learned from the paper of the evening before to what he had been exposed, and had only thought during the night what might be the meaning of his illness, the lady did not inquire into.

At the garden gate stood James, the gardener. Mrs. Clay stopped long enough to give him hurried directions to get a doctor and nurse, and do all that was necessary for the invalid, then ordered the coachman to drive on.

"I hope John isn't with us," one of the young ones said presently. "He was round Cousin Bently all day yesterday."

No; Bird, recollecting that fact also, had shut John into one of the

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chambers, and left him there. She ventured to hope that he would not be left to starve, but no one responded to her merciful wish.

The cause of all this terror and confusion had seen the departure of the family without being surprised at it. He had not undressed, but had lain on a sofa all night, and, when morning came, had written the warning which proved so effectual, and then sank into an arm-chair near the window, longing for air. He expected the family to keep away from him, and was neither sorry nor indignant that they had removed themselves still further. Of course a doctor would be sent, and of course there was some one to take care of him. He sat and waited for that some one to enter. Perhaps it was James. He saw the gardener shut and fasten the gate after the carriage went out, and he heard the locking of the stable door. He waited, but no one came. Well, the house must be attended to first, and he would be patient, though thirst, and alternate fever and chills, and racking pains were tormenting him. He was annoyed, too, by John's efforts to escape from the next room, and would have gone to release the creature but for the fear of spreading contagion.

A distant door opened and shut; he heard a distant heavy step, and thanked God that relief and companionship were at hand. But the sounds ceased, and no one came near him. He saw James, the gardener, laden with packages, hurry down the avenue, and disappear into the public road, and a thrill of fear shot through him. The scene outside swam before his eyes, and grew dark for a moment. Could it be that they had all gone away, and left him to die alone? No; he could not believe it! James had perhaps gone to bring the doctor. He would wait patiently, since wait he must.

An hour passed, and no one came. There was no sound in the house but that occasional whining and barking from the next room; no sound outside except when a carriage rolled swiftly by in the road. He saw no person coming. It was impossible to endure that thirst any longer. He went into the bathroom, and wet his hands and face, and drank of the tepid water there. His head reeled at sight of the stairs, and he did not dare to attempt to descend. Returning to his chamber, he fell on to the sofa, and, for the first time in his life, fainted; coming back to life again as though emerging from outer darkness, but not into light—into a sickening half-light, rather. So hours passed, and he knew without a doubt that he was utterly deserted, and that a lonely and terrible death threatened him. Could he do nothing to avert it? He recollected that Mrs. Clay had a medicine closet in the bathroom. Possibly, if he could reach it, something might be found there to relieve, if not to cure, him. What mountains molehills can change into sometimes! This man, so strong and full of life but a day before, now lay and gave his whole mind to planning how he should save himself a few steps in going to the bathroom again, how he could avoid the stairs, lest he should fall, and whether he could this time cross the corridor to release that troublesome, whining dog. Whenever, weary and confused, he lost himself a moment in a half sleep, that whining and scratching assumed terrible proportions in his imagination, and became the fierce efforts of wild beasts to reach him. He started up now and then, with wide-open eyes, to assure himself that he was not in a menagerie; to fix in his mind the picture of that airy chamber, with

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its clear tints of green and amber, its open windows showing the long veranda outside, and the bright perspective of foliage and sky.

But when his eyelids drooped again, and he sank back into half sleep and half fainting, back came the painful phantoms to torment him till they were once more chased away for a time.

Toward evening he roused himself to make that difficult pilgrimage of fifty paces in search of healing and refreshment, bathed eagerly his face and head, and found his cousin's medicine closet. But when he had reached that, his strength was nearly exhausted. He had only enough left to take down the laudanum bottle, and get back to his room with it. Laudanum might dull this pain, and quiet the excited nerves. Once more John must wait. He could not stop to release him.

The room in which the dog was confined had a window on the balcony that ran past Mr. Bently's room. That window was open, but the blind was shut, and John, despairing of escape through the door, had turned all his efforts toward unfastening this blind, and had several times been near success, when the spring. flying back, had defeated him.

The invalid's bath of cold water had refreshed him somewhat. He hated to take the laudanum. He had never been an intemperate man, and had always shrunk from swallowing anything which could in the least degree isolate his mind from the control of his will. He would bear the pain a little longer.

He lay there and thought, and visions of happy homes rose up before him. At this hour of early twilight, the lamps were being lighted, or people sat by firelight, and children, grown languid and sleepy with the long day's play, leaned silent on their mothers' laps. At this hour, men of thought, intellectual workers, laid aside the weightier labors of their profession to indulge in an exhilarating contention of wits, so much happier than other workers, in that their recreations do not retard, but rather accelerate their work. It is but dancing at evening with Terpsichore, or pacing with Calliope along the margin of the same road which he had travelled by day in a dusty chariot, or walked encumbered by his armor. In their lighter intellectual contests, what sparks were sometimes struck out to live beyond the moment that gave them birth! What random beams of light shot now and then into seeming nothingness, and revealed an unsuspected treasure!

All these scenes of social comfort and delight rose before the sufferer's mind with tantalizing distinctness, fairer and fuller in the vision than he had ever known the reality to be. He felt like a houseless wanderer who, freezing and starving in the street, sees through lighted windows the warmth and joy of the home circle.

Mr. Bently was not a pious man. He had a deep sentiment of reverence, and a firm belief that somewhere there is an inflexible truth that deserves an obedience absolute and unquestioning. But controversy had spoiled him for religious feeling, which is, perhaps, too delicate for rough handling, and in the clash of warring creeds some freshness and spontaneity had been lost to his convictions. Reaching truth, winning battles for truth, he had been like a traveller at the end of a long journey, when he scarcely cares in his weariness for the goal attained, but must needs eat and sleep. He had spent too much time and strength in wiping away the mire flung on the garments of religion to be any longer

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quick in enthusiastic homage. "Pity 'tis, 'tis true." The butterfly you would save from the net loses the down from its wings with your most careful handling; the friend you defend from calumny you dethrone even while defending. The feeling that dictated that brutal egotism, "Cæsar's wife must not be suspected," dwells in a less arrogant form in most human hearts, and rare indeed is that soul which sets its love as high, after even the most triumphantly refuted accusation, as it was before.

Desertion and imminent death chilled this man's heart, and he had no mind to turn to God, save in a cold recognition of his power and wisdom. Love entered not into his thoughts, but despair did.

The pain increased, the dizziness came back. He stretched his hand for the glass and vial of laudanum, and tried with a shaking hand to pour out what he could guess to be an ordinary potion. There was no reason why he should suspect that that bottle might have been standing in the house so long as to have made even the smallest dose of its contents deadly. As he measured, and tried to recollect how much he should take, pouring out unknowingly what would have been for him Lethe indeed, a louder rattle and bang at the blind of the next room proclaimed the success of the four-footed prisoner. There was a scampering on the veranda, a dog's head, eager and bright-eyed, was thrust in at the window of the sick-room, then, with an almost human cry of joy, John flew at its occupant.

Away went bottle and glass, breaking and spilling—no laudanum for Mr. Bently that day. Down went Mr. Bently among the sofa pillows, prostrated by the unexpected onset; and love, and delight, and absolute devotion, in the form of an uproarious Skye terrier, unconscious and uncaring for risks, nestled in the breast of the deserted man, were all over his face and neck, and through his hair, and speaking as plainly as though human speech had been their interpreters.

When the man comprehended, recovering from his first confusion, reason and endurance stood aside and veiled their faces, and a greater than they took their place.

Through a gush of tears which were but the spray of a subsiding wave of bitterness, this soul raised its eyes, and beheld a new light. It lost sight of the Almighty in a vision of the Heavenly Father.

The night that followed was painful, but not unsoothed. The dog, perceiving at once that his friend was ill, became quiet. He lay with head pressed close to the restless arm, and, if the sick man moaned, he answered with a pitying whine. Once he left the room, and wandered through the whole house in search of help, whined and scratched at every closed door, and, finding no one, came back with an air of distress and perplexity. Later, when Mr. Bently seemed very ill, John ran out onto the balcony, and barked loudly, as if calling for relief.

Morning came again, and the sick man's pain gave place to a deathlike faintness, resulting from lack of nourishment. For thirty-six hours nothing had passed his lips but water, and that no longer ran from the faucet when he tried it. He crept down-stairs, stair by stair, holding by the balusters, like a little child. There was no water to be seen in the dining-room, and he did not know where to find any. He reached the parlor, lay down on the floor, and prayed for death or for life—anything to put an end to that nightmare of misery. It seemed that

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death was coming. His hands and feet grew cold with an unnatural chill, and, though the morning sunshine poured through the windows, all looked dim to his eyes. His senses seemed to be slowly receding, without pain, without any power or wish on his part to recall them. He lay and waited for death.

And while he waited, as one hears sounds in a dream he heard a door open and shut, then a quick, light step that ran up-stairs. John, standing over his friend, left him, and rushed to the parlor door, barking wildly, but was unable to get out, the door having swung to. In vain he tried it with his paws, and thrust his small nose into the crack. It was too heavy for him to move.

Suddenly, while Mr. Bently gazed with languid, half unconscious eyes at the creature, the door was pushed wide open, and a woman stood on the threshold. She was neither young nor old, but simply at the age of perfection, which is a variable age, according to the person. Her face was a full oval, but white now as hoar-frost. All its life seemed to centre in the large hazel eyes that were piercing with a terrified search. She wore her fair hair like a crown, piled high above the forehead in glossy coils like sculptured amber. Over one temple a black and gold moth was poised, as though it had just alighted there, its wings widespread. The long black folds of a velvet robe fell about her superb form, sweeping far back from her swift but suddenly arrested step. Scintillating fringes of gold quivered against the large white arms, edged the short Greek jacket, and ran in a single flash down either side of the train. A diamond cross lay like a sunbeam on her bosom, a single diamond twinkled in each small ear.

There was but an instant's pause, then she crossed the room quickly, and knelt by him.

"My God! my God!" she murmured, and lifted his head on her arm. "What fiendish cruelty!"

Her touch and voice recalled him to himself. He tried to put her away. "Leave me, Marian, I beg of you! Do not endanger yourself for me!"

But even while bidding her go, every nerve in him grew alive with the joyous conviction that he would not be obeyed, and that, danger or no danger, she would not desert him. Here were strength, help, and the power to command. She brought the world with her, this queenly woman, who had not even snatched the gloves from her hands since last night's ball, but had hurried to seek news of him, after the first confused rumor, to call doctor and nurse, to rush to him herself with all the speed her panting horses could make.

"Leave you? Never!"

He asked no questions, but resigned himself. How delightful the sickness, how sweet the pain, that led to this! How thrice blessed the desertion that gave her to him!

In half an hour, the doctor had come and given his decision. Mr. Bently's illness was merely a violent cold with fever, and a few days of careful nursing would make all right. In another half hour, he was established in a pleasant chamber in Mr. Willis' house, with a nurse in close attendance, the whole family anxiously ministrant, John an immovable fixture in the sick-room; and, later, Mrs. Marcia Clay besieging the house for news of poor dear Cousin Bently, and protesting and explaining to the very coldest of listeners, declaring that nothing but her duty to her family, etc.; and what was the meaning of that broken bottle and glass, and ineradicable laudanum

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stain on the carpet in her house? Was it possible that Cousin Bently had thought of taking any of that terrible stuff that she meant to have thrown away ages before? And would they bring down John? Arthur had asked for him.

Some one went to Mr. Bently's room for John, but came back without him. The invalid was reported to have flown into something like a passion on learning the messenger's errand. and to have held the dog firmly in his arms.

John was his! No one else should have him. Whatever crime it might be called to refuse to give him up—stealing, embezzling, false imprisonment—he was ready to be accused and convicted of it, and would go to jail for it with the dog in his arms.

Mrs. Clay was enchanted to be able to oblige her cousin in such a trifle, and would he speak freely when he wanted anything? and then went home and told all her family in confidence that Mr. Bently was a raving maniac.

Reader, according to our promises at the beginning of this history, we should stop here. The scene has changed, the time already exceeds twenty-four hours, and only the characters remain the same. But we have not done. There is something more which we are pining to tell. Shall we stop, then, and perish in silence, rather than transgress rules made by a people "dead and done with this many a year," whose whole country, with themselves on it, could have been thrown into one of our inland seas without making it spill over? No! Perish the unities!

Scene II.—Large parlor, rosy-tinted all through with reflections from sunset, from firelight, and from red draperies. After-dinner silence pervading, open folding-doors giving a view through a suite of rooms, in the furthest of which an old gentleman sleeps in his arm-chair. Or, perhaps, it is a picture of a library, with an old gentleman asleep in it. The stillness is perfect enough for that. Mr. Bently, convalescent, first dinner down-stairs since his illness, stands near a window looking out, but watchful of the inside of the parlor, and of a lady who sits at an embroidery-frame near the same window. The lady is superficially dignified and tranquil, but there is an unusual color in the cheeks, and a slight unsteadiness in the fingers, which tell her secret conviction that something is going to happen. This is the first time the two have met since Miss Willis found the deserted man lying half senseless on Mrs. Clay's parlor floor.

He is thinking of that time now, and that an acknowledgment is due, and wondering how it is to be made, half a mind to be angry, rather than grateful, for the service. Such is man. All the bitterness of his lonely life rises up before him. Gray hairs are on his head, lines of age mark his face, but his heart protests against being set aside as too old for anything but dry speculation and love of abstract truth.

"I have been seeking for some proper terms in which to express to you my grateful sense of your humanity in coming to me when I was left sick and alone, but I cannot find them," he said at length, facing her.

"There is no need to say anything about it," she replied quietly, setting a careful silken stitch. "I could not have done otherwise."

Having begun, the gentleman could not stop, or would not.

"I am sure you meant well, but did you do well?" he went on. "Could you not have been content to send the doctor, without coming yourself? Did you reflect that you

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were apparently incurring peril, and that for a man who had a heart as well as a head, and, worse yet, for a man whose heart had for years striven vainly to forget you? You have deprived me of the shield and support of even attempted indifference. I can no longer try to forget you, or think of you coldly, without the basest ingratitude."

Will the reader pardon Mr. Bently for expressing himself so grammatically? It was through the force of a long habit, which even passion could not break. It is true that, according to Gerald Griffin, Juno herself, when angry, spoke bad Latin; but then, Juno was a woman.

Allons, donc. We are ourselves interested in this conversation, and are pleased to observe that, though the speaker's moods and tenses are not flagrant, his eyes and cheeks are.

The lady glanced up swiftly with that smile, half shy, half mirthful, with which a woman who knows her power, and means to use it kindly, receives the acknowledgment of it.

"Why should you think coldly of me, or forget me?" she asked.

Mr. Bently met her glance with stern eyes. "Does a man willingly submit to slavery?" he demanded. He had not suspected Marian Willis of coquetry.

She looked down at her work again, the smile fading, but the mouth still sweet, slowly threaded her needle with a rose-pink floss, and said as slowly, "I do not wish you to forget me."

One who has seen the sun strike through a heavy fog, stop a moment, then fling it asunder, all in silence, without breath of breeze, but making a bright day of a dark one, knows how Mr. Bently's clouded face cleared at those words, and the look of her who spoke them.

No more was said then. Enough is as good as a feast, and both tasted in that moment the full sweetness of a happiness the more perfect because apparently incomplete.

On one point our mind is made up —this story shall not end with a marriage. A marriage there was, at seven o'clock one spring morning, in the little suburban church, with only three visible witnesses; and the marriage feast was—be it said with all reverence and adoration — manna from heaven, the Bread of Angels!

Mrs. Clay was, of course, shocked at this affair. Where was the *trousseau*, where the fuss, the presents that might have been, the rehearsal at a fashionable church, the organ music, the crowd of dear criticising friends, the reception, cake and wine, journey, what not—all the parade, wearin ess, and extravagance which have so often changed a sacrament into a ceremony? Where, indeed? They had no existence outside of the lady's disappointed wishes.

She did not even see what she called this "positively shabby affair," and we will not dwell on it. Turn we to the final scene.

Does the reader object that John bears too small a part in the story named for him? On the contrary, the whole story is because of John. You have, perhaps, seen a painting of the procession at the coronation of George IV., pages and pages of magnificent persons, names, and costumes, the brilliant pageant of the long-extended *queue*, all because of one person in it. The figure is rather large, apparently, for use in this place, but only apparently; for John's record is better than any king's, in that it is unstained.

A year has passed. In the midst of a fair area of gardens and trees stands a pleasant house. Only a window or two are open, for the spring is not yet far advanced. Un-

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derneath a large old pine, tree not far from the porch, a hole has been dug, and at one side of it stands Mr. Bently, spade in hand, and at the other his wife. This little pit is lined with green boughs, and the lady stoops and carefully and soberly adds one more. On the heap of earth thrown up rests a box.

This much is visible to a young man who comes strolling up the path from the gate. He pauses, and looks on in astonishment. He recollects of having heard somewhere that Cousin Bently's dog John was accidentally shot, and that Mrs. Bently cried about it. Can it be possible that they are making a funeral over John? That would be too funny.

Mr. Bently stooped, took the box in his arms, and placed it carefully down among the green boughs. Standing upright then, he wiped his eyes, and muttered a trembling, "Poor fellow!"

"Good-morning!" said a brisk voice at his elbow. "I'm sorry Johnnie met with a mishap. Are you burying him here?"

The vapid, mean, supercilious face gave them both such a shock that they reddened and frowned. No one could have been less welcome at that moment than Arthur Clay.

Mrs. Bently answered his question with a brief, "Yes."

"Oh! well, there are dogs enough in the world," said the young man, meaning to be consoling.

"There are puppies enough!" muttered Mr. Bently, and began shovelling the earth savagely into the grave.

"Please go into the house, and wait for us, Arthur," the lady said, with polite decision. She had no mind to have this last touching rite spoiled by such an intrusion.

But young Mr. Clay was in an obliging mood. "Thank you; I'd just as lief stay, and rather. I never attended a canine funeral before."

There was a momentary silence, then Mrs. Bently spoke again, with still more decision and far less suavity: "On the whole, you must excuse us from seeing you any longer this morning. If you had gone to the door, the servant would have told you that we do not receive any one to-day."

The young man gave an angry laugh. "Oh! certainly! I wouldn't for the world intrude on your sorrow. Good-morning! It's a pity, though, that dogs are not immortal, isn't it? You might have John canonized."

Mr. Bently flashed his eyes round at the speaker. "What!" he thundered, "*you* immortal, and *my* DOG NOT!"

If they had been two Parrott guns, instead of two eyes and a mouth, Mr. Arthur Clay could not have retreated more precipitantly.

The grave was filled in and covered over with boughs, two sighs were breathed over it, then the couple walked, arm in arm, slowly toward the house.

"He was a perfect creature!" Mr. Bently said, after a silence.

"Yes!" assented the wife. "Only he would bounce at one so."

"Marian," said her husband solemnly, "if it hadn't been for John's habit of bouncing at his friends, you would have had no husband."

It was well meant, but unfortunately worded. The lady pouted, being by no means an ideal, perfect, pattern woman, but only a natural and charming one, with varying moods and whims playing, spraylike, over the deeps of principle and religion. "Don't be too sure of that!" she made answer to him.

Mr. Bently never bristled with virtues when his wife made such re-

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marks. He smiled now, full of kindness. "I meant to say that I should have had no wife," he corrected himself.

At that, the pout, which was only a rebellious muscle, not a rebellious heart, disappeared. "It means the same thing, you most patient of men!" exclaimed his wife fervently.

They reached the porch, and stood there a moment, looking back to the mound under the pine-tree.

"It is a comfort to think," said the wife, "that for one year of his life we made him such a happy dog."

Then they went in, and the door closed behind them.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF PREHISTORIC ANTHROPOLOGY AND ARCHÆOLOGY.

FROM LA REVUE GENERALE DE BRUXELLES.

THE International Congress of Prehistoric Anthropology and Archæology held its sixth meeting at Brussels, in 1872. The idea of this congress originated in Italy. Some eminent Swiss, Italian, and French naturalists, assembled at Spezzia in 1865, resolved to hold the first session the following year at Neufchâtel. This meeting, entirely confined to explorations, created no sensation out of the scientific world, but it was agreed there should be another at the time of the International Exposition at Paris in 1867. The congress, thenceforth established, appointed a committee to organize the next meeting. More than four hundred savants responded to the invitation. At Paris it was decided to meet again the next year at Norwich, at the same time as the British Association for the Advancement of Science. The programme of questions proposed for discussion at Norwich presents a striking similarity to that at Paris. The congress held at Copenhagen in 1869 was distinguished by a more local and practical character than the preceding. Finally, the Congress of Bologna, in 1871, enlarged still more the extent of its programme; according, however, the first place to objects that particularly interested Italy.

The programme of the Congress of Brussels was, so to speak, determined by M. E. Dupont's important discoveries in the caverns of the province of Namur, and the questions were drawn up from the Belgian point of view, in order to give our savants an opportunity of acquainting foreign scientific men with the researches and facts relating particularly to our country. Similar proceedings had taken place at Copenhagen and Bologna. But the programme of Brussels by no means excluded points of general interest. Here is the list of those proposed:

I. What discoveries have been made in Belgium to attest the antiquity of prehistoric man?

II. What were the manners and pursuits of the people who lived in the caverns of Belgium? Did their manners and pursuits vary during the quaternary epoch? What analogy is there between their manners and pursuits, and those of the troglodyte

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population in other parts of Western Europe and of the savages of the present day?

III. What were the pursuits of the people who inhabited the plains of Hainault during the quaternary epoch? Can it be proved they held any communication with their contemporaries of the caverns of the provinces of Liége and Namur, or with the quaternary peoples of the valleys of the Somme and the Thames?

IV. What characterized the age of polished stone in Belgium? What was its connection with previous ages, and with the age of polished stone in Western Europe?

V. What were the anatomical and ethnical characteristics of man in Belgium during the age of stone?

VI. What characterized the age of bronze in Belgium?

VII. What characterized the appearance of iron in Belgium?

Excursions to the caverns of the valleys of the Lesse, the flint-works of Spiennes and Mesvin, and the entrenched camp of Hastedon near Namur, formed a practical demonstration of the problems discussed at the meeting.

Many illustrious co-workers responded to the invitation of the Committee of Arrangements. England was represented by Messrs. Prestwich, Owen, the great palæontologist, Dawkins, Lubbock, Franks, the Director of the Department of Antiquities and Ethnography at the British Museum, etc.; France, by her most eminent anthropologists, archæologists, and geologists, Messrs. Quatrefages, Broca, Belgrand, Hébert, De Mortillet and Bertrand of the Musée de S. Germain, General Faid'herbe, the Marquis de Vibraye, Cartaillac, De Linas, Doctors Lagneau et Hamy, one President and the other Secretary of the Society of Anthropology, Deshayes, Gaudry, Gervais, the Abbés Bourgeois and Delauny, one Superior and the other Professor at the College of Pont-Levoy, Oppert, the celebrated explorer of Khorsabat, and many others, among whom we must not omit the inevitable Mlle. Clemence Royer, at least as a curiosity. The northern countries sent the founders of prehistoric archæology in the North—Messrs. Worsaœ, Engelhardt, De Wichfeld, Steenstrup, Waldemar-Schmidt, from Denmark; Messrs. Hildebrand, Landberg, Lagerberg, Nillson, D'Oliviecrona, from Sweden; Italy was brilliantly represented by Messrs. Capellini, Fabretti, Biondelli, Count Conestabile, Gozzadini, etc.; Spain and Portugal by only a few; Holland by several, among whom was M. Leemans, Director of the Museum of Leyden; Austria by Count Wurmbrand; Germany by the Baron de Ducker, Professors Fraas, of Stuttgart, Schafthausen, of Bonn, the celebrated Virchow, of Berlin, Lindenschmidt, of Mayence; Switzerland by Desor, one of the founders of prehistoric archæology. Belgian science was represented in the committee by Messrs. d'Omalius d'Halloy, the venerable President of the congress, Van Beneden, De Witte, Dupont, with the élite of our savants, attended by a constellation of archæologists *de circonstance* belonging to the various orders of the literary, artistic, and political world, and even the commercial; for philosophy does not daunt M. Jourdain in these days. As for the rest, it was a spectacle of no slight interest to behold the extraordinary concourse of hearers that thronged the sessions at the ducal palace, attentively listening to discussions sometimes very abstract, and again participating in the excursions of the learned assembly with a genuine interest apart from the mere pleasure of the excursions themselves. In

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proportion as man adds to his knowledge of the globe he inhabits, instead of being satisfied, the greater ardor and interest he manifests to know more. "The surface of both land and water explored in every sense of the word; mountains measured; oceans sounded, and their secrets brought to light; inorganic substances and organized bodies analyzed and described; plants, animals, and the human races studied under every aspect; historical traditions investigated and revised; the dead languages brought into use, and the words derived from them traced back to their original roots—all this is not enough. Knowing what he is, and with a thousand theories as to his destination, man wishes to pierce the mystery of his origin; he asks whence he came, and how he began the career so laboriously pursued, and into which he was thrust by a destiny of which he had no consciousness."* The truths that we grasp in our day were perhaps only guessed at by the ancients. Lucretius has drawn a very correct picture, for those days, of the wretched condition of the earlier races, their struggles with the elements, and even the primitive weapons of stone which they wrought before the age of bronze and iron. But this is only a poetical conception to which must be attached no more importance than it merits. The science of prehistoric ages then had no existence. This science, scarcely known twenty years ago, has now quite a literature of its own, several reviews, and an annual International Congress (in future it will be biennial), splendid museums in all our capitals, and a society whose labors have contributed not a little to so prodigious a result—the Society of Anthropology.

Some persons are troubled at the discussion of grave and delicate questions that seem to set revelation and science at variance. As for us, who can never admit the possibility of a conflict between the Bible and nature—those two divine revelations—or that they ought ever to be completely separated, we deeply regret the complete absence of our clergy at these great sessions, while those of France and Italy were represented in a brilliant manner.

"I am well aware," says M. Chabas, in an able preface, "that the materialistic tendency of savants of very considerable attainments in anthropology and other branches of prehistoric research, withholds many men whose concurrence would be of value to science from entering the arena where such points are discussed." But timid minds are becoming more reassured. Therefore, as the Abbé Bourgeois happily remarked at the Congress of Paris, "We shall perhaps have to add to the antiquity of man, but we ought also to detract from that of fossils." Besides, hitherto, in spite of so much research, man alone has been found intelligent and with a moral sense of his acts; and in the animal kingdom there is not a single proof to confirm even remotely Lamarck's theory of transmutation revived by Darwin. When so many are appealing to science to the exclusion of God from the universe, it would be well for others to endeavor to make him manifest by the aid of science.

"What!" exclaims Mgr. Meignan, in his brilliant work on *The World and Primitive Man according to the Bible*, "ought the exegete to make no account of the progress of human knowledge? Can the savant find neither profit nor light in the wisdom of Holy Writ? We think otherwise. The theologian who first studies na-

* E. Dally.

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ture will be better enabled to explain certain passages of the Bible; and the naturalist and archæologist, in their turn, will find it advantageous to study the real meaning of Genesis." The human mind enters upon a course of examination more or less legitimate in subjecting religion itself to the trial of controversy; it is almost a duty imposed on the conscience of all who are not vainly endowed with reason to enable themselves to give a reason for the belief that is within them. "The task of the apologist," says the eminent prelate just quoted, "is never at an end in our restless age." The disagreement that some seem to apprehend only exists in superficial or sceptical minds.

If the Bible is not a scientific revelation, neither does it contradict science, and especially in the bold outlines drawn by Moses. Science, as it progresses, sets up its landmarks, so to speak, beside the immutable bounds of faith; it is so with the laws of light, as well as the fundamental principles of geology. Revelation assigns no limits to the antiquity of the world, and allows *the beginning* in which God created it to recede to as remote a period as is wished, and geology corroborates the Scripture account of successive creations. Is not the unity of origin of the human species, distinctly declared in both Testaments, connected with all the hypotheses that have excited so much opposition in our day? I do not mean the unity of the human species, a doctrinal question very different from the other, and not necessarily connected with it. But the unity of origin of the human race is now taught and demonstrated by the greater part of those versed in natural history; it is a scientific truth. As to the existence of man in the tertiary epoch, it is far from certain, though sustained by many highly respectable men.* M. Evans, the Secretary of the Geological Society of London, whose name is an authority on things pertaining to anthropology and palæontology, expressed himself in these terms at a meeting of the British Association at Liverpool last year [1871]: "We cannot," said he, "possibly make any prediction as to the discoveries that still await us in the soil beneath our feet; but we certainly have no reason to conclude that the most ancient traces of man on the earth, or even on the soil of Western Europe, have been brought to light. At the same time, I must confess that the existing evidence of man in the miocene period, and even in the pliocene, in France (it will be seen further on that this has since been asserted in Portugal), appears to me, after the most careful examination on the spot, very far from convincing."

Besides, the word *prehistoric* has only a relative exactness of meaning. In Belgium, prehistoric man comes down to the century before the Roman Conquest. A vast number of the monuments and remains so discussed in our day might be included in the historic period. In most cases, too absolute a signification is given to the word prehistoric, conveying an idea of remote antiquity far beyond the bounds of chronology. It is under the influence of this preconceived opinion that the most distinguished

* It is an error to suppose that the Catholic faith limits the existence of man to about six thousand years. The church has never decided this delicate question, and this abstention is full of wisdom. Nothing positive, in fact, has been revealed to us on this point. The various chronological systems are the work of man; they rest on bases often hypothetical. Nevertheless, we cannot admit even the possibility of the arbitrary theories of several distinguished geologists who date the appearance of man on the earth twenty and even thirty millions of years back. Good-sense alone should incline one to be moderate on this point."—Mgr. Meignan, *Le Monde et l'Homme primitif*, chap. vi.

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and independent investigators have allowed themselves to be carried away with the apparent revelation of an entirely new world. In hearing of the millions of ages attributed to quaternary man, one feels greatly behind the times, and asks himself anxiously if there really is a science that has a good right to make man so old, and that affords means of ascertaining, as has been stated, what our ancestors were observing in the heavens on the 29th of January, 11,542 years before Christ. This feeling of astonishment must be still livelier in those for whom the insoluble problems of antiquity extend back to less than two thousand years. We do not know the site of *Alesia*, and we pretend to know the habitat and manners of villages of more than three hundred thousand years before the downfall of the Gallic nationality! It should be confessed that the science which has so recently sprung up, and which has for its object the study of human labor anterior to the use of metals, is neither so firmly established nor so positive in its deductions that we should blindly accept such bold theories. This is one of the reasons that should encourage more men of serious pursuits to take a part in these debates, as to which it is allowable to hope that the truth will some day be discovered at an equal distance from any exaggeration.

We shall have occasion to return to these questions which occupied the Congress of Brussels. This preamble appeared necessary as a justification for confining ourselves to a plain, simple analysis of the proceedings of the congress—others can review them better than we.

We will only add one word more. The field for discussion had been prepared in a wonderful manner by the recent publication of the excellent work in which the learned and active director of our Royal Museum of Natural History has condensed his researches.*

The opening session took place the 22d of August. The day was spent in receptions, speeches of welcome, replies, the installation of the board, and other official courtesies which we spare the reader. The following days there were two sessions a day. The morning of the 23d of August was devoted to the first question in the programme. There was no one better fitted to develop it than M. Dupont, the Chief Secretary of the congress, and the most active of its organizers. He had already given a clear outline of its history in his discourse at the first session of the day before. It was started in Belgium in 1829, and kept up by the researches of Schmerling, who may be regarded as the Champollion of prehistoric anthropology; but our illustrious fellow-citizen was not encouraged in his discoveries, and it may be said that he was, to a certain degree, a martyr to the scientific prejudices of his time. His labors, occurring at a time when Cuvier's authority was at its height, could not counterbalance the influence of that great genius, who declared that man could not be found among fossils' bones, and that the vestiges of the human race in the caverns came under the general rule. No one then could have dreamed of referring these remains to the epoch of the mammoth, and it was scarcely admitted, till within a dozen years, that man was contemporary with the animals of the geological periods which preceded ours. Schmerling, but little befriended by circumstances, was deceived as to what caused the introduction of this *débris* into the

* *L'Homme pendant les Ages de la Pierre dans les Environs de Dinant-sur-Meuse.* 2e édition. Bruxelles: Muquardt. 1872.

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caverns. He attributed it to sudden inundations. Some years later, Mr. Spring opened the way to the true theory, which allows the reconstruction of the ethnography of geological epochs; but he could not continue his researches, and it was not till 1861 that Lartet's report concerning the caverns of Aurillac at length established a collection of decisive facts. In 1863, M. Dupont was appointed to explore the caverns of the province of Namur, which gave promise of discoveries of unusual interest; it was important that our country, after having taken so large a part in establishing the first principles of this new science, should not remain inactive in the movement to which it had led. The immense result of researches continued without relaxation for seven years, summer and winter, and the valuable remains thus found, which are the ornament of our principal museum, prove that the direction of the task could not have been confided to better hands.

M. Dupont, laying aside the arbitrary classifications that had hitherto been adopted for determining the antiquity of remains found in caverns, introduced the geologic method in his researches, which is founded upon principles almost incontestable and evidences of indubitable truth. The chronological data furnished by this method are generally of mathematical exactitude. "With this point to start from," says M. Dupont, "I was sure of clearly determining the fauna and ethnographical remains of each epoch to which the objects discovered in the various subterranean explorations belonged."* In pursuing the application of this method, our young and already illustrious savant was enabled to show the evolution of physical and biological phenomena, and to reconstruct the ethnography of the age of stone. Whatever may be thought of the reality of the facts brought forward, it must be confessed that no ordinary mind could have formed such bold conceptions.

After a communication from Dr. Hamy on the flint-works of France and England at the time of the mammoth, the Abbé Bourgeois discussed the question of tertiary man. The learned professor's clear, fluent language, the distinction of his manners, and his open, animated counte-

* This is true, at most, of the formations previous to the quaternary deposits; in the latter, the synchronism of the fauna becomes wholly uncertain, and only founds the emigration or disappearance of certain species of animals on inductions that have a hypothetical basis. As to their emigration, we have had too many instances in the historic period, as M. Chabas justly observes, to make us regard that necessarily the index of vast chronological intervals. Where are the elephants that abounded in Mauretania Tingitana, according to Solinus' *Polyhistor;* the hippopotami of Lower Egypt, the boas of Calabria, the lions, aurochs, and bears of Macedonia, the beaver, etc.? In the XVIIth century of our era, the stag, roebuck, wild boar, wolf, and bear still formed a part of the fauna of the Cevennes. The reindeer lived in the Black Forest in the time of Cæsar, who describes this animal from hearsay, but characterizes it sufficiently by the peculiarity of the male and female having the same kind of horns. M. Lartet is also inclined to the opinion that *the age of the reindeer is perhaps not so ancient as was once supposed.* The mammoth is no longer found alive, but has been discovered with its flesh and skin still remaining, embedded in ice, and affording nourishment to dogs and other animals. Struck with this preservation, M. d'Orbigny expresses a doubt as to the antiquity of the mammoth. He thinks it may have existed five or six thousand years ago, and believes it may still live in some unexplored locality. At least, it lived in America till a comparatively recent period. Its remains, and those of the mastodon, have been found in the auriferous deposits of California, among remarkable traces of human labor. At the Congress of Copenhagen, M. Schaffhausen expressed the opinion that the lost species should rather be regarded of a more recent date than that the antiquity of man should be extended to hundreds of thousands of years. As to the wretchedness and inferiority evident from the primitive pursuits of man and the conformity of his organs, the enemies of Christianity triumph over the discovery. We believe with Mgr. Meignan that "a proof of the authenticity of the Bible has been lightly transformed into an objection against it. The revolt and disobedience of man explain the wretched state in which he at first lived; and the hardships he underwent during the period he inhabited caverns and lacustrine dwellings prove to all who believe in the goodness of God that a great crime must have armed His justice."

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nance so completely won the goodwill of the audience that thenceforth, whenever he spoke, his appearance in the tribune was hailed with unanimous applause.

The Abbé Bourgeois and M. de Launay, his colleague, are the true heralds of tertiary man. The chronological discussion they so boldly excite seems to embarrass them but little; on the other hand, they almost banish the hope some still seem to cling to of finding the man-monkey. In 1866, M. Bourgeois described and presented to the Academy of Sciences some wrought flints found in the tertiary deposits in the commune of Thenay near Pont-Levoy (Loir-et-Cher). M. Desnoyers had already, in 1863, pointed out bones found in strata incontestably pliocene, on which were striæ, or very distinct and regularly marked incisions. Worked flints are beginning to be found, we are assured, in the bottom of the calcareous deposits of Beauce; that is to say, in chalk. They are identical in form with those found on the surface; as in other places, there are utensils for cutting, piercing, scraping, and hammering. Many of these instruments have been injured by the action of fire. Finally, says the Abbé Bourgeois, "I find in them almost every proof of man's agency, to wit: after-touches, symmetrical grooves, grooves artificially made to correspond with natural ones, and especially the multiplied reproduction of certain forms. This is a peculiar, unheard-of fact of the highest importance, but, to me, an indubitable one." M. Bourgeois exhibited to the competent judges assembled at Brussels what he considered the proofs of the authenticity of his discovery. To him they are convincing, but what he seeks, above all, is truth, and he asked that a special committee be appointed to elucidate the question. This committee pronounced a verdict two days after, without deciding the point. Of thirty-two specimens presented for examination, some appeared to them evidently wrought, but most of them were unanimously rejected. There was no difference of opinion as to M. Bourgeois' sincerity of belief, but they were divided as to the authenticity of the deposit. Those who have seen the place had no doubts; the remainder were incredulous. M. Capellini proposed that a new committee be appointed to make researches on the spot. The general conclusion was that no solution is at present possible.

The existence of prehistoric man in Greece next became the subject of lively discussion, giving rise to the most contradictory opinions. The conclusion was that there are no decided proofs. The same doubt was manifested with respect to a skull from California, said to have been found in tertiary formation. It is not even certain it is a human skull.

The second session of the day opened with an account from M. Rivière of the discovery of a complete skeleton in a grotto at Menton, found among the remains of various animals of the quaternary epoch, such as the lion, bear, rhinoceros, etc. Then M. de Mortillet gave a detailed description of the fauna, and the utensils, arms, pursuits, manners, and even the first manifestation of art, of man in the quaternary period, and he proposed a still further subdivision of the classes than is now admitted. The speaker mentioned a very singular circumstance calculated to excite reflection—an inexplicable hiatus between the last period of the age of cut stone and the age of polished stone, in which new races appeared of greater industry and more intelligence, agriculture was devel-

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oped, the industrial pursuits were extended, and art disappeared. It is the era of lacustrine villages and of dolmens. M. de Mortillet's sketch of prehistoric civilization was picturesque but far from convincing.

The Abbé Bourgeois did not think M. de Mortillet's classification correct, because the progress of civilization in France and Belgium was unequal. "The Belgians," he said, "were more advanced." And the orator added with charming *bonhomie:* "I cannot say it is otherwise now."

M. Fraas, professor at Stuttgart, stated that he had made some explorations in the grotto of Hollenfelz near Ulm, in Würtemberg. The *Homo unius cavernæ* was refuted in his conclusions by M. Hébert, the celebrated professor at the Sorbonne, and by other savants. M. d'Omalius was of the opinion that two geologists of different countries, desirous of identifying beds contiguous to their fields of exploration, were never able to agree. Between two strata there are always deposits that partake of the distinctive characteristics of both.

We pass from the grave to the entertaining. The following day, at seven o'clock in the morning, all the learned assembly, glad, it may be imagined, to get away from the pretentious paintings of the ducal palace, took flight by steam for the valley of the Lesse. We would be the first to confess that, if the country excited the sincere admiration of the excursionists, the latter were equally a delightful source of curiosity to the native inhabitants. They will not readily forget the picturesque sight of our long caravan traversing the good town of Dinant all decked out with flags, parading in elegant equipages lost among the *coucous*, *fiacres*, and *calèches* of wondrous construction, or perched on the imperials of the most extraordinary vehicles, omnibuses, and *pataches* truly prehistoric, filing along the banks of the Meuse towards the valleys amid laughter, jests, joltings, and the vociferations of our *Automedon.* Charming landscapes, but detestable roads. This region has been so often described that I need not attempt to depict it; it is with the pencil and brush it should be undertaken. Sometimes the road winds around with disagreeable undulations through the deep ravines bordered by apple-trees whose fruit-laden branches sweep the imperials of the carriages, endangering the silken hat; sometimes rolling over broad grassy roads walled in by immense cliffs crowned with ruins and verdure, or affording vistas through the neighboring valleys, lit up by the sun streaming through the woods with a mild radiance that recalls the Elysian Fields of mythological memory. At length we come to the Lesse, which bars the way with its clear, rapid current. The carriages have to ford the capricious and petulant waters of the little winding torrent. The horses sheer in the very middle of the stream, causing a deafening noise of laughter, shouts of alarm, and blows of the whip. All ends by crossing without any great difficulty, but the same scene is reproduced five or six times with varied incidents; for there are that number of fords to cross. It was in one of these places, where we were obliged to cross the river in boats in order to reach the grottoes, that we saw the overloaded skiff capsized that bore among others M. d'Omalius and Mlle. Royer. The apostle of woman's emancipation clung with shrill screams to the neck of a small gentleman, her *chevalier servant* for the time, and, when she found a footing with the water up to her chin, she contributed somewhat to save her as-

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sistant by keeping his head out of water—a fine opportunity for quoting La Fontaine, with a kind variation: "That is nothing; it is not a woman that is drowning." The nonagenarian president of the congress was taken out safe and sound, and it was with extreme difficulty he was induced to change his *chaussures*, but nothing could prevail upon him to accept dry garments. Happily, the weather was superb, and the shipwrecked travellers could get dry in the sun.

We returned by way of the plateaux that overlook the valley. Nothing could be imagined more fantastically beautiful than that immense panorama bathed in the purple light of the setting sun. The visitors, under the guidance of M. Dupont, had been through all the principal caverns described in his book. His learned explanations were greatly relished, and added a keen interest to an excursion of which the unexpected and the amusing had heightened the charm. We will not speak of the banquet that crowned so delightful a day, or of the ovations that were lavished on the savants and others. For such details, we refer you to the newspapers that published the reports.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.

THE SEE OF PETER.

NOT unto hirelings, Prince of Shepherds, leave
This distant flock. The wolf, long kept at bay,
No longer in sheep's clothing seeks its prey,
Nor prowls at midnight round the fold's low eave,
Its weak, unwary victim to deceive;
But rampant in the flock at noon of day,
Careering leaps, to scatter, mangle, slay,
While from afar the banished shepherds grieve.
How long must sycophants wax blandly wise,
And meek-faced aspirants rebuke the cries
Of outraged faith! On Peter, "Feed my sheep,
My young lambs feed," the charge benignant lies,
And we whose vigils cheat the night of sleep,
On Peter, still, calm eyes expectant keep.

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ATLANTIC DRIFT—GATHERED IN THE STEERAGE.

BY AN EMIGRANT.

To most of the sons and daughters of Columbia the few days they pass in returning from the Old Country represent but a period of wearisome delay—an interval sometimes nauseous and always irksome between the pleasures of travel and those of their own fireside, passed perhaps in recollection of the pleasures of Paris, the classic grandeurs of the Eternal City, or the picturesque beauties of Switzerland and the Rhine; not unfrequently, perhaps, by our belles, whose elegance and social value have received their last gilding in the grand tour of Europe, in anticipation of the effect of their costumes at Newport or Saratoga, or of their adventures and experiences in the great circle of their country friends. All that wealth and skill can do is lavished on the accommodations of ocean steamers, and nothing is spared to make the traveller independent of the caprice or ill-temper of the watery god; and nowadays a passage from the Mersey to our Empire City is to the ordinary passenger almost as comfortable and quite as devoid of unusual interest as a sojourn of so many days at the St. Nicholas or the Fifth Avenue. There is, however, another class of voyagers whose hard-earned savings form the staple of the receipts of the owners of these splendid vessels; they usually belong to a sphere where literature hardly penetrates and whence come few who wield a ready pen; hence perhaps the general ignorance that seems to prevail as to their treatment and accommodation. The cabin passenger sees them only in squalid groups, encumbering the decks of the great ship, beyond the middle enclosure reserved to the saloon; and if he dives into the close and half-lit steerage, a very brief glance round its dim precincts satisfies his curiosity. Believing, however, that many of our adopted countrymen will feel some interest in knowing how the great army of emigrants who flock in hundreds of thousands to our shores fare on their ocean transit, one of us lifts a voice from the steerage to relate some of the realities of life in an emigrant ship. Naught have we extenuated or aught set down in malice, and, such as it is, our little narrative is a true history of personal and actual experience.

To the reader it matters little what ill-fortune cast from his quiet anchorage a London clerk who had already seen three decades, and whose life had hitherto run in the tranquil groove of uniform official duty, sufficiently well remunerated to furnish the comforts of a middle-class English home. Unable to regain a similar position in his native land, he goes to seek his fortune in the West, and, thither wending, finds himself in the steerage of one of our principal ocean steamers. Candor requires this avowal, for those interested in the great liners think they dispose of the numerous complaints as to their treatment of their emigrant passengers, by retorting that they provide for the working-classes, and not for clerks out of place or penniless gentlemen. Hence what is here stated as to their discomfort deals not with

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the writer's own feelings, but speaks of what he saw endured by others, and he gives voice not merely to his own opinions, but to the sentiments of the mechanics, artisans, and farm laborers who were his fellow-voyagers.

Every emigrant has to provide himself with bedding, plate, basin, drinking and water can, and a knife and fork. Our first experience of emigrant life consisted in the purchase of these articles at a Liverpool slop-shop; some ten shillings covered the entire outlay, except for the blanket, the most indispensable of all; for this purpose, the dealer persuaded us to buy a horse-rug, which he solemnly assured us was worth double the money across the Atlantic: as a copy of the *Times* would give about as much warmth and shelter as the common covering sold with the bed, we invested in it. An addition to our comfort it certainly has been in the bunk, and in the long nights in the emigrant trains, and it still remains our property; no market have we been able to discover for the article, and we conclude that a certain spice of Americanism had communicated itself to the mercantile mind of the seller. Many of the inmates of our steerage dispensed with all or most of these domestic utensils. One gentleman's luggage, whose world-wide travels we may hereafter refer to, consisted of a limited brown-paper parcel; in his subsequent oceanic career his Irish suavity usually procured him the loan of one of the tins of an acquaintance; that failing, he borrowed any neighboring utensil whose owner was not for the moment at hand; or, driven to his last resource, abjured coffee or soup and ate his portion of meat on a piece of brown paper. Some had but one vessel which served indifferently for a drinking-can, soup-basin, plate, tea-cup, or wash hand-basin, while a few comfort-loving people, more frequently, however, in the after or family steerage than in our bachelor quarters, carried heavy loads of comfortable bedding and neatly-arranged baskets of table-ware.

Nearly all this apparatus of bedding and tin-ware is thrown overboard or given to the crew when the vessel arrives at its destination; only the frugal Germans carefully preserve their vessels, and, shaking out its straw or moss contents, preserve the ticking of the bed either as a wrapping for their baggage or some ulterior purpose. It certainly seems strange that an expenditure of from two to three hundred pounds should be incurred by every ship-load of emigrants for articles of such brief utility. Could not this outlay be converted to the benefit of the ship-owners by the permanent provision of requisites of this description at a moderate charge?

The great landing stage at Liverpool on the morning of our embarkation was crowded with some two thousand persons—the passengers of three mail steamers, their friends, and the swarm of porters, carters, and pedlers in attendance on them. Everything was confusion; here mothers seeking a stray little one, there the husband anxiously gathering together his motley property of boxes, bedding, cans, baskets, and packages of every description, as they were roughly tossed out of the cart from some boarding-house. The boxes had to be placed in one tender, the passengers and lighter luggage in another; porters drove greedy bargains with females helplessly encumbered with immovable boxes. Women with baskets full of articles for sale—combs and brushes, knives, scissors, and soap—pushed their way here and

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there. To single men, careful of small change, it was a problem how to move the box or trunk in one direction and yet secure the safety of the other articles while doing so. We despaired of solving the problem, and trusted to the honesty of a badge porter, who undertook for sixpence to place our box on the luggage tender; afterwards, nervous as to the actual presence there of our little all, we spent two weary hours in watching the baggage discharged into the hold. A thousand trunks and chests of every conceivable size, shape, color, and dimensions passed down the hatchway before us — handsome American boxes, ribbed and gay with bright nails; immense iron-bound chests of unpainted deal, containing the whole household goods of some Swedish or Norwegian family, directed in quaint letters to some far-off town in Minnesota or Wisconsin; flimsy papered trunks, with sides already creaking and gaping, threatening to disgorge their finery before they touch the ground in Castle Garden; and German packs of strong ticking or canvas about the size of a small haystack—and, with a sigh of relief, we at last saw our property shot with a crash into the hold. Nearly two long hours did we spend on the open stage under a drizzling rain, that soaked the beds and blankets before the tenders moored alongside; then all made for the gangways, tugging their luggage with them; produced their tickets as they passed on, and pushed, tumbled, and scrambled pell-mell on board; a similar scene was enacted at the steamer's side; and when at last we reached her spacious decks we felt like soldiers passed unscathed through some hard-fought field; not all unscathed, however; a considerable number of missing tins, blankets, and even beds attested the severity of the struggle and gave zest to the satisfaction of the more fortunate.

Arrived at last on our floating home for the coming fortnight, we pushed our way into the steerages to find our berths and enter into possession: and here let us try to describe. The steamer was a magnificent vessel, advertised to be of 3,700 tons, and celebrated for the luxury of her saloon accommodation and her almost unrivalled speed—qualities, as experience taught us, attained somewhat at the expense of the comfort of her emigrant passengers. Right aft the forecastle or forward part of the deck was roofed over with what sailors call a whale-back, to the entrance of the forward steerage; a small deck house, with doors on each side, and on one side a small closet with a half door and a few racks for clothes served as a deck bar; behind it, that is, towards the stern, was the forward *fresh* water pump; walking still sternwards, we next encounter another small house containing the wash-house for the forward steerage, entered from below, and two or three cabins for some of the officers or petty officers opening on the deck; on one side of this was a hot water tap; a few feet further is the main deck house, extending about half the length of the ship; in the street-like passages between its sides and the bulwarks—open iron railings in our vessel—are the doors to the galleys, boilers, engine-rooms, officers' berths, and saloon, which, unlike most other steamships, is in this situated amidships; from the saloon a handsome double staircase led on to the deck above, which, however, like the tops of all the other deck houses, was tabooed ground to the emigrants. At the end of the main deck house was the entrance to the forward or sternmost steerage, and at the side of it the

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after fresh water pump; still further aft another deck house contained the wash-house belonging to this steerage, and, as in case of the forward steerage, entered from below, and one or two officers' berths, and provided outside with a second hot water tap; still further, the stern deck house contained the wheel house, with the engine for working the rudder, the butcher's shop, ice and meat house, and vegetable storehouse; and between its semicircular end and the bulwark round the stern ran a low gallery, always considered among us as the most desirable place to settle for the day. We were free to ramble or squat ourselves on the deck where we listed, except the extreme forecastle forward of the entrance to the sailors' cabin; there an incautious intruder paid his footing with the penalty of a bottle or two of beer to the nearest sailor who could catch him. Under the whaleback, also, either by custom or some rule of the ship, was forbidden ground to children or the fair sex, and always the chosen resort of old hands who liked to smoke a quiet pipe sheltered from the wind, chat with those of the crew who were off duty, and be comfortably near the deck bar.

Enter the forward or bachelors' steerage—the after one being reserved to married couples and single women; leaving the bright day, we can hardly distinguish the objects in the dim light, and feel our way down the first flight of steps; this brings us on the main deck; here it is not open to the sides of the ship, along which run the berths of the saloon passengers. Entered from the saloons at the fore part, where they terminate by the hospital, two neat rooms, each with three or four bunks with bedding, wash-basins, etc., similar to those of a saloon berth, and in one of which, in the absence of patients, our two stewards sleep; and at the other or after end a narrow flight of steps leads up to the wash-house on deck. The main deck is lighted only by the stairs and the hatchway; when the wooden grating covering the latter is in its place, it is dim; when it is covered with tarpaulin to prevent the entrance of the rain or spray, too dark to see. We have still another flight of steps to descend to reach the cavernous abyss of the steerage itself, which is situated between-decks; when our eyes grow accustomed to the obscurity, we see a central open space about ten feet wide, running from end to end; in this are three narrow wooden tables with benches, two lengthwise and one crosswise, each capable of seating about twenty people; on each side are the bunks, reaching to the roof, entered by narrow streets or passages leading off on either hand, and again benches in the central space all round the outer side of the bunks.

Each street of bunks contained twenty upper and lower rows of five each, on either hand; the inmates, therefore, lay side by side, parallel with the ship's length, with their feet to their own street, and their heads adjoining those of their neighbors in the adjoining street. The bunks themselves consisted simply of shelves of unpainted boards, with an opening of about an inch between each, and were about six feet and a half wide, and divided into the spaces for each bunk, and fenced at the foot by upright boards about a foot high; in short, an emigrant's bunk means a slightly fenced off space of hard board rather more than six feet by two. The lower row are about two feet from the ground; the upper about three feet above the lower, and the same distance from the roof. They are not attached to the side of the ship, but to a frame-

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work a few inches from it, the interstices of which served to stow hats or tins. Inside this coffinlike area of the bunks you stow bed, bedding, cans, and all smaller *impedimenta*, while such boxes as found their way down are pushed under the lower berths, piled in corners of the central space, or serve in the streets as seats or footsteps to the upper berths. In our steamer the bunks seemed to have been just put up; they were free from vermin, the timbers had nothing dirtier about them than sawdust; indeed, as we believe, the number of steerage passengers who cross eastwards is much less than in the other direction, the greater part of the boards are often knocked down on the ship's arrival in New York, and the steerage filled with cargo, and then re-erected when she is again prepared for the westward trip. The berths next to the central space were the most in request, on account of their being nearer the fresh air, and the lower range everywhere objected to; but nearly all the tickets had a number affixed, and no liberty of choice was permitted. Ours was in the upper berth in one corner, and consequently very far removed from any ventilation; as a slight compensation, being next to the side of the ship, we could look through the little window over the surging water, with which it was almost level and frequently covered. The gaps between the planks were very annoying, as small articles readily fell through them, and if they fell beneath the lower range it was too dark and the space too narrow to readily recover them. From about nine till twelve every day the steerage was closed, all the inmates sent on deck, and the floor brushed and laid down with fresh sawdust; this process, we think, was confined to the central space and the streets. and did not extend to the spaces underneath the bunks; and it was daily inspected or supposed to be inspected by one of the doctors, of whom there were two on board.

The wash-house to the forward steerage was of decent size, with tiled floor, and contained eight closet pans, five wash hand-basins, each with a tap of cold water and one with a hot water tap, and four sinks, also with salt water taps: putting aside the absence of any privacy, the arrangements were suitable, and the fittings generally clean; but, as in so many other instances, the carelessness or inattention of the crew made the admirable equipments of the ship almost useless. Except early in the morning there was rarely any water in the taps, and in the hot water cistern, which also supplied the hot-water tap outside, often none for two or three days: the engineer, the steward told us, would not waste the steam by putting his cistern into communication with the boilers; and then often, when turned on, the tap poured out so much more hot steam than water that one was likely rather to get scalded hands than a full can.

The after-steerage was similar in character to that of the single men, but much larger, occupying both the main and between-decks; the married men and women slept on one side, the single women on the other; their privacy being supposed to be secured by a canvas curtain let down at night the whole length of the cabin. In the other lines, we believe the men and women, married or single, are quite separated, but ours put it forward as one of their attractions that husbands and wives are berthed together; as this simply means that their bunks are allotted side by side, the wife is really no more berthed with her own husband than with the spouse of her next neighbor. Many

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of the more respectable women complained much of being misled by the announcement, and of their being unable to undress to rest during the whole of the voyage, as they might have done if a cabin had been really and exclusively reserved for children and females. To the after steerage two wash-houses were attached, one for the women with closed private closets, and one for the men similar to ours.

The routine of one day's life may serve for all. As the mornings were generally damp and chilly, like most in our steerage we slept till towards eight o'clock, and did not rise till breakfast was announced; as dressing consisted in knocking off the rugs and donning coat, waistcoat, and boots, it was not a long process; then we scramble down into our street, seize our can and wait; in our corner we are too far removed from the tables—which would not seat half the number the cabin contains—to try to obtain seats at them; so we sit in the bunks on the chests in our street, or stand till the steward comes round to the entrance, and sings out, "Who is for coffee?" Each holds out or passes on his can, and he ladles into it about a pint of a boiling hot decoction, sweetened but without milk, and bearing a distant but still recognizable relationship to the article one had hitherto known under the name. A few minutes afterwards he comes round with the fresh bread, and over its distribution there were always much squabbling and bad language, partly because the bakers disliked the trouble of baking more than the strictly necessary quantity, and were given to restricting both the number and size of the loaves, and partly because many could neither eat the waxy potatoes nor hard sea-biscuits; so that all sorts of tricks were resorted to to secure additional loaves for their dinner or tea. Of all the articles of diet the warm fresh bread every morning was decidedly the favorite, and any shortcoming in its supply more resented than any other infliction; both in size and quality the loaves varied very much according to the caprice of the bakers, but they were generally good. Great pyramids of butter were placed in tins on the tables; most of the men would not eat it on account of its tallow-like flavor; for our own part, on obtaining our coffee and bread, we cut the latter open, put a lump of butter to melt inside, and pressed it together to distribute it equally as it melted, and then proceeded on deck, and under the influence of the keen sea air rarely failed to eat with a good appetite this not very luxurious fare in some quiet corner out of the wind. After breakfast, warmed with the steaming coffee, we obtained a can full of fresh water from the pump, produced the toilet requisites from our satchel, and in one corner of our street performed our ablutions; we always took as near an approach to a sponge-bath as circumstances permitted, and found the practice more refreshing even than sleep. Though the steward never interfered with me, it was, however, we believe, against the rules to wash elsewhere than in the wash-house, or to use fresh water for the purpose. The first day or two we had to wash in the wash-house before breakfast, but the crowd there for various purposes was so great and there was so little convenience for putting down the different articles that we gave it up; and after breakfast there was rarely water for the purpose.

The decks always presented a more crowded and busy appearance in the forenoon than in any other period of the day; the steerages were empty, and all their inmates perforce

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on deck, huddled here and there, wherever the deck houses offer shelter from the winds, in compact groups three or four deep. The German and Scandinavian mothers perform the ablutions of their numerous families deliberately and in public—an amusing, if to some disgusting, process; first, the white-headed urchin is held between his mother's or perhaps his eldest sister's knees, and his poll carefully and methodically examined with the fingers—not a comb, and any strangers summarily executed. Then he is taken to the scuppers by the side of the ship, his head held over a tin of hot water and lathered till he is red in the face and his eyes full of soap; then washed and taken back again, his head combed down into smoothness, and released for the day with a weight off his mind, the process being varied in the case of a little girl by the plaiting of her long flaxen locks into ribbon-adorned tails. The majority, however, treated their abode on shipboard as a time when the ordinary rules of civilized life were temporarily suspended, and eschewed washing, shaving, and all the vanities of dress until they again felt themselves on terra firma.

Dinner took place at twelve; we mustered as for breakfast, but with a more careful marshalling of cans, for two, if not three, were necessary, and a sharp watch was requisite to prevent some hungry but tireless prowler from summarily appropriating the nearest ware; first came the soup, dealt out as the coffee at breakfast—a hot compound with a faint reminiscence of gravy and mutton bones, some grains of barley, and fragments of celery and cabbage; sometimes, instead, a thick mixture of ground peas; such as it was, with plenty of salt which one of our street usually fetched from the table for the general benefit, it was the most reliable part of the dinner; it was always drinkable, and many came down to obtain it who would taste no other article provided by the ship beyond the soup and bread. Next came the meat, cut up into chunks in an immense tin, and shovelled out by the steward with a saucer on to the tin plates. Sometimes it was eatable; say, perhaps, on five out of the ten days a hungry stomach and a stern will could manage it; and once or twice we had fresh beef as good, allowing for the roughness with which it was served, as any one could desire; the salt junk and salt fish, however—and the latter, in deference to the feelings of the Catholic passengers, always appeared on Friday—were vile; the junk could not be cut with a knife, and had to be torn into shreds along the grain, while the fish in taste and smell was simply abominable.

The potatoes were one of our standing grievances; as there were but two stewards to assist some hundred and sixty people, they had to form a course of themselves, or the meat got cold while waiting for them; and instead of being boiled, they were steamed by some hasty process into the taste and consistency of a tallow candle. To the natives of the Emerald Isle, accustomed to consider their potato the *pièce de resistance* of their humble fare, this misusage of their favorite food was particularly aggravating, and their complaints were loud and endless. Boiled rice was generally served after the potatoes with coarse sugar or treacle; as long as the latter lasted it was palatable, but the sweetening generally bore the same relation to the rice as did Falstaff's bread to his sack, and our ingenuity had to be taxed to procure a double or treble allowance of the sugar by changing places while the serving took place or holding the plate over the shoulders of the stew-

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ard who carried it. On Sundays plum duff, a heavy pudding pretty liberally supplied with raisins, was dealt out, and to stomachs accustomed to steerage fare seemed something faintly approaching the luxuries of the table appropriate to the day. The tea, which took place at five, may be dismissed in two words: taste it had none, and its smell was beastly; however, it was always boiling hot, and in the cold, damp evenings anything warming was grateful. With it we had biscuits and butter.

Without a detailed notice of that indispensable and omnipresent article the sea-biscuit, any account of our food would be incomplete; a barrel of them always stood at the head of the staircase on the main deck, and any one could help himself as often and as liberally as he thought proper; they formed our sole fare at tea, and our *dernier ressort*, when the dinner was, as it usually was every other day, altogether uneatable. More fortunate than most of our fellow-passengers, we could combine recreation and humble fare by gnawing at their hard sides. Of wooden consistency they certainly were; to make any impression on their hard edges it was necessary first to break them with a smart blow of the fist, put a piece between two sound molars, shut your eyes, hold fast to one of the stanchions of the bulwarks, and bring your jaws together with a determined and persevering grind! The result, to our taste, was not unsatisfactory; they were perfectly sweet, and when once pulverized not ill tasted; and on several occasions, when we found the other provisions inedible, two or three biscuits, washed down with a bottle of porter, served us for a tolerable meal. Few, however, shared our liking or would touch them, except at the last extremity, and by those whose teeth were not in first-rate order they were unassailable. As a souvenir, we pocketed a couple on leaving the ship, and as we munched them on the following night on the platform of the emigrant car jolting along the side of the broad and mist-clad Hudson, hoped that Dame Fortune would never reduce us in the Far West to more unpalatable fare.

On the whole, it was possible to subsist on the ship's provisions, particularly when the transit was regarded in a purgatorial or penitential sense; and that statement, too, must be qualified by the admission of the necessity of malt liquor: without two or three bottles of beer or porter a day, we could not have survived; they served as a tonic, which made greasy meat digestible, and biscuits possible to swallow; few, however, lived entirely on the steerage fare, nor must it be supposed that the grumblers or discontented were generally those who had, as it is termed, seen better days. Men of that class were slow to complain, because ignorant of what they ought to tolerate or endure in their altered circumstances. It was the well-to-do artisans or workingmen who showed the greatest disgust and were the bitterest in their complaints. Many families were provided with well-filled baskets of good bread, ham, and bottles of preserves, and had their own store of tea and sugar, for which they obtained hot water from the galley; while others bought the whole of their food.

Buying, begging, and stealing food was one of the most interesting and to some the most engrossing of occupations; it required a little money, a deal of diplomacy, and very hardened feelings, and was accomplished in very various ways. At the commencement of the voyage, little cliques were formed of four or five people, who

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made up a purse of two or three pounds for one of the cabin stewards, who in return sold to or stole for them a regular supply of cabin provisions; we were asked to join a little party of this sort, but declined; nor did we observe much of their subsequent fortune, except that they professed to have plenty of good food, and seemed to spend most of their time in watching for the opportunity when their steward could safely convey it to them; others peeled potatoes or apples and carried water for the galleys, and got fed in return; some reduced it to a system, bought meat from the butchers, and got it cooked in the galley, or, for a consideration, got liberty to go in at an idle time and cooked it themselves; the ordinary way, however, was to buy a bottle of beer at our deck-bar, hand it in to one of the cooks with a tin, and ask him to give you something, the best time being immediately after breakfast, when the hot scouse or Irish stew—far better food than any provided for us—was served out for the sailors' breakfast, or after the saloon dinner; you then slunk about the galley door, cursed for being in their way by all the cooks except the recipient of the beer, until that gentleman saw the head cook or chief steward out of the way, filled the tin with anything at hand—generally scouse in the morning, cold beef and chicken in the evening—shoved it under your coat, and told you to clear out instantly. One's feelings suffered much in this process; but a few days of steerage fare blunt the sensibilities and whet the animal appetite to an extent that requires to be experienced to be appreciated.

Another want that is keenly felt in consequence of the salt food and dry biscuit is that of something green or succulent. One craves an apple or an orange or lemon; and so well aware were the experienced travellers among us of this want that fresh fruit generally occupied a large space in their well-stuffed baskets. We had only the slender resource of pulling pieces of celery through the grating of the vegetable store, peeling them and eating them as an addendum to the coffee and bread of our breakfast. Unfortunately either the demand for that cool vegetable was unexpectedly great in the saloon, or we emigrants were too successful in extracting it through the bars of the always open store; for before the voyage was half over the supply was exhausted. we then had raw carrots and onions from the same source, but the result was not satisfactory.

Many of the passengers who had no money suffered much from their inability to cope with our daily fate. One young man of about twenty-two or three years of age particularly attracted our attention. Short and slight, of perfectly gentlemanly manners and quiet address, he had little of the typical American about him, though as we afterwards learned from himself he belonged to a Western family engaged in commerce and of considerable means. Some strange star must have presided over his birth, for he had the rarest of all dispositions in the New World, a dislike to traffic and money-making, and an unconquerable yearning for a life of literary labor. He was returning westward after residing in Dresden and Florence, full of enthusiasm for Goethe and Schiller, Tasso and Dante, and proudly conscious of a vocation himself as a dramatic poet. He had shot, he said, in the lakes of Minnesota, hunted in the Adirondacks, become familiar with the most beautiful and intellectual of the European capitals, and now felt that his endowment for his career was enriched by the novel experiences

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of the steerage of an emigrant ship. Fine conceptions, except perhaps among saints or hermits, do not thrive on an empty stomach.

Our poet looked daily more pallid and spiritless. He listened uninterestedly to everything except prospects of better fare or prophecies of the speedy diminution of the irksome voyage. One night one of the cooks in the emigrant galley gave us a tin crammed to overflowing with fragments of meat and fowl, and, additionally armed with a bottle of porter and a biscuit, we had settled in a quiet leeward corner to make a hearty supper, when we thought of the famishing poet. We found him tending a little singing-bird he was taking out with him, and invited him to share our meal; and the enjoyment with which he ate the broken meat—a biscuit serving for a plate, and a clasp-knife for an instrument—was quite refreshing. We took alternate pulls at the porter, and felt pleased with ourselves and the world. His inner man refreshed, our poet became another person. The charm of his conversation well repaid our little sacrifice, and we talked art and literature, music and the drama, until the loneliness of the deck, the chill night breeze, and the bright moon mounted high in the star-spangled heaven warned us of the approach of midnight. A few hours after we had landed in New York, we met our poet in Broadway, in all the elegance of clean raiment, and happily conscious of a well-lined purse. Though our rough garb assorted ill with his gentility, he insisted on our drinking glasses together to the memory of our meeting. As we drank, he expatiated on the advantages of a varied experience of the many-sided life of our poor humanity. Nevertheless, we opine, to cross the Atlantic in the steerage of an emigrant ship with an empty pocket, is one of those phases of existence which he will never voluntarily again investigate. Another instance of suffering was that of an Englishman—a quiet-visaged, silent man, past middle age, whose velveteen coat and corduroy trowsers bespoke him a ploughman or gamekeeper from some Old World country neighborhood. He had with him his little daughter, a fair-haired, sweet-faced little girl of about twelve, genteelly dressed. Neither he nor his child could eat the ship's food, and the little girl used to sit all day quietly pining by her father's side. They met, however, worse fortune on shore. Bound to some town in Ohio, he was apparently ignorant that a long journey separated it from their landing-place, and landed in Castle Garden penniless. Too shy or too proud to beg, the man and his little girl starved for a day, until some fellow-passenger accidentally found out their condition and supplied them with food.

No account of a sea voyage would be faithful without noticing the dread malady, the sufferings of which form the traveller's introduction to the domain of Neptune; but it is a life over which we must perforce draw a veil. To the voyager who has a comfortable berth, every convenience that wealth can produce, attentive stewards, and the command of each luxury that his fancy or fears can suggest, the horrors of sea-sickness are sufficiently nauseous. What they are in the steerage of an emigrant ship, where your pangs are intensified by the maladies and filth, the groans and curses, of some scores of other victims, can be better imagined than described; it is too disgusting. For the first two or three days, to eye, ear, and nose our steerage was insufferable; there was no remedy

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but to avoid it as much as possible, and either abandon the meals altogether, or rush down, snatch a hasty portion of whatever came nearest to hand, and beat a hasty retreat to the fresh air of the deck before your rising gorge added you to the ranks of the inconsolable.

But this rough initiation had its practical advantage. Many of the younger passengers of the better class at the commencement of their voyage endeavored to keep up appearances in spite of all difficulties, and to present themselves on deck fresh from a careful toilette and in all the neatness of clean linen and well-arranged dress; but, when they had once succumbed to the qualms of the malady, their vanity went overboard. Languid and weary, they crowded on deck, unwashed and uncombed, muffled in a waterproof, or huddled in twos and threes in a corner in the warm folds of a blanket or horse-rug; and as their spirits revived they thought no more of struggling against adverse circumstances, and were content to "peg along" (pardon, kind reader, the expression) until their feminine instincts revived at the welcome sight of the wished-for land.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.

A DAUGHTER OF S. DOMINIC.

If she had been condemned to have her life written, and been given the choice of a name under which to appear before the world, this would probably have been the one she would have taken. But who could have persuaded the humble child of the grand S. Dominic that such a fate was in store for her, or induced her humility to accept it? Well, it matters little to her now whether men speak of her or for her, she is alike beyond the reach of their hollow praise and their jealous criticism. But to us it matters much. The teaching of such a life as Amélie Lautard's is too precious to be lost; it is a lesson to be sought out and hearkened to, for it is full of beauty, and light, and encouragement to those whom she has left behind.

Amélie was born at Marseilles on the 12th of April, 1807. Her father was a medical man, eminent in his profession, an honorable man, and a good Christian. She lost her mother at the age of seventeen. Early in life she met with an accident which injured her spine so seriously as to render her by degrees quite humpbacked; the progress of the deformity was slow and very gradual, but even when it had grown to its worst it never looked grotesque or repulsive, nor did it, strange to say, take away from the singular dignity of her appearance or from the grace of her movements. In person she was tall and dark, not handsome, though her features had so much charm and expression that most people considered her so. Her intelligence was of a very high order, and pre-eminently endowed with that delightful and untranslatable gift called *esprit*. From her earliest childhood she began to develop an angelic spirit of piety and a sensitiveness to the sufferings of

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others that is generally the outgrowth of maturer years. The sufferings of the poor claimed her pity especially, but not exclusively. The range of her sympathies was wide enough to embrace every kind and degree of sorrow that came within her knowledge. This characteristic of her charity, as rare as it is attractive, may be considered as the keynote of her life, and explains, humanly speaking, the extraordinary influence she exercised over all classes indiscriminately.

After her mother's death Amélie became the chief delight and interest of her father, and she repaid his tenderness by the most absolute devotion. Offers of marriage were not wanting for the accomplished and *spirituelle* young lady, but Amélie turned a deaf ear to them all; filial duty as much as filial love had wedded her to her father, and she declared her intention never to separate from him, or let any other love and duty come between those she had vowed unreservedly to him. It was probably at this period of her life that she bound herself exclusively to the service of God by a vow of perpetual virginity.

During many years Dr. Lautard's health was such as to require constant and unremitting care. Amélie nursed him with the tenderest affection, never allowing her devotions or her work amongst the poor to interfere with her first duty to him. He expired in her arms, blessing her and declaring that she had been the model of filial piety, the joy and solace of his widowhood. Amélie generously made the sacrifice of this one great affection to God, she drank the chalice with a broken heart, but with an unmurmuring spirit, and entered bravely on the new life that was before her. Hers was to be the mission of an apostle, and she must go forth to it unshackled by even the holiest and purest of natural ties. She had long been a member of the Third Order of S. Dominic, to whom from her childhood she had had a great devotion. To her previous vow of virginity she now added a vow of poverty, which, in the midst of abundance, she observed rigorously to the end of her life. Dr. Lautard, knowing her propensities, and suspecting rightly that, if her fortune were left completely in her own power, she would despoil herself of everything and leave herself without the means of subsistence, tied it up in annuities which could not be alienated. But while binding herself henceforth to the practice of the most rigid austerities, Amélie did not break off from her accustomed intercourse with her friends. She continued to receive them as hitherto in her father's house. Dr. Lautard used to say that hospitality was a virtue which it behooved Christians living in the world to exercise towards each other, and he imbued Amélie with the same idea. Mindful of his precepts and example, she went on inviting her friends, and enjoyed having them with her, and surrounding them with attentions and seeing them well and hospitably served; at table she endeavored to disguise her own abstinence under a semblance of eating, or would sometimes apologize on the plea of her health, which had always been extremely delicate, for not setting them a good example.

Some rigid persons, unable to reconcile this frank and genial sociability with the crucifying life of penance and prayer and unremitting service of the poor and the sick which Amélie led, ventured to remonstrate with her on the subject. She replied with unruffled humility that it was a pleasure to her to continue to cultivate the friendships contracted for her and bequeathed to her by her

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father, and that she felt satisfied there was nothing wrong in her doing so, and that it did neither her nor them any harm; on the contrary, hospitality was often a means to her of doing good; a worldly man or woman who would fly from her if she approached them with a sermon, accepted an invitation to dinner without fear or *arrière-pensée*, thus enabling her to bring them under desirable influences in a way that awoke no suspicion and roused no antagonism, and often led to the most salutary results; a friendly dinner was, moreover, not unfrequently an opportunity of bringing people together and reconciling those who were at variance; in fact, Amélie pleaded so convincingly the cause of Christian hospitality as it was practised in the Rue Grignan, that the critics withdrew thoroughly converted and rather ashamed of their censoriousness. This thirst for doing good was, moreover, so unobtrusive and so free from anything like an assumption of superiority, that it was impossible to resent it; the tact and simplicity that accompanied all her efforts to benefit others prevented their ever being looked upon as indiscreet or meddling. She had a way of rousing your sympathies in a charitable scheme, or your indignation against some act of injustice or cruelty, and drawing you into assisting in the one or redressing the other without your suspecting that she had laid a trap for you; never preaching, never dictating, she had that rare grace, whose absence so often foils the most praiseworthy intentions, of doing good without being disagreeable. Her conversation was so sympathetic, and, owing to her mind being so abundantly stored by reading under her father's direction, could be, when the opportunity occurred, so brilliant, that the most distinguished men delighted in it, and flocked to the Rue Grignan, counting it a privilege to be invited to its unpretending hospitalities. Amongst the many illustrious men who admired Amélie's *esprit* and virtues and who courted her co-operation in their apostolic labors, one of the most prominent was the Père Lacordaire. The history of their first work in common deserves special record, not only because of its being associated with "the cowled orator of France," but because it is peculiarly identified with the history of Provence, that land so dear to us all as the birthplace and cradle of the devotion to S. Joseph. "Beautiful Provence! It rose up in the west from your delightful land like the cloud of delicate almond blossoms that seems to float and shine between heaven and earth over your fields in spring. It rose from a confraternity in the white city of Avignon, and was cradled by the swift Rhone, that river of martyr-memories, that runs by Lyons, Orange, Vienne, and Arles, and flows into the same sea that laves the shores of Palestine. The land which the contemplative Magdalen had consecrated by her hermit life, and where the songs of Martha's school of virgins had been heard praising God, and where Lazarus had worn a mitre instead of a grave-cloth, it was there that he who was so marvellously Mary and Martha combined first received the glory of his devotion." We all know the passage by heart, but we quote it not so much for its sweetness as because it so appropriately introduces the story of the work in question, viz., the restoration of the pilgrimage of Ste. Baume, a pilgrimage once so celebrated throughout Christendom, but of late years fallen into neglect and almost total oblivion. Tradition tells us the story of its origin, its growth, its glories, and

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its decay. Its origin dates from a little bark that eighteen centuries ago came floating down the sunny waters of the Nile and rode into the blue Mediterranean, freighted with a legacy from Palestine to France, bearing in its frail embrace none other than the family who had their dwelling on the shores of the Lake of Galilee, and whose names have come down to us with the halo of that simple and unrivalled title, "Friends of Jesus of Nazareth." Villagers and the simple folk of the place welcomed the exiles more kindly, let us hope, than Bethlehem had welcomed the Virgin Mother and reputed father of their Friend some five-and-thirty years before; at any rate, Lazarus and his sisters remained in Provence. The people gathered round the dead man whom Jesus had wept over and raised to life, and hearkened to his teaching; he planted the cross upon their soil, and sowed the seeds of the Gospel in their hearts, and in return they thanked him as the Jews had thanked his Master, by putting him to death. Lazarus opened the first page of the martyrology of France. Martha on her side withdrew to Avignon, where, on the ruins of a pagan temple situated on the Rocher des Doms, she built a Christian church, and dwelt there in the midst of a school of virgins, teaching the Gospel. She died at an advanced age, venerated as a saint, and renowned as much for her sublime gift of eloquence and her bountiful hospitality as for the austere sanctity of her life. We are not told how far, if at all, Magdalen shared the apostleship of her brother in Marseilles; the only trace of her that remains in that city is an altar in the vaults of the Abbey of S. Victor. These vaults are like catacombs, and the most ancient monument of Christian faith that Marseilles possesses. The legend says that Magdalen, immediately on landing on the shores of Provence, took up her abode upon the rocky heights of Ste. Baume and lived there for thirty years, her life divided between agony and ecstasy, between tears that had never ceased to flow since that day when at Simon's house she broke the alabaster vase over the feet of Jesus, and heard from his lips those words that have been the strength and the hope of sinners ever since: much had been forgiven her because she had loved much, and kept long vigils that were but a continuation of her faithful watch under the cross and at the door of the sepulchre. It seems strange, when we think of it, that she should have left the country where Jesus had lived and died, the home at Magdala that he had hallowed so often by his presence, and whose friendly hospitality had often been a rest and a comfort to him in his weary journeys round Jerusalem; that she should, above all, have torn herself from the companionship, or at least the neighborhood, of his Mother and the disciple whom he loved; for surely the one remaining solace of her purified passionate heart must have been to speak of her brother's Friend and her own dear Saviour with those who had known and loved him best, to revisit the places he had frequented, the site of his miracles and his sufferings, and that hill of solemn and stupendous memories where she and they had stood together in a common agony of woe, hushing their breaths to catch the last throb of his sacred heart. But perhaps this voluntary exile from those beloved associations was the last sacrifice, the crowning act of renunciation, that Jesus asked of her before he bade her farewell? Perhaps he expressed a wish that she and Lazarus should be in a humble way to the West

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what Mary and S. John were to be to the East, and that they should forsake the land and the friends of their youth and go forth bearing the good news of his Gospel to France? He had raised her once to the rank of an apostle that morning after the resurrection, when he gave her a message to the disciples and bade her go and tell them and Peter that he was risen, and before ascending to his Father he may have told her once more to go and be the harbinger of his resurrection to disciples who knew him not and were yet dwelling in darkness. We shall one day know, please God, what her motive was, but meantime we may reverently conjecture that there was some such understanding between Our Lord and Magdalen which induced her to leave the country that was so full of the fragrance of his divine humanity, and where his Immaculate Mother still lingered in childless desolation. Magdalen came to Provence, and withdrew to a wild and barren spot, upon a mountain called, in memory no doubt of her first interview with Jesus, Ste. Baume; it rises above a valley that runs towards the Alps from the busy city of Marseilles. Here she dwelt in solitude, communing only with her Saviour, and shut away from cruel men who had crucified him. Many and beautiful are the legends grouped by the simple piety of the inhabitants around the lonely watcher of Ste. Baume; they tell you still in reverent and awe-stricken tones how seven times a day the saint was rapt into ecstasy, and carried from her cave in the mountain side to the summit of the mountain, and held there suspended between heaven and earth by angels, but seeing more of heaven than of earth, and hearing the music of the angelic choirs. The peasants show you, even in these unmystical days of ours, the precise spot of an abrupt sally of the mountain where the angels used to come every day at their appointed hours to commune with the penitent and lift her off the earth. For thirty years she lived here in penance and expectation, then the term of her exile closed, the day came when she was to be set free from the bondage of the flesh, and admitted once and for ever into the presence of her risen Lord. Perhaps Jesus himself whispered the glad tidings to her in prayer; or perhaps it was only the angels who were charged with the message; but anyhow, tradition tells us—and who dreams of doubting it?—that Magdalen knew by divine inspiration when the hour of her death was at hand, and that she was filled with a great longing to receive the body and blood of her Redeemer before entering his presence as her Judge. S. Maximin, who had been the companion of Lazarus and shared his labors and his pilgrimage, dwelt in the narrow plain which forms the base of the three adjoining mountains, Ste. Baume, St. Aurelian, and Ste. Victoire —Ste. Victoire under whose shadow Marius fought and defeated the Teutons and the Cimbrians. The dying penitent was unable to traverse herself the distance that separated her own wild solitude from the hermitage of S. Maximin, so the kindly angels came and performed a last office of love for the friend of their King, and bore her across the hills and the floods and the valleys to the oratory of the saint: he too had been warned, and was ready waiting for her. He heard her confession, pronounced again the words of pardon that had been spoken first to her contrite soul by Jesus himself, and gave her the holy communion. Then she died, and S. Maximin laid her in an alabaster tomb that stood ready prepared for

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her in his oratory. The piety of the faithful surrounded the tomb with enthusiastic reverence and devotion; pilgrims flocked from all parts of the world to venerate the remains of the queen of penitents, and to visit the grotto where she had lived and the oratory where she died. Cassian, the monk, who was himself a native of Marseilles, after graduating in the school of the Egyptian anchorites, returned to his native city, and raised the Abbey of S. Victor over the crypt where Lazarus slept. Ste. Baume and St. Maximin soon drew him with irresistible attraction; he founded two noble monasteries there, and he and his monks kept vigilant guard for a thousand years, from the IVth to the XIIIth century, over the ground where Magdalen had wept, and over the tomb where she rested. At the beginning of the VIIIth century, the Saracens invaded the fair land of Provence, and for nearly three hundred years it was a prey to their devastating fury. During this long period of invasion, the Cassianites, terrified lest the precious remains of Magdalen should be discovered by the enemy and desecrated, thought best to remove them from the place where they were known to be to one of greater secrecy and safety. They took the body, therefore, out of its famous alabaster tomb and laid it in the tomb of S. Sidonius, having previously translated elsewhere the relics of the holy bishop. With a view to future verification, the monks placed on the coffin an inscription testifying to the two translations, and narrating the manner of their accomplishment and the circumstances which led to it. The entrance to the crypt itself was then walled up with plaster, and overlaid further with a quantity of rubbish. But six centuries were to roll over the arid heights of St. Maximin before the entrance was to be broken open and the written testimony of the Cassianites invoked. When the wars of the Saracens were over, and men began to breathe in peace, and turn their thoughts once more to the worship of God and the veneration of his saints, the fact of the translation of the body of Magdalen from its original resting-place to the sarcophagus of S. Sidonius had faded from their recollection; it was only repeated in a vague sort of way that the illustrious penitent had been removed to a place of safety, which was supposed to be at a distance; some local coincidences pointed to the Abbey of Vezelay as the spot which had been privileged to receive and shelter her. By degrees this belief took root in the public mind, and the stream of pilgrims began to flow once more and with renewed enthusiasm towards the venerable old Abbey of Burgundy; crusaders met there to invoke before starting for the defence of the Holy Sepulchre the protection of her whom the evangelists had handed down to us as the heroine of the Sepulchre; kings and prelates, warriors and poets, sinners and saints, flocked to the supposed tomb of Magdalen, "till," in the words of a chronicler of the time, "it seemed as if all France were running to Vezelay." God is slow to tell his secrets. It was not until the close of the XIIIth century that the illusion, which had evoked so much piety and so many manifestations of faith from Christendom, was dispelled, and the truth revealed. This is how it happened. We will translate from the Père Lacordaire, whose *Sainte Marie Madeleine* has supplied us almost exclusively with the foregoing details:

"S. Louis had a nephew born of his brother, Charles of Anjou, King of Sicily, and Count of Provence. This nephew, who was likewise call-

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ed Charles, and who on the death of his father became king of Sicily and the county of Provence, under the title of Charles II., had for S. Magdalen a tenderness which he inherited from his race, and which, though common to all the chivalry of France, attained in him the highest degree of ardor and sincerity. While he was still Prince of Salerno, God inspired him with a great desire to solve the mystery which for six centuries had hung over the grave of her whom he loved for the sake of Jesus Christ. He set out therefore to St. Maximin without any display, and accompanied only by a few gentlemen of his suite, and having interrogated the monks and the elders of the place, he caused the trenches of the old basilica of Cassian to be opened. On the 9th of December, 1279, after many efforts which up to that time had been fruitless, he stript himself of his chlamyde, took a pickaxe, and began to dig vigorously into the ground with the rest of the workmen. Presently they struck upon a tombstone. It was that of S. Sidonius, to the right of the crypt. The prince ordered the slab to be raised, and it was no sooner done than the perfume which exhaled from it announced to the beholders that the grace of God was nigh. He bent down for a moment, then caused the sepulchre to be closed, sealed it with his seal, and at once convoked the bishops of Provence to assist at the public recognition of the relics. Nine days later, on the 18th of December, in the presence of the archbishops of Arles and of Aix, and of many other prelates and gentlemen, the prince broke the seals which he had prefixed to the sarcophagus. The sarcophagus was opened, and the hand of the prince, in removing the dust which covered the bones, encountered something which, as soon as he touched it, broke with age in his fingers. It was a piece of cork from which fell a leaf of parchment covered with writing that was still legible. It bore what follows: 'L'an de la Nativitè du Seigneur 710, le sixième jour du mois de Décembre, sous le règne d'Eudes, trés pieux Roi des français, au temps des ravages de la perfide nation des Sarrasins, le corps de la très chère et venerable Marie Madeleine a été très secrètement et pendant la nuit transféré de son sépulchre d'albâtre dans celui-ci, qui est de marbre et d'où l'on a retiré le corps de Sidoine, afin qu'il y soit plus caché et à l'abri de la dite perfide nation.'* A deed setting forth this inscription and the manner of its discovery was drawn up by the prince, the archbishops, and bishops present, and Charles in great joy, after placing his seals again upon the tomb, summoned for the fifth of May of the following year an assembly of prelates, counts, barons, knights, and magistrates of Provence and the neighboring counties to assist at the solemn translation of the relics which he had been instrumental in raising from the obscurity of a long series of ages."

The news of the event was hailed with a shout of joy by all Christendom; kings and prelates vied with each other in doing honor to the newfound treasure; gold and precious stones poured in in quantities to adorn the shrine which was destined to replace the alabaster tomb of S. Maximin. "When the appointed day ar-

* "In the year of the Nativity of our Lord 710, the sixth day of the month of December, under the reign of Eudes, most pious King of the French, during the ravages of the perfidious Saracen nation, the body of the most dear and venerable Marie Madeleine was secretly and by night transferred from its alabaster sepulchre into the present one, which is of marble, and whence the body of Sidonius has been withdrawn, in order that the other may be better concealed and be beyond the reach of the above-named perfidious nation."

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rived," continues the Père Lacordaire, "the Prince of Salerno, in the presence of a vast and illustrious assembly, opened for the third time the monument which he had sealed, and of which the seals were certified to be intact. The skull of the saint was whole except for the lower jaw-bone, which was wanting;* the tongue subsisted, dried up, but adhering to the palate; the limbs presented only bones stripped of the flesh; but a sweet perfume exhaled from the remains that were now restored to light and to the piety of souls. . . . The fact had already been made known of a sign altogether divine having been seen upon the forehead of Magdalen. This was a particle of soft, transparent flesh on the left temple, to the right, consequently, of the spectator; all those who beheld it, inspired at the same moment by a unanimous act of faith, cried out that it was there, on that very spot, that Jesus must have touched Magdalen when he said to her after the resurrection, *Noli me tangere!* There was no proof of the fact, but what else could they think who beheld on that brow so palpable a trace of life which had triumphantly resisted thirteen centuries of the grave? Chance has no meaning for the Christian; and when he beholds Nature superseded in her laws, he ascends instinctively to the Supreme Cause—the Cause that never acts without a motive, and whose motives reveal themselves to hearts that do not reject the light. . . . Five centuries after this first translation, the *noli me tangere*, as that instinct of faith had irrevocably named it, subsisted still in the same place and with the same characters; the fact was authenticated by a deputation of the Cour des Comptes of Aix. It was not until the year 1780, on the eve of an epoch that was to spare no memory and no relic, that the miraculous particle detached itself from the skull; and even then the medical men who were called in by the highest authority in the county certified that the *noli me tangere* had adhered to the forehead by the force of a vital principle which had survived there."

The piety of Charles of Anjou raised a stately temple to the penitent of Bethany on the site of the oratory of S. Maximin. Boniface VIII., who had beheld with his own eyes the miraculous presence of the *noli me tangere*, endowed the basilica munificently, and authorized the king to transfer the custody of the relics from the Order of Cassianites, who had formerly held it, to that of the Sons of S. Dominic, since become renowned through the world under the name of *Frères prêcheurs*. A great number of popes visited the shrine, and every king of France held it a duty and a privilege to come to S. Maximin and Ste. Baume, and invoke the aid and protection of the saint; up to Louis XIV., hardly a sovereign neglected this public tribute of respect and devotion to her; but with the *Grand Monarque* the procession of royal pilgrims came to an end. The red tide of revolution arose, and waged war against men's faith, and destroyed its most touching manifestations and its noblest monuments. It broke, however, harmless, at the foot of S. Maximin. Not a stone of the grand old pile was touched, not an altar profaned, not even a picture stolen from the mouldy and unguarded walls; the most precious part of its treasure, the relics of Magdalen, which had been carefully concealed, were found intact, and duly authen-

* Seven years later, when the head was taken to Rome by Charles, Boniface VIII. sent to S. John of Lateran for a relic which had long been venerated there as the maxillar bone of Magdalen; on adjusting it to the broken part, it fitted in so exactly as to leave no doubt as to where it had originally been taken from.

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ticated as before. Ste. Baume was less fortunate; the storm that respected the tomb showed no mercy to the grotto which had witnessed Magdalen's ecstatic communings with her Lord; the hospital, the convent, and the church adjoining it were completely destroyed; nothing remained but a barren rock and a portion of the neighboring forest. In 1822, a partial restoration was effected; the vast and massive monastery was replaced by a temporary building of the lightest and cheapest materials, little better than a lath and plaster shed, to keep the monks under cover; the grotto itself, once so sumptuously adorned by the piety of pilgrims, was left in a state of nakedness and neglect, its costly lamps once abundantly fed with aromatic oils were gone, their lights extinguished, like the faith that had kindled them. The church was rebuilt in the same superficial style as the convent, and solemnly reconsecrated in the presence of forty thousand souls assembled in the forest and down in the plain. But the material temple, great or small, is more easily rebuilt than the spiritual one; the temple of stone was raised up again, but where was the temple of the spirit which had animated it? Where was the architect who would rebuild this, who would collect the scattered fragments, and breathe upon the dead bones, and make them live, and bind them as of yore into a body of devout and simple-hearted worshippers? Many, remembering the bygone glories of Ste. Baume, wished that a prophet would arise and work this wonder in Provence. Perhaps the wish took the form of a prayer in some loving hearts, and so brought about its accomplishment. The valiant-hearted son of S. Dominic, the Père Lacordaire, was to be the prophet of their desires. He rose up and upbraided the people of Provence for their ingratitude to the memory of their illustrious patroness, and for their decayed faith, and exhorted them to stir up the dead embers of a devotion that had formerly been the edification and joy of Christendom to repair and beautify the deserted grotto of Mary Magdalen, and rekindle its lamps, and restore the pilgrimage of Ste. Baume in its ancient fervor. The work was one that appealed strongly to the sympathies of the Marseillese; but this was not enough to ensure its success. In order to make the sympathy effectual, the Père Lacordaire needed a helpmate who would go about amongst the people and put their good-will into a practical form for him—some one who would second his exertions by docile and zealous and intelligent co-operation. He looked around him, and his choice fell upon Amélie. He knew her, and thought she was of all others the person best suited to his purpose. It was no easy or pleasant task the setting on foot of a movement such as this; the preliminaries were sure to be full of difficulties, often of the sort that make self-love wince and smart; there was plenty of ridicule in store, a goodly harvest of sneers and snubs to be garnered at the outset, rude opposition to be endured from those who had no faith at all, and chilling indifference from those who looked upon anything like a return to the forms and symbols of the middle ages as poetic enthusiasm not practicable in the XIXth century. It was just the kind of work to put the daughter of S. Dominic to. She did not disappoint the Père Lacordaire, but responded as promptly to the call as his own fiery spirit could have wished. It was in Amélie's house that the eloquent Dominican inaugurated the *œuvre*

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of S. Baume, and told the story of the great penitent's life and death. From the salon in the Rue Grignan the burning words of the orator went forth to all Provence and stirred many hearts. A committee was soon formed for raising the necessary funds towards the restoration of the grotto as a preliminary to the reopening of the pilgrimage. The Père Lacordaire, as if the more prominently to record the services Amélie had rendered in the work so far, and to associate her name with its progress, desired that the meetings should be held at her house; and so they were, and continued to be regularly until she left Marseilles for Rome. She lived to see their joint labors crowned with success; the grotto assumed gradually something of its ancient beauty; an inn was built on the plain at the foot of the mountain for the accommodation of travellers who came from a distance, pilgrims were once more seen toiling in great numbers up the steep paths of the forest leading to the grotto, and filling the glade with the sound of canticles, and the feast of S. Magdalen, the 22d of July, was again celebrated with something of the pomp and fervor of olden times.

But events of this stirring and, so to speak, romantic interest were rare in Amélie's life. Her path lay rather along the valleys than upon the heights above. The doors of the Rue Grignan were often open indeed to the wise and learned, and occasionally to the great ones of the earth; but the visits of these were few and far between compared to those of the poor and humble, who besieged it at all hours of the day and night. The poor looked upon it as a centre of their own, where they had a right to come at all times and seasons and make themselves at home. They did this at last so completely that Amélie was sometimes obliged to slip out by a back door in order to escape from their precious but pitiless importunity. But no importuning, however persistent or unseasonable, could ruffle her unalterable sweetness, or surprise her into a sharp answer or an abrupt ungraciousness of manner. Hers was the charity that is not easily provoked: it made her stern to self, but long-suffering towards others, slow to see evil, softly forbearing to the weaknesses of all.

This home work was only an episode in her everyday labors. There was not a mission, or a hospital, or a refuge, or a good work of any sort in the town, that she had not to do with in one way or another. Just as we often hear it said of a woman of the world, "She is of every *fête*," so it used to be said in Marseilles of Amélie, "She is of every charity." One of the most venerable fathers of the Society of Jesus declared that it was chiefly to her zeal and intelligent exertions that the Jesuits owed the establishment of their mission at Marseilles. The Père de Magdalon looked upon her as his right hand; he enlisted her co-operation in all his undertakings, and he used to say that it was to her he owed in a great measure the success of the Maison de Retraite of S. Barthélémy, the last work of his apostolate, and which he lived to see blessed with such abundant fruits. The *Filles de la Charité* were long the special objects of her liberality and devoted exertions; then came the Sisters of Hope, whose services to the sick are so praiseworthy, and whose presence amongst them was hailed so gratefully by the Marseillese. When the *Petites Sœurs des Pauvres* were in any difficulty, they looked to Amélie to help them out of it, and they speak with effusion still of the many proofs of generosity

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they received from her, and of her unfailing readiness to assist them whenever they appealed to her. She seemed to hire herself out as a beast of burden to do the work and the bidding of every one who wanted her. When there was a question of establishing the *Frères Prêcheurs* at Marseilles, she multiplied herself tenfold. No obstacles could deter her in the service of the sons of her beloved S. Dominic; she found a house for them, and paid all the expenses of their installation. But whatever the work was that came under her hand, she did it, and as promptly and earnestly as if it were the one of all others she most delighted in; there was no exclusiveness, no narrowing of her sympathies to an *idée fixe* either in piety or in charity; those who had the privilege of being her fellow-laborers for many years declare they never once knew her charity to flag or fail to answer a fresh demand upon it; the supply was inexhaustible, and seemed to increase in proportion as it spent itself. Her health was wretched and kept her in almost constant physical pain; yet her activity was extraordinary, and, considering the chronic sufferings she had to contend with for the greater part of her life, the amount of work she contrived to get through may be regarded as little short of miraculous. She rose habitually at five, spent several hours in prayer, and assisted at the Holy Sacrifice before beginning the active duties of the day. These lay wherever there were sick to be tended, and sorrowing ones to be comforted, and sinners to be converted. She was a member of the Congregation of S. Elizabeth for visiting the hospitals, and gave a good deal of time to this work, for which she had a particular devotion. Her gentleness and singularly attractive manner fitted her especially for dealing with aching bodies and sorrowing hearts, and it was not a very rare thing to see Amélie succeed in melting the heart of some obdurate sinner with whom the entreaties and repeated efforts of the chaplain and the nuns had failed. The same sympathetic responsiveness that she threw into so many different good works marked her intercourse with individuals; those whom she was tending or consoling or advising always felt that for the time being they were the chief object of interest to her in life, and that she was giving her whole heart to them. She made this impression perhaps more especially on the poor, to whom the sympathy of those above them has such a charm and such a gift of consolation. An amusing instance of it occurred once in the case of an old woman whom Amélie had been nursing for some time; she put so much goodwill into all she did, and performed the offices of a sick-nurse so affectionately, that the poor old soul believed she had inspired her with some unaccountable personal attachment; she returned it enthusiastically, and was never tired testifying her gratitude and love. One day, however, Amélie arrived in the poor little garret—tidy and clean, thanks to her—but, instead of being welcomed with the usual smiles and embraces, the old woman set her face like a flint, and preserved a sullen silence. For some time she obstinately refused to say what was amiss with her, but finally, shamed by the coaxing and evident distress of her nurse, she confessed that the day before she had had a bitter disappointment. "I thought," she said, "that you loved me, but I find I was under a delusion; you don't care a straw for me; they tell me you do for every sick body in the town just what you have been doing for me." It was with great difficulty that Amélie was able

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to console her and obtain her forgiveness for being so universal in her charity.

But though her creed dealt in no exclusions, there were two classes of her fellow-creatures who above the rest had a decided attraction for Amélie: these were prisoners and soldiers. She yearned towards the former with the true spirit of him who loved the publicans and sinners, who gave the first-fruits of his death to one of them on Calvary, and who prayed for them all with his last breath, saying: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" The wonders that Amélie worked in the gloomy cells of the Fort St. Nicholas, the sudden and admirable returns to God that she obtained from the condemned, are not to be counted; not by men, at least. Day after day she was to be found in the midst of them, teaching old men their catechism, comforting and exhorting all, preparing them for death, washing and dressing their sores, combing their hair, performing cheerfully and affectionately the most disgusting offices. Her labors in behalf of the troops are perhaps the most remarkable part of her life. She had for many years been very zealous in her endeavors to promote religious instruction amongst the soldiers, but her mission in this direction dates chiefly from the Crimean war. During this brilliant campaign, which brought so much glory and cost so much blood to the Allied armies, the thought of the sufferings of the soldiers in the trenches and on the battle-fields filled Amélie's heart to the momentary exclusion of all other interests and preoccupations. Her whole time was spent working for them, and begging and praying for them. She inspired all who came near her with something of her own ardor and tenderness in the cause. She set up societies among her friends for making clothes and lint for the sufferers, and for collecting money to procure all that could comfort and alleviate them. Her efforts were crowned with abundant success. Now, as on many other occasions, money flowed in to her from all sides, sometimes from strangers at a distance, for the fame of her charity had spread much further than the humble daughter of S. Dominic herself suspected, and many benevolent people who wished to give, and knew not how to apply their offerings, sent them to her, satisfied that they would be well and wisely employed. The way in which large sums of money sometimes dropped into her lap, as it were from the sky, at some opportune moment when she was in dire want of it for some case of distress, led many of her humble *protégés* to believe that it came to her miraculously. But, while mindful of their bodies, Amélie's first solicitude was for the souls of the brave fellows who were going out to face death in the service of their country; while working so hard to procure all that could heal and solace their temporal sufferings, she was laboring still more assiduously in behalf of their spiritual interests. Nor did her efforts confine themselves exclusively to the soldiers, they extended to the officers as well, and much more difficult she often found them to manage than the rough-and-ready men under their command. Many a droll story is still told at Marseilles of the tricks by which they sometimes evaded her attempts to catch them in her zealous toils and make them remember that they had another enemy to fight and to conquer besides the soldiers of Holy Russia. Once two young officers of good family and fortune, whose lives were not the most edifying to the community, were pointed out to Amélie by one of their brother

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officers, a fervent Catholic, as fitting subjects for her zeal. He undertook to bring them to the Rue Grignan under the pretence of introducing them to an old and charming friend of his, if Amélie would promise to try and convert them. She promised of course to *try*, and the two scapegraces made their appearance, never suspecting that a trap had been laid for them. The conversation dwelt upon the great topic of the day, the war, Amélie carefully avoiding the most distant allusion to the spiritual condition of her visitors. The young men were charmed with her affability and *esprit*, and, when she asked them to return with their friend in a few days and dine with her, they accepted her invitation with delight. During dinner their hostess alluded to the numerous pilgrimages that were being performed every day to Notre Dame de Garde; few of the soldiers or sailors started for the Crimea from Marseilles without climbing up the hill to salute Our Lady and ask her blessing on their arms. The young men confessed that they had never made the pilgrimage and evinced little admiration for their more devout comrades; Amélie seemed surprised, but not at all scandalized, at the frank admission, and proposed that they should both make the pilgrimage next morning and hear Mass there with her at eight o'clock. They assented with ready courtesy, inwardly treating the expedition as a harmless joke, and took leave of their hostess, very much delighted with her, and not much terrified by the salutary projects that might be lurking in her breast with regard to the morrow. They were at the bottom of the hill punctually at half-past seven, and toiled up to the church, where they expected to see Amélie already on the lookout for them. But they looked round the church and saw no sight of her. Taking for granted that she was not there, and that something had interfered to prevent her keeping the appointment, they took themselves off with the comfortable feeling of having done their duty, and behaved like gentlemen, and come safe out of it. The morning was raw and cold, and they were both tired after the long pull uphill, so on their way down they turned into a little dairy where hungry pilgrims were comforting themselves with cups of coffee. There was a good fire in the place, and they sat down to enjoy it, and dawdled a good while over their hot coffee, wondering what kind trick of Fortune had prevented the enemy from appearing in the field; when lo! looking up suddenly, they beheld the truant peering in at them through the window. The pair started as if they had seen a ghost. But Amélie knew human nature too well to press her advantage at such a moment; she smiled, shook her finger threateningly, and went her way down the hill, leaving the two young men less triumphant than she had found them, and very anxious to clear themselves of having broken their word to a lady, and eager to redeem it a second time if Amélie desired. She did desire it, and it was not long before one of the two blessed her for having done so. He was ordered off with his regiment soon after, and before setting sail ascended once more to the shrine of Notre Dame de Garde in a different spirit and with a very different purpose.

Her intercourse with the troops during this period gave Amélie an insight into the deplorable ignorance in matters of faith that existed in the majority of them, and the absence of all religious instruction in the army; it filled her with surprise and grief, and she determined to set to

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work and bring about a change in both.

Reforms are proverbially difficult, and in any branch of the public service pre-eminently so. But difficulties only stimulate strong hearts to more strenuous efforts. Amélie was, owing to her high intelligence, her well-known virtue, and her widespread relations, better calculated than most people perhaps to succeed in the undertaking; besides, whatever the obstacles were, she never reckoned with human means when God's work was to be done; she called him to the rescue, and left the issue in his hands. It would be impossible to recount all she did and suffered in this most arduous undertaking, the journeys she took, the petitions she drew up, the letters she wrote, the disappointments and antagonism that attended it in the beginning, and the physical and moral fatigue that it involved all through. The frequent and successive journeys of eighteen hours to Paris and the same back would have been a serious trial of strength to a strong person; but to Amélie, whose health was extremely delicate, and who hardly ever knew the sensation of being without pain, most frequently acute and intense pain, the wear and tear of those journeys in the sultry heat of summer and the bitter cold of winter alike must have been terrible. But she made small account of her body, she drove it on like a beast of burden, goading it with the ardor of her spirit, and never gave in to its lamentations until it positively refused to go on. Her own shortcomings were, however, the lightest portion of her difficulties. She had obstacles to overcome on every side, especially in quarters where it was most essential for her to find approval and assistance. Silvio Pellico said it was easier to traverse a battle-field than the antechamber of a king, and the same may be said most likely of the antechamber of a minister. At least Amélie found it so. Many a brave spirit might well have given up in despair before the contemptuous rudeness and petty opposition of small functionaries, and the inaccessible coldness of great ones, and the disheartening predictions of well-wishers who had gone through similar experiences, and knew what it was to want anything, even in the natural course of things, done at the War Office; but Amélie's courage never flagged for a moment. By degrees her perseverance began to meet with some signs of success. It was known that one military man in high repute supported her views, and was doing his best to enable her to carry them out; this converted others. Several who had in the first instance treated her project as impracticable, or unnecessary, or simply absurd, one after another came over to her; it was not always because she convinced them, but she won them; they might resist her arguments, but it was impossible to come often in contact with her without feeling the contagion of her earnestness and sincerity of purpose. Her labors were finally crowned with abundant success. She obtained all the concessions she asked, and every facility for carrying them out and improving the spiritual condition of the soldiers. One of her chief anxieties had been for the condemned prisoners in the Fort St. Nicholas. She obtained permission for one of the dungeons to be turned into a chapel there, and it was henceforth her delight to go there on the great feasts and decorate the altar, and make it gay with lights and flowers for the captives. A chaplain was appointed to the fort, and he was allowed every facility for the exercise of his ministry.

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The little *enfants de troupe* whose youth recommended them to Amélie's solicitude were provided with the needful means of religious instruction by the establishment of a school, over which she herself presided from time to time, cheering on the pupils by good advice, and occasional presents to the most industrious and deserving. General de Courtigis, who commanded the garrison for many years at Marseilles, and left behind him a memory respected by all good men, had been from the first a staunch ally of Amélie's in her endeavors to introduce a Christian spirit amongst both the officers and men. At her suggestion he organized a military Mass every Sunday at the Church of S. Charles, and there a great number of men, with the general at their head, assisted regularly at the Holy Sacrifice. It was a great treat to Amélie, whenever she could find time, to go and assist at it with them. She enjoyed the martial appearance and reverent bearing of the soldiers with a sort of motherly pride, and the sharp word of command, and the clanking of the bayonets when they presented arms at the solemn moment of consecration, used to send a thrill of emotion through her frame that often melted her to tears.

"Oh!" she was heard once to exclaim, on coming out of S. Charles', "what a grand and consoling spectacle it is, to see our soldiers publicly worshipping God! One feels that they must be invincible in battle when they set out with the blessing of God on their arms."

The troops, on their side, repaid her interest in them by the most enthusiastic affection. They used to call her *notre mère* amongst themselves, and it delighted Amélie to hear a grizzly old veteran address her by this familiar name. Sometimes the brave fellows' gratitude expressed itself in a way that was rather trying to their adopted mother. A regiment which had been quartered at Marseilles, and received many proofs of zeal and kindness from Amélie during its stay there, happened to hear, when passing through Lyons some years later, that she was stopping there. They started off at once in full force, and gave her a military serenade under her windows. Amélie, of course, showed herself at the window, and acknowledged the honor, but this did not satisfy the soldiers: nothing would do them but she should come out and shake hands with every man in the regiment.

Much as Amélie shrank from public notice or praise, her humility could not prevent her extraordinary exertions in behalf of the troops, and the success which had attended them, from shining out before men. The nature of the undertaking had necessarily brought her in contact with the most influential military men of the day, both at Marseilles and in Paris. These gentlemen had ample opportunity to appreciate her character and judge of the value of her services; and though so many had opposed her in the beginning, when they saw her labors triumphant, success raised her so highly in their estimation that they thought it would be becoming to offer a public tribute of their esteem and gratitude by decorating her with the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Accordingly, a letter was despatched one day from the War Office, informing the quiet, unpretending friend of the poor soldier that the government, to testify their approval of her conduct, invested her with the most honorable mark of distinction it was in their power to bestow. Amélie received the announcement at first as a joke. The

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idea of her going about the world with the Cross or the red ribbon fastened to her black gown, and being greeted with the military salute and presented arms to whenever the symbol caught the eye of a soldier or a sentry, while she threaded her way through the busy streets of Marseilles, struck her as so altogether comical that she could only laugh at it. But neither the authorities nor her friends saw any laughing matter in it; the latter combated her refusal so strongly that Amélie was perplexed; she knew not how to reconcile her deference to their wishes with what appeared to her little short of an act of treason to Christian humility and common sense; they argued that, by accepting the Cross, she would excite a good feeling in the minds of many towards the government, a result which in those turbulent and antagonistic times was always desirable, and, in the next place, it would invest her with a half-official position in certain circumstances that she might find very useful to others in her relations with minor functionaries. This last consideration had some weight with Amélie; she turned it to account, though not in the way her friends desired. She wrote to the minister, declining gratefully an honor which she did not feel qualified to accept, but requested that he would reward what he was pleased to call her services by granting her a *droit de grace.* This would entitle her to present petitions for a commutation of sentence in case of military prisoners, and even on certain specified occasions to commute the sentence herself. The privilege was granted at once, and, if ever virtue had a sweet reward in this world, it was when Amélie exercised it for the first time in favor of one of the captives of Fort St. Nicholas. Her friends rejoiced with her, and almost forgave her for refusing the sterile honor of the Cross of the Legion of Honor. They never knew, so carefully did her humility keep its secret, that the government, when granting her the *droit de grace*, exacted as a condition that she should submit to become a member of the Legion of Honor. It was years after that a friend, who had heard something in high quarters which aroused his suspicions, and who was intimate enough with Amélie to take the liberty of catechising her on the subject, asked point-blank if she was decorated, and under promise of secrecy learned the truth.

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THE PROGRESSIONISTS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CONRAD VON BOLANDEN.

CHAPTER IX.

PROGRESS GROWS JOLLY.

CONCLUDED.

In passing near the tables Gerlach overheard conversations which revealed to him unmistakably the communistic aspirations and tendencies prevailing among the lower orders, their fiendish hatred of religion and the clergy, their corruption and appalling ignorance. On every hand he perceived symptoms of an alarmingly unhealthy condition of society. He heard blasphemies uttered against the Divinity which almost caused his blood to run cold; sacred things were scoffed at in terms so coarse and with an animus so plainly satanical that his hair rose on his head. It was clear to him that the firmest supports, the only true foundations of the social order, were tottering—rotted away by an incurable corruption.

In Gerlach's life, also, as in that of many other men, there had been a period of mental struggle and of doubt. He, too, had at one time found himself face to face with questions the solution of which involved the whole aim of his existence. During this period of mental unrest, he had thought and studied much about faith and science, but not with a silly parade of superficial scepticism. He had resolutely engaged in the soul struggle, and had tried to end it for once and all. Supported by a good early training and a disposition naturally noble, instructed and guided by books of solid learning, he had come out from that crisis stronger in faith and more correct in his views of human science. The scenes which he was witnessing reminded him vividly of that turning-point in his life; they were to him an additional proof that man's dignity disappears as soon as he refuses to follow the divine guidance of religion. Grave in mood, he returned to the table around which were gathered the chieftains. The marks of respect shown to the millionaire were numerous and flattering. Even the bluff Sand exerted himself unusually in paying his respects to the wealthy landholder, and Erdblatt, whose embarrassed financial condition enabled him beyond them all to appreciate the worth of money, filled a glass with his own hand, and reached it to Mr. Conrad with the deference of an accomplished butler. Gerlach was pleased to speak in terms of praise of the nut-brown beverage, which greatly tickled Belladonna, the fat brewer. Naturally enough, the conversation turned upon the subject of the celebration.

"I confess I am not quite clear respecting the purpose of your city in the matter of schools," said Mr. Conrad. "How do you intend to arrange the school system?"

"In such a way as to make it accord with the requirements of the

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times and the progressive spirit of civilization," answered Hans Shund. "An end must be put to priest rule in the schools. The establishment of common schools will be a decided step towards this object. For a while, of course, the priests will be allowed to visit the schools at specified times, but their influence and control in school matters will be greatly restricted. Education will be withdrawn from the church's supervision, and after a few years we hope to reach the point when the school-rooms will be closed altogether against the priests. There is not a man of culture but will agree that children should not be required to learn things which are out of date, and the import of which must only excite smiles of compassion."

"Whom do you intend to put in the place of the clergy?" inquired Mr. Conrad.

"We intend to impart useful information and a moral sense in harmony with the spirit of the age," replied Hans Shund.

"It seems to me the elementary branches have been very competently taught heretofore in our schools, consequently I do not see the need of a change on this head," said Gerlach. "But you have not understood my question. I mean, who are to fill the office of instructors in morals and in religion?"

The chieftains looked puzzled, for such a question they had not expected to hear from the wealthiest man of the country.

"You see, Mr. Gerlach," said Sand bluntly, "religion must be done away with entirely. We haven't any use for such trash. Children ought to spend their time in learning something more sensible than the catechism."

"I am not disposed to believe that what you have just uttered is a correct expression of the general opinion of this community on the subject of the school question," returned the millionaire with some warmth. "It is impossible to bring up youth morally without religion. You are a housebuilder, Mr. Sand. What would you think of the man who would expect you to build him a house without a foundation—a castle in the air?"

"Why, I would regard him as nothing less than a fool," cried Sand.

"The case is identically the same with moral education. Morality is an edifice which a man must spend his life in laboring at. Religion is the groundwork of this edifice. Moral training without religion is an impossibility. It would be just as possible to build a house in the air, as to train up a child morally without a religious belief, without being convinced of the existence of a holy and just God."

"Facts prove the contrary," maintained Hans Shund. "Millions of persons are moral who have no religious belief."

"That's an egregious mistake, sir," opposed the landholder. "The repudiation of a Supreme Being and the violent extinction of the idea of the Divinity in the breast are of themselves grave offences against moral conscience. I grant you that, in the eyes of the public, thousands of men pass for moral who have no faith in religion. But public opinion is anything but a criterion of certainty when the moral worth of a man is to be determined. A man's interior is a region which cannot be viewed by the eye of the public. You know yourselves that there are men who pass for honorable, moral, pure men, whose private habits are exceedingly filthy and corrupt."

Hans Shund's color turned a palish yellow; the eyes of the chieftains sank.

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Besides, gentleman, it would be labor lost to try to educate youth independently of religion. Man is by his very nature a religious being. It is useless to attempt to educate the young without a knowledge of God and of revealed religion; to be able to do so you would previously have to pluck out of their own breasts the sense of right and wrong, and out of their souls the idea of God, which are innate in both. Were the attempt made, however, believe me, gentlemen, the yearning after God, alive in the human breast, would soon impel the generation brought up independently of religion to seek after false gods. For this very reason we know of no people in history that did not recognize and worship some divinity, were it but a tree or a stone, that served them for an object of adoration. In my opinion, it would be far more indicative of genuine progress to adhere to the God of Christians, who is incontestably holy, just, omnipotent, and kind, whilst to return to the sacred oaks of ancient Germany or to adopt the fetichism of uncivilized tribes would be a most monstrous reaction, the most degrading barbarism."

The chieftains looked nonplussed. Earnest thinking and investigation upon subjects pertaining to religion were not customary among the disciples of progress. They looked upon religion as something so common and trivial that anybody was free to argue upon and condemn it with a few flippant or smart sayings. But the millionaire was now disclosing views so new and vast, that their weak vision was completely dazzled, and their steps upon the unknown domain became unsteady.

Mr. Seicht, observing the embarrassment of the leaders, felt it his duty to hasten to their relief. His polemical weapons were drawn from the armory of bureaucracy.

"The progressive development of humanity," said Mr. Seicht, "has revealed an admirable substitute for all religious ideas. A state well organized can exist splendidly without any religion. Nay, I do not hesitate to maintain that religion is a drawback to the development of the modern state, and that, therefore, the state should have nothing whatever to do with religion. An invisible world should not exert an influence upon a state—the wants of the times are the only rule to be consulted."

"What do you understand by a state, sir?" asked the millionaire.

"A state," replied the official, "is a union of men whose public life is regulated by laws which every individual is bound to observe."

"You speak of laws; upon what basis are these laws founded?"

"Upon the basis of humanity, morality, liberty, and right," answered the official glibly.

"And what do you consider moral and just?"

"Whatever accords with the civilization of the age."

A faint smile passed over the severe features of Mr. Conrad.

"I was watching the procession," spoke he. "I have seen the religious feelings of a large number of citizens publicly ridiculed and grossly insulted. Was that moral? Was it just? You are determined to oust God and religion from the schools; yet there are thousands in the country who desire and endeavor to secure a religious education for their children. Is it moral and just to utterly disregard the wishes of these thousands? Does it accord with a profession of humanity and freedom to put constraint on the consciences of fellow-citizens?"

"The persons of whom you speak are a minority in the state, and the minority is obliged to yield to the

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will of the majority," answered Seicht.

"It follows, then, that the basis of morality and justice is superior numbers?"

"Yes, it is! In a state, it appertains to the majority to determine and regulate everything."

"Gentlemen," spoke Gerlach with great seriousness, "as I was a moment ago strolling over this place, I overheard language at several tables, which was unmistakably communistic. Laborers and factorymen were maintaining that wealth is unequally distributed; that, whilst a small number are immensely rich, a much greater number are poor and destitute; that progress will have to advance to a point when an equal division of property must be made. Now, the poor and the laboring population are in the majority. Should they vote for a partition, should they demand from us what hitherto we have regarded as exclusively our own, we, gentlemen, will in consistency be forced to accept the decree of the majority as perfectly moral and just—will we not?"

There was profound silence.

"I, for my part, should most emphatically protest against such a ruling of the majority," declared Greifmann.

"Your protest would be contrary to morals and equity; for, according to Mr. Seicht, only what the majority wills is moral and just," returned the landowner. "And, in mentioning partition of property, I hinted at a red monster which is not any longer a mere goblin, but a thing of real flesh and bone. We are on the verge of a fearful social revolution which threatens to break up society. If there is no holy and just God; if he has not revealed himself, and man is not obliged to submit to his will; if the only basis of right and of morals is the wish of the majority, this terrible social revolution must be moral and just, for the majority wills it and carries it out."

"Of course, there must be a limit," said the official feebly.

"The demands of the majority must be reasonable."

"What do you understand by reasonable, sir?"

"I call reasonable whatever accords with the sense of right, with sound thinking, with moral ideas."

"Sense of right—moral ideas? I beg you to observe that these notions differ vastly from the sole authority of numbers. You have trespassed upon God's kingdom in giving your explanation, for ideas are supersensible; they are the thought of God himself. And the sense of right was not implanted in the human breast by the word of a majority; it was placed there by the Creator of man."

The official was driven to the wall. The chieftains thoughtfully stared at their beer-pots.

"It is clear that the will of the majority alone cannot be accepted as the basis of a state," said Schwefel. "The life of society cannot be put at the mercy of the rude and fickle masses. There must be a moral order, willed and regulated by a supreme ruler, and binding upon every man. This is plain."

"I agree with you, sir," said the millionaire. "Let us continue building on Christian principles. As everybody knows, our civilization has sprung from Christianity. If we tear down the altars and destroy the seats from which lessons of Christian morality are taught, confusion must inevitably follow. And I, gentlemen, have too exalted an opinion of the German nation, of its earnest and religious spirit, to believe that it can be ever induced to fall away completely from God and

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his holy law. Infidelity is an unhealthy tendency of our times; it is a pernicious superstition which sound sense and noble feeling will ultimately triumph over. We will do well to continue advancing in science, art, refinement, and industry, in true liberty and the right understanding of truth; we will thus be making real progress, such progress as I am proud to call myself a partisan of."

The chieftains maintained silence. Some nodded assent. Hans Shund gave an angry bite to his pipe-stem, and puffed a heavy cloud of smoke across the table.

"I have confidence in the enlightenment and good sense of our people," said he. "You have called modern progress 'a pernicious superstition and an unhealthy tendency of the times,' Mr. Gerlach," turning towards the millionaire with a bow. "I regret this view of yours."

"Which I have substantiated and proved," interrupted Gerlach.

"True, sir! Your proofs have been striking, and I do not feel myself competent to refute them. But I can point you to something more powerful than argument. Look at this scene; see these happy people meeting and enjoying one another's society in most admirable harmony and order. Is not this spectacle a beautiful illustration and vindication of the moral spirit of progress?"

"These people are jubilant from the effect of beer, why shouldn't they be? But, sir, a profound observer does not 'suffer himself to be deceived by mere appearances.'"

An uproar and commotion at a distance interrupted the millionaire. At the same instant a policeman approached out of breath.

"Your honor, the factorymen and the laborers are attacking one another!"

"What are you raising such alarm for," said Hans Shund gruffly. "It is only a small squabble, such as will occur everywhere in a crowd."

"I ask your honor's pardon: it is not a small squabble, it is a bloody battle."

"Well, part the wranglers."

"We cannot manage them; there are too many of them. Shall I apply for military?"

"Hell and thunder — military!" cried Hans Shund, getting on his feet. "Are you in your senses?"

"Several men have already been carried off badly wounded," reported the policeman further. "You have no idea how serious the affray is, and it is getting more and more so; the friends of both sides are rushing in to aid their own party. The police force is not a match for them."

Women, screaming and in tears, were rushing in every direction. The bands had ceased playing, and noise and confusion resounded from the scene of action. Louise ran to take her brother's arm in consternation. The wives and daughters of the chieftains huddled round their natural protectors.

"Hurry away and report this at the military post," was Seicht's order to the policeman. "The feud is getting alarming. One moment!"

Tearing a leaf from a memorandum book, he wrote a short note, which he sent by the messenger.

"Off to the post — be expeditious!"

Louise hastened with her brother and Gerlach senior to their carriage, and her feeling of security returned only when the noise of the combat had died away in the distance.

The next day the town papers contained the following notice: "The beautiful celebration of yesterday, which, on account of its object, will be long remembered by the citizens

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of this community, was unfortunately interrupted by a serious conflict between the laborers and factorymen. A great many were wounded during the *mêlée*, of whom five have since died, and it required the interference of an armed force to separate the combatants."

CHAPTER X.

BROWN BREAD AND BONNYCLABBER.

Seraphin had not gone to the celebration. He remained at home on the plea of not feeling well. He was stretched upon a sofa, and his soul was engaged in a desperate conflict. What it was impossible for himself to look upon, had been viewed by his father with composure: the burlesque procession, the public derision of holy practices, the mockery of the Redeemer of the world, in whose place had been put a broken bottle on the symbol of salvation. He himself had been stunned by the spectacle; and his father? Was it his father? Again, his father had accompanied the brother and sister to the infamous celebration. Was not this a direct confirmation of his own suspicions? His father had become a fearful enigma to his soul! And what if, upon his return from the festival, the father were to come and insist upon the marriage with Louise, declaring her advanced notions to be an insufficient ground for renouncing a pet project? A wild storm was convulsing his interior. He could not bear it longer, he was driven forth. Snatching his straw hat, he rushed from the house, ran through the alleys and streets, out of the town, onward and still onward. The August sun was burning, and its heat, reflected from the road, was doubly intense. The perspiration was rolling in large drops down the glowing face of the young man, whom torturing thoughts still kept goading on. Holt's whitewashed dwelling became visible on the summit of a knoll, and gleamed a friendly welcome as he came near it—a welcome which seemed opportune for one who hardly knew whither he was hastening. The walnut-tree which could be seen from afar was casting an inviting shade over the table and bench that seemed to be confidingly leaning against its stem. A flock of chickens were taking a sand-bath under the table, flapping their wings, ruffling their feathers, and wallowing in the dust. Seated on the sunny hillock, the cottage appeared quiet, almost lonesome but for a ringing sound which came from the adjoining field and was made by the sickle passing through the corn. A broad-brimmed straw hat with a blue band could be noticed from the road moving on over the fallen grain, and presently Mechtild's slender form rose into view as she pushed actively onward over the harvest field. Hasty steps resounded from the road. She raised her head, and her countenance first indicated surprise, then embarrassment. Whom did her eyes behold rushing wildly by, like a fugitive, but the generous rescuer of her family from the clutches of the usurer Shund. His hat was in his hand, his auburn locks were hanging down over his forehead, his face was aglow, his whole being seemed to be absorbed in a mad pursuit. To her quick eye his features revealed deep trouble and violent excitement. She was frightened, and the sickle fell from her hand. Not a day passed on which she would not think of this

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benefactor. Perhaps there was not a being on earth whom she admired and revered as much as she did him. All the pure and elevated sentiments of an innocent and blooming girl united to form a halo of affection round the head of Seraphin. At evening prayer when her father said, "Let us pray for our benefactor Seraphin," her soul sent up a fervent petition to God, and she declared with joy that she was willing to sacrifice all for him. But behold this noble object of her admiration and affection suddenly presented before her in a state that excited the greatest uneasiness. With his head sunk and his eyes directed straight before him, he would have rushed past without noticing the sympathizing girl, when a greeting clear and sweet as the tone of a bell caused him to look up. He beheld Mechtild with her beautiful eyes fixed upon him in an expression of anxiety.

"Good-morning, Mr. Seraphin," she said again.

"Good-morning," he returned mechanically, and staring about vaguely. His bewilderment soon passed, however, and his gaze was riveted by the apparition.

She was standing on the other side of the ditch. The fear of some unknown calamity had given to her beautiful face an expression of tender solicitude, and whilst a smile struggled for possession of her lips her look indicated painful anxiety. Mechtild's appearance soon directed the young man's attention to his own excited manner. The dark shadow disappeared from his brow, he wiped the perspiration from his face, and began to feel the effect of his walk under the glowing heat of midsummer.

"Ah! why, here is the neat little white house, your pretty country home, Mechtild," he said pleasantly. "If you had not been so kind as to wish me good-morning, I should actually have passed by in an unpardonable fit of distraction."

"I was almost afraid to say good-morning, Mr. Seraphin, but—" She faltered and looked confused.

"But—what? You didn't think anything was wrong?"

"No! But you were in such a hurry and looked so troubled, I got frightened," she confessed with amiable uprightness. "I was afraid something had happened you."

"I am thankful for your sympathy. Nothing has happened me, nor, I trust, will," he replied, with a scarcely perceptible degree of defiance in his tone. "This is a charming situation. Corn-fields on all sides, trees laden with fruit, the skirt of the woods in the background—and then this magnificent view! With your permission, I will take a moment's rest in the shade of yon splendid walnut-tree planted by your great-grandfather."

She joyfully nodded assent and stepped over the ditch. She shoved back the bolt of the gate. Together they entered the yard, which a hedge separated from the road. The cock crew a welcome to the stranger, and led his household from the sand-bath into the sunshine near the barn.

"This is a cool, inviting little spot," said the millionaire, as he pointed to the shade of the walnut-tree. "No doubt you often sit here and read?"

"Yes, Mr. Seraphin; but the dirty chickens have scattered dust all over the bench and table. Wait a minute, you'll get your clothes dusty."

She hurried into the house. His eyes followed her receding form, his ears kept listening for her departing steps, he heard the opening and closing of doors: presently she reappeared, dusted the bench and table

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with a brush, and spread a white cloth over the table. Seraphin looked on with a smile.

"I do not wish to be troublesome, Mechtild!"

"It is no trouble, Mr. Seraphin! Sit down, now, and rest yourself. I am so sorry father and mother are not at home. They will be ever so glad to hear that you have honored us with a visit."

"Is nobody at home?"

"Father is in town, and mother is at work with the children in the harvest field."

"Are you not afraid to stay here by yourself?"

"What should I be afraid of? There are no ghosts in daytime," she said with a bewitching archness; "and as for thieves, they never expect to find anything worth having at our house."

She was standing on the other side of the table, looking at him with a beautiful smile.

"Won't you have a seat on this bench?" said he, making room for her. "You need rest more than I do. You have been working, and I am merely an idle stroller. Do take a seat, Mechtild."

"Thank you, Mr. Seraphin—I could not think of doing so! It would not be becoming," she answered with some confusion.

"Why not becoming?"

"Because you are a gentleman, and I am only a poor girl."

"Your objection on the score of propriety is not worth anything. Oblige me by doing what I ask of you."

"I will do so, Mr. Seraphin, since you insist upon it, but after a while. I would like to offer you some refreshments beforehand, if you will allow me."

"With pleasure," he said, nodding assent.

A second time she hurried away to the house, whilst he kept listening to her footsteps. The extraordinary neatness and cleanliness which could be seen everywhere about the little homestead did not escape his observation. On all sides he fancied he saw the work of Mechtild. The purity of her spirit, which beamed so mildly from her eyes and was revealed in the beauty of her countenance and the grace of her person, seemed embodied in the very odor of roses wafted over from the neighboring flower garden. He was unconscious of the rapid growth within his bosom of a deep and tender feeling. This feeling was casting a warm glow, like softest sunshine, over all that he beheld. Not even the chickens looked to him like other fowls of their kind; they were ennobled by the reflection that they were objects of Mechtild's care, that she fed them, that when they were still piping little pullets she had held them in her lap and caressed them. He abandoned himself completely to this sentiment; it carried him on like a smooth current; and he could not tell, did not suspect even, why so wonderful a reaction had in so short a time taken place in his interior. Beholding himself seated under the walnut-tree surrounded only by evidences of honorable poverty and rural thrift, and yet feeling a degree of happiness and peace he had never known before, he fancied he was performing a part in some fairy tale which he was dreaming with his eyes open. And now the fairy appeared at the door having on a snowy-white apron, and carrying a shallow basket from which could be seen, protruding above the rest of its contents, a milk jar. She set before him a pewter plate, bright as silver. Then she took out the jar and a cup, next she laid a knife and spoon for him, and finished her hos-

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pitable service with a huge loaf of bread.

"Don't get dismayed at the bread, Mr. Seraphin! I am sorry I cannot set something better before you. But it is well baked and will not hurt you!"

"You baked it yourself, did you not?"

"Yes, Mr. Seraphin!"

He attacked the loaf resolutely. From the dimensions of the slice which he cut off, it was plain that both his appetite and his confidence in her skill were satisfactory. She raised the jar of bonnyclabber, which lurched out in jerks upon his plate, whilst he kept gayly stirring it with the spoon. Then she dipped a spoonful of rich cream out of the cup and poured it into the refreshing contents of the plate.

"Let me know when you want me to stop, Mr. Seraphin." Mechtild poured spoonful after spoonful; he sat immovable, seemingly observing the spoon, but in reality watching her soft plump fingers, then her well-shaped hand, next her exquisitely turned arm, and, when finally he raised his eyes to her face, they were met by a mischievous smile. The cup was empty, and all the cream was in his plate.

"May I go and fetch some more?" she asked.

"No, Mechtild, no! Why, this is a regular yellow sea!"

"You wouldn't cry 'enough!'"

"I forgot about it," he replied, somewhat confused. "To atone for my forgetfulness, I will eat it all."

"I hope you will relish it, Mr. Seraphin!"

"Thank you! Where is your plate?"

"I had my dinner before you came."

"Well, then, at any rate you must not continue standing. Won't you share this seat with me?"

She seated herself upon the bench, took off her hat, smoothed down her apron, and appeared happy at seeing him eating heartily.

"Don't you find that dish refreshing, Mr. Seraphin?"

"You have done me a real act of charity," he replied. "This bread is excellent. Who taught you how to make bread?"

"I learned from mother; but there isn't much art in making that sort of bread, Mr. Seraphin. The food which people in the country eat does not require artistic preparation. It only needs good, pure material, so that it may give strength to labor."

"I suppose you attend to the kitchen altogether, do you not?"

"Yes, Mr. Seraphin. That's not very difficult, our meals are of the plainest kind. We have meat once a week, on Sundays. When the work is unusually hard, as in harvest time, we have meat oftener. We raise our own meat and cure it."

"You have assumed household cares at quite an early age, Mechtild."

"Early? I am seventeen now, and am the oldest. Mother has a great deal of trouble with the small ones, so the housework falls chiefly to my share. It does not require any great exertion, however, to do it. Plain and saving is our motto. Mother specially recommends four things: industry, cleanliness, order, and economy. She advises me not to neglect any one of these points when once I will have a household of my own."

"Do you think you will soon set up a separate household?" asked he with some hesitation.

"Not for some time to come, Mr. Seraphin, yet it must be done one day. If my own inclination were consulted, I would prefer never to leave home. I should like things to continue as they are. But a separa-

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tion must come. Death will pay us a visit as it has done to others, father and mother will pass away, and the course of events will sever us from one another."

Her head sank, the brightness of her face became obscured beneath the shadow of these sombre thoughts, and, when she again looked up, there appeared in her eyes so touching and childlike a sadness that he felt pained to the soul. And yet this revelation of tenderness pleased him, for it made known to him a new phase of her amiable nature.

For a long time he continued conversing with the artless girl. Every word she uttered, no matter how trifling, had an interest for him. Besides her charming artlessness, he had frequent occasions to admire the wisdom of her language and her admirable delicacy. The setting sun had already cast a subdued crimson over the hilltops, hours had sped away, the chickens had gone to roost, still he remained riveted to the spot by Mechtild's grace and loveliness.

"Father is just coming," she said, pointing down the road. "How glad he will be to find you here!"

His head bent forward. Holt came wearily plodding up the road. His right hand was hidden in the pocket of his pantaloons, and his head was bowed, as if beneath a heavy weight. As Mechtild's clear voice rang out, he raised his head, caught sight of his high-hearted benefactor, and smiled in joyful surprise.

"Welcome, Mr. Seraphin; a thousand times welcome!" he cried from the other side of the road. "Why, this is an honor that I had not expected!"

He stood uncovered, holding his cap in the left hand, his right hand was still concealed. Mechtild at once noticed her father's singular behavior, and her eye watched anxiously for the hidden hand.

"Your daughter has been so kind as to offer refreshments to a weary wanderer," said Gerlach, "and it has been a great pleasure for me to sit awhile. We have been chatting for several hours under this glorious tree, and may be I am to blame for keeping her from her work."

Holt's honest face beamed with satisfaction. He entirely forgot about his secret, he drew his hand out of his pocket, Mechtild turned pale, and a sharp cry escaped her lips.

"For mercy's sake, father!" And she pointed to the broken chain.

"What are you screaming for, foolish girl? Don't be alarmed, Mr. Seraphin! this chain has got on my arm in an honorable cause. I will tell you the whole story; I know you will not inform on me."

Seating himself on the bench, he related the adventures of the day.

The mock procession passed before Mechtild's imagination with the vividness of reality. The narration transformed her. Her mildness was changed to noble anger. She had heard of the vicar of Christ being insulted, of holy things being scoffed at, of the Redeemer being derided by a horde of wretches. With her arms akimbo, she drew up her lithe and graceful form to its full height, and with flashing eyes looked at her father while he related what had befallen him. Seraphin could not help wondering at the transformation. Such a display of spirit he had not been prepared to witness in a girl so gentle and beautiful. When her father had ended his account, she seized his hand passionately, pressed it warmly between her own hands, and kissed the chain.

"Father, dear father," she exclaimed in a burst of feeling, "I thank you from my heart for acting as you

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did! Those wretches were scoffing at our holy religion, but you behaved bravely in defence of the faith. For this they put chains on you, as the heathen did to S. Peter and S. Paul."

Once more she kissed the chain, then, turning quickly, hastened across the yard to the house.

"Mechtild isn't like the rest of us," said Holt, smiling. "There's a great deal of spirit in her. I have often noticed it. But I am not astonished at her being roused at the mock procession—I was roused myself. I declare, Mr. Seraphin, it is a shame, a crying shame, that persons are permitted to rail at doctrines and things which we revere as holy. One would almost believe Satan himself was in some people, they take so fanatical a delight in scoffing at a religion which is holy and enjoins nothing but what is good."

"It is incontestable that infidelity hates and opposes God and religion," replied Gerlach. "The boasted culture of those who find a pleasure in grossly wounding the most sacred feelings of their neighbors, is wicked and stupid."

Mechtild returned with a file in her hand.

"Right, my child! I was just thinking of the file myself. Here, cut the catches of the lock."

He laid his arm across the table. A few strokes of the file caused the lock and remnant of chain to fall from his wrist.

"We will keep this as a precious memento," said she. "Only think, father, that wicked official ordered you to be manacled, and he is the representative of authority. How can one respect or even pray for authorities when they allow religion to be ridiculed?"

"Pray for your enemies," answered the countryman gravely.

"I will do so because God commands me; but I shall never again be able to respect the official!"

Her anger had fled; she appeared again all light and loveliness. He did not fail to observe a searching look which she directed upon him, but its meaning became clear to him only when, as he was taking leave, she said in a tone of humility: "Pardon my vehemence, Mr. Seraphin! Don't think me a bad girl."

"There is nothing to be forgiven, Mechtild. You were indignant against godless wretches, and they who are not indignant against evil cannot themselves be good."

"We are most heartily thankful for this visit," spoke Holt. "I need not say that we will consider it a great happiness as often as you will be pleased to come."

"Good-night!" returned the young man, and he walked away.

Deeply immersed in his thoughts, Seraphin went back to town. What he was thinking about, his diary does not record. But the excitement under which he had rushed forth was gone—dispelled by the magic of a rural sorceress. He walked on quietly like a man who seems filled with confidence in his own future. The recent painful impressions seemed to his mind to lie far back in the past; their place was taken up by beautiful anticipations which, like the aurora, shed soft and pleasing light upon his path. He halted frequently in a dream-like reverie to indulge the happiness with which his soul was flooded. The full moon, just peering over the hills, shed around him a mystic brightness that harmonized perfectly with the indefinable contentment of his heart, and seemed to be gazing quizzingly into the countenance of the young man, who almost feared to confess to himself that he had found an invaluable treasure.

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As he stopped before the Palais Greifmann, all the bright spirits that had hovered round about him on the way back from the little whitewashed cottage, fled. He awoke from his dream, and, ascending the stairs with a feeling of discomfort, he entered his apartment, where his father sat awaiting him.

"At last," spoke Mr. Conrad, looking up from a book. "You have kept me waiting a long time, my son."

"I was in need of a good long walk, father, to get over what I witnessed this morning. The country air has dispelled all those horrible impressions. There is only one thing more required to make me feel perfectly well, dear father, which is that you will not insist on my allying myself to people who are utterly opposed to my way of thinking and feeling."

"I understand and approve of your request, Seraphin. The impressions made on me, too, are exceedingly disagreeable. The advancement of which this town boasts is stupid, immoral, detestable. How this state of society has come about, is inexplicable to me who live secluded in the country. Society is diseased, fatally diseased. Many of the new views professed are sheer superstition, and their morality is a mere cloak for their corruption and wickedness. All the powers of progress so-called are actively at work to subvert all the safeguards of society. And what your diary reports of Louise, I have found fully confirmed. Though it cost the sacrifice of a long cherished plan, a son of mine shall never become the husband of a progressionist woman."

"O father! how deeply do I thank you!" cried the youth, carried away by his feelings.

"I must decline being thanked, for I have not merited it," spoke Mr. Conrad earnestly. "A father's duty determines very clearly what my decision upon the matter of your marriage with Louise, ought to be. But I am under obligations to you, my son, which justice compels me to acknowledge. Your discernment and moral sense have prevented a great deal of discord and unhappiness in our family. Continue good and true, my Seraphin!"

He pressed his son to his bosom and imprinted a kiss on his forehead.

"To-morrow we shall start for home by the first train. Fortunately your prudent behavior makes it easy for us to get away, and the final breaking off of this engagement I will myself arrange with Louise's father.

SERAPHIN GERLACH TO THE AUTHOR.

DEAR SIR: Two years ago, I took the liberty of sending you my diary, with the request that you would be pleased to publish such portions of its contents as might be useful, in the form of a tale illustrative of the times. I made the request because I consider it the duty of a writer who delineates the condition of society, to transmit to posterity a faithful picture of the present social status, and I am vain enough to believe that my jottings will be a modest contribution towards such a tableau.

The meagre account given by the diary of my intercourse with Mechtild, will probably have enabled you to perceive the germ of a pure and true relation likely to develop itself further. I shall add but a few items to complete the account of the diary, knowing that poets, painters, and artists have rigorously determined bounds, and that a twilight cannot be represented when the sun is at the zenith. I am emboldened to use this illustration because your unbounded admiration of pure womanhood is well known to me, and be-

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cause the brightness of Mechtild's character, were it further described, would no more be compatible with the sombre colorings in which a true picture of modern progress would have to be exhibited, than the noonday sun with the shadows of evening.

My memoranda concerning Mechtild, which, despite studied soberness, betrayed a considerable degree of admiration, made known to my parents, naturally enough, the secret of my heart. Hence it came that a quiet smile passed over my father's face every time I commenced to speak of Mechtild. Holt's manly deed at the mock procession had already gained for him my father's esteem, and, as I spoke a great deal about Holt's thoroughness as a cultivator, my father began to look upon him as a very desirable man to employ.

"We want an experienced man on the 'green farm,'" said father, one day. "Offer the situation to Holt, and tell him to come to see me about it. I want to talk with him."

"Give the good man my compliments," said mother; "tell him I would be much pleased to become acquainted with Mechtild, who sympathized with you so kindly on that memorable day!"

I wrote without delay. Holt came, and so did Mechtild. But few moments were necessary to enable mother to detect the girl's fine qualities. Father, too, was delightfully surprised at her modesty, the beauty of her form, and grace of her manner. He visited the farm accompanied by Holt. The cultivator's extraordinary knowledge, his practical manner of viewing things, and the shrewdness of his counsels in regard to the improvement of worn-out land and the cultivation of poor soil, completely charmed my father. A contract containing very favorable conditions for Holt was entered into, and three weeks later the family took charge of the "green farm."

Upon mother's suggestion, Mechtild was sent to an educational institution, where she acquired in ten months' time the learning and culture necessary for associating with cultivated people.

Father and mother had received her on her return like a daughter. This reception was given her not only in consideration of Holt's skilful and faithful management of business, but also on account of Mechtild's own splendid womanly character—perhaps, too, partly on account of my unbounded admiration for the rare girl.

"The girl is an ornament to her sex," lauded my father. "Her polished manner and ease in company do not suffer one to suspect ever so remotely that she at any time plied the reaping-hook, and came out of a stubblefield to regale a weary wanderer with brown bread and bonny-clabber. I am quite in harmony with your secret wishes, my dear Seraphin! At the same time, I am of opinion that a step promising so much happiness ought not to be longer deferred. I think, then, you should ask the father for his daughter without delay, so that I may soon have the pleasure of giving you my blessing."

From my father's arms, into which I had thrown myself in thankfulness, I hastened away to the "green farm," where Mechtild with maidenly blushes, and Holt in speechless astonishment, heard and granted my petition.

I am now four months married. I am the blest husband of a wife whose lovely qualities are daily showing themselves to greater advantage. Mechtild presides over Cha-

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teau Hallberg like an angel of peace. Towards my father and mother she conducts herself with filial reverence and never-ceasing delicate attentions. Mother loves her unspeakably, and no access of ill humor in father can withstand her charming smile and prudent mirth. Concerning the banking-house of Greifmann, I have only sad things to tell. Carl's father had entered into very considerable speculations which failed and drove him into bankruptcy. Carl saw the blow coming, and saved himself in a disgraceful manner. There was a savings institution connected with the bank in which poor people and servants deposited the savings of their hard labor. Carl appropriated this fund and made off a short time before the failure of the house. Thousands of poor persons were robbed of the little sums which they were saving for old age, by denying themselves many even of the necessaries of life.

The maledictions and curses of these unfortunate people followed across the ocean the thief whose modern culture and progressive humanity did not hinder him from committing a crime which no Christian can be guilty of without losing his claim to the title. Carl, however, still continues to pass for a man of culture and humanity notwithstanding his deed. And why should he not, since without faith in the Deity moral obligations do not exist, and consequently every species of crime is allowable? The old gentleman Greifmann died shortly after his ruin; Louise lost her mind.

My father felt the misfortune of the Greifmanns deeply, without, however, regretting in the smallest degree the wise determination which their godless principles and actions had driven him to. Formerly he could never find time to take part in the elections. But now he is constantly speaking about the duty of every respectable man to oppose the infernal machinations and plans of would-be progress. He intends at the next election to use all his influence for the election of conscientious deputies, so that the evil may be put an end to which consists in trying to undermine the foundations of society.

Accept, dear sir, the assurance of the esteem with which I have the honor to be

Your most obedient servant,

SERAPHIN GERLACH.

CHATEAU HALLBERG, Jan. 4, 1872.

[Two chapters have been omitted in this translation of "The Progressionists."—ED. C. W.]

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F. JAMES MARQUETTE, S.J.

AMONG the names that have become immortalized in the history of our country, there are few more certainly destined for perpetual fame than those connected with the discovery and exploration of that mighty river which courses so boldly and majestically through this vast continent. Thus it is probable that there never will be a time when even children at school will not be familiar with such names as De Soto, Marquette, and La Salle.

James Marquette was born in the city of Laon, near a small branch of the Oise, in the department of Aisne, France, in the year 1637. His family was the most ancient of that ancient city, and had, during many generations, filled high offices and rendered valuable services to their country, both in civil and military life. We have accounts of eminent services rendered to his sovereign by one of his ancestors as early as 1360. The usefulness and public spirit of the family, we may well suppose, did not expire with the distinguished subject of this memoir; for we find that, in the French army that aided our fathers in the achievement of American Independence, there were no less than three Marquettes who laid down their lives in the cause of liberty. His maternal name was no less distinguished in the annals of the church. On the side of his mother, Rose de la Salle, he was connected with the good and venerable John Baptist de la Salle, founder of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, so distinguished for their successful services in the cause of popular religious education. It was this pious mother that instilled into her illustrious son that tender and fervid devotion to the Blessed Virgin which so ravished his soul and adorned his whole life. In 1654, when but seventeen years old, he entered the Society of Jesus, in which the time of his novitiate, the terms of teaching and of his own theological studies, consumed twelve years. He had chosen for his model S. Francis Xavier, and in studying his patron's life, and meditating on his virtues, the young priest conceived a holy longing to enter the field of missionary toil. He was enrolled in the province of Champagne; but, as this had no foreign missions, he caused himself to be transferred to the province of France. His cherished object was soon attained. In 1666, he was sent out to Canada, and arrived at Quebec on the 20th of September of that year.

F. Marquette was at first destined for the Montagnais mission, whose central station was at Tadousal, and on the 10th of October he started for Three Rivers, in order to study the Montagnais language, a key to many neighboring Indian tongues, under that celebrated philologist as well as renowned missionary, F. Gabriel Druilletes. His intervals of leisure were here employed in the offices of the holy ministry. F. Marquette was thus occupied till April, 1668, when his destination was changed, and he received orders to prepare for the mission on Lake Superior, known as the Ottawa mission. He accordingly returned to Quebec, and thence set out for Montreal on the 21st of April, with Brother Le Boesme and two other companions; and from

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the latter place he embarked on the Ottawa flotilla. He was accompanied by other missionaries on this toilsome and dangerous voyage up the Ottawa, through French River, to and across Lake Huron, and to the Sault St. Mary. This region had long before been dedicated to God by the erection of the cross by Fathers Jogues and Raymbault, and twenty years later, 1660, F. Ménard became the founder of the Ottawa mission; and when F. Marquette arrived in Canada, F. Allouez was then pushing his spiritual conquests beyond any points reached by his zealous predecessors. On the advent of F. Marquette to the shores of Lake Superior, it was found expedient to establish two missions, one of which should be located at the Sault St. Mary, and the other at Green Bay. Erecting his cabin at the foot of the rapids on the American side, F. Marquette opened his mission at the Sault, where he was joined the following year by F. Dablon, Superior of the Ottawa mission. These two zealous missionaries soon gathered a Christian flock around them, and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was now offered up in that wild region in "a sanctuary worthy of the faith." "It is," says Bancroft, "the oldest settlement begun by Europeans within the present limits of the commonwealth of Michigan." So rich was the harvest which the enthusiastic and apostolical Marquette saw before him that he writes in one of his letters: "Two thousand souls were ready to embrace the faith, if the missionary were faithful to his task." Yet knowing the uncertainty of the Indian character, he proceeded cautiously and prudently in his undertakings. Though his ardent hopes were not fully realized, the harvest was not a fruitless one; and Fathers Dablon and Marquette labored on with undaunted courage and undiminished zeal, instructing the people, baptizing such as were in danger of death, and laying the solid foundations of a future Christian commonwealth.

In August of 1669, F. Marquette was transferred from the Sault to Lapointe, to conduct the missions of the Holy Ghost among the Ottawas, and to fill the place recently occupied by F. Allouez, who had gone to Green Bay. After a perilous and exhausting navigation, amid snow and ice, of a month's duration, he reached Lapointe in safety, and full of ardor for the work before him. A few extracts from the account of this mission, which F. Marquette gave to his superior in his letter of the following year, will be more acceptable to the reader than any synopsis we could prepare from it:

"Divine Providence having destined me to continue the mission of the Holy Ghost begun by Allouez, who had baptized the chiefs of the Kiskakonk, I arrived there on the thirteenth of September, and went to visit the Indians who were in the clearings, which are divided into five towns. The Hurons, to the number of about four or five hundred, almost all baptized, still preserve some little Christianity. A number of the chiefs assembled in council were at first well pleased to see me; but I explained that I did not yet know their language perfectly, and that no other missionary was coming, both because all had gone to the Iroquois, and because F. Allouez, who understood them perfectly, did not wish to return that winter, as they did not love the prayer enough. They acknowledged that it was a just punishment, and during the winter held talks about it, and resolved to amend, as they tell me.

"The nation of the Outaouaks Sinagaux is far from the kingdom of God, and being above all other nations addicted to lewdness, sacrifices, and juggleries. They ridicule the prayer, and will scarcely hear us speak of Christianity. They are proud and undeveloped, and I think that so little can be done with this tribe that I have not baptized healthy infants who seem likely to

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live, watching only for such as are sick. The Indians of the Kinouché tribe declare openly that it is not yet time. There are, however, two men among them formerly baptized. One, now rather old, is looked upon as a kind of miracle among the Indians, having always refused to marry, persisting in this resolution in spite of all that had been said. He has suffered much, even from his relatives, but he is as little affected by this as by the loss of all the goods which he brought last year from the settlement, not having even enough left to cover him. These are hard trials for Indians, who generally seek only to possess much in this world. The other, a new-married young man, seems of another nature than the rest. The Indians, extremely attached to their reveries, had resolved that a certain number of young women should prostitute themselves, each to choose such partner as she liked. No one in these cases ever refused, as the lives of men are supposed to depend on it. This young Christian was called; on entering the cabin, he saw the orgies that were about to begin, and, feigning illness, immediately left, and, though they came to call him back, he refused to go. His confession was as prudent as it could be, and I wondered that an Indian could live so innocently, and so nobly profess himself a Christian. His mother and some of his sisters are also good Christians. The Ottawas, extremely superstitious in their feasts and jugglerics, seem hardened to the instructions given them, yet they like to have their children baptized. God permitted a woman to die this winter in her sin; her illness had been concealed from me, and I heard it only by the report that she had asked a very improper dance for her cure. I immediately went to a cabin where all the chiefs were at a feast, and some Kiskakonk Christians among them. To these I exposed the impiety of the woman and her medicine men, and gave them proper instructions. I then spoke to all present, and God permitted that an old Ottawa rose to advise granting what I asked, as it made no matter, he said, if the woman did die. An old Christian then rose and told the nation that they must stop the licentiousness of their youth, and not permit Christian girls to take part in such dances. To satisfy the woman, some child's play was substituted for the dance; but this did not prevent her dying before morning. The dangerous state of a sick man caused the medicine men to proclaim that the devil must be invoked by extraordinary superstitions. The Christians took no part. The actors were these jugglers and the sick man, who was passed over great fires lighted in every cabin. It was said that he did not feel the heat, although his body had been greased with oil for five or six days. Men, women, and children ran through the cabins, asking, as a riddle, to divine their thoughts, and the successful guesser was glad to give the object named. I prevented the abominable lewdness so common at the end of these diabolical rites. I do not think that they will recur, as the sick man died soon after.

"The nation of Kiskakous, which for three years refused to receive the Gospel preached them by F. Allouez, resolved in the fall of 1668 to obey God. This resolution was adopted in full council, and announced to that father, who spent four winter months instructing them. The chiefs of the nation became Christians, and, as F. Allouez was called to another mission, he gave it to my charge to cultivate, and I entered on it in September, 1669.

"All the Christians were then in the fields harvesting their Indian corn; they listened with pleasure when I told them that I came to Lapointe for their sake and that of the Hurons; that they never should be abandoned, but be beloved above all other nations; and that they and the French were one. I had the consolation of seeing their love for the prayer and their pride in being Christians. I baptized the new-born infants, and instructed the chiefs whom I found well disposed. The head chief having allowed a dog to be hung on a pole near his cabin, which is a kind of sacrifice the Indians make to the sun, I told him that this was wrong, and he went and threw it down.

"Having invited the Kiskakous to come and winter near the chapel, they left all the other tribes, to gather around us so as to be able to pray to God, be instructed, and have their children baptized. They all call themselves Christians; hence in all councils and important affairs I address them, and, when I wish to show them that I really wish what I ask, I need only address them as Christians; they told me even that they obeyed me for that reason. They have taken the upper hand, and control the three

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other tribes. It is a great consolation to a missionary to see such pliancy in savages, and to live in such peace with the Indians, spending the whole day in instructing them in our mysteries, and teaching them the prayers. Neither the rigor of the winter nor the state of the weather prevents their coming to the chapel; many never let a day pass, and I was thus busily employed from morning till night, preparing some for baptism, some for confession, disabusing others of their reveries. The old men told me that the young men had lost their senses, and that I must stop their excesses. I often spoke to them of their daughters, urging them to prevent their being visited at night. I knew almost all that passed in two tribes near us; but, though others were spoken of, I never heard anything against the Christian women, and when I spoke to the old men about their daughters, they told me that they prayed to God. I often inculcated this, knowing the importunities to which they are constantly exposed, and the courage they need to resist. They have learned to be modest, and the French who have seen them perceive how little they resemble the others from whom they are thus distinguished.

"After Easter, all the Indians dispersed to seek subsistence; they promised me that they would not forget the prayer, and earnestly begged that a father should come in the fall when they assemble again. This will be granted, and, if it please God to send some father, he will take my place, while I, to execute the orders of my father-superior, will go and begin my Illinois mission.

"The Illinois are thirty days' journey by land from Lapointe by a difficult road; they lie south-southwest of it. On the way you pass the nation of the Ketchigamins, who live in more than twenty large cabins; they are inland, and seek to have intercourse with the French, from whom they hope to get axes, knives, and ironware. So much do they fear them that they unbound from the stake two Indian captives, who said, when about to be burned, that the Frenchman had declared that they wished peace all over the world. You pass then to the Miamiwek, and by great deserts reach the Illinois, who are assembled chiefly in two towns containing more than eight or nine thousand souls. These people are well enough disposed to receive Christianity. Since F. Allouez spoke to them at Lapointe to adore one God, they have begun to abandon their false worship; for they adored the sun and thunder. Those seen by me are apparently of good disposition, and they are not night-runners, like the other Indians. A man kills his wife if he finds her unfaithful. They are less prodigal in sacrifices, and promise me to embrace Christianity, and do all I require in their country. In this view, the Ottawas gave me a young man recently come from their country, who initiated me to some extent in their language during the leisure given me in the winter by the Indians at Lapointe. I could scarcely understand it, though there is something of the Algonquin in it; yet I hope, by the help of God's grace, to understand and be understood if God by his goodness leads me to that country.

"No one must hope to escape crosses in our missions, and the best means to live happily is not to fear them, but, in the enjoyment of little crosses, hope for others still greater. The Illinois desire us, like Indians, to share their miseries and suffer all that can be imagined in barbarism. They are lost sheep, to be sought amid woods and thorns, especially when they call so piteously to be rescued from the jaws of the wolf. Such, really, can I call their entreaties to me this winter. They have actually gone this spring to notify the old men to come for me in the fall.

"The Illinois always come by land. They sow maize, which they have in great plenty; they have pumpkins as large as those of France, and plenty of roots and fruit. The chase is very abundant in wild cattle, bears, stags, turkeys, duck, bustard, wild pigeon, and cranes. They leave their towns at certain times every year to go to their hunting-grounds together, so as to be better able to resist if attacked. They believe that I will spread peace everywhere if I go, and then only the young will go to hunt.

"When the Illinois come to Lapointe, they pass a large river almost a league wide. It runs north and south, and so far that the Illinois, who do not know what canoes are, have never yet heard of its mouth; they only know that there are very great nations below them, some of whom raise two crops of maize a year. East-southeast of the country is a nation they call Chawawon, which came to visit them last summer. They wear beards,

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which shows intercourse with Europeans; they had come thirty days across land before reaching their country. This great river can hardly empty in Virginia, and we rather believe its mouth is in California. If the Indians, who promise to make me a canoe, do not fail to keep their word, we shall go into this river as soon as we can, with a Frenchman and this young man given me, who knows some of these languages, and has a readiness for learning others; we shall visit the nations which inhabit it, in order to open the way to so many of our fathers who have long awaited this happiness. This discovery will give us a complete knowledge of the southern or western sea.

"The Illinois are warriors; they make many slaves, whom they sell to the Ottawas for guns, powder, kettles, axes, and knives. They were formerly at war with the Nadouessi, but, having made peace some years since, I confirmed it, to facilitate their coming to Lapointe, where I am going to await them, in order to accompany them to their country."

Much as he loved his children at Lapointe, and faithfully as he had served them, the voice of his superior had ordered him to this new, vaster, and more laborious field, which to his true Jesuit obedience was a task of love. The Illinois at once become dear to his heart as his future children; he studies their language, loses no opportunity of learning all about their country, its tribes and their customs, sends them presents of pious pictures and the loving messages of a father, welcomes every member of their nation who might visit Lapointe with open arms, and presses him to his heart, and devotes every moment of leisure afforded him from his labors to sedulous preparation for the contemplated mission of the Immaculate Conception. His intelligent mind fully comprehended the vast importance of the undertaking in its relations to the church and the civilized world, and conceived at once the bold and daring project of a thorough exploration of the great river around which so much mystery, intermingled with romantic fables and dim traditions, still hung. It is with equal truth and justice that Bancroft writes: "The purpose of discovering the Mississippi, of which the tales of the natives had published the magnificence, sprang from Marquette himself."

It has already been stated that F. Marquette had sent some pious pictures to the Illinois, and by the same messenger to the Sioux, whom he expected to be embraced in his intended mission. The messenger who carried the father's presents also bore his request for protection and a safe-conduct to such European missionaries as might visit or pass through their country, and a message, "That the black-gown wished to pass to the country of the Assinipoils and Kilistinons; that he was already among the Outagamis; and that he himself was going in the fall to the Illinois."

Sad indeed must have been the feelings of the good father, when, early in the winter, the Sioux returned to him the pious pictures he had sent them, in which he saw an ominous forerunner of impending war. The Ottawas and Hurons had by their insolence aroused the indignation of the Sioux, and the latter had seized the tomahawk and prepared for the bloody and revengeful strife. His hopes of reaching the cabins of the Sioux by an overland route now vanished before the approaching storm. The Indians at Lapointe could not withstand the fierce onsets of the Dakotah war-parties, and first the Ottawas, abandoning their village, launched their canoes upon the lake, and were soon gathered in Ekaentoulon Island. The Hurons remained alone at Lapointe, and F. Marquette remained in the midst of them to minister to their spiritual wants, share their dangers, and uphold their faith and courage. And when they too were forced to

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depart, the good father, ever true to his spiritual flock, was content to "turn his back on his beloved Illinois to accompany his Hurons in their wanderings and hardships." The Hurons settled at Mackinaw, a bleak and desolate spot, but the abundance of fish the neighboring waters afforded was certain to secure the fugitives from starvation, while the very desolation of the scene seemed a protection from hostile bands. Scarcely had the Hurons thrown up their cabins on this dreary shore, when a rude sylvan chapel, surmounted by a cross, graced and cheered the scene, and became the cradle of religion at the mission of S. Ignatius. Such was the early origin of Michilimackinac. Beside the enclosure of cabins and chapel arose a palisade fort for defence. For several years F. Marquette labored in this remote and arduous station, cheered only by the consolations which spring from faith and by the bountiful harvests of souls he reaped.

Though longing to proceed on his mission to the Illinois, as all his letters so earnestly manifest, F. Marquette found ample work both for his mind and hands in arranging matters at Lapointe, so that his departure should cause as little damage as possible to that mission, to which he had been so faithful and devoted, and which he was now about to confide to the care of another, and in making the necessary preparations for his departure; for his time seemed now near at hand. The dreary days of winter were enlivened by recounting the projected plans of the coming spring, and in gathering all the information within his reach concerning the Mississippi and the nations inhabiting its banks. Most of the actual knowledge then possessed on the subject was derived from the accounts and relations of the Jesuit missionaries of the Northwest, and from the reports of the Canadian traders among the Indians. His inquiries of the more northern tribes were eagerly answered by startling fables of various hues and contradictory generalities, but nothing definite could be learned from them as to the course of the great river, its direction or outlet, or of the natives along its course. All was conjecture and theory. As early as 1639 the Sieur Nicolet, who was the interpreter of the French colony of New France, had penetrated westward to the furthest grounds of the Algonquins, and had encountered the Winnebagoes, "a people called so because they came from a distant sea, but whom the French erroneously called Puents." And we learn from F. Vimont that "the Sieur Nicolet, who had penetrated furthest into those distant countries, avers that, had he sailed three days more on a great river which flows from that lake (Green Bay), he would have found the sea." And although the Indians called the Mississippi itself "the sea," and the Sieur Nicolet may have fallen into the same error, in either case it seems quite certain that he was the first to reach the waters of that river. In 1641, Fathers Isaac Jogues and Charles Raymbaut carried their missionary labors to the Sault St. Mary, and received distinct accounts of the Sioux, and of the great river on whose banks they lived. In 1658, after F. Garreau had suffered martyrdom on the St. Lawrence on his way to renew the Western missions destroyed by the recent Iroquois war, De Groseilles and another Frenchman penetrated to Lake Superior, and passed the winter on its shores. They visited the Sioux, learned with greater clearness and particularity of the course of the great river on whose banks they stood. Their annalist writes: "It

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was a beautiful river, large, broad, and deep, which would bear comparison, they say, with the St. Lawrence." The missionaries of the Saguenay had also "heard of the Winnipegouek, and their bay whence three seas could be reached." And war parties of the Iroquois told the missionaries of New York of their wars with the Ontoagannha, "whose towns lay on a beautiful river (Ohio), which leads to the great lake, as they called the sea, where they traded with Europeans who pray to God as we (the French) do, and have rosaries and bells to call men to prayer." * F. Ménard, the founder of the Ottawa mission, also heard, in 1660, of the Mississippi and the nations on its banks, and was only prevented from visiting them by meeting with a martyr's death while prosecuting his work. F. Allouez, his successor, also writes of the great river, "which empties, as far as I can conjecture, into the sea of Virginia," and was the first to reveal to Europeans its Indian name; for, in speaking of one of its tribes, he says: "They live on a great river called Messipi." At the time that F. Dablon was appointed Superior of the Ottawa missions, and F. Marquette appointed to establish the intended Illinois mission, and the exploration of the river was about to be undertaken, the latter, as already stated, was for some time engaged in gathering information concerning its course and outlet. Three principal conjectures prevailed at this time: first, that it ran towards the southwest, and entered the Gulf of California; second, that it flowed into the Gulf of Mexico; third, that it took a more easterly direction, and discharged itself into the Atlantic Ocean, somewhere on the coast of Virginia. To F. Marquette belonged the glory of solving the problem, and thus of opening the interior of the continent to Christianity and civilization.

The war which was raging in the country rendered it impossible for the missionaries of themselves to undertake the opening of the long-desired mission of the Illinois, and they had accordingly applied for assistance to the French government to further this great enterprise. F. Marquette, as we have seen from his letters, remained ever ready at a moment's notice from his superiors to advance into this dangerous field. He was not deterred by a consciousness of his own declining health, already enfeebled by labors and exposures, nor by the hostile character of the nations through whose country he would have to pass, nor by the danger of a cruel death at the hands of the fierce Dakotah. This last only made the prospect more enticing to one whose highest ambition was to win the glorious crown of martyrdom in opening the way for his brother Jesuits to follow in the battle of the faith. The same flotilla that carried his letter to F. Dablon to Quebec in the summer of 1672, on its return conveyed to him the joyous news that the petition of the missionaries had found favor with the government; that the Sieur Jolliet was designated to undertake the exploration of the Mississippi; and that F. Marquette was chosen the missionary of the expedition. It was the Blessed Virgin whom, F. Marquette says, "I had always invoked, since my coming to the Ottawa country, in order to obtain of God the favor of being able to visit the nations on the Mississippi River." It was on the feast of the Immaculate Conception of the same Blessed Virgin Mary that he received the glorious tidings that the realization of his hopes and prayers was at hand. He

* Shea.

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bestowed upon the great river the name of the Immaculate Conception, which, however, as well as its earlier Spanish name of River of the Holy Ghost, has since yielded to its original Indian appellation.

The exploring party, consisting of "the meek, single-hearted, unpretending, illustrious Marquette, with Jolliet for his associate, five Frenchmen for his companions, and two Algonquins as guides, lifting their canoes on their backs, and walking across the narrow portage that divides the Fox River from the Wisconsin," set out upon their glorious expedition. Mr. J. G. Shea, to whom we are so much indebted for his researches into this interesting part of the history of our country, describes the voyage in the following graphic and eloquent manner:

"In the spring they embarked at Mackinaw in two frail bark canoes; each with his paddle in hand, and full of hope, they soon plied them merrily over the crystal waters of the lake. All was new to Marquette, and he describes as he went along the Menonomies, Green Bay, and Maskoutens, which he reached on the 7th of June, 1673. He had now attained the limit of former discoveries; the new world was before them; they looked back a last adieu to the waters which, great as the distance was, connected them with Quebec and their countrymen; they knelt on the shore to offer, by a new devotion, their lives, their honor, and their undertakings to their beloved Mother, the Virgin Mary Immaculate; then, launching on the broad Wisconsin, sailed slowly down its current, amid its vine-clad isles and its countless sand-bars. No sound broke the stillness, no human form appeared, and at last, after sailing seven days, on the 17th of June they happily glided into the great river. Joy that could find no utterance in words filled the grateful heart of Marquette.

"The broad river of the Conception, as he named it, now lay before them, stretching away hundreds of miles to an unknown sea. Soon all was new; mountain and forest had glided away; the islands, with their groves of cotton-wood, became more frequent, and moose and deer browzed on the plains; strange animals were seen traversing the river, and monstrous fish appeared in its waters. But they proceeded on their way amid this solitude, frightful by its utter absence of man. Descending still further, they came to the land of the bison, or pisikiou, which, with the turkey, became sole tenants of the wilderness; all other game had disappeared. At last, on the 25th of June, they descried footprints on the shore. They now took heart again, and Jolliet and the missionary, leaving their five men in the canoes, followed a little beaten path to discover who the tribe might be. They travelled on in silence almost to the cabin-doors, when they halted, and with a loud halloa proclaimed their coming. Three villages lay before them; the first, roused by the cry, poured forth its motley group, which halted at the sight of the new-comers and the well-known dress of the missionary. Old men came slowly on, step by measured step, bearing aloft the all-mysterious calumet. All was silence; they stood at last before the two Europeans, and Marquette asked, 'Who are you?' 'We are Illinois,' was the answer, which dispelled all anxiety from the explorers, and sent a thrill to the heart of Marquette; the Illinois missionary was at last amid the children of that tribe which he had so long, so tenderly yearned to see.

"After friendly greetings at this town of Pewaria, and the neighboring one of Moing-wena, they returned to their canoes, escorted by the wondering tribe, who gave their hardy visitants a calumet, the safeguard of the West. With renewed courage and lighter hearts, they sailed in, and, passing a high rock with strange and monstrous forms depicted on its rugged surface, heard in the distance the roaring of a mighty cataract, and soon beheld Pekitanoui, or the Muddy River, as the Algonquins call the Missouri, rushing like some untamed monster into the calm and clear Mississippi, and hurrying in with its muddy waters the trees which it had rooted up in its impetuous course. Already had the missionaries heard of the river running to the western sea, to be reached by the branches of the Mississippi, and Marquette, now better informed, fondly hoped to reach it one day by the Missouri. But now their course lay south, and, passing a dangerous eddy, the demon of the Western Indians, they reach-

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ed the Waboukigou, or Ohio, the river of the Shawnees, and, still holding on their way, came to the warm land of the cane, and the country which the mosquitoes might call their own. While enveloped in their sails as a shelter from them, they came upon a tribe who invited them to the shore. They were wild wanderers, for they had guns bought of Catholic Europeans at the East.

"Thus, after all had been friendly, and encouraged by this second meeting, they plied their oars anew, and, amid groves of cottonwood on either side, descended to the 33d degree, when, for the first time, a hostile reception was promised by the excited Metchigameas. Too few to resist, their only hope on earth was the mysterious calumet, and in heaven the protection of Mary, to whom they sent up fervent prayers. At last the storm subsided, and they were received in peace; their language formed an obstacle, but an interpreter was found, and after explaining the object of their coming, and announcing the great truths of Christianity, they embarked for Akamsea, a village thirty miles below on the eastern shore.

"Here they were well received, and learned that the mouth of the river was but ten days' sail from this village; but they heard, too, of nations there trading with Europeans, and of wars between the tribes, and the two explorers spent a night in consultation. The Mississippi, they now saw, emptied into the Gulf of Mexico, between Florida and Tampico, two Spanish points; they might, by proceeding, fall into their hands. Thus far only Marquette traced the map, and he put down the names of other tribes of which they heard. Of these, in the Atotchasi, Matora, and Papihaka, we recognize Arkansas tribes; and the Akoroas and Tanikwas, Pawnees and Omahas, Kansas and Apiches, are well known in after-days.

"They accordingly set out from Akensea, on the 17th of July, to return. Passing the Missouri again, they entered the Illinois, and, meeting the friendly Kaskaskias at its upper portage, were led by them in a kind of triumph to Lake Michigan; for Marquette had promised to return and instruct them in the faith. Sailing along the lake, they crossed the outer peninsula of Green Bay, and reached the mission of S. Francis Xavier just four months after their departure from it.

"Thus had the missionaries achieved their long-projected work. The triumph of the age was thus completed in the discovery and exploration of the Mississippi, which threw open to France the richest, most fertile and accessible territory of the New World. Marquette, whose health had been severely tried in this voyage, remained at St. Francis to recruit his strength before resuming his wonted missionary labors; for he sought no laurels, he aspired to no tinsel praise.

"The distance passed over by F. Marquette on this great expedition, in his little bark canoe, was two thousand seven hundred and sixty-seven miles. The feelings with which he regarded an enterprise having so grave a bearing on the future history and development of mankind may be appreciated from the following closing passage of the ninth section of his *Voyages and Discoveries*:

"'Had all this voyage caused but the salvation of a single soul, I should deem all my fatigue well repaid. And this I have reason to think; for, when I was returning, I passed by the Indians at Peoria. I was three days announcing the faith in all their cabins, after which, as we were embarking, they brought me to the water's edge a dying child, which I baptized a little before it expired, by an admirable Providence, for the salvation of that innocent soul.'"

F. Marquette prepared a narrative of his voyage down the Mississippi (from which the foregoing quotation is taken), and a map of that river; and on his return transmitted copies to his superior, by the Ottawa flotilla of that year. It is also probable that Frontenac, the Governor of New France, as he had promised, sent a copy of them to the French government. The loss of Jolliet's narrative and map gave an inestimable value to those of Marquette. Yet the French government did not publish them, probably in consequence of the discontinuance of the publication of the Jesuit *Relations* about this time; and thus the great interests involved in the discovery were neglected. Fortunately, F. Marquette's narrative fell into the hands of

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Thevenot, who had just published a collection of travels, and such was his appreciation of it that he issued a new volume, entitled *Recueil de Voyages*, in 1681, containing the narrative and map of the Mississippi.* Mr. Sparks, in his life of F. Marquette, speaks thus of the narrative:

"It is written in a terse, simple, and unpretending style. The author relates what occurs, and describes what he sees, without embellishment or display. He writes as a scholar and as a man of careful obervation and practical sense. There is no tendency to exaggerate, nor any attempt to magnify the difficulties he had to encounter, or the importance of his discovery. In every point of view, this tract is one of the most interesting of those which illustrate the early history of America."

Having reached Green Bay, the exhausted voyager sank down under the effects of his recent travels and exposures. His disease was so obstinate and protracted that he suffered during the entire winter, though with patience and resignation, and did not recover before the end of the following summer. Having received from his superior the necessary orders for the establishment of the Illinois mission, he started on the 25th of October, 1674, for Kaskaskia. He was accompanied and assisted by two faithful and devoted Frenchmen, and by a number of Pottawattomies and Illinois Indians. They coasted along the mouth of Fox River, and then, advancing up as far as the small bay breaking into the peninsula, they reached the portage leading to the lake. As the canoes proceeded along the lake shore, the missionary walked upon the beach, returning to the canoes whenever the beach was broken by a river or stream; and their provisions were obtained from the abundant yield of the chase. On the 23d of November, the courageous missionary found his malady returning, but pushed on, amid cold and snow, until, on the 4th of December, he reached the Chicago River, which was closed with ice. Here again the unpropitious elements and his own infirmities compelled him to stop and spend the winter. But his time was not idly spent during this detention, for his missionary zeal found occupation in the spiritual care of his Indian companions, whom he instructed as well as he could, and sent them forward on their journey. His faithful Frenchmen remained now alone with him; but at a distance of fifty miles was an Illinois village, where there were two Frenchmen, traders and trappers; and these, hearing of the forlorn condition of the missionary, arranged that one of them should go and visit him. They had prepared a cabin for him, and the Indians, alarmed for his safety, were also anxious to send some of their tribe to convey their father and his effects to their village. Touched by their attentions, he sent them every assurance of his visiting them, intimating, however, the uncertainty of his doing so in the spring, in consequence of his continued illness. These messages only added to the alarm of the Indians, and the sachems assembled and sent a deputation to the black-gown. The presents they bore were three sacks of corn, dried meat, and pumpkins, and twelve beaver skins. The objects of their visits were, first, to make him a mat to sit on; second, to ask him for powder; third, supply him with food; fourth, to get some merchandise. The good father made answer in characteristic terms, as follows: "First, that I came to instruct them by speaking of the prayer; second, that I would not give them powder, as we endeavor to make peace everywhere, and because I did

* See the narrative and map in Shea's *History of the Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi.*

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not wish them to begin a war against the Miamis; third, that we did not fear famine; fourth, that I would encourage the French to bring them merchandise, and that they must make reparation to the traders there for the beads taken from them while the surgeon was with me." Presenting them with some axes, knives, and trinkets, he dismissed them with a promise to make every effort to visit them in a few days. Bidding their good father to "take heart," and beseeching him to "stay and die in their country," the deputation "returned to their winter camps."

The ensuing winter months, though marked by every bodily suffering and privation, were replete with religious consolation. His whole time was spent in prayer. Admonished by his disease that his last end could not be far off, he offered his remaining days entirely to God. He lost sight of the sufferings of his body in the overflow of heavenly consolations with which his soul was ravished. Still the recollection that he had been appointed missionary of the Illinois, and the duty this seemed to impose upon him of laboring for the conversion of those noble but benighted souls, filled his heart with the desire of visiting them, if it should be the will of God, and the establishment of the Illinois mission became the absorbing thought of his mind and the burden of the prayers which he addressed to the throne of heaven. His sufferings he bore not only with patience, but with joy; if he prayed for their cessation, it was only with the view that he might thus be enabled to encounter the new sufferings, labors, and hardships of his mission, and that he might devote his remaining days to the salvation of his beloved Illinois. To obtain this privilege from heaven, he induced his companions to unite with him in a novena of prayers in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Some time after Christmas, 1675, his Patroness in heaven obtained the desired boon of health for her devoted client; for he soon began to recover from his disease, and, though still feeble, was enabled by the 29th of March, when the snow and ice began to melt, and the inundations compelled them to move, to set out for Kaskaskia, in the Upper Illinois. He arrived at that Illinois town on the 8th of April, but his journal was discontinued from the 6th of April, and we have no record of his movements from that time. He was received by his children as an angel from heaven, for they scarcely supposed he had escaped alive the rigors of the winter. It was Monday in Holy Week, and the good man immediately commenced his work. He visited the chiefs and ancients of the town, and gave them and the crowds who assembled in the cabins he visited the first necessary instructions in the Gospel. So great were the throngs that assembled to hear him preach that the narrow accommodations of the cabins could not hold them. On Maundy Thursday he called a general assembly of the people in the open field, a beautiful prairie near the town, which was decorated after the fashion of the country, and spread with mats and bear skins. He formed a little rustic altar by suspending some pieces of Indian taffety on cords, to which were attached, so as to be seen on all four sides, four large pictures of the Blessed Virgin, under whose invocation the mission was placed. The assembly was immense; composed of five hundred chiefs and ancients seated in a circle around the missionary, and around these stood fifteen hundred young men. Besides these, great numbers of women and children

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attended. He addressed his congregation with ten words or presents, according to the Indian fashion, associating each word or present, which represented some great truth or mystery, with one of the ten beads on the belt of the prayer which he held in his hand. He explained the object of his visit to them, preached Christ crucified—for it was the eve of Good Friday—and explained to them the principal mysteries of the Christian religion. The Holy Mass was then celebrated for the first time in this new mission. On each of the following days he continued his instructions, and on Easter Sunday he celebrated the great Feast of the Resurrection, offering up Mass for the second time. He took possession of the land in the name of his risen Lord, and bestowed upon the mission the name of the Immaculate Virgin Mary.

His former malady now returned with renewed violence. His strength was wasting away. To remain would accomplish no good for his children, for he was unable to discharge the duties of the missionary, and no alternative was left but to make an effort to reach his former mission, Mackinaw, where he hoped to die in the midst of his fellow-members of the Society of Jesus. He was the more willing now to seek rest in the bosom of his Redeemer and in the Society of his Blessed Mother in Heaven, because he had performed his promise, the mission of the Illinois had been founded, his words had been lovingly received by his people, the good seed had been sown in their hearts, the Holy Sacrifice had been offered up in their presence and for their salvation, and future missionaries might now advance to cultivate the field and reap the harvest he had prepared. His docile Indians, with the devotion of children, begged him to return to them as soon as his health should permit. He repeatedly promised them that he or some other missionary would come to continue the good work amongst them. The people followed him on his journey, escorted him thirty leagues on his way with great pomp, showing him every mark of friendship and affection, and many contended among themselves for the honor of carrying the scanty baggage he possessed. Taking the way of the St. Joseph's River and the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, along which he had yet to travel over a hundred leagues through an unknown route, his strength soon began to fail entirely. He could no longer help himself; his two faithful French companions had to lift him in and out of his canoe when they landed at night; and so exhausted had he become under his wasting disease that they had to handle and carry him like a child. In the midst of his sufferings and the hardships of such a journey in his enfeebled health, his characteristic equanimity, joy, and gentleness never for a moment left him. He could even forget his own sufferings to console his companions. He encouraged them to sustain the fatigues of the way, assuring them that God would protect and defend them. His native mirthfulness was even in this extreme crisis conspicuous in his conversations. He now calmly saw the approach of death, and joyfully and heroically welcome it as the reward of his toils and sacrifices. He had some time before prepared a meditation on death, to serve him in these last hours of his life, which he now used with great consolation. He said his office to his last day. His devotions frequently assumed the shape of colloquies with his merciful Lord, with his Holy Mother, with his angel guar-

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dian, and with all heaven. He repeatedly pronounced with fervor the sublime words, "I believe that my Redeemer liveth"; and again, "Mary, Mother of grace, Mother of God, remember me." Perceiving a river on whose banks loomed up a prominent eminence, he ordered his companions to stop, that he might die and be buried there. He pointed out the spot on this eminence in which he desired them to inter his remains. This river, until recent years, bore his name. His companions still desired to press forward, in the hope of reaching Mackinaw; but they were driven back by the wind, and, entering the River Marquette by its former channel, they erected a bark cabin, under which Marquette, like his great model, S. Francis Xavier, was stretched upon the shore, and, like him, sighed only to be dissolved and to be with Christ. So cheerfully did he realize his approaching dissolution that he gave all the necessary directions to his companions touching his burial. He had a week before blessed some water, which he instructed them how to use on the occasion, how to arrange his hands, feet, and head, with what religious ceremonies to bury him, even telling them that they should take his little altar bell, and ring it as they carried him to the grave. On the eve of his death, he told them with a countenance radiant with joy that the morrow would be his last day on earth. Still mindful of his sacred ministry, and anxious to be doing good, he administered the sacrament of penance to his two companions for the last time. He thanked them for their charity to him during this arduous and eventful voyage, begged their pardon for the trouble he had given them, and directed them to ask pardon for him and in his name of all the Fathers and Brothers of the Society of Jesus in the Ottawa country; he also gave them a paper in which he had written all his faults since his last confession, which he begged them to give to his superior, that he might pray the more earnestly for him. He promised not to forget them in heaven. Ever mindful of others in this trying moment, and overflowing with charity for his neighbor, he insisted upon his companions taking some rest, leaving him to commune with heaven, assuring them that his hour was not yet at hand, and that he would call them in due time. This he did; summoning them to his side, just as his agony was approaching. Hastening to him, they fell melting into tears at his feet. He embraced them for the last time, called for the holy water he had blessed and his reliquary, and, taking his crucifix from around his neck, and handing it to one of them, he requested him to hold it up before him, so that he could behold it every moment he had yet to live. Clasping his hands, and fixing his eyes affectionately on the image of his expiring Saviour, he pronounced aloud his profession of faith, and thanked God for the favor he enjoyed in dying a Jesuit, a missionary of the cross, and, above all, in dying in a miserable cabin, amid forests, and destitute of all human consolation and assistance. He then communed secretly for some time with his Creator, but his devotion from time to time found vent in the ejaculations, "Sustinuit anima mea in verba ejus," and "Mater Dei, memento mei." These were his last words before he was taken with the agony of death. His companions frequently pronounced the names of Jesus and Mary, as he had previously requested them to do, and, when they saw he was about to expire, they called out "Jesus, Maria," whereupon he repeated those enrapturing

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names several times with distinctness, and then suddenly, as if his Saviour and Mother had appeared to him, he raised his eyes above the crucifix, gazing with a countenance lit up with pleasure at those blissful apparitions. He expired as peacefully and gently as a child sinking into its evening slumber.

"Thus he died, the great apostle,
Far away in regions West;
By the Lake of the Algonquins
Peacefully his ashes rest;
But his spirit still regards us
From his home among the blest."

The devoted companions of the illustrious missionary, happy, in the midst of their bereavement, in the privilege of witnessing one of the most heroic and saintly deaths recorded in the history of our race, carried out every injunction of their departed father, and added every act that love and veneration could suggest, and that their impoverished condition in the wilderness could afford. They laid out his remains as he had directed, rang the little altar bell as they carried him with profound respect to the mound of earth selected by himself, interred him there, and raised a large cross to mark the sacred spot.

The surviving companions of the deceased now prepared to embark. One of them had been ill for some time, suffering with such depression of spirits and feebleness of body that he could neither eat nor sleep. Just before embarking he knelt at the grave of his saintly friend, and begged him to intercede for him in heaven as he had promised, and, taking some earth from the breast of the departed, and placing it upon his own breast, it is related that he felt his sadness and bodily infirmity immediately depart, and he resumed his voyage in health and gladness. Many are the pious traditions of miraculous results attributed to the sanctity of F. Marquette; many of them are still handed down among the Western missionaries, and some of them have found a place in the pages of serious history.

The remains of the saintly Jesuit were, two years afterwards, disinterred by his own flock, the Kiskakons, while returning from their hunting-grounds, placed in a neat box of bark, and reverently carried to their mission. The flotilla of canoes, as it passed along in funeral solemnity, was joined by a party of the Iroquois, and, as they approached Mackinaw, many other canoes, including those of the two missionaries of the place, united in the imposing convoy, and the deep, reverential chant, *De Profundis*, arose heavenward from the bosom of the lake until the body reached the shore. It was carried in procession with cross, burning tapers, and fragrant incense to the church, where every possible preparation had been made for so interesting and affecting a ceremony; and, after the Requiem service, the precious relics were deposited in a vault prepared for them in the middle of the church, "where he reposes," says the pious chronicler, "as the guardian angel of our Ottawa missions." "Ever after," says Bancroft, "the forest rangers, if in danger on Lake Michigan, would invoke his name. The people of the West will build his monument."

The following notice of the character of F. Marquette is from the gifted pen of Mr. Shea:

"Such was the edifying and holy death of the illustrious explorer of the Mississippi, on Saturday, the 18th of May, 1675. He was of a cheerful, joyous disposition, playful even in his manner, and universally beloved. His letters show him to us as a man of education, close observation, sound sense, strict integrity, a freedom from exaggeration, and yet a vein of humor which here and there breaks out in spite of all his self-command.

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"But all these qualities are little compared to his zeal as a missionary, to his sanctity as a man. His holiness drew on him in life the veneration of all around him, and the lapse of years has not even now destroyed it in the descendants of those who knew him. In one of his sanctity we naturally find an all-absorbing devotion to the Mother of the Saviour, with its constant attendants, an angelical love of purity, and a close union of the heart with God. It is, indeed, characteristic with him. The privilege which the Church honors under the title of the Immaculate Conception was the constant object of his thoughts; from his early youth he daily recited the little offices of the Immaculate Conception and fasted every Saturday in her honor. As a missionary, a variety of devotions directed to the same end still show his devotions, and to her he turned in all his trials. When he discovered the great river, when he founded his new mission, he gave it the name of the Conception, and no letter, it is said, ever came from his hand that did not contain the words, 'Blessed Virgin Immaculate'; and the smile that lighted up his dying face induced his poor companions to believe that she had appeared before the eyes of her devoted client.

"Like S. Francis Xavier, whom he especially chose as the model of his missionary career, he labored nine years for the moral and social improvement of nations sunk in paganism and vice, and, as he was alternately with tribes of varied tongues, found it was necessary to acquire knowledge of many American languages: six he certainly spoke with ease; many more he is known to have understood less perfectly. His death, however, was, as he had always desired, more like that of the apostle of the Indies; there is, indeed, a striking resemblance between their last moments; and the wretched cabin, the desert shore, the few destitute companions, the lonely grave, all harmonize in Michigan and Sancian."

PRAYER OF CUSTANCE, THE PERSECUTED QUEEN OF ALLA OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

MOTHER, quod she, and maiden bright, Mary!
Soth is that through womanne's eggement
Mankind was lorn, and damned aye to die,
For which thy Child was on a cross yrent:
Thy blissful eyen saw all his torment;
Then is there no comparison between
Thy woe and any woe man may sustain.
Thou saw'st thy Child yslain before thine eyen,
And yet now liveth my little child parfay,
Now, lady bright! to whom all woful crien,
Thou glory of womanhood, thou faire May,
Thou haven of refute, bright star of the day!
Rue on my child, that of thy gentleness
Ruest on every rueful in distress.

—*Chaucer.*

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ACOMA.

"MR. S——, would you like to visit Acoma?" asked the commandant.

"Most assuredly," I replied; "I came out here to see all I could see. But what or who is Acoma?"*

"A town built on the top of a rock rising from a level plain to a height of over two hundred feet is Acoma—the home of the Acoma Indians, a tribe of the great Pueblo family. I am ordered thither to have a talk with the principal men, and induce them to give up some Navajo children—captives—they are said to have taken in a recent skirmish."

I had been enjoying the hospitality of the commandant for some days at old Fort Wingate, near the Ojo del Gallo, in the northwestern part of New Mexico. Acoma lies about fifty miles to the southeast of the fort, by a very rough trail across the mountains. It was somewhat further by the regular trail.

As we started, the sun was creeping over the brow of lofty San Mateo. The party consisted of the commandant, Don Juan Brown, a Castilianized American, who speaks Spanish like a native, and went with us as volunteer interpreter; Messrs. Jim Durden and Joe Smithers, gentlemen loafers; a sergeant and twenty cavalry as escort in case of unexpected and undesired rencounters with hostile Apaches or Navajoes; last, the writer, a denizen of the city of Gotham, general tourist, grand scribe and chronicler.

We all rode on horseback, except Don Juan Brown, who, being a trifle over 225 lbs., divided his weight between a pair of good horses attached to a light buggy. The order of march was: two cavalrymen five hundred yards in advance; the commandant, with Jim and Joe and the writer; the main body of the escort; Don Juan Brown with his buggy, and a rear guard of two cavalrymen five hundred yards behind.

A brisk trot of three miles brought us to the Puertocito, or Little Door, which leads from the Valley of the Gallo into the Mal País, a petrified sea of lava, which lies between the Puertocito and the mountains. The lava stream seems to have been suddenly turned to stone by a wave of some enchanter's wand while it was a raging, seething torrent.

We halted and dismounted, tightened girths, etc. Jim and Joe, unused to the equitating mood, and evidently disliking particularly the trotting tense, had fallen back to the rear guard, and looked somewhat shaken. The relief of a walk of some miles was in store for them, as the trail through the Mal País admitted only of that gait and of single file.

The Puertocito is formed by two rocks about twenty feet high. We wound our way through tortuous passages, through lava spires, at a slow walk. We could not see more than a few yards ahead. It was a dreary pathway. The knowledge that it was a haunt for Indians bound on robbery or revenge gave imagination an opportunity to put her darkest colors on the natural gloom. An hour's slow walking brings us to the Bajada, or Descent,

* Pronounced Ac-o-ma—the accent on the first syllable.

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where our path is up and down the steep sides of a lava rock thirty feet high. We dismount and lead our horses carefully down. Half a dozen men holding on to the buggy behind make sufficient drag to let it down in safety, though with some wrenching of the wheels in the channelled surface of the rock.

Thence our way lies on the eastern skirt of the lava, which runs along with the stream known as the San José through a deep and winding gorge named Los Rémanzos. I have seen some wild scenery in my time, but never before nor since so savage a piece of landscape as Los Rémanzos. The mountains rise perpendicularly on either hand—their barren sides dotted with huge boulders which seem ready to fall instantly on the traveller beneath. You wonder why they do not fall. The winding cañon shuts out all view beyond twenty yards in advance. A trail barely wide enough for one vehicle to pass creeps between the San José and the mountains on one side; and from the stream to the mountains on the other the lava piles up its grim and threatening forms.

We halted at the picket to wait for the escort, the buggy, and Jim and Joe, beguiling the time by a comforting draught of hot coffee from a military quart cup which the commander of the picket hospitably offered us. The laggards soon arrived. Jim and Joe took advantage of the pause before starting again to enter a solemn protest against trotting:

"For heaven's sake, commandant!" said they with one voice and in a tone that showed acute feeling, "either walk or lope; we cannot endure that confounded trot. We shall be as raw as uncooked beefsteaks."

A bright thought struck them both simultaneously, and, without any further ceremony, they rushed to the buggy, leaving their horses to take care of themselves or be taken care of by some good-natured dragoon.

Another mile brought us to the crossing of the San José. Here was a check to our proceedings: the crossing was not fordable. The stream, usually about two feet wide and three inches deep at the crossing, had in consequence of recent heavy rains and the melting of snows filled its steep bed and overflowed its banks for fifty yards on either side. A powerful eddy made it impossible for a horse to strike ground on the other side. A dragoon dashed in and tried it, but it was with great difficulty we saved him and his horse from being carried down the swollen stream, and got them safe on our side again.

"That settles it, gentlemen," said the commandant; "we shall have to cross the mountains—a rough trail, but we have no choice."

It was now proposed to leave the buggy behind, but Joe would not hear of it. The commandant was too polite to insist, as he ought to have done.

Crossing a narrow but steep cut, however, the buggy went over, spilling Don Juan and Jim over the mountain-side. The buggy stood on its top—wheels in the air. The horses—good and gentle animals—came to a full stop and stood perfectly quiet. Otherwise, there would have been as little left of the buggy as of Dr. Holmes' one-horse shay, the last time the deacon rode in it. Neither the Don nor Jim was hurt, though the latter was somewhat frightened. Don Juan took the matter with the coolness of an old hand. The buggy was uninjured; it had merely met with a reverse. It was soon put upon its legs—or, rather, its

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wheels—again. Its progress was so aggravatingly slow when even our fastest possible gait was a walk, that, dividing the escort, we went on, leaving it to proceed at its leisure.

It was about nightfall when we reached the edge of a precipitous descent where all marks of a trail disappeared. The descent was probably two hundred feet in perpendicular height, and alarmingly steep.

"The buggy can never go down there," was the general remark.

"Confound the buggy, we shall have to sleep out in the cold all night with nothing but a saddle-blanket, on account of it," also translates a very general sentiment.

"We cannot desert them, however," said the commandant; "as the buggy has come with us we must stand by it. We shall wait here until it comes up."

We had a long and weary wait for that anathematized buggy. At length, as the shades of night were falling, the long-looked-for buggy was seen, its top bumping up and down like a buffalo with a broken foreleg. The don walked on one side of the vehicle holding the reins; Joe walked on the other side as gloomily as a chief mourner. The remainder of the escort with dismal visages followed behind.

A glance over the steep brink did not give any radiance to their gloomy countenances. Don Juan expressed his regrets that we should have been detained by the slow and difficult progress of the buggy. Joe said nothing, but evidently felt ashamed of himself.

We were still twenty miles from Acoma. Within about five miles, the commandant said there was a little Indian hut—a sort of outpost of the Pueblo—the owner of which, old Salvador, was one of the notables of the Pueblo. The commandant had notified Salvador by courier some days before of our intended visit. He had proposed to meet us at the ranchito and guide us over the remainder of the mountain trail. Here we could pass the night under cover at least, though we should be pretty closely packed.

Joe had resumed the saddle after the steep descent had been accomplished. He and Jim now led the party, and, as the rest of us stayed with Don Juan and the buggy, they got considerably in advance. Thus they had reached the ranchito some twenty minutes before we did. We found them knocking at the door and calling loudly and indignantly on the inmates to open.

"We have been knocking and shouting here for half an hour, and the confounded old Indian has not taken the slightest notice of us. I believe he would let us freeze."

"Salvador does not know you," said the commandant. "He is too wise an Indian to open his doors to strangers in this country after nightfall. Salvador is reputed wealthy, and it behooves him to be careful what nocturnal visitors he receives. I think I can get Salvador to open. Is Señor Don Salvador within?" asked the commandant, in Spanish.

"Is it the Señor Comandante who is without?" asked Don Salvador, in the same language, with the usual Pueblo peculiarities of pronunciation—the use of *l* for *r*, etc.

Being satisfied on this point, Salvador opened the door to receive us.

Salvador was a stout, middle-sized, gray-headed Indian of the Pueblo type. The presence of the commandant being a voucher for the rest, Salvador now proceeded to shake hands with the whole party—in the order of rank, as he understood it—taking first the commandant, next the bugler, then the ser-

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geant and the men of the escort, and then the civilians, Don Brown and the writer, and lastly Jim and Joe; conscientiously repeating in each individual case, "*Como le va?*" and "*Bueno!*" Indians believe in uniforms and brass buttons. They don't understand official dignity without outward and visible signs.

The ranchito was a little structure of *tierrones*, or sods, roofed with poles laid across from wall to wall, and covered with brush and earth. There were no windows. The door was the only aperture, I think. I am not quite sure whether there was a hole in the roof to let out a little of the smoke; there may have been. The edifice was about large enough for a fair-sized poultry-house. It was perched on the steep mountain-side, the earth being cut away on the upper side to give an approach to a level foundation. There was a small shed for animals, the fodder for whose use being piled on top of it. There was the usual corn-crib. Our best horses were honored with the hospitality of the shed, Salvador's pony and burros being turned out to make room for them. The other animals were tied to logs in front of the ranchito, and a guard placed over them.

It required some stooping to enter Salvador's residence. This was very hard on the stout Don, who had not seen his own knee for a number of years, but he accomplished it as if he had been in the daily habit of touching his toes without bending his knees. But a further trial still awaited him. The hut was divided into two rooms. The passage between the two rooms was a blighted door, cut short in its youth to the proportions of a small fireplace. We had to come down to all-fours to get into the inner chamber. When the commandant, the staunch Don, and the writer had entered, the place seemed full. But Salvador, on hospitable thoughts intent, insisted on Jim and Joe entering. Then Salvador wriggled in. The room was replete.

After a meagre supper and a quiet smoke, we arranged the details of the morrow's trip. With our saddles for pillows, and our saddle-blankets and overcoats for beds and bed-covering, we lay down to sleep. Brown, with Jim and Joe, in the inner room; the commandant, the old Pueblo, and myself in the outer. Jim and Joe lay perpendicularly to Brown, and Salvador described a horizontal to the commandant and myself. I slept well, considering, though I was waked two or three times by a roaring noise, which seemed to me to be that of the house falling, as I was endeavoring to force myself through the passage between the two apartments, in which, more than once during the night, I dreamt that I was stuck fast. On waking, I discovered that the sound proceeded from the resounding Aztec nose of our host, Salvador.

We were roused before day by the old Indian. Dressing took no time, as we had not undressed the night before—a great saving of time, labor, and discomfort. Breakfast was to be got ready, however. Salvador made the fire. The commandant detailed himself and myself as cooks for the morning. At supper-time, Don Juan, assisted by Jim and Joe, would officiate culinarily. Slices from a haunch of bacon we had brought with us, cooked on the end of a stick, with "hard tack" and coffee, made in a camp kettle, furnished a delicious breakfast. What is there in the odor of unctuous bacon that makes it so pleasant to the nostrils when one is camping out or "roughing it"? There are people who cannot abide the smell of bacon within the confines

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of civilization. But put them on the Plains, or in the field, and a daily dose of the appetizing grease is necessary to "settle their stomachs." I have known men who, in long trips in the wilds, forsook chickens and returned to first principles and bacon.

We made an early start. The buggy was left behind. Don Juan saddled one of his horses. He borrowed from the old Indian a saddle, so angular and so full of sharp points that it must have been hard even for an Indian's seat. But Brown, though heavy, was a good horseman, and he bore the infliction like a hero.

Salvador was our guide. When we were all mounted, and ready to start, we looked around for him. After some hunting we saw him above us, mounted, and seemingly emerging from the roof of the ranchito. He went straight up the side of the mountain, beckoning to us to come on, and shouting "*Caballeros! por aqui!*" *

An Indian does not understand flank movements. He does not go around obstacles. He goes straight over them on the direct line of his objective. We followed our guide, dismounting, however, leading our horses, and zigzagging up the steep ascent like Christians and white men.

Our course was over mountain and across ravine on a bee-line of ascent or descent for Acoma. There was some growling by Jim and Joe, but as our general gait was a slow walk, and they made much of their progress on foot, they did not grumble much.

I noticed moccasin tracks in several places where the ground was soft. The distance between the foot-prints was very great. It astonished me. I rode to the commandant's side, and called his attention to the wonderful tracks. He pointed them out to Salvador, who said they were the tracks of a *muchacho* he had sent to the Pueblo last night with the news of our arrival at the ranchito. What a stepper that *muchacho* must have been! His average bound must have been at least ten feet.

"How long will it take him to go to the Pueblo, Salvador?" asked the commandant.

"Oh! not long," replied Salvador, "long as a good horse."

Experientia docet. Before I saw those tracks I used to set down the accounts I read in my Grecian history of wonderful time made by messengers to Athens and other classic centres as antique yarns. I now believe in the fastest Grecian time reported. Thus, the torch of faith is often lit by the merest straying spark —a lesson to us not to limit our belief to what is within the scope of our knowledge. We know so little.

Jim and Joe had begun to growl over the continual ups and downs of the journey when we saw Salvador, who was some three or four hundred yards ahead, dismount at the foot of what seemed to be the steepest ascent yet.

"This must be a stiff one," said the commandant. "I see Salvador has dismounted. It takes a pretty steep ascent to make an Indian or a Mexican dismount. They hold to the saddle until the animal begins to bend backward."

It was a steep and toilsome ascent, winding in and out through huge boulders just wide enough apart to let a horse squeeze through. It was not always easy to convince the horses that there was room enough for them to pass. They would refuse to be convinced, and obstinately draw back, to the discomfort and danger of those leading them, and more so of those following.

* "This way, gentlemen."

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At last we reached the top of the ascent. The descent on the other side was a worthy pendant to it. We halted on the crest to enjoy the landscape before us. From the base of the height a level plain spread away for miles, unbroken save by a cluster of lofty perpendicular white rocks, each rising independently from the level plain. On the top of the highest of these rocks stood a little town, the smoke from its chimneys mingling with the clouds. This was Acoma.

We descended slowly and carefully. A brisk trot of about two miles brought us to two lofty natural columns, through which the trail passed. They seemed the pillars of a gigantic portal—a resemblance which had struck the Indians, for they named it El Puerto: The Gate. We had now reached the base of the inhabited rock. An excavation near the base was pointed out to us by Salvador as the trace of an attempt to mine the position by the Spanish invaders! I think the story rather a doubtful one.

I judged the rock to be about two hundred and fifty feet in height. The path up the rocky side to the village was steep and narrow. No wheeled vehicle has ever entered the Pueblo. The primitive *carreta*, with its clumsy wheels of solid disks cut from the trunk of some gigantic cotton-wood, stopped short at the base—going thus far and no further. Provisions and other necessaries are packed up on the backs of surefooted donkeys. Water for drinking purposes is carried up on the heads of the Indians in large earthen vessels named *tinajas;* for other uses rain-water is carefully gathered in natural tanks or hollows in the summit of the rock. There is a bypath or short-cut up to the Pueblo which the Acomas generally use when unburdened or in a hurry. A glance showed us that it was only practicable for Acoma Indians. This short-cut is in the most nearly perpendicular of any of the rocky sides. It consists of holes in the smooth and vertical side of the rock, in which the Indians place their hands and feet, and climb up after the fashion of sailors clambering up rigging, and with no less rapidity.

We returned to the common highway, which now seemed by comparison a flowery path of dalliance. It was slow and tiresome work, however. After a rest or two, to breathe our animals and ourselves, we finally reached the comparatively level space, some acres in area, on the summit of the rock.

Here we were met by Francisco, our guide's son, the governor, matadores, alguazils, and other functionaries of the Pueblo. This is as good a place as any other to say that the governor and all other officials are elected annually. They were dressed in the usual Pueblo fashion. Their heads were uncovered. They were draped in large blankets, which gave them a very dignified appearance.

We received a most cordial reception. The commandant had been a good friend to the Acomas—had protected them in their little trading operations, and helped them in the long, hard winters when their granaries were empty. The entire male population was assembled in the Plaza or central square. The squaws and children were at their front doors, that is to say, on the roofs, for the entrance to a Pueblo's dwelling is from above.

A fire for the dragoons to cook their rations by was made in the centre of the Plaza. The horses were picketed around. A contribution of corn and firewood was levied by the governor for the use of the escort.

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The Indians came in cheerful, laughing groups, bearing their *costals* of corn or their bundles of wood. The escort being provided for, we went to the house of Francisco, the most comfortable house in the Pueblo; for Francisco was the wealthiest member of the little community. The governor's dwelling was a poor one, and himself a poor man who was unable to entertain us as comfortably as Francisco could. He accompanied us thither.

Francisco's dwelling, like most of the others in the Pueblo, was a two-storied adobe building, whitewashed inside and out. The mode of access was a ladder placed against the outer wall of the lower story. Having reached the top of this, you walk across the roof and enter the house by a door on the second story, the façade of which is somewhat retired from the front line of the first.

Here we found some rosy, apple-faced squaws, engaged in culinary and other domestic operations. One was kneeling grinding corn with the primitive *matata*. They smiled with all their countenances on us; and a half-dozen of the whitest sets of teeth, that dentist or dentifrice never touched, gleamed a bright welcome to us. They wore the usual dark woollen robe, made of two pieces, about five feet long and three broad, sewed together at one of the narrow ends, but with an aperture for the head to pass through. The robe is then gathered round the waist and tied with a string. Their nut-brown arms were bare, and encircled at the wrist by from one to a dozen brass rings; their feet were bare. The thick swathing of buckskin, with which they wrap their lower limbs when journeying, and which gives them the appearance of being terribly swollen, were laid aside, much to the furthering of a graceful effect.

We were invited to descend to the sitting-room, situated beneath, through a very narrow trap-door. Don Juan walked fearlessly toward the aperture. We begged him to pause before he rushed into a place whence he could never hope to return. The Indians understood the joke, and enjoyed it hugely.

So the Don entered the aperture, and by judicious squeezing actually succeeded in passing. His coat-tails got through about the same time as his head. The others, being of the lean and hungry-looking kind, had no difficulty in descending.

From the room into which we had descended ventilation was completely excluded. Light was only admitted through one or two small panes of glass in apertures like port-holes in the walls.

We took seats on sheep-skins spread in a circle around the floor. The commandant made known his business in passable Spanish; the governor replied, through Francisco, as interpreter. The worthy Don intervened, from time to time, between the high contracting parties, when there was a lack of language or danger of misunderstanding. The business was completed satisfactorily and in short order.

While the floor was being set for dinner—tables not being in vogue here—we endeavored to obtain the Acoma's idea of the antiquity of the Pueblo. Francisco, though he had learned to read and write, had not got beyond the Indian idea of time, space, or number. There is no medium between "many" and "few"—very far, *muy lejos;* and near, *cerca.*

"How many years old is the Pueblo?"

"*Muchos años.*—Many years."

"About how many?"

"Who knows, señor?" with a shrug. "A great many."

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"Who is the oldest man in the Pueblo?"

"The cacique."

The cacique, we were informed, is the official historian of the Pueblo. His records consist only in oral traditions, which he teaches to a youth selected for the purpose, who is to succeed him in his office when he dies.

"Is the cacique very old?"

"Si, señor! Very old."

It is useless to ask an Indian how old he or any other Indian is, as he never knows. So we did not ask how old the cacique was.

"Was the cacique he succeeded very old?"

"Yes, sir; very old."

"Was the Pueblo in existence as long as he can remember?"

"Yes, sir; and as long as the cacique before him and the cacique before him could remember. But we shall have the cacique here shortly, and then after dinner we'll have a good big talk about the many years ago."

Francisco, the governor, and his father now engaged in an earnest conversation in their Indian tongue, the result of which was that Francisco unlocked a vast trunk, of antique form and solidity, and took therefrom a pile of manuscript, which he handed us with great solemnity. The Indians looked upon this venerable pile with great reverence. It was probably the first time it had been touched by "outsiders." We owed the permission to examine it to the many kind acts the commandant had performed for the Acomas.

The first portion of the manuscript examined was a Missal. The Office of the Mass was copied in Latin in a fair plain hand, the work of some Spanish missionary. The ink had turned yellow, but the text was clear and legible throughout. Nothing in the MS. Missal indicated the date of its writing. A further examination of the venerable pages furnished us some information. Besides the Missal, they comprised a register in Spanish of births, marriages, and deaths. The earliest written record of the Pueblo which we found is the record of a baptism, 1725.

Having gleaned what knowledge we could from the precious manuscripts, they were carefully and reverently put away in the ponderous chest, and secured by a padlock nearly as large as a travelling satchel.

Dinner was now served. It was very good. It consisted of a chicken stew, good white bread, and very passable tea. The stew was made so intensely hot, however, by *chile colorado*,* that I did not enjoy it as much as I might have done had it been less fiery. I never could relish *chile* either *colorado* or *verde*. But on this occasion, I determined to eat it if it burned me to a shell to show my appreciation of Acoma hospitality!

The cacique—an old, white-haired, blear-eyed Indian, at least ninety—came in toward the close of the meal, accompanied by the youth whom he was instructing in the historical and legendary lore of the Pueblo. He evinced no inclination to be communicative, but showed a determination to make a rousing meal — something to which he was evidently not accustomed. After dinner he devoted himself to smoking our cigars; but not a word could we get out of him about the history of Acoma. Joe said that as a story-teller he considered the cacique a decided failure.

The governor signified that he was now ready to show us the church. So thither we proceeded.

* Red pepper; *chile verde*, green pepper.

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The church is, of course, of adobe. It was unused at the time we visited it. No priest had been attached to the Pueblo for some years. But it was not suffered to fall into decay. On one side of the altar was a painting of the Virgin and Child; on the other, one of S. Joseph. On the ceiling above the altar were large paintings of the sun and moon. Here we got another chronological glimmer—the last we found. It was an inscription which stated that the church had been renovated in 1802. The Indians told us it was done by some artist-priest who came from far away—probably Spain or Italy. There are a pair of bells in the belfry. The Acoma tradition is that these bells were a gift to the Pueblo from a Queen of Spain. Of course they do not know the date of their reception. They say, however, that it was some time before the renovation of the church.

We next went to the southern edge of the rock to look at the "short cut" from above. This was not easy or pleasant pedestrianism. The rock here ceased to be level, throwing up sharp craggy points. The Indians stepped from point to point, erect and graceful and without difficulty. The pale faces were compelled by a due discretion to abandon erect attitudes, and proceed bending down, and using hands as well as feet. A look down the rocky side was sufficient. The commandant shook his head, and said in Spanish:

"That is no way for a white man to come up"—a remark which the Indians seemed to consider remarkably humorous. They laughed and "how-how"-ed vehemently.

As we returned, we remarked that on one side of the rock it was bevelled down from the summit about forty or fifty feet, and then resumed its general steep and vertical character. Some houses were situated near the superior edge of this bend. A thrill ran through me from head to foot as I saw a child roll from the front of one of the houses down the incline.

"He will be dashed to atoms!" I cried in horror.

The Indians looked in the direction to which I frantically pointed, and then united in a good-humored laugh.

Soon another urchin, and another, and another followed the first, who picked himself up just at the deadly brink, and mounted the incline, to roll down again and again, as we used to on a hillside in snow with our sleds, in our younger days. This was play for the infantine Acomas. They were "keeping the pot a-bilin'."

The Indians told us that no fatal accident had ever happened to any Acoma either while rolling down the dread incline "in pretty, pleasant play," or climbing the steep path the mere sight of which had made us dizzy. Tradition records that only one Indian ever "went over the side." He was saved by a projecting stump catching him by the breech-clout and holding him suspended until he was rescued—unhurt.

Our next visit was the *Estufa*. Here the sacred fire was burning. The *Estufa* was an underground apartment. We descended through a trap-door, which also served as a chimney, and down a smoke-begrimed ladder. The chamber was some thirty feet in length and perhaps fifteen in width. We were informed that it was the general place of meeting—the public hall—the club-room of the Pueblo. It was pretty hot and not very sweet down there. We found four Indians seated around the fire, each with a loom in front of

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him, weaving a blanket. Their only covering was the breech-clout. The Indians told us, through Don Juan, that these men watched the fire, which was always kept burning—waiting for the coming of Montezuma. They were relieved by four others at stated times. We shook hands with the naked watchers, and "how-how"-ed with them in the usual way.

"Do you think Montezuma will come?" asked Joe, through Don Juan, of one of the vigilants.

The worthy, shrugging his naked shoulders, looked up sidewise at Joseph, and replied:

"*Quizas? Quien sabe?*—May be! Who knows?"

Joe withdrew. We all followed him. We had now seen all the lions of the Pueblo of Acoma. "Boots and saddles" and "to horse" were sounded, and with many hand-shakes, some embraces, and general "how-hows," we bade adieu to the hospitable Acomas and their rocky home, and began our return march.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE OF DEMETRIUS AUGUSTIN GALLITZIN, PRINCE AND PRIEST. By Sarah M. Brownson. With an Introduction by O. A. Brownson, LL.D. New York: Pustet. 1872.

Women of talent and cultivation make admirable biographers. In religious biography we know of nothing more charming than the lives written by Mère Chauguy. In recent English literature, the Lives of Mother Margaret Mary O'Halloran, by a lady whose name is unknown to us, and of S. Jane Frances de Chantal, by Miss Emily Bowles, are among the most perfect specimens of this very agreeable species of writing which we have met with in any language. This new and carefully prepared biography of a priest who was illustrious both by birth and Christian virtue, by a lady already known as the author of several works of fiction, well deserves to be classed with the best of its kind in English Catholic literature. It is a work of thorough, patient, and conscientious labor, and for the first time adequately presents the history and character of Prince Gallitzin in their true light. Certainly, we never knew before how truly heroic and admirable a man was this Russian prince who came to pass his life as a missionary in the forests which crowned in his day the summit of the Alleghanies in Pennsylvania. The charm of a biography is found in a certain fulness and sprightliness of style and manner, a picturesqueness and ideality of ornament and coloring, a warmth and glow of sentiment, which give life and reality to the narrative. Miss Brownson still possesses the juvenile *élan* which naturally finds its expression in the style we have indicated, and has also attained that sobriety and maturity of judgment which give it the rightly subdued tone and finish. In several matters of considerable delicacy which she has been obliged to handle, we think she has shown tact and discretion, while at the same time using enough of the freedom of a historian to bring out the truth of facts and events which needed to be told in order to make a veritable record and picture of the life of her subject. The prince is fortunate in his biographer. Would it were the lot of every great man in the church to find a similar one! Miss Brownson's book seems to us the best religious biography which has been written by any one of our American Catholic authors. We would like to see more works of this sort from feminine writers, to whom we are already so much indebted for works both of the graver and the lighter

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kind, and particularly from Miss Brownson, who has fully proved her ability in the volume before us.

BIBLIOGRAPHIA CATHOLICA AMERICANA. A list of works written by Catholic authors and published in the United States. By Rev. Joseph M. Finotti. Part I., 1784 to 1820 inclusive. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1872. 8vo. pp. 319.

It was said of Bartlett's *Dictionary of Americanisms* that it was the first dictionary that a man could read through with pleasure. The same in the way of bibliography may be said of this; for, if any of our readers supposes that the title tells the truth, he is mistaken. It is not a mere *list*, as the author modestly calls it. Some twelve years ago, Mr. Shea published in one of our Catholic papers a list of titles of "The First Catholic Books printed in this Country," coming down to the same date and including the same period as our author, and giving sixty eight titles. This meagre beginning of American Catholic bibliography has in F. Finotti's hands grown to nearly five hundred titles, including some few imprints later than 1820.

It is not merely a collection of titles of Catholic works, but of all works by Catholic authors printed in the country, with notes of the highest interest to Catholics who care at all for what was done by our fathers in the faith in this republic. Biographical notices, notices of celebrated books, accounts of controversies of the time, anecdotes illustrative of Catholic life in the earlier days, notes of Catholic printers and journalists, all find their place in these notes, in which the abundant knowledge of our earlier men and times, and things acquired by the patient and loving research of years, fairly bubble out spontaneously. It is not a history indeed, but to the historian will be invaluable as an authority and a guide.

On some points this work is absolutely exhaustive. The collection of pamphlets and works growing out of the Hogan affair in Philadelphia, considering their perishable nature, is perfectly wonderful, and his library alone can enable any one to go thoroughly into the history of that unhappy matter which was destructive to so many souls.

Of the writings and publications of the celebrated Mathew Carey, we have also here by far the most accurate and comprehensive account ever drawn up, comprising nearly twenty-five pages.

Many will be amazed to see how many sterling Catholic books were issued early in the century, and thus be able to judge of the zeal and true religious feeling of the little body of Catholics who so generously sustained the publishers, as well as of the public spirit of a man like Bernard Dornin—in our mind, as in F. Finotti's, the type of what a Catholic publisher should be. Of him as of many other Catholics our author gives biographical notices that we should look for in vain in all the cyclopædias and biographical dictionaries. Book notices often end with the assertion that the book should be in every family; we hardly suppose the publishers ready to supply every Catholic family in the country with a copy, for the edition is small, and must be taken up at once. It is by no means merely a book for the Dryasdust collector or antiquarian. It must find its place in the libraries of many of our gentlemen who love their religion and love books, as well as in our college libraries. We trust that it will impel all to endeavor to have some of the early printed Catholic books, as matters of laudable pride. If they can even find some that have escaped the Argus eyes of the reverend collector and his associate book-hunters, they will, we trust, be good enough Christians to bear with equanimity even that severe trial to a bibliographer.

This *Bibliography* commends itself to those interested in the bibliography of the country or the history of printing in the United States.

In the *Historical Magazine* some months since there was a Bibliography of works on Unitarianism, but it was silent as to Father Kohlmann's work, and to a sermon by a Catholic clergyman of Pittsburg. So, too, Sabin's *Bibliopolist* recently gave a list of books printed in Brooklyn, but was silent as to a *Catholic Doctrine* printed there in 1817, as well as of Coates' very curious *Reply* to Rev. F. Richards' supposed reasons for becoming a Catholic.

There is one strange point about American bibliography, and that is that the laborers in it have been almost exclusively from Europe. Ludewig gave the *Bibliography of Indian Languages* and that of Local History; O'Callaghan, that

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of American Bibles; Harisse, that of the earliest American; Rich was a pioneer in the same field; and now Finotti gives us the Catholic element. Where are our native bibliographers?

LE LIBERALISME. LECONS DONNEES A L'UNIVERSITE LAVAL. Par l'Abbé Benjamin Paquet, Docteur en Theologie, et Professeur à la Faculté de Theologie. Quebec: De l'Imprimerie du *Canadien*. Brochure, pp. 100. 1872.

Lower Canada, considered both in respect to the condition of the Catholic Church therein, and to the political well-being of its people, is an eminently fortunate region, despite the rigor of its climate. It is especially pre-eminent in respect to the Catholic education given to young men of the leisured classes, and others who go through the intermediate and higher courses. Laval University is truly, a splendid institution among many others which make Quebec an *unique* city in Northern America. These remarks are suggested by the pamphlet before us, which is a specimen of the sound and opportune instruction given at the Laval University. The Lectures contained in it give an exposition which is both learned and clear of that most important portion of the Syllabus which relates to the errors of modern liberalism condemned in the Pontifical Acts of Pius IX. When will the Catholics of the United States enjoy privileges similar to those which are the portion of the Catholics of Lower Canada? The Abbé Paquet's Lectures were delivered as a part of his course on the law of nature and of nations, and were attended not only by his pupils, but by a numerous and select audience, several of whom requested their publication. We have already sufficiently expressed our approbation of their doctrine and style, and they have been favorably noticed in Europe. We are confident that a considerable number of our readers will hasten to procure them, and receive great profit from their perusal.

CARDINAL WISEMAN'S WORKS. New Edition, first 3 vols. New York: P. O'Shea.

This is a reissue of a new London edition which we most cordially commend. The first two volumes, containing the *Lectures on the Connection between Science and Revealed Religion*, have already been noticed in these pages. The third volume contains the splendid treatise on the Holy Eucharist. Cardinal Wiseman was a great writer, a great prelate, and a remarkably devout and holy man. His works are among our choicest treasures, and as such ought to be everywhere circulated and continually perused by those who wish to imbue their minds with the purest doctrine and the most valuable knowledge.

THE LIFE OF S. AUGUSTINE, BISHOP, CONFESSOR, AND DOCTOR OF THE CHURCH. By P. E. Moriarty, D.D. Ex-Assistant General O.S.A. Philadelphia: Cunningham. 1873.

This is a popular biography, though proceeding from the pen of a learned man, and showing marks of erudition. The sketch is a complete one, and shows great power of generalization and condensation in the writer, with vigor and impetus of style. It is not, however, minute in respect to the saint's public life, or his great work as a philosopher and doctor of the church. This could not be expected in a work of moderate size adapted for popular reading. There is, however, a brief summary of the saint's writings, with a synopsis, and an account of the Augustinian Order, all of which are of interest and value to the general reader.

PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEWS; OR, RELIGIOUS AND MORAL TRUTHS REFLECTED IN THE UNIVERSE. By F. X. Weninger, D.D., S.J. New York: P. O'Shea. 1873.

A handsomely printed volume, with a very ornamental title-page quite appropriate to the nature of the book. The views of truth presented in this book are expressed in aphorisms. Good taste, poetic sensibility, spiritual wisdom, and the purest Christian feeling are their chief characteristics. We are disposed to think this the best of F. Weninger's works. There are many persons who take great delight in aphorisms of this kind, and we think all such readers will like this book. It is good also as a help to meditation, and a treasury of short spiritual readings for those who have not time for long ones; and will be useful to those who like to stop occasionally in more laborious occupations of the mind, and gather a little spiritual nosegay.

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MEMOIRS OF MADAME DESBORDES-VALMORE. By the late C. A. Sainte-Beuve. With a Selection from her Poems. Translated by Harriet W. Preston. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1873.

Madame Valmore was one of those poets of the affections who

"Learn in suffering what they teach in song."

No one can look for a moment at her portrait as depicted in this touching book without feeling that the thorn is continually pressing against her gentle breast. Her poetry and her letters are the very outcry of impassioned love and grief. "I am like the Indian that sings at the stake," she says. One of her volumes is entitled *Tears*, every line of which is a pensive sigh. Her poems are full of "the charm of that melancholy which M. de Segur calls *the luxury of grief*." M. Michelet says: "She alone among us had the *gift of tears*—that gift which smites the rock and assuages the thirst of the soul!" M. Sainte-Beuve calls her "the *Mater Dolorosa* of poetry," but that title, consecrated to a higher, diviner type of sorrow, is one that most of us would shrink from applying to ordinary mortals.

It would almost seem as if the highest, purest notes—"half ecstasy, half pain"—only spring from the soul overshadowed by sorrow, as the eyes of some birds are darkened when they are taught to sing. Mme. Valmore herself, in allusion to a brother poet, wonders "if actual misery were requisite for the production of notes that so haunt one's memory."

The tombs among which she used to play as a child in the old churchyard at Douai seem to have cast their funereal shadows over her whole life—shadows that lend to her sad muse so attractive a charm. One of her poems thus begins:

"Do not write. I am sad and would my life were o'er.
A summer without thee?—Oh! night of starless gloom!—
I fold the idle arms that cannot clasp thee more—
To knock at my heart's door, were like knocking at a tomb.
Do not write."

Mme. Valmore's nature was eminently feminine. Her heart was her guide. She was a being of impulse and sympathy. But her instincts were so delicate and true that they were to her what reason and philosophy are to colder natures. Her imagination was thoroughly Catholic. It is only Catholicity that develops souls of such tender grace and beauty, and she was brought up under its influences. A cheerful piety, Catholic in tone, seems to have pervaded her life, and consoled and sustained her in its many dark hours. She loved to pray in the deserted aisle of some shadowy church full of mystery and peace. "She had her Christ—the Christ of the poor and forsaken, the prisoner and the slave, the Christ of the Magdalen and the good Samaritan, a Christ of the future of whom she herself has sung in one of her sweetest strains:

'He whose pierced hands have broken so many chains,'"

—a line that appeals to all who have sinned and been forgiven!

In her last years she thus writes: "I see at an immense distance the Christ who shall come again. His breath is moving over the crowd. He opens his arms wide, but there are no more nails—no more for ever!"

Her devotion to Mary is constantly peeping out in her letters. After visiting a church at Brussels, she writes thus to her daughter: "To-day we saw the black Virgin with the Child Jesus also black like his mother. These Madonnas wring my heart with a thousand reminiscences. They are nothing in the way of art, but they are so associated with my earliest and sweetest faiths that I positively adore those stiff pink-lined veils and wreaths of perennial flowers made of cambric so stout that all the winds of heaven could never cause a leaf to flutter."

She writes her brother: "Lift up your hat when you pass the Church of Notre Dame, and lay upon its threshold the first spring flowers you find."

One of the most touching features of her life is her devotedness to this brother, an old soldier and pensioner in the hospital at Douai, whom she aided out of her own scanty purse, and still more by the moral support she was continually giving him in the most delicate manner; trying to ennoble his unfortunate past so as to give him dignity in his own eyes—a thing so often forgotten in our intercourse with those who are in danger of losing their self-respect.

Mme. Valmore's charity and sympathies were not confined to her own kindred. They responded to every appeal. The condemned criminal and prisoners

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of every degree excited the compassion of her heart. At a time of great distress at Lyons, she says she is "ashamed to have food and fire and two garments when so many poor creatures have none." And yet she seems not to have had too many of the comforts of life herself. One Christmas eve she speaks of kneeling on her humble hearth—"a hearth where there is not much fire save that of her own loving, anxious heart—" to pray.

It is sad to see a woman with such a refined, poetical nature, and a heart sensitive to the last degree, condemned to a fate so chilling and unkind. But she never lost courage. Living in narrow lodgings, and on limited means, she contrived to give a certain artistic air to everything around her, and received her visitors with polished ease and self-possession, hiding her griefs under the grace of her manner and the vivacity of her conversation. Her courage and fortitude were admirable under adverse circumstances and such afflictions as the loss of her daughters. No book not strictly religious could teach a more forcible lesson of patient, cheerful endurance—how "to suffer and be strong." The work is elegantly translated, and is a welcome addition to the lives of celebrated French ladies already issued by the same publishers.

THE ENGLISH IN IRELAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By James Anthony Froude, M.A. In 2 vols. Vol. I. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1873.

We have here the first volume of a new and very elaborate work by the adventurous historian of England, and chivalrous champion of Henry VIII. and his daughter Elizabeth. It might perhaps have been hoped that enough had been said of Mr. Froude in these columns, and that our readers had done with him. His reputation as a faithful historian had been sorely damaged, and indeed irretrievably ruined, by several indignant critics in England, in Scotland, and in Ireland, as well as in the United States (by the short, sharp and decisive onslaught of Mr. Meline); so that it has been an actual surprise to the literary world to find him once more tempting Providence in a new book, heralded and advertised by a course of lectures in New York. But this is the nature of the man: he must surprise and startle, or he dies; he must provoke the most wondering and angry contradiction and comment, and gratify the small feminine spite that possesses him, provided he can sting and wound like a hornet. For him, to scold is to live.

The present volume, although entitled *The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century*, is in fact occupied, for more than two hundred pages, with an account of the dealings of his country with Ireland during the XVIIth century, and presents his views of Irish history at the notable periods of the insurrection—or alleged "massacre"— in 1641, as well as the short reign of James II. The narrative ends at the time of the small French invasion under Thurot, shortly after the middle of the XVIIIth century; leaving still to be treated the whole era of the Volunteering, the Insurrection of '98, and the Union, so-called. Indeed, if the author carry forward his subject into the present century, as he has carried it backward into the one before the last, he will have the great famines to deal with, and the multitudinous emigration; so that we may expect a vast picture, covering the whole canvas, portraying from the strictly English point of view that ghastly history in its full perspective. The Froude theory is, on the whole, quite simple; nothing can be more easily understood. It is, in few words, that the English nation having been "forced by situation and circumstances" to take charge of Ireland and its people, when it suited the English to change their religion, or to come back to it, or to change it again, they were bound in duty to compel the Irish to change along with them each time, by means of pains and penalties, from heavy fines to transportation and death on the gallows; also that the English having a strong wish to possess themselves of all the lands of Ireland, everything was lawful and right to effect that object. The reader will remark, with surprise (and the more surprise, the better for Froude), that in his lectures lately delivered in New York, which were a kind of abstract of the work then in press, he did not venture *to say* before an intelligent audience of freemen some of the things which he has dared to print in the book then just ready to burst upon the world. For example, he did not say, even before the "Christian young men," such words as these which are found in the book (p. 609):

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"The consent of man was not asked when he was born into the world: his consent will not be asked when his time comes to die. *As little* has his consent to do with the laws which, while he lives, he is bound to obey."

This sentiment he perhaps thought it unnecessary to enunciate here; because, in fact, he intended it solely for the Irish, not by any means for the Americans, although it reads like a universal maxim for the human race. Again, he did not think it necessary to say in so plain words what he has laid down clearly enough in this passage (p. 213):

"No government need *keep terms* with such a creed [meaning the Catholic Church] when there is power to abolish it. To call the repression of opinions which had issued so many times in blood and revolt *by the name of religious persecution* is mere abuse of words."

ELEVATIONS POETIQUES ET RELIGIEUSES. Par Marie Jenna. Deuxième Edit. 2 vols. Paris: Adrien le Clerc et Cie. 1872.

As the eye lingers upon a beautiful landscape, spring-clad and fair in the clear light of the new-risen sun; as the ear loiters unwilling to lose the last echoed link of some simple melting melody; as the hand tarries loth to quit the gentle grasp that speaks unspoken sympathy, so have we—reluctant to lose such fair pictures, such moving lays, such deep and tender feeling—lingered and loitered and tarried with Marie Jenna, "the Poet of the Vosges." Gifted with the nice perception of a true poet, Marie Jenna clothes the simplest ideas in language of such rare delicacy, so fresh, tender, vivid, and withal so musical, that mind, heart, eye, and ear, all are at once engaged. A bird, a butterfly, a flower, gains new interest in her hands; she flings a grace around it, she vests it with a dignity it never had before; she makes it live again. Take, for instance, the opening stanzas of "Le Papillon":

"Pourquoi t'approcher en silence
Et menacer mon vol joyeux?
Par quelle involontaire offense
Ai-je pu déplaire à tes yeux?

"Je suis la vivante étincelle
Qui monte et descend tour à tour;
La fleur à qui Dieu donne une aile,
Un souffle, un regard, un amour.

"Je suis le frère de la rose;
Elle me cache aux importuns,
Puis sur son cœur je me repose
Et je m'enivre de parfums.

"Ma vie est tout heureuse et pure,
Pourquoi désires-tu ma mort?
Oh! dis-moi, roi de la nature,
Serais-tu jaloux de mon sort?

"Va, je sais bien que tu t'inclines
Souvent pour essuyer des pleurs,
Que tes yeux comptent les épines
Où je ne vois rien que des fleurs.

"Je sais que parfois ton visage
Se trouble et s'assombrit soudain,
Lorsqu'en vain je cherche un nuage
Au fond de l'horizon serein.

"Mais Celui dont la main divine
A daigné nous former tous deux,
Pour moi parfuma la colline,
Et de loin te montra les cieux.

"Il me fit deux ailes de flamme,
A moi, feu follet du printemps;
Pour toi, son fils, il fit une âme
Plus grande que le firmament.

"Ecoute ma voix qui t'implore,
Loin de moi détourne tes pas . . .
Laisse moi vivre un jour encore,
O toi qui ne finiras pas!

"Mon bonheur à moi, c'est la vie,
La liberté sous le ciel bleu,
Le ruisseau, l'amour sans envie:
Le tien . . . c'est le secret de Dieu."

What can be fresher or more charming than this naïve, earnest appeal for life and liberty? And again, in "Pour un Oiseau," beginning with:

"Il est à toi, c'est vrai . . . Frère, veux tu qu'il meure?
Sa beauté, sa chanson, tout est là . . . dans ta main;

Et l'arbuste où sa voix gazouillait tout à l'heure
Au bosquet, si tu veux, sera muet demain.

"Tu le tiens: sa faiblesse à ta force le livre;
Mais aussi ta pitié peut le laisser aller;
Ne le fais pas mourrir! il est si bon de vivre
Lorsque l'été commence et qu'on peut s'envoler,"

we find the same delicacy of thought, the same rippling, flowing language; and what joyousness and how cheery it sounds: *il est si bon de vivre.*

But Marie Jenna strikes deeper chords, awakes more solemn strains, than these; and through them all, the graver as the lighter, binding them in one harmonious whole, there sings out the same clear note of firm, enlightened faith that never

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wavers; it penetrates each thing she handles, giving that breadth and largeness to her field of view that it alone can give. In some beautiful stanzas, "Beati qui lugeant," she draws near to one bowed down with sorrow, and fearlessly, yet oh! how tenderly touching the wound because she knows its cure, she speaks:

"Va, ton sein cache en vain le glaive qui le blesse:
J'ai compris ton silence et j'ai prié pour toi.
Laisse aller ta fierté comme un poids qui t'oppresse,
Et pleure devant moi.

"Il est, je le sais bien, des jours où la souffrance
Trouve en sa solitude une âpre volupté;
Et le monde léger voit passer en silence
Sa pâle majesté.

"Et la main d'un ami s'arrêtant incertaine,
N'ose écarter les plis de son voile de deuil.
Il est des maux si grands, que la parole humaine
Expire sur le seuil.

"Mais deux jours sont passés; il est temps que je vienne;
Oh! laisse un front d'ami penché sur ta douleur!
Ne te détourne pas: Mets ta main dans la mienne,
Ton âme sur mon cœur.

"Si je ne t'apportais qu'une amitié fidèle,
Mes pas avec respect s'éloigneraient d'ici.
J'attendrais que la tienne enfin se souvint d'elle,
Mais j'ai souffert aussi...

"Je ne te dirai point cette vaine parole
Que la douleur accueille en son muet dédain.
Non, ce que jai pour toi, c'est un mot qui console,
C'est un secret divin."

Already we seem to see awaked attention, a gleam of hope flit across the stern, wan face that marks such helpless, hopeless misery; now softening the hard, cold look that bid defiance to all sorrow, repelled all sympathy; now changing it to one of anxious longing and of mute entreaty for the proffered gift, *le mot qui console*. And see, or is it fancy only, or are there really tears now falling, "gem-like, the last drops of the exhausted storm"? Space forbids us to give it in its fulness, this *secret divin*, to curtail it would spoil it: so we send the reader to the original, and would ask him only if in the last stanza he does not hear two voices singing:

"Heureux les affligés! dit la Vérité même.
Heureux, c'est vrai, mon Dieu! quand vous avez parlé
Nous voulons bien souffrir si le bonheur suprême,
Est d'être consolé."

Then look at this exquisite little picture, "L'Enfant Ressuscité." Rarely have we met with one more pathetic. It is very delicately painted, with shades so subtile that, in the simplicity of the whole, we are apt to overlook them. And here also we have a glimpse of that reverential love for childhood that is by no means the least characteristic trait of Marie Jenna:

"Elle avait tant gémi, sa mère, et tant pleuré!
Tant pressé sur son sein le front décoloré,
Que dans le corps glacé l'âme était revenue,
Et qu'en bénissant Dieu, palpitante, éperdue,
Comme un trésor qu'on cache elle avait emporté
Dans ses deux bras tremblants l'enfant ressuscité!
Trois mois s'étaient passés depuis ..... mais, chose étrange!
On eut dit que le ciel avait fait un échange.
L'enfant penchait son front comme un bouton flétri,
Et depuis ces trois mois, jamais il n'avait ri.
Il préférait aux jeux l'ombre silencieuse;
Sa mère en l'embrassant n'osait pas être heureuse....

"Des volets entr'ouverts s'élancent des chansons;
Dans les clochers frémit la voix des carillons.
Ecoute, mon Louis, ces chants, ces joyeux rires....
Vois; c'est le jour de l'an; dis ce que tu désires.
Chaque enfant pour étrenne a des jouets nouveaux.
En veux-tu de pareils? en veux-tu de plus beaux?
Veux-tu ce bélier gris qu'on traîne et qui va paître
Au printemps dans les prés l'herbe qui vient naître?
Mais regarde plutôt; des pinceaux, des couleurs,
Qui d'un papier tout blanc font un bouquet de fleurs.
Oh! vois donc ce ballon de laine tricolore
Qui s'élève et retombe et se relève encore!
Tu n'aimes pas courir..... Que puis-je te donner?
Dis..... ta mère à présent ne sait plus deviner.
Veux-tu ce sabre d'or qui déjà ferait croire
Que mon petit Louis médite une victoire?
Aimes-tu ce chalet d'un long toit recouvert?
Mais non.... qu'en ferais-tu? Veux-tu ce livre ouvert,
Où près de chaque histoire on regarde une image,
Où l'on rit, où l'on pleure, où l'on devient plus sage?
Ah! voici des oiseaux! tu les aimerais mieux!
Les oiseaux sont vivants; tu les ferais heureux!
Si tu voulais des lisandes roses fleuries,
J'en saurais bien trouver, Louis, pour que tu ries.
Réponds; je t'aime tant! n'oses-tu me parler?
Tu pleurais ce matin; je veux te consoler.
Dis-moi ce doux secret pendant que je l'embrasse.

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Que veux-tu, mon Louis? Et l'enfant, à voix basse ;
Des ailes pour m'envoler !"

No one can fail to be struck with the sudden stillness that follows the mother's anxious striving to drive away the cloud that would hang over her little one ; with the awe and fear, too, that fill her heart ; with the mystery in the whispered answer of the strange mysterious child given back from death in answer to her passionate prayer. It sets us thinking of that other mother whose grief so touched the Master's heart that he spoke the word, "and he that was dead sat up and began to speak. And he delivered him to his mother." Did that young man go home so grave, with never a smile to light his face, so strangely altered, that, after the first burst of gladness, his mother, clasping him to her bosom, dared not rejoice?

Of the more serious pieces, perhaps not one equals in force "La plus grande Douleur." It is the old tale, always new though so oft repeated: the old tale that startles, shocks, and brings sharp pain as for the first time it comes home to each one, telling that that strong bond which binds friends closer, draws classes nearer, makes nations firmer, has snapped and riven two hearts asunder; that the newly-awakened intellect first meeting early faith has turned aside, has chosen a road far other than that on which till now both friends had travelled hand in hand ; that that "little superficial knowledge of philosophy that inclines man's mind to atheism" has come between them like an icy barrier, chilling the old friendship and making everything so dark and strange which before was warmth and light between them; and with effect so drear, so piercing, too, and sharp, that the unchanged heart feels any pain than that would be light to bear :

" Oui mon Dieu ! nous pouvons, sans que l'âme succombe,
Laisser notre bonheur à ce passé qui tombe ;
Nous pouvons au matin former un rêve pur,
Tout d'amour et de paix, tout de flamme et d'azur,
Puis livrer les débris de sa beauté ravie
A ce vent du désert, qui laisse notre vie
Sans fleur et sans épi comme un champ moissonné ;
Meliner notre front pâle et découronné,
Et devenir semblable à cette pauvre plante
Qui n'est pas morte encore, et qui n'est plus vivante,
Nous pouvons voir gisant sur un lit de douleur,
Celui qui nous restait, l'ami consolateur,
Compter chaque moment de son heure dernière,
Poser nos doigts tremblants sur sa froide paupière,
Et baiser son visage, et nous dire ; Il est mort !
Nous le pouvons, mon Dieu ! Parfois le cœur est fort.)

" Mais aimer une autre âme, et la trouver si belle
Qu'on frémit de bonheur en se penchant vers elle,
Puis un jour contempler d'un regard impuissant
Sur sa beauté céleste une ombre qui descend ;
De cette âme où passaient les souffles de la grâce,
Sentir parfois monter quelque chose qui glace,
Douter, prier tous bas, pleurer d'anxiété,
Craindre, espérer ..... Longtemps marcher à son côté
Sans oser voir au fond .... Puis un jour où l'on ose,
Reculer de partout où le regard se pose,
Où fut le feu sacré toucher de froids débris,
Murmurer en tremblant un langage incompris
Où Dieu passa, chercher sa lumineuse trace,
Et n'y trouver plus rien ... rien ! pas même un soupir,
Pas un cri douloureux vers l'aube qui s'efface,
C'est trop souffrir !"

The two volumes before us contain many poems, both short and long, of such great freshness and beauty, so full of original turns and delicate touches, that it is difficult to choose from amongst them. However, we have said enough to give a fair notion of Marie Jenna's style, and quite enough to show that it is her own, with its own peculiar charm. And so our task is done. If it be said that, having uttered only praise and found no fault, we have but half fulfilled the critic's task, we answer that we never meant the tone of criticism. All know that man's most perfect work is not without its blemish ; but in our first walk through so fair a garden, meeting new beauties on every side, it would have been ungracious in us to have sought defects: that task we leave to others. Ours has been to welcome, and to tell of fresh flowers of much loveliness offered to us from across the sea, with the certainty that no one can read her "Elévations Poétiques" without feeling that he is indebted for some real enjoyment to the charming "Poet of the Vosges."

THE TWO YSONDES, AND OTHER VERSES. By Edward Ellis. London: Pickering. 1872.

It takes but a short while to read this thin volume; nor will any one with a taste for true poetry find the perusal a task. The author undoubtedly pos-

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sesses "the vision and the faculty divine," and belongs to the subjective school of which Tennyson is king—a school peculiarly capable of teaching a subjective age. The more the pity, then, say we, that Mr. Ellis should have made his chief poem, "The Two Ysondes," hang on the idea that love is fate. His "Two Ysondes" are the two "Isolts" of Tennyson; but Tennyson does not attempt to excuse the passion of Mark's wife for Tristrem. Our author makes it originate in Tristrem and Ysonde having "drunk," "by an evil chance," a *philtre* which had been placed "in Tristrem's charge" as "a wedding-gift for Ysonde and King Mark" (p. 7). Now, it may be said that this does away with the guilty aspect of the romance, and throws over the whole a veil of faëry. Yes; but we insist that it is, therefore, the more mischievous, as teaching the doctrine of fatality.

Neither is this the only, or even the most, objectionable feature of the poem; for, together with descriptions of emotions and caresses which would be chaste if the theme were lawful love, all idea of *sin* is kept away, and especially as regards its eternal consequences. There is not a word about remorse during life, or of repentance at death. But Tristrem dies in despair of beholding the object of his passion; and Ysonde, in turn, expires on the breast of her dead lover, declaring that she will "go with him *beyond the bars of fate*."

Now, we should not have troubled ourselves to make these strictures but that Mr. Ellis shows powers for the misuse of which he will be very responsible. Moreover, as is clear from some of his shorter lyrics, particularly "At a Shrine," his mind has a religious bent, with (of course) Catholic sympathies.

With regard to his verse, it is less Tennysonic than his thought. Better if, while originating metres (with which we have no quarrel whatever), he modelled both his lines and his diction on the peerless accuracy of England's laureate.

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

From KELLY, PIET & Co., Baltimore: The Money God. By M. A. Quinton.

From LYNCH, COLE & MEEHAN, New York: English Misrule in Ireland: A Course of Lectures. By V. Rev. T. N. Burke, O.P. 12mo. pp. 299.

From J. A. MCGEE, New York: "Thumping English Lies": Froude's Slanders on Ireland and Irishmen. With Preface and Notes by Col. J. E. McGee, and Wendell Phillips' Views of the Situation. 12mo. pp. 224.—Half Hours with Irish Authors: Selections from Griffin, Lover, Carleton, and Lever. 12mo. pp. 330.

From A. D. F. RANDOLPH, New York: Christ at the Door. By Susan H. Ward. 12mo, pp. 232.

From J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia: Expiation. By Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr.

From J. R. OSGOOD & Co., Boston: The Romance of the Harem. By Mrs. A. H. Leonowens. 12mo. pp. viii.-277.

From ROBERTS BROS., Boston: What Katy Did. By Susan Coolidge.—Thorvaldsen: His Life and Works. By Eugene Plon. 12mo. pp. xvi.-320.—The World Priest. By Leopold Schefer. 12mo. pp. xv.-371.

From THE AUTHOR: Sermon at the Month's Mind of the Most Rev. M. J. Spalding, D.D., Preached at the Church of the American College (Rome). By the V. Rev. Dr. Chatard, Rector. Paper, 8vo. pp. 30.

From E. H. BUTLER & Co., Philadelphia: The Etymological Reader. By Epes Sargent and Amasa May.

From S. D. KIERNAN, Clerk, Department of Public Instruction: Report of the Board of Public Instruction of the City and County of New York, for the year ending Dec. 31, 1871; with Addenda to May, 1872.—Manual of the Department of Public Instruction, 1871-2. 18mo, pp. 262.

From HOLT & WILLIAMS, New York: Sermons by the Rev. H. R. Hawes, M.A. 12mo, pp. xiv. 347.

From AMERICAN BAPTIST SOCIETY, Philadelphia: The Baptist Short Method, with Inquirers and Opponents. By Rev. C. T. Hiscox, D.D. 18mo, pp. 216.

From HURD & HOUGHTON, New York: The City of God and the Church Makers. By R. Abbey. 12mo, pp. xx. 315.

From BURNS, OATES & Co., London (New York: Sold by The Catholic Publication Society): The Life of Monseigneur Berneux, Bishop of Capse, Vicar-Apostolic of Corea. By M. l'Abbé Pichon. Translated from the French, with a Preface by Lady Herbert.

From JOHN HODGES, London: (New York: Sold by The Catholic Publication Society): The Lives of the Saints. By Rev. S. Baring-Gould, M.A. March.

From J. R. OSGOOD & Co., Boston: His Level Best, and Other Stories. By Edward E. Hale.

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XVI., No. 96.—MARCH, 1873.

THE RELATION OF THE RIGHTS OF CONSCIENCE TO THE AUTHORITY OF THE STATE UNDER THE LAWS OF OUR REPUBLIC.

(A Lecture before a Catholic Society of S. Patrick's Church, New Haven, Conn., Oct. 20, 1872.)

Reverend Gentlemen and my Friends: Before I speak particularly of the relation of the rights of conscience to the laws existing in our republic, I consider it necessary to make a few preliminary remarks and to lay down a few principles regarding the nature of law and government in general, and the relation which they hold to religion. I shall best illustrate the difficulties which envelop this subject, and also give a clue to the way by which it may be extricated, by making a supposition.

Let us suppose that a large number of men come together for the purpose of founding a new state with all its institutions of civil society and government. Some of these are Christians, among whom are Quakers; others are Mohammedans, Hindoos, Thugs, idolaters practising human sacrifices, and communists. It is necessary that they should agree and concur with each other in regard to the rights which respect life, liberty, property, the pursuit of happiness in general and particular, and the means of protecting all these rights, otherwise no society or government is possible. But this cannot be done by any general consent among these different parties. The Christian holds the sacredness of life and property, and the force of the law of monogamy. The Mohammedan rejects this last, and maintains the right to a plurality of wives. The Hindoo regards it as a sacred right and duty of a widow to offer herself on the funeral pile of her husband, that her spirit may rejoin his spirit in another world. The Thug considers it a most holy and meritorious act to murder as many persons as possible in honor of the cruel goddess whom he worships; while the idolater looks on the sacrifice of children or captives as the means of placating his offended deities and procuring suc-

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cess in war. The Quaker will not allow of any bloodshed whatever, either for avenging crime or repelling aggression. And the communist would abolish all rights of property, reconstruct society on a wholly different plan from that which has heretofore existed, and banish all religion as noxious to the well-being of man.

It is evident, therefore, that society cannot be constituted without religion, and that society constituted with religion, and on the basis of religious ideas, requires some agreement in these religious ideas, and the incorporation of some fixed and definite religious principles into its very structure and conformation.

If we consult history, we shall find that no state or perfect society has ever been established on the atheistic principle. Every one that has ever existed has had a religious basis, and all political and social constitutions have proceeded from religious ideas and been founded upon them. The civilization of Christendom in general has received its specific form from the influence of the Christian religion moulding and modifying in the Eastern world its previous and ancient laws, and in the West to a great extent creating a new order out of a pre-existing state of imperfect civilization or semi-barbarism. To this Christendom we belong, and the laws of our republic are a product of this Christian civilization. This cannot be denied, considered as a mere historical fact respecting our origin; for we are the offspring of Christian Europe, and in the beginning distinctly professed to be a Christian people. But it may be said that we have changed, have undergone a political regeneration as a nation, and in the process of transformation have thrown out all religion from our organic constitution as a republic. By our organic constitution and the laws of our republic I intend not merely the federal constitution and laws which bind together the United States, but also the laws and constitutions of the states, the *tout ensemble* of our common and statute laws of every kind, which form the regulating code of our whole society as one political people. And in regard to this organic law, I affirm that we do not form an exception among human societies to the universal rule I have above laid down, that the state in political society is based on religious ideas.

In support of this proposition, I cite the opinion of a most competent and impartial judge, Prof. Leo, of Halle, and borrow from him a definition of that which constitutes our state religion. This great historian, in the introductory portion of his *Universal History*, where he is discussing the universal principles which underlie all political constitutions, analyzes in a masterly way the elements of our own system of government; and he points out that which is the religious element, namely, the rule or law of morals, derived from the common law of Christendom, or a certain standard of moral obligation, conformity to which is enforced by the state with all its coercive power. All churches or voluntary associations which include this moral code or religion of the state within their own specific religious law possess complete equality and liberty before the civil law. With their doctrines, rites, regulations, and practices the state does not interfere, and gives them protection from any infringement upon their rights on the part of any private members of the community. But let them, on pretext of doctrine, of ecclesiastical law, of liberty of conscience, or even of any divine revelation, violate by any overt acts

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the rule of moral obligation recognized by the state, they come into direct collision with her authority, and must suffer the consequences. So far, therefore, as concerns that portion of Christian law, namely, the moral precepts of the Christian religion, which are incorporated into our civil law, all churches are in vital union with the state. Even Jews, because they hold, with Christians, the decalogue; and societies based on purely natural religion, because they hold the law of nature, are in the same vital union, so far, with the state. And beyond this, within the limits which this law sanctions or permits, all these churches or societies are in union with the state, as lawful, voluntary associations over which her protection is extended. But let a Mohammedan community be formed among citizens or resident foreigners, and attempt the introduction of polygamy, our laws require the civil magistrate to interfere and suppress by force this exercise of the privileges granted by their prophet. Let a community of Hindoos, Thugs, or idolaters establish itself within our bounds, and commence any of the murderous practices of those false religions, and the gibbet or the sword would be called on to execute vengeance upon them. We have in our borders the sect of Mormons, whose doctrines and practices are contrary to our fundamental laws and subversive of them. Obviously, we cannot, consistently with our safety, our well-being, or our essential principles of political and social order, tolerate the enormities of Mormonism, much less permit the formation of a Mormon state. The right to life, liberty, property, and the pursuit of happiness, must be exercised in conformity to certain laws, which are to the state as her axioms or first principles, and are held as inviolable. And the exercise of this right, in this due and legitimate manner, must not be hindered by force and violence under any pretext. Therefore no pretence of conscience or religion can avail to cover any violation of law by an individual or a society, or any such infringement on the rights of others as has been just alluded to. All this presupposes that the state recognizes and bases its laws upon certain fixed ideas concerning the rights which God has really granted to men, and the obligations which he has imposed upon them. But this has also been distinctly and expressly declared by a body of men, representing the whole political people of the nascent republic which was afterwards developed into the United States of North America. The declaration was made in the very act which constituted the United Colonies free and independent states, and which was published to the world on the fourth day of July, 1776. In the first sentence of this Declaration of Independence, the Congress affirms that the people of the United States have judged it necessary "to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which THE LAWS OF NATURE AND OF NATURE'S GOD entitle them." This august body then proceeds to lay down the foundation and basis of the entire argument of the document, as follows: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are *created equal;* that they are ENDOWED BY THEIR CREATOR with certain inalienable *rights;* that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men." It then proceeds to argue that those governments which fail to fulfil this end, and pursue a contrary end by invading and destroying these rights,

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forfeit their powers; and makes an application of this principle to the *casus belli* between the colonies and the British crown.

In this most momentous crisis, amid the very birth-pangs of our infant republic, the people of the United States solemnly declared that the origin of all right, all law, all political organization, all government, and specifically of those which constitute the United States a separate political people, is to be found in the *lex æterna*, the law of God; that is to say, it is in religion. For what is religion? According to Cicero's definition, it is a bond which binds men to God and to each other. This is the very meaning of the word, which comes from *ligare*, to bind, whence we have the terms ligament, ligature, and obligation. Human right is, therefore, something conferred by God. The right to govern must come from God, for we are created equal, and therefore without any natural right of one over another to give him law. The rights of the governed come from God, and are therefore inviolable; but liberty is the unhindered possession and exercise of the rights conferred by God, under the protection of lawful government; and liberty of conscience is freedom to obey the law of the Creator, and to enjoy the blessings which he has imparted to the creature by that law. These rights and liberties belong to each individual man as a grant from the Creator, which he can maintain in the face of any government, be it that of a monarch, of an aristocracy, or of a majority of the people. If a monarch, or one who executes by delegated power the sovereignty of a majority, invades the right of an individual, he violates a law. This law can be no other than that of the Sovereign Lord of the universe. There is, therefore, a higher law than human law, a higher sovereignty than human sovereignty, to which both governments and the governed are subject and amenable, and which are acknowledged as supreme by this American Republic of which we are citizens. And as another proof of this recognition, I may cite the law of oaths, or the solemn appeal to Almighty God as the Supreme Judge, by which a religious sanction is given to judicial testimony and the engagements of public officers.

There is, therefore, in our republic a religion of the state, but one embodied in civil and political society only, which leaves to citizens perfect freedom to organize churches and act out what they profess to be the dictates of their individual consciences, provided they do not violate the laws which constitute the religion of the state.

Under this law, the Catholic Church possesses in essential matters theoretical liberty and equality of rights with the various religious bodies existing in the country, with some trivial exceptions to be found in the laws of some of the states. To a great extent, this theoretical liberty is also a practical liberty, really possessed and enjoyed, and only occasionally invaded. This is a remark which is quite specially verified in the instance of your own state of Connecticut.

This has not always been the case either here or in other portions of our country. Catholics have not always enjoyed freedom of conscience and liberty of religion. If we go back to the early history of the colonies which became afterwards the United States, we shall find that their founders did not intend to grant that liberty which now exists. In some of these colonies, the Church of England, in others the Church of the Puritans, and in those of Spain and

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France, which were admitted at a later period, the Catholic Church was the established religion of the state. In all the English colonies the Catholic religion was proscribed and persecuted. The Puritan fathers of New England intended to establish a theocracy. There was a strict union of church and state under their old colonial governments. Only professed members and communicants of the church could vote, and the legislatures regulated the affairs of parishes, and decided doctrinal questions. Our ancestors therefore had a Christian ideal of the state before their minds which they attempted to make an actual reality, and which they dreamed should become the kingdom of Christ our Lord upon the earth which the prophets and apostles foretold. The attempt failed from causes which lay within the bosom of the community itself, and not because of any external force; and the same community which had by tacit agreement or positive statutes enacted the original law combining a specific form of religion with the state, repealed the same by its own free will. In the Puritan state, the first change came about by the multiplication of baptized persons who never became communicants. The number of citizens who were thus deprived of the highest rights of citizenship was felt to be a grave anomaly and inconvenience in a democratic state, and caused the adoption of the half-way covenant. By this arrangement, those baptized persons who publicly acknowledged their baptism were considered as quasi-members of the church, entitled to all political rights. When, in the course of time, the number of unbaptized persons increased, and other sects of Protestantism began to flourish, new changes were brought about by which in the end the connection between the state and the Puritan Church was dissolved. Similar causes produced similar effects in other parts of the country, and, so far as the federal union was concerned, there was obviously from the first an utter impossibility of making any specific form of Christianity the religion of the entire republic. Thus, by the very law which the necessity of the case imposed upon the separate states and the entire federal republic, that liberty of religion became established under which the Catholic Church could come in upon a footing of perfect equality with the other religious denominations. Catholics have not come into New England and Connecticut either to demand religious liberty as a right or to beg toleration as a favor. We have not obtained our rights or privileges by any agitation or revolution stirred up by ourselves in our own interest. The work was done before there was a number of Catholics worth estimating either in Connecticut or New England. It was done by the old manor-born citizens for their own advantage and the welfare of the state.

So also, in regard to the political privileges conceded to foreign-born immigrants. These are, in their nature, distinct and separate from the rights of conscience conceded to Catholics. Yet they have an actual connection, arising from the fact that so very large a proportion of our Catholic citizens are of foreign birth, and so large a proportion of our adopted citizens are of the Catholic religion; and therefore, in the public mind, these two matters are very much blended together, and even confused with each other. It is, therefore, quite fitting that I should speak of the two things in relation with each other. And I remark on this point that the privileges possessed by the

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Catholics of this state who are of foreign birth, by which they are made equal to the native-born citizens in regard to both religious and political rights, have not been extorted by themselves, but freely conceded for the good of the state and of all citizens generally. The original inhabitants had the power to exclude the Catholic religion from all toleration. They had the power and the right to exclude all foreigners from the privileges of native-born citizens, or to make the conditions of being naturalized more stringent than they now are. They took another course, having in view their own good and the well-being of the state, and Catholics as well as foreigners have profited by it. Catholics have profited by the religious liberty conceded to citizens, which is something essentially distinct from the privileges conceded to residents of foreign origin. And in point of fact, although the extent and prosperity of the church in Connecticut have proceeded principally and in very great measure from the immigration of Irish Catholics into the state, yet its rights, and liberty, and equality do not depend on anything necessarily and essentially but the religious liberty granted to citizens, and which is the birthright of Catholics as well as Protestants who are born on the soil of the republic.

It would be easy to show, in respect to our country at large, that the first beginnings of the Catholic Church have an intertwined radical grasp with the first fibres of national life in our own soil; and that there is a truly glorious Catholic chapter in the history of the United States. We can find something of this even in the history of this state. The first Mass celebrated in Connecticut was said in an open field within the bounds of Wethersfield, by the chaplain of the French troops who came here to aid our fathers in fighting the battle for independence. The first Catholic sermon in English was preached by the Rev. Dr. Matignon, of Boston, in the Centre Congregational Church of Hartford, at the invitation of the Rev. Dr. Strong, the pastor of the church. The first Catholic church was formed at Hartford in 1827, by Mr. Taylor, a respectable citizen of that town, who was a convert, and who organized the few Irish, French, and German Catholic residents in the place into a congregation, which assembled on Sunday for worship. In 1830, Bishop Fenwick, of Boston, a native of Maryland, purchased and blessed a small frame church, over which he placed F. Fitton, a native of Boston, who was the pastor of the entire state, and who is still actively engaged in the duties of the priesthood at Boston. During the first five years of his ministry at Hartford, F. Fitton received eighty adult converts, who, with their families, made a considerable portion of his little flock, since, in 1835, there were only 730 Catholics in the whole state. The first bishop of the diocese of Hartford was a native of New England. The present distinguished prelate who rules the church in Connecticut is a native of Pennsylvania; and of the 150,000 Catholics under his jurisdiction nearly one-half must be natives of the state or of the United States. We have, then, some 67,000 native-born Catholics in this state, most of whom are native-born Yankees.* If you

* This estimate, which was considered as too high by some of the clergymen present, is given only as conjectural. It is based on the census of 1870, according to which there are in the state, in round numbers, 203,000 persons of foreign parentage at least on one side, of whom 113,000 are foreign-born. It would seem probable that we might allow out of this number 83,000 foreign-born and 67,000 native-born Catholics. It is certain, from other evidence, that the number is over 100,000, and, whatever the correct number may be, nine-twentieths is very

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wish to see a fair sample of these, you have only to visit St. Patrick's Church at nine o'clock of a Sunday morning, where you will see the church filled with them, and to go into the school-house behind the church any day in the week, where you will find 1,100 of these young Catholic Yankees busily conning their lessons, and learning to love God and their native Columbia. All these have their liberty of conscience and their other rights as citizens secured to them by their birthright, and therefore, on this ground alone, the Catholic Church is equal to the Protestant churches before the law.

And as regards foreign-born citizens, the state having conceded to them equal rights to those of native-born citizens, their conscience or religion is included among these rights. The original concession was a privilege, but, having been once conceded, it has become a right. And it was conceded, as I have said, for the good of the state which conceded it, and in view of a compensation or equivalent which the party of the grantor expected to receive. You did not intrude yourselves upon the soil of the state, or come uninvited to beg food and shelter. You were invited, and that not from motives of pure philanthropy. Doubtless many had a kind and philanthropic feeling in the matter, but the prime and urgent motive was that you were needed and wanted for your labor. You were told that your services were wanted for the upbuilding of the material prosperity of the state, and, as an inducement to come, you were offered citizenship, and with that, freedom to bring your religion with you and enjoy it. This was a favor to you without question; but not a purely gratuitous one. It was something advanced to you, but for which you were expected to make a future compensation. And you have well purchased your rights, not only by what you have done in the peaceful arts of industry, but by fighting for your adopted country and shedding your blood for its integrity and the consolidation of its power. You have fought for the state, and for the United States, and, therefore, the compact has been sealed and made inviolable by your blood.

Now, what is the point I have been coming to and have at length reached? It is this: that you possess the full freedom and equality of your Catholic religion, not by toleration, but as an absolute right, inhering in your character as citizens whether by birth or adoption. Catholics are legally domiciled here by virtue of our laws, which recognize, maintain, and protect their religious rights as standing on an equal footing with those of Congregationalists or Episcopalians. No doubt, we should cherish a kind feeling toward those who have granted these most precious and valuable rights, and respect their similar rights. But we must not permit ourselves to be placed in any position of inferiority to other classes of citizens. We must insist upon the full recognition of our equality in the state, and maintain with a manly bearing all our rights of conscience to their fullest extent, claiming and demanding from our fellow-citizens a complete respect and observance of these rights, and from the state that protection in their exercise which it is bound to give.

The Declaration of Independence avows as an article of the national creed that the right of life, liberty,

near the proportion of the native-born to the whole number. The entire population of the state is 537,000. Nearly two-fifths of the whole are, therefore, of foreign parentage.

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and the pursuit of happiness has been conferred by the Creator, and is inalienable, and that government is instituted for the purpose of securing to us the possession and exercise of this right. The right to liberty includes freedom to keep the commandments of God, to observe his law, to make use of all the means which he has granted to us for obtaining grace, acquiring virtue, and fulfilling the end of our creation. The right to happiness includes the undisturbed enjoyment of all the privileges of our religion, which alone can make us truly happy in this world, and enable us to obtain eternal happiness. The right to liberty and happiness gives freedom, to those who choose to do so, to devote themselves to the sacred duties of the altar and the cloister. It gives freedom to practise all the rites and ceremonies of religious worship, to dedicate our wealth to the service of God and our fellow-men, to constitute and regulate our churches according to our own canonical law, to establish and hold possession of colleges, seminaries, convents, and charitable institutions, to educate our children, to profess and practise the Catholic religion wholly and entirely. It is the end of government to secure these rights, so that, if it fails to do so by extending an efficacious protection to their free and peaceable exercise, it is negligent of its duty; and if it impairs or violates them by unjust and tyrannical legislation, it commits a positive act of wrong and usurpation. The government, the sovereign power in the state from which the government holds its authority, are amenable to the eternal law, as well as the individual citizen; and they may violate it by neglecting to secure and protect, or by infringing upon, the rights of conscience conferred by the Creator. Wherefore it is necessary to keep a watchful guard over these rights, to proclaim and defend them loudly when they are assailed or in danger of being impaired, and by all lawful means to hinder any attempt to interfere with their exercise by unjust legislation or a tyrannical exercise of authority by the governing power and its official agents. It is a universal and constant tendency of the sovereign power in the state to usurp unjust authority and to invade the rights of its subjects. The liberty of the individual man and of the class which is governed is always in danger, and, therefore, eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. This is true where the people retains its sovereignty, as well as where the sovereignty has been entrusted to a monarch or an aristocracy. It is a great mistake to suppose that a popular form of government and republican institutions are a perfect and adequate guarantee of liberty in general or of liberty of conscience in particular. The political majority or ascendant party can tyrannize over the minority or weaker party and over private citizens. Magistrates elected by a popular vote can misuse their power to oppress those whom they ought to protect. Legislatures chosen by the people can pass the most unjust and despotic laws. The Athenian democracy banished Aristides the Just, and poisoned Socrates, the wisest man of pagan antiquity, the father and founder of philosophy. In our own day we have seen the most perfidious violation of guaranteed rights, and the most tyrannical oppression of the religious freedom of Catholics, perpetrated by the Swiss Republic. Catholics are always liable to oppression where they are the weaker party, and have never any sufficient guarantee for the acquisition and preservation of their

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full religious liberty, except in their own numbers and strength, made available by their own energetic activity in their own cause. According to the principles and spirit of our laws and political institutions, the Catholic Church possesses in the United States a greater degree of the liberty which belongs to her by divine right than in most other countries. And in practice this liberty has been to a great extent secured to her by the justice of the people at large, and the fidelity of those to whom the administration of law has been entrusted. We may say of Connecticut especially that, considering the old and deeply rooted prejudice of her native inhabitants against the Catholic religion, it is remarkable with what comity they have received and made place for the new and mercurial race who have come in to replenish their staid old towns and quiet villages with fresh life, and with what composure they have beheld the multiplication of the crosses which gleam in the sunlight, on their hilltops and in their valleys, over the churches and convents of that which to them was a new and strange religion. Nevertheless, we cannot and ought not to be content with anything short of that full and complete liberty and equality which of right belong to us, and which do not in the least degree prejudice the same rights in those who profess a different religion. There are some things in regard to which it is our duty as well as our right to demand a greater measure of justice than that which has hitherto been yielded, and to exert ourselves to prevent a still further diminution of our rights as Catholic citizens.

One of these is the right of those unfortunate persons who are inmates of prisons, houses of reformation, and similar institutions to enjoy all the privileges and fulfil all the duties of their religion, if they are members of the Catholic Church. Closely connected with this is the right of the Catholic clergy to have access to all the members of their flock, and to exercise the functions of their sacred ministry wherever their duty calls them, unhindered, and, if necessary, fully protected by the law and all official persons.

Another is the complete and untrammelled freedom of Catholic education in all its departments. The state has no right either to prescribe and enforce religious instruction beyond those first principles of morality and civic obligation which are the foundations of our political order, or to interfere with the religious instruction which the Catholic conscience demands for those who are in a state of pupilage. Far less has it the right to prescribe an irreligious and atheistical system of instruction. I cannot enlarge upon this most important topic in this place. I will here simply recall what I have said of the possibility and danger of usurpation over the rights of conscience even in popular governments, and point out a direction from which we ourselves are threatened by this very danger. I refer to a project entertained by some persons in high positions of establishing under the authority of the federal government a national and compulsory system of education, thus depriving not only Catholics, but Protestants and Jews also, of their essential right as citizens to give their children a religious education. I do not attribute this policy to the party of the administration as a party, but it is most undoubtedly the policy of a considerable and very active section of what is called the Republican party, and is part and parcel of a scheme for modifying most essentially the relations between the federal and

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the state governments, for extending the authority of the governing power and restricting the private liberty of citizens. The men who are possessed by these ideas are in sympathy with that party in Europe self-styled the progressive party. The idea which they have of liberty is their own freedom to drive the people on the path which they themselves have surveyed and marked out as the straight road to happiness and well-being, and this compulsory march they dignify by the name of Progress. In this country, they are avowedly not content with existing institutions and laws, but are restless to try their improving hand upon them. They desire to secure uniformity according to their own ideal standard, by consolidation, concentration, unification of the legislative and executive powers in the federal government, and the reduction of the states into the condition of subordinate, dependent provinces in a republican empire. Education by the state and for the state, and in accordance with so-called progressive ideas, is an essential part of this Prussianizing plan—an education wholly secular, from which instruction in positive, revealed dogmas and a positive religious discipline are wholly excluded, on the plea that all these are sectarian; and one, of course, which is really anti-Christian and godless—an education like that of the University of Paris, which made a whole army of infidels among the lettered class in France. It is on this ground of education that the tyrannical and infidel power of the state is waging a battle with the point of the lance against the church and the Catholic religion in Europe. In England, also, as I know from those who have heard it from the lips of the leaders of this party, it is the fixed purpose of these leaders to work for the establishment of this infidel system by the coercive power of the state. The necessary sequel of all this is the *commune;* and, if such a system should prevail here, we have in prospect the confiscation of ecclesiastical property, the destruction of those institutions of learning which will not conform to the ideal of the state, the overthrow of the most essential rights of conscience, and finally the proscription of religion, followed by the war of the masses upon the rights of property and upon the order of civil society itself.

We want none of these improvements of Boston *doctrinaires*, and no meddling of political charlatans with our constitution. Our private rights we hold from the Creator, and not from any social compact or grant of government. State rights, the strongest safeguard we have against usurpations upon our liberty, we hold from the fundamental law which first constituted us a political people—the law of unity in multiplicity, which is our strength, and the geometrical principle of our harmonious and symmetrical structure. There was a time when our centralizing principle was in danger; when, so to speak, the centrifugal force threatened to become too strong, and to make a rupture of our system. Now it is the opposite danger we have to fear—the increase of the centripetal force. As we were in danger of flying away from our sun and becoming separated, wandering political orbs, so we are now in danger of running into our sun, and thus losing our proper orbits, becoming absorbed into the central mass, and thereby suffering the extinction of the life of liberty in the individuals who form our population. Therefore, as the exorbitant demands of state rights have been repressed, it should now be our study to prevent the encroachment of fede-

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ral power upon the just domain of these state rights, of state power over municipal freedom, and of all these powers upon the personal and private liberty of the citizen. It is for the interest of all to do this, but my special purpose has been to show why Catholics in particular are bound to do it, in order to preserve that liberty which God has given to them, and their rights of conscience, among which this right of education is one of the most precious and the most imperilled.

This leads us to another point. All religious societies being equal before the law, and entitled to an equal protection, so long as they do not violate those fundamental principles of morality which constitute the religion of the state, Catholic institutions have an equal claim to a share in the distribution of the public money with those which are not Catholic. In this state, large sums have been granted to institutions which are under the control of particular denominations; for instance, to Yale College. The state is bound to be impartial, and whatever it determines to do in support of education or for the nurture and relief of the helpless and destitute, and the reformation of the depraved, it is bound to carry out on this impartial principle. Therefore grants to useful institutions ought never to be opposed or withheld on the ground that the Catholic clergy have the control over them, and that within their walls the Catholic religion is taught and practised. Nor has the state any right to prefer, much less to enforce, what is falsely called a non-sectarian system of religious and moral instruction. This is one of the most patent fallacies by which the common mind in our time and country is duped and deluded. If there is one only true church, all other so-called churches are sectarian, or sections cut off from the church. The true church cannot be a sect or have anything sectarian about it. But the state is incompetent to judge or decide that the Catholic Church is a sect in this sense; and, therefore, incapable of determining that the public money which is granted to a Catholic institution is devoted to sectarian purposes. The state is equally incompetent to decide that there is no one true church, and that, therefore, all denominations are sections of the true church, or sects considered in the sense of parts included in a whole. But if it were competent to decide this point in the sense indicated, the only just conclusion would be that all should be impartially treated and protected. The state is also incompetent to decide that a particular party of men, having a system differing from that of any one sect, and professing to retain the common elements of all, is not itself a sect, and that its system is non-sectarian. It is, in fact, only another sect. Regular association, government, and special rites are not essential to the nature of a sect. There were the sects of Pharisees, Sadducees, and Herodians among the Jews. There are philosophical sects. A sect is a party of men holding certain particular opinions. Those men who profess to hold what they call the essential parts of religion and morality, and to teach the same without any sectarian doctrines, simply mean that they do not hold the tenets of any of the Protestant sects around them, by which they differ from each other. But they belong to the *genus* Protestant nevertheless, and have their own specific *differentia*. They cannot discriminate the essential from the non-essential parts of Christianity without a criterion, and the criterion which they adopt and apply makes

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their specific doctrine, which constitutes them a distinct, if not a separate, sect. They assume that the specific doctrines and laws of the Catholic Church are not essential. But in this they deny a fundamental Catholic doctrine: they place themselves in opposition to Catholics in respect to the essentials of faith and practice, and thus they are, relatively to us, a sect. The state cannot decide this question, and cannot, without injustice, prefer one party to the other. It is, therefore, a violation of Catholic rights to compel Catholics to listen to the teaching which calls itself non-sectarian, or in any way to adopt and sanction it as a system exclusively entitled to the support and protection of the state.

The truth is that the state has nothing to do directly with religious instruction. Formerly, in this state of Connecticut, it had to do with it, because the Puritan form of Protestantism was the established religion of the state, and made part of the law. But now the state has only to protect the religious corporations and societies which have legal existence in the enjoyment of their vested rights. Grants of money and other legal provisions must be made in view of the utility to society and the state which lies in the nature of the object which any institution aims at accomplishing. Education, the care of the orphaned, the poor, the sick, and other destitute persons, and the instruction of all classes in moral and civic virtues and the fear of that Creator who is acknowledged in our Declaration of Independence as the Author of our natural rights, are useful to the state and society, and even necessary to their continuance and well-being. Therefore the state may exercise a supervision within certain limits over these things, and grant subsidies for the purpose of sustaining them. But this must be done in such a way that no violence is committed upon the rights or the liberty of conscience guaranteed by law. Religion must be left free, and not interfered with by the state. But non-interference is something quite incompatible with exclusion. The state cannot confiscate the property which it has once granted to Yale College because the clergy of one particular denomination control the religious instruction of the college. Nor can it justly refuse to treat Catholic institutions of education with a favor equal to that which it shows to others, because the Bishop of Hartford will have control of their religious teaching.

It is for the interest and well-being of the state and of all classes of its citizens that the Catholic Church should fully exercise all its rights, and enjoy the most perfect freedom of growth and development. The Catholic Church is fully and unchangeably committed to those essential principles of morality on which our laws are founded. By the very principle of the Catholic religion, those who profess it can never abandon or change these principles, and they thus receive the strongest guarantee of their perpetuity in the number and the moral power of those citizens who profess this religion. By our religion we must hold and profess that human rights are conferred by the Creator, that they are inviolable, and that civil society has been established by Almighty God, with its institutions of government, in order that these rights may be secured. We must profess that peoples and governments are accountable to God for the just administration of the trust committed to them, and responsible to a higher law than mere human laws, the eternal law itself, which is written on the conscience and clearly promulgated by

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a divine revelation. We must profess the sanctity of life, of marriage, of the rights of property, of oaths, contracts, treaties, and civic obligations, and the duty of allegiance and obedience to the laws and the lawful authorities in the state. All that I have shown to be the religion of the state, which is indeed nothing more than a portion of the universal common law of Christendom, is involved in the religion of Catholics and taught by it with an authority which they acknowledge as unerring and supreme. Here is, therefore, a principle of stability to the state, and to the rights of all classes of citizens, which is involved in the education and popular instruction which is given by the Catholic clergy. Moreover, as the pastors of 150,000 of the inhabitants of the state, and wielding a moral influence over them far superior to that of any other body of clergy, it is for the interest and advantage of their fellow-citizens that their education, training in their special functions, and other qualifications and advantages for exercising their civilizing power upon such a large and increasing mass of the population, should be elevated to the highest possible grade. Therefore the schools, academies, seminaries, and religious houses in which the clergy are trained are deserving of encouragement as sources of intellectual, moral, and social benefit and improvement to society at large, which accrue to the benefit of the state.

The same is true of institutions of religious women, who are a kind of female clergy in a wider sense of the word, of schools of all kinds, of orphanages and charitable asylums. In the care of the poor and the sick especially, the Catholic Church can do a work which cannot be done so well by any other society, and thus relieve the state of a burden as well as heal a sore on the body politic which is frequently dangerous as well as distressing. Besides these more necessary services to humanity, the Catholic Church contributes to the decoration and embellishment of life, to the refinement of taste, and to the increase of innocent and elevating enjoyment. It ornaments towns and villages with specimens of fine architecture, multiplies statues and paintings, cultivates sacred music, and by its multifarious ceremonies acts most powerfully not only on the souls of men to raise their minds to an unseen world, but, in their human sentiments and manners, to give grace and refinement as well as enjoyment to a life rendered too dull and prosaic by the everlasting drudgery of an industrious and material existence.

All this would not weigh a feather with the severe Puritan ancients who founded this commonwealth. The Catholic religion is a religion of error, they would have said; error is fatal to the soul, and cannot be tolerated in a state where laws are framed according to the laws of God. But times are changed, and both laws and the minds of the descendants of the Puritans are changed with them. Even a great light among the descendants of the Scottish Presbyterians, the Rev. Dr. Hodge, has declared that the Catholic religion teaches the essentials of Christianity, exercises a wholesome moral influence, and cannot be refused the same countenance and aid by the state which is given to the Protestant religion, without the usurpation of an authority to determine what is religious error. Although the *New York Observer* has raised an outcry against this candid statement of a learned and honest man, and has vehemently denounced the Catholic religion as worse than infidelity, I am persuaded that Yale College will not be satisfied to take a more illiberal position than Princeton, and that

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the general sense of the Protestant people of Connecticut will accord with that of Dr. Hodge, and reject the contrary extreme of the *Observer*. The religious people of Connecticut cannot fail to see that they have a common cause with us against atheism and progressive radicalism, and that we are a bulwark against a devastating flood which would sweep away their rights with ours if it once broke over the surface of our society. Our rights stand upon a common basis. They depend from a common chain, which is fastened by the same ring. They have nothing to fear from any violation of their liberty or usurpation of their rights on our part, even should we obtain power enough to be able to attempt such an enterprise. We always respect vested rights and established laws, when these are not contrary to the law of God. The order which is now established is the only one that is good for a state in which the inhabitants are divided in religion, and it enables these divided religious communities to live together in political harmony and social peace. We will not disturb this harmony, and we denounce those who attempt to stir up the passions of the people to destroy it as the enemies of the state as well as impious transgressors of the law of God. The rights of conscience and the liberty of religion which we possess under our laws are invaluable and precious to all of us. And there is indeed a common bond between the descendants of the Puritan founders of this commonwealth and the descendants of the persecuted Catholics of Ireland who have settled on this soil, of which perhaps you have not thought sufficiently. It is the bond which has been made by a conflict which the fathers of both these lines of descendants have maintained against a common enemy. That enemy was the despotic tyranny of the successors of Henry VIII. and their ministers. Our ancestors drew the sword against an invasion of rights which, they avowed, had been conferred upon them by their Creator, and the issue of the war was the establishment of this republic, in which the rights of conscience are declared to be sacred. The ancestors of the "exiles of Erin" who have found a new home in this republic fought, both with the sword and with the patient resistance of martyrdom, against the same despotic violence which invaded all their rights both civic and religious. It is fitting, therefore, that their descendants should dwell together in the land rescued by the blood of heroes from tyranny, and that here should flourish the religion rescued from the same tyranny by the blood of martyrs.

I conclude with the eloquent apostrophe of the Bishop of Orleans to the Belgians, which came from his mouth like the electric flash, amid thunders of applause, at the Congress of Malines in 1867, where I had the privilege of being present. "*Vous avez une patrie, sachez la garder!*"—"You have a country, *know how to keep it!*"

When we look abroad and see the dark, threatening clouds overhanging older nations, threatening new tempests to follow those which have lately burst upon them, and then look at home on the peace and liberty we enjoy; our church and religion free, priests, bishops, and the Holy Father from his prison in the Vatican, exercising their lawful jurisdiction without hindrance, we can esteem at their proper worth the blessings we enjoy. We learn how to value order, good government, and civilization founded on religious ideas, as the most precious of all earthly possessions after the faith and the means of eternal salvation. These advantages we possess in the

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laws and institutions which are summed up in the one word *our country*—our native land, or the land of our refuge and our children's nativity. Let us all, therefore, prize, cherish, guard, and loyally serve it during life; prepared and resolved, if necessary, to give our blood and our lives in its defence, in emulation of the patriotic bravery of our noble brothers and ancestors from whom we have received this fair inheritance.

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

"The only son of his mother, and she was a widow."

I.

THE dust on their sandals lay heavy and white,
Their garments were damp with the tears of the night,
Their hot feet aweary, and throbbing with pain,
As they entered the gates of the city of Nain.

II.

But lo! on the pathway a sorrowing throng
Pressed, mournfully chanting the funeral song,
And like a sad monotone, ceaseless and slow,
The voice of a woman came laden with woe.

III.

What need, stricken mothers, to tell how she wept?
Ye read by the vigils that sorrow hath kept,
Ye know, by the travail of anguish and pain,
The desolate grief of the widow of Nain.

IV.

As he who was first of the wayfaring men
Advanced, the mute burden was lowered, and then
As he touched the white grave-cloths that covered the bier
The bearers shrank back, but the mother drew near.

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V.

Her snow-sprinkled tresses had loosened their strands,
Great tears fell unchecked on the tightly clasped hands;
But hushed the wild sobbing, and stifled her cries,
As Jesus of Nazareth lifted his eyes.

VI.

Eyes wet with compassion as slowly they fell—
Eyes potent to soften grief's tremulous swell,
As, sweetly and tenderly, "Weep not," he said,
And turned to the passionless face of the dead.

VII.

White, white gleamed his forehead, loose rippled the hair,
Bronze-tinted, o'er temples transparently fair;
And a glory stole up from the earth to the skies,
As he called to the voiceless one, "Young man, arise!"

VIII.

The hard, rigid outlines grew fervid with breath,
The dull eyes unclosed from the midnight of death;
Weep, weep, happy mother, and fall at his feet:
Life's pale, blighted promise grown hopeful and sweet.

IX.

The morning had passed, and the midday heats burned:
Once more to the pathway the wayfarers turned.
The conqueror of kings had been conquered again:
There was joy in the house of the widow of Nain.

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FLEURANGE.

BY MRS. CRAVEN, AUTHOR OF "A SISTER'S STORY."

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, WITH PERMISSION.

PART IV.

THE IMMOLATION.

LIX.

Several hours had passed since Fleurange's return. Anxiety, horror, sadness, and emotion, which by turns filled her heart during the affecting scene we have just described, now gave place to a feeling in which a sweet, profound sense of gratitude predominated.

Ah! no one could comprehend, without the experience faith alone gives, the mysterious joy that penetrates the heart when the salvation of a soul seems assured; when, in a tangible manner, as it were, the abyss of divine mercy which ever surrounds us, opens and allows us to sound its depths; when, in answer to our tears, we almost behold the heavens open; when, in return for *pardon implored*, we are made to comprehend the ineffable signification of two other words, sweet as mercy and boundless as infinitude—*pardon obtained.*

Fleurange therefore felt, if not happy—for the impressions of the day had been too solemn not to have left a veil of sadness on her soul—at least calm and serene. The sight of that death-bed had put to flight some of the dreams she so often abandoned herself to now without scruple—dreams of passionate joy at her approaching sacrifice, mingled with the perspective of a brighter future, in which her happiness with George would be increased and consecrated by the sufferings they first shared together—the cherished theme on which lingered her imagination, her heart, and even her soul, which had faith in the efficacy of sacrifice, and instinctively made it the basis of its hopes. Everything, even this, was forgotten for the moment. It was as if a graver, purer, holier strain had put to flight the mingled harmony in which heaven and earth seemed almost confounded. Hitherto, the idea of immolating herself with and for another had seemed noble; but at this quiet hour, after a day of so much agitation, a sublimer thought sprang up in her soul in spite of herself; it was that of a sacrifice unknown to the person for whom one immolates one's self!

Was not the greatest of sacrifices—the sacrifice which is our example—of such a nature? Was it not made for those who were unaware of it? And has not this very ignorance been regarded by the eternal goodness as a plea for disarming eternal justice?

Fleurange did not attempt to thus define her confused thoughts; she

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allowed them to float in her mind without welcoming or rejecting them. She was in that frame of mind which unconsciously enfolds a latent disposition in the depths of the soul, that suddenly develops into efforts and sacrifices which seem impossible an hour before they have to be made.

She was alone in one corner of a large, white marble fireplace in which blazed a good fire. She preferred this salon to the others, which were heated invisibly, though it was the smallest in the house, and it was the one she habitually occupied. Clement, after accompanying her home, had returned to the sad place they visited together to obtain, if not an honorable, at least a separate burial of his unfortunate cousin's remains. Mademoiselle Josephine, at her usual hour, had gone to her fine chamber, which she now occupied with less uneasiness than the first night, and had been for an hour in the capacious bed, where she had learned to sleep as comfortably as under the muslin curtains which generally guarded her slumbers.

It was nearly ten o'clock, and Fleurange in her turn was about to retire, when the noise of a carriage was heard, the bell rang, and a few minutes after a card was brought her. She looked at it: "The Countess Vera de Liningen"—and beneath, written with a pencil: "Will Mademoiselle Fleurange d'Yves have the kindness to see me a moment?"

"Vera! — the Countess Vera!—"

Fleurange repeated the name twice. It was the first time she had thought of it since she left Florence. She remembered hearing it once in a conversation between the Princess Catherine and the marquis, the first time she ever saw the latter. From that time, Vera's name had never been mentioned before her. The marquis instinctively avoided it in talking with her the day before, as he did that of Gabrielle in conversing with Vera, and no one mentioned it at the palace. Fleurange's surprise was therefore inexpressible. She remained with her eyes fixed on the card, till the valet de chambre took the liberty of reminding her the Countess Vera was waiting in her carriage for an answer.

"Certainly. Ask her to come up." Then she waited, with a mixture of curiosity and embarrassment, for the entrance of the visitor, without knowing exactly why. She was almost breathless from agitation; but when the door opened, and she saw the beautiful maid of honor, she felt partially relieved.

"Ah! it is you, mademoiselle," she exclaimed joyfully. "Pardon me for not having divined it immediately, but I did not know this morning the name of her who received me so kindly."

It now occurred to Fleurange that the maid of honor had been sent by the empress sooner than she expected with the favorable reply promised, but the visitor's pale face and silence struck her and checked the words on her lips.

"You were unaware of my name this morning, but did you never hear it before?"

Fleurange blushed. "Never would be incorrect," replied she. — And she stopped.

"No matter," continued Vera. "I do not care to know when or how you heard it. I can imagine they did not say much to you about me. But allow me to ask you in my turn if you have not another name besides that under which I had the honor of presenting you to her majesty!"

"My name is Fleurange," replied the young girl simply, "but it is not the one I habitually bear."

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"And your other name?" asked Vera, with a trembling voice.

Fleurange was astonished at the manner in which this question was asked, and still more so at the effect of her reply, which produced a frightful change in the listener's face.

"Gabrielle!" repeated she. "I guessed rightly, then."

An embarrassing silence followed this exclamation. Fleurange did not know what to say. She awaited an explanation of the scene which appeared more and more strange. But while she was looking at Vera with increased surprise during this long silence, a sudden apprehension seized her, and a faint glimpse of the truth flashed across her mind. Nothing could have been more vague than the remembrance of the name mentioned before her but once, but that time it was in a conversation respecting George, and she bethought herself that she understood it to be a question of a marriage the princess desired for her son. Was it with reluctance Vera had now brought the permission for another to accompany him? Such was the question Fleurange asked herself. Approaching Vera, therefore, she said to her softly:

"If you have come with a message, how can I thank you sufficiently, mademoiselle, for taking the trouble of bringing it yourself!"

Vera hastily withdrew her hand, and retreated several steps; then, as if suffering from an emotion she could not overcome, she fell into an arm-chair beside the table, and for some moments remained pale and breathless, with a gloomy, forbidding air, wiping away from time to time with an abrupt gesture the tears which, in spite of all her efforts, escaped from her eyes.

Fleurange, motionless with surprise, looked at her with mingled interest and astonishment, but, the frank decision of her character prevailing over her timidity, she came at once to the point.

"Countess Vera," said she, "if I have not guessed the motive that brings you here, tell me the real one; there is something in all this which I do not understand. Be frank; I will be likewise. Let us not remain thus towards one another. Above all, do not look at me as if we were not only strangers, but enemies."

At this word, Vera raised her head. "Enemies!" she said. "Well, yes, at present we are."

What did she mean? Fleurange crossed her arms, and looked at her attentively, trying to guess the meaning of her enigmatical words, and the still more obscure enigma of her face, which expressed by turns the most contradictory sentiments; the enigma of her eyes, which sometimes gazed at her with hatred, and then with sweetness and a humble, beseeching look. At length Vera seemed decided to continue. "You are right," she said; "I must put an end to your suspense, and explain my strange conduct; but I need courage to do this. To come here as I have, to appeal to you as I am going to do, I must—I must, without knowing why—"

"Well," said Fleurange with a faint smile, "continue. You must what?"

Vera went on in a low tone, as if affected: "I must have had a secret instinct that you were kind and generous."

This result of so much hesitation did not throw any light on the subject, but only made it more obscure.

"There has been preamble enough," said Fleurange, with a calm accent of firmness. "Speak clearly now, Countess Vera, tell me everything without reservation. You may be-

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lieve me when I assure you there is nothing to fear. Though your words do me an injury I can neither foresee nor comprehend, speak, I insist upon it. Hesitate no longer."

"Well, here," said Vera, suddenly throwing on the table a paper till now concealed.

Fleurange took it, looked at it, and blushed at first, then turned pale. "My petition!" she said. "You have brought it back? It has been refused, then?"

"No; it was not sent."

"You mean that the empress, after showing me so much kindness, changed her mind and refused to present it?"

"No; on the contrary, she ordered me to forward your petition, and to add her recommendation."

"Well?"

"I disobeyed her orders."

"I await the explanation you doubtless intend giving me. Go on without any interruption; I am listening."

"Well, first, did you know that George de Walden was the husband promised me—to whom my father destined me from infancy?"

"Who was promised you!—from infancy! No, I did not know that. No matter; go on."

"No matter, indeed; that is not the point, though it is proper to inform you of it. Neither is it a question of his misfortune, or his frightful sentence, or that terrible Siberia where you wished to accompany him and participate in a lot the severities of which you could neither alleviate nor perhaps endure. This is the point: to preserve him from that destiny, to save him, to enable him to regain life, honor, and liberty—in a word, all he has lost. His property, name, and rank can all be restored to him. It is this I have come to tell you and ask you to second."

"All can be restored to him?" repeated Fleurange, in a strange voice. "By what means?—what authority?"

"The emperor's. I have appealed to his clemency, and my prayers have prevailed, but on two conditions, one of which is imposed on George, and the other depends on me. To these two conditions, there is a third which depends on you—you alone!"

Fleurange's large eyes fastened on Vera with an expression of profound astonishment and anguish.

"Finish, I conjure you, if you are not mad in speaking to me so, or I in listening to you—if we are not both deprived of our reason!"

Vera clasped her hands, and passionately exclaimed: "Oh! I beg you to have pity on him!" She stopped, choked with emotion.

Fleurange continued to gaze at her with the same expression, and, without speaking, made a sign for her to continue. She seemed to concentrate her attention in order to comprehend the words addressed her.

"I am waiting," she said at last. "I am listening attentively and calmly; speak to me in the same manner."

Vera resumed in a calmer tone: "Well, this morning just as I had finished reading your petition and learned for the first time who the exile was you wished to accompany — at that very moment the emperor arrived at the palace and sent for me."

"The emperor!" said Fleurange, with surprise.

"Yes, and can you imagine what he wished to say to me? You could not, and I am not surprised, for you are not aware how earnestly I had solicited George's pardon, and, to this end, how zealously I had sought out every circumstance calculated to conciliate his sovereign. Well, what the

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emperor wished to inform me was that this pardon would be granted me —*me*, do you understand?—but on two conditions."

"His pardon!" exclaimed Fleurange. "Go on, I am listening.—"

"The first, that he should pass four years on his estates in Livonia without leaving them.—" Vera stopped.

"I hear; and next?" said Fleurange, raising her eyes.

"Next," said Vera slowly and anxiously, "that the will of my father and his should be fulfilled before his departure."

Fleurange shuddered. An icy chill struck to her heart, and her head swam as if with dizziness. But she remained perfectly motionless.

"His pardon is at this price?" said she in a low voice.

"Yes; the emperor has taken an interest in me from my childhood; he loved my father, and it has pleased him to make this act of clemency depend on the accomplishment of my father's wish."

There was a long silence. Vera herself trembled at seeing Fleurange's pale lips, and colorless cheeks, and her eyes looking straightforward, lost in space.

"And he?" — she said at last. "He accepts his pardon on this condition — without hesitation?"

"Without hesitation!" repeated Vera, blushing with new emotion. "That is what I cannot say. It is this doubt that humiliates and alarms me, for the emperor would regard the least hesitation as fresh ingratitude, and perhaps would annul his pardon."

"But why should he hesitate?" said Fleurange, in an almost inaudible tone.

"Fleurange," said Vera, in that passionate tone she had used two or three times during this interview, "let us rend each other's hearts, if need be, but let us go on to the end. Have you had permission to see George since you came?"

"No."

"But he expects you; he knows you have arrived, and the devotedness that has brought you here?"

"No, he is still ignorant of all this; he was to be informed of it to-morrow."

A flash of joy lit up Vera's black eyes. "Then it depends on you whether he hesitates or not—whether he is saved.—Yes, Fleurange, let him remain ignorant of your arrival, let him not see you again — let him never behold you again," she continued, looking at her with a jealous terror she could not conceal, "and his life will again become brilliant and happy—as it was—as it always should be—and the remembrance of the last few months will disappear like a dream!"

"Like a dream!" repeated Fleurange mechanically, passing her hand over her brow.

"I have told you everything now," said Vera. "I have done you an injury I can understand better than any one else. But," she continued, with an accent that resounded in the depths of the listener's soul, "I wished to save George, I wished to win him back to me! And I thought, I know not why, for I am generally distrustful—yes, I thought I could induce you to aid me against yourself!"

Fleurange, with her hands clasped on her knees, and her eyes gazing before her with a fixed expression, seemed for some moments insensible to everything. She was listening, however—she was listening to that clear, distinct voice which resounded in her soul in a tone so pure—a voice she had never failed to recognize and obey.

If George were free, if he recov-

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ered his name, rank, and former position, would she not still be in the same position as before? In that case, could she treacherously usurp the consent obtained from his mother, and that to the detriment of the one before her—the wife chosen from his infancy? Would it not be treachery to him to present herself before him at the moment of recovering his liberty, and thereby endanger its loss with the momentary favor that conferred it?

She placed her icy hand on Vera's, and turned towards her with a sweet expression of resolution. "That is enough," she said, in a calm tone. "You have done right. Be easy, I understand it all."

Vera, astonished at her expression and accent, looked at her with surprise.

"Do not be afraid," continued Fleurange, in the same tone. "Act as if I were far away—as if I had never come." And, taking the petition lying on the table, she tore it in pieces, and threw it into the fire! There was a momentary blaze, which died away, and she looked at the ashes as they flew.

Vera, with an irresistible impulse, pressed her lips to the hand she seized, then remained mute and confounded. She had come determined to prevail over her rival, to convince her, to use every means of contending if she failed in her first efforts, but her victory suddenly assumed an aspect she had not anticipated. It had certainly been an easy one, and yet Vera felt it had left a bleeding wound. She experienced for a moment more uneasiness than joy, and her attitude expressed no more of triumph than that of Fleurange of defeat. While one remained with her head and eyes cast down, the other had risen. A passing emotion colored Fleurange's cheek, the struggle of the sacrifice gave animation and an unusual brilliancy to her face.

"I think," said she, "you have nothing more to say to me."

"No — for what I would like to say I cannot, dare not."

Vera rose and turned towards the door. A thought occurred to her. She approached Fleurange. "Excuse my forgetfulness," said she; "here is the bracelet you lost this morning. I was commissioned to restore it to you."

At the sight of the talisman, Fleurange started; her momentary color faded away, she became deadly pale, and, as she looked at it silently, some tears, the only ones she shed during the interview, ran down her cheeks. But it was only for an instant. Before Vera realized what she was doing, Fleurange clasped the bracelet around her rival's arm.

"This talisman was a present from the Princess Catherine to her son's betrothed. She said it would bring her good luck. It no longer belongs to me. I return it to you; it is yours."

Fleurange held out her hand. "We shall never see each other again," she continued; "let us not bear away any bitter remembrance of each other."

Vera took her hand without looking at her. She had never felt touched and humiliated to such a degree; gratitude itself was wounding to her pride. But Fleurange's sweet, grave voice was now irresistible, and spoke to her heart in spite of herself. She hesitated between these two feelings. Fleurange resumed: "You are right. It is not my place to wait for you at this time—you have nothing more to forgive me for, I believe, and I forgive you everything."

And as Vera still remained motionless with her head bent down, Fleurange leaned forward and embraced her.

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LX.

The Marquis Adelardi often declared he had witnessed so many extraordinary and unexpected events that he was seldom surprised at anything that happened. But the day that now dawned brought a surprise of the liveliest kind, and even a second one in the course of a few hours. He rose late, according to his custom, and was breakfasting beside the fire when a note was brought him which put a premature end to the repast just begun. After reading it, he fell into deep thought, then rose and strode around his room. Finally he went to the window, and read the following note a second time.

"My Kind Friend: I have changed my mind. I earnestly beg you when you see Count George not to mention my name, and, above all, to take the greatest precaution to keep him for ever ignorant of the plans I formed and the journey I have made. This will be easy, for no one knows I am here, and to-morrow, before night, I shall have left St. Petersburg. Everything will be explained to you, but I only write now what is most essential for you to know without any delay."

In vain he read and re-read. Such were the words, signed *Fleurange*, which he held in his hands. For once the marquis was completely at a loss. Nothing—absolutely nothing—could account for this sudden change. The success of her petition presented the empress the day before was certain. He recalled every detail of his recent interview with her, during which, having nothing more to conceal, she naïvely revealed all the depth and sincerity of her sentiments towards George. He had long been aware of her firmness and courage, and the idea of her drawing back at the last moment in view of the trial never occurred to him. There was, then, an impenetrable mystery, and he impatiently awaited the hour he could go for the promised explanation. But he must first keep his engagement with George. Poor George! he inspired him now with fresh pity, though he had doubted, the evening before, if he was worthy of the consolation in store for him. It seemed now as if he could not live without it, and that a new and more frightful sentence had been pronounced against him. The marquis was about to start for the fortress to fulfil more sadly than ever the painful duty of his powerless friendship, when another letter was brought him. The mere sight of this second missive made him start, and he examined with extreme astonishment the address and the very envelope that bore it, the impression on the seal, and the slight perfume it gave out. All this was a source of surprise, and, for once, it was not unreasonable, as it generally is, to dwell on these exterior signs before solving the mystery by opening the letter. The reader may judge, after learning that the Marquis Adelardi recognized his friend's writing in the address. Since George's imprisonment, he had neither had permission to write, nor the means. In the second place, the paper, the arms on the seal, the perfume—all these things belonged to a different condition, for certainly none of these elegances had been allowed him in prison. The mere exterior of the letter, therefore, had something inexplicable, and, when he opened it to solve the enigma, he read as follows:

"My Very Dear Friend: Per-

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haps the very sight of this letter has given you a suspicion of its contents. If not, know that I am free, or, at least, I shall be so to-morrow! Meanwhile, I have left the frightful cell where you found me yesterday, and now, thanks to the governor of the fortress, am established in his own apartment and surrounded once more by all the delightful accessories of civilized life of which I thought myself for ever deprived—accessories which are only a dawn of the delightful day before me. Yes, Adelardi, free! by the favor of the emperor, against whom I eagerly pledge myself never to enter into a conspiracy as long as I live. Free on two conditions: one to live at my home in Livonia four years; the other — guess what it is! It is not more severe than the first: it is to return to my first love—to her to whom I owe my pardon. In a word, to end where I began, by marrying Vera de Liningen! What do you say to that? Is not this a *dénoûment* worthy of a romance? You predicted it once, do you remember it? 'You will renounce this folly which tempts you, and keep the promise you made.' I was far from believing it then, and perhaps it is well even now that that beautiful siren is seven hundred leagues off, for I know not what would be the result were I subjected to the fascination of those eyes which turned my head, whereas I am now wholly absorbed in the happiness that awaits me. Vera still loves me. She is also beautiful in her way, and, above all, possesses a charm which makes me forget all others. She has the beautiful eyes of liberty which I owe her. Therefore I am not tempted to refuse the hand she is ready to accept, or even my heart, though somewhat *blasé*, but now filled with gratitude strong enough to sufficiently resemble the love she has a right to expect.

"*Au revoir*, Adelardi! Come when you please; I am no longer a prisoner, though I have pledged myself not to leave here till I go to the empress' chapel to meet her who is to accompany me into the mitigated exile to which *we* are condemned."

It would be difficult to describe the strange effect of this letter, coming so soon after the other, upon the person to whom they were both addressed. It would be impossible to say whether he was glad or sorry, indignant or affected, relieved or overwhelmed, by such sudden news; and, though only imperfectly enlightened respecting some of the circumstances he wished to know, he felt that somehow Fleurange had been informed of George's pardon before himself, and the conditions attached to it. This was the evident meaning of her note, which now seemed to the marquis so generous, so touching, and even so sublime, that his whole interest centred, with a kind of passion, in this charming, noble girl. Her letter, which lay beside George's before him, displayed the greatest contrast imaginable to the cold, selfish levity of the latter. At all events, he had no reason now to be anxious about him on whom everything seemed to smile, but rather about her who was immolating herself to-day as much as yesterday—unsuspected by the object—and with a devotedness a thousand times more disinterested and more generous than before.

At that moment the door opened, and the marquis uttered an exclamation of joy and welcome at hearing Clement announced. He was just thinking of him, and wishing he could see him at once. As soon as he looked at him he perceived he was unaware of what had occurred.

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Clement returned home at a late hour the night before, and had not seen Fleurange since their return from the hospital. He now came from the burial of his unfortunate cousin in a distant, obscure spot, to beg the marquis to use his influence to obtain permission to place a simple stone cross on his forlorn grave. But he could not find any opportunity of introducing the subject, the marquis was so eager to enter on that which absorbed him. He informed Clement of George's pardon and the conditions on which it was granted; but in his eagerness he did not at first perceive the effect of the news on his listener. The latter remained motionless, and for moments his excessive surprise prevented him from replying. The aspect of everything was so changed by the intelligence that his mind refused to take it in. He looked at the marquis with so singular an expression that he was struck by it, and clearly saw he had unguardedly touched a deeper and more vital point than he supposed.

"Pardon me, Dornthal, I have excited you more than I wished or expected."

"Yes," said Clement, in a strange voice, "I acknowledge it; but does she know what you have just informed me of?"

The marquis in reply gave him Fleurange's note. He read it with a still more lively emotion than he had just experienced; but he succeeded better in controlling it.

"Poor Gabrielle! This is evidently a generous, spontaneous impulse, worthy of her. But," continued he, in quite a different accent, in which trembled an indignation he repressed with difficulty, "I cannot comprehend how this—how Count George can unhesitatingly consent to the conditions *proposed*, for really I can never believe them rigorously *imposed* by the emperor, still less that they could be accepted if he appreciates as he ought the sentiments which I should suppose would prevent him from accepting them."

The marquis hesitated a moment, and then said: "Here, Dornthal, time presses; it is better you should know everything without delay." And he gave him George's letter.

As Clement read it, contempt and anger were so clearly displayed in his face that the marquis was confounded at the flash of indignation with which he crushed the letter and threw it on the table. "That is exactly what I should have expected from the man you told me of yesterday. Poor Gabrielle!" he continued, in a voice trembling with emotion and tenderness, "it is thus that the precious treasures of thy heart have been lavished and wasted!"

He leaned on the table, and hid his face in his hands. For some instants there was a silence neither sought to break. At length Clement returned to himself. "Once more pardon me, M. le Marquis. I really do not know what you will think of me after the weakness I have shown before you. But no matter, it is not a question of myself, but of her. There is one point I recommend to you which there is no need of insisting upon: she must remain ignorant of the contents of this letter. She must never know—*never*, do you understand?—what kind of a love she thought worthy of hers."

The marquis looked at him with astonishment. "And it is you, Dornthal, who are so anxious as to your cousin's remembrance of Count George!"

This total absence of vulgar triumph and selfish hope added another notable surprise to those of the morn-

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ing. Clement neither noticed Adelardi's tone nor the kind, affectionate expression of regard which accompanied the words he had just uttered.

"I wish her to suffer as little as possible," said he briefly; "that is my only aim and thought."

He rose to go out. The marquis pressed his hand with a cordiality he rarely manifested, and after Clement's departure he remained a long time thoughtful. Perhaps at that moment he was thinking how much more satisfaction there was in meeting and studying such a noble heart than most of those whose acquaintance he had hitherto sought and cultivated with so much eagerness.

LXI.

At Clement's return, he learned that his cousin had asked for him several times. He immediately went up to the room she occupied. His emotion at seeing her again, though less sudden than that he had just experienced, was deeper than he anticipated, for he was unprepared for the change wrought within so short a time. She was, however, as calm and resolute as the night before, though she had passed through what might be called the agony of sacrifice —that hour of inexpressible suffering, not when the sacrifice of one's self is decided upon, not even that in which it is consummated, but the intermediate hour in which repugnance still struggles against the will. It was this hour endured by our common Master in the order of his sufferings after he took upon himself our likeness.

Fleurange had only taken a short hour of repose before day. The remainder of the night she passed wholly in conflict with suffering. She then allowed the repressed sobs that filled her breast during her interview with Vera to burst forth without restraint as soon as she was alone for the night; she gave herself up to the poor solace of tasting at leisure the bitterness of sacrifice, repelling every consoling thought—almost allowing the waves of despair to gather round her, and, if not to break over her, at least to threaten her.

The chamber she occupied was more spacious and sumptuous than Mademoiselle Josephine's, being that of the Princess Catherine herself. It was lighted only by a lamp which burned before the holy images enshrined in gold and silver in one corner, according to the Russian custom. Fleurange threw herself on a couch, and there, with her head buried in the cushions, her long hair dishevelled, and her hands clasped to her face inundated with tears, she gave vent to her grief for a long time without any attempt to moderate it.

Once before in her life she had abandoned herself to a similar transport of grief, though certainly with much less reason. It was when she left Paris two years before, and it seemed as if she was alone in the world, and all the joys of life had come to an end. Those who have not forgotten the beginning of this story may remember that on that occasion the sight of a star suddenly appearing in the clear sky brought her a message of peace. God knows, when it pleaseth him, how to give a voice to everything in nature, and to speak to his creatures by the work of his hands, and even of theirs. An impression of such a nature now infused the first ray of calmness into the tempest that completely overwhelmed her soul. Suddenly raising her head from the attitude in which

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she had so long remained, her eyes naturally turned towards the light diffused by the lamp before the images in the corner of the chamber, the richest of which sparkled in its ray. In these Greek paintings, as we are aware, the heads alone on the canvas stand out from the gold and precious stones that surround them. That which now attracted Fleurange's attention was the image of Christ—that sacred face of the well-known type common to all the representations of Byzantine art. That long, grave face, those mild eyes, with their calmness and depth, have a thrilling, mysterious effect which surpasses a thousand times every reproduction of human beauty. This impression, which a pious love of art enables every one to comprehend, was associated with a tender remembrance of Fleurange's childhood. She had often prayed before a face of similar aspect in the chapel of Santa Maria al Prato. She now looked steadfastly into those divine eyes gazing at her, and it seemed as if that sweet penetrating look pierced to the depths of her soul, and infused a sudden, marvellous, inexpressible consolation. Changing gradually her previous attitude, she remained for some time seated with clasped hands, transfixed. At last, her eyes still fastened on the holy face, she fell on her knees, bent down her head, and remained a long time buried in profound recollection. Her immoderate grief seemed to diminish and change its character. Her tears, without ceasing to flow, lost their bitterness and changed their object; for in the mildness of that majestic look she read a reproach which she comprehended! —

"O my Saviour and my God! pardon me!" exclaimed she, with fervor, bending down till her forehead touched the floor.

Pardon! — Yes, in spite of her purity, her piety, and the uprightness of her soul, it was a word Fleurange was likewise obliged to utter. In it she felt lay solace and peace for her heart. She perceived it now for the first time. A new light began to rise in her soul, like the faint flush of aurora which precedes day, and her grief seemed a punishment merited for forgetfulness, her tears an expiation. These thoughts were still confused; but their influence was already beneficent, and she soon felt really springing up within her the courage and fortitude which she outwardly manifested during her interview with Vera. She had always been capable of action in spite of suffering, and she now sought it, realizing its benefit. The night was far advanced, but she did not feel the need of repose, and before seeking it she would give her heart and mind, even more fatigued than her body, the relief they needed. Under the impression of all the incidents and varied emotions of the day, she wrote the Madre Maddalena a letter which was the faithful transcript of all she had passed through. The joy of the morning, the sacrifice of the evening, her despair scarcely subsided, nothing was concealed or suppressed. not even a fresh ardent aspiration towards the cloister which she thought could no longer be shut against her, and which now seemed the only refuge of her broken heart.

There is a certain art in reading the hearts of others; but it is as great a one to be able to read one's own, and this art Fleurange possessed in the highest degree when in the presence of that great soul which afar off as well as near watched over hers. This outpouring soothed her. She afterwards slept awhile, and, on awaking, courageously despatched the letter which we have just seen

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the Marquis Adelardi read and communicate to Clement.

But such a night leaves its traces. Fleurange's swollen eyes, her contracted features, her pale, trembling lips, and her sad expression indicated suffering which was an insupportable torture to Clement. He would have spared her this at the expense of his life, as it is allowable to say he had proved. But now that the arduous duty of earnestly desiring her happiness through the affection of another was no longer required of him, the impetuous cry of his own heart became almost irresistible in its power, and Clement never manifested more self-control than this morning in subduing the impulse which prompted him a thousand times to throw himself at his cousin's feet, and passionately tell her she loved and regretted an ungrateful man, and that she herself was even more ungrateful than he! But instead of that, he silently pressed her hand. Fleurange saw he was aware of everything, and it was a relief to have nothing to tell. In a few words they made arrangements for their departure, and Clement promised her to start within twenty-four hours.

Meanwhile, Mademoiselle Josephine appeared, and Clement, too preoccupied to use any circumlocution, simply announced the change in his cousin's intentions, without giving her any explanation. But when, in the height of her joy, mademoiselle exclaimed, "She is going back with us!—O mon Dieu! what happiness!" Clement frowned and pressed her hand in so expressive a manner that the poor demoiselle stopped short and, according to her custom, buried her joy in utter silence, saying to herself that the day would perhaps come when she would understand all these inexplicable things, and, among others, why, when she wept at Gabrielle's leaving them, it was necessary to conceal her sorrow; and now she was to remain, it was not permitted to manifest her joy.

"All this is very singular—I always seem to take aim at the wrong moment. And yet, Clement allow me to say that I suspect that, as to this Monsieur le Comte, it was I—and I alone—who was right."

This last reflection did not escape her, it is reasonable to suppose, till later, at one of those seasons of special unburdening her mind to Clement which she sought now and then, and we should add that the smile in return amply repaid her for the frown we have just noted.

The evening passed away almost in silence. The Marquis Adelardi spent it with them. The frightful alteration in Fleurange's features did not allow him to mistake the extent of her sufferings; and her calm, simple manner redoubled the enthusiasm she had always inspired him with—an enthusiasm which gradually ripened into solid friendship, and ultimately wrought a durable, beneficent effect on his life.

Before Clement and his cousin separated for the night, they spoke of Felix's sad burial, and its lack of any religious ceremony. The marquis had promised to obtain the last favor Clement asked—that a cross should mark the spot where he reposed. The following morning Mass was to be celebrated for him in the Catholic church.

"We will attend this Mass together," said Fleurange.

"Yes, Gabrielle, that was my expectation."

The next morning, at an early hour, Fleurange and her cousin were prostrate at the foot of the altar in the large Catholic church on the Nevskoi Prospekt. After all the sorrow that had overwhelmed the young

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girl's soul since the night before, this was an hour of sad consolation and repose. Her long journey, after all, in spite of the bitter deception, in spite of the grief and sacrifice at the end, had not been made in vain. He whose last hours she had consoled, and for whom they were now praying, had carried away with him the blessed influence of her presence into those regions to which repentance opens the door! Repentance! the salvation of the soul that feels it, the benediction of the soul that seconds it, the mysterious joy of the angels that inspire it and rejoice over it as one of the delights of their eternal beatitude!

They left the church, and slowly descended the long avenue bordered by trees called the Nevskoi Prospekt. They found their way impeded by a numerous crowd in front of the gate of the Anitschkoff Palace, which they had to pass. Fleurange, lost in thought, was walking slowly along without looking around, and Clement also was absorbed in his own reflections, when they were both startled as if by an electric shock.

"The newly married pair are coming out," said a voice.

"Married! — condemned, you mean," replied another, laughing. "You know they are both going into exile."

They heard no more. Clement's sudden effort to lead Fleurange away was powerless. She resisted it, and, leaving his arm without his being able to prevent it, she swiftly made her way to the front, and leaned against a tree. She saw the *grille* open — the carriage appeared; it drew near; at last she saw him! Yes; she saw Count George's noble features, his smiling face, his radiant look, and she caught a glimpse of the black eyes and golden locks of the bride. Then it seemed to grow dark around her, and everything vanished from her thoughts as well as from her sight!

. . . . . .

EPILOGUE.

—"No, my Fior Angela, I once more say no, as when you made the same request at Santa Maria that lovely evening in May while we were gazing at the setting sun over the cloisters. What has been changed? And why should God call you now to this retreat if he did not call you then? — Because you suffer still more? But, my poor child, you were suffering then. Life, you said, seemed 'empty and cheerless, unsatisfactory and imperfect.' And, indeed, you were not wrong. That is its real aspect when we compare it with the true life that awaits us. From that point of view nothing truly can give it the least attraction; but with this kind of disgust there is no sadness mingled. We are not sad when an object seems poor and valueless compared with another object wonderful and divine of which we are sure. As I have already told you, this is the disgust of the world whence springs the irresistible call to the cloister; but, as I likewise said, this divine voice, when it speaks to the soul, resounds alone, to the exclusion of all earthly voices. A flame is kindled that absorbs and extinguishes all others, even those earthly lights that are attractive and pure. That divine call has not been made to you. The earthly happiness you dreamed of has failed you, that is all. And this disappointment for the second time has inspired you with the same wish as before; but, as on that occasion, I believe if God

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claimed your life he would not have permitted such a heart as that of my Fleurange to be divided for a day!

"This time, it is true, everything is at an end, and without remedy. You are irrevocably separated from him to whom you gave your heart—allow me to say now, to whom you gave it unreasonably!—You shudder, my poor child, you find me cruel, and all the false brilliancy which fascinated you, now lights up anew the image still present and still dear to your imagination; nevertheless, I will go on.

"There is an earthly love which, if it lengthens the road that leads to God, does not, however, turn one from it—which, by the very virtues it requires, the sacrifices it imposes, and the sufferings that spring from it, often seconds the noblest impulses of the soul.

"Do you not feel now, Fleurange, that the foundation of such a love was wanting to yours? I perceived it at Santa Maria as soon as I heard your story to the end, and looked into the most secret recesses of your heart. I then understood why God had placed obstacles in your way, and imposed a sacrifice on you. Your sufferings appeared to me the expiation of an idolatry you did not realize the extent of.

"If you had shown any doubt or hesitation as to the course to be pursued, if you had been weakly desirous of sparing yourself and escaping the sacrifice imposed, perhaps I should at that time have expressed myself more severely. But you acted with firmness and uprightness, and I deferred revealing to you the secret malady of your heart till, with time, peace should be restored to you. Till then, what you suffered seemed to me a sufficient punishment.

"But it was not to be so. The temptation was to be renewed, and under a form impossible for my poor child to resist. She yielded to the generous, passionate impulse of her heart, and found in the very excess of her devotedness a means of satisfying her conscience which she confusedly felt the need of. But something more was essential: she must suffer still more—more than before. In short, the idol must be shattered, and this destruction seemed to involve the very breaking of her own heart!—

"But it is not so, Fleurange. Across the distance that separates us I would make my voice heard, and wish it possessed a divine power when I say to you: 'Rise up and walk.' Yes; resume your course through the life God gives you, and courageously bless him for having snatched you from the snare of a love not founded on him, which must have proved hollow sooner or later. Then look around, see whom you can console and aid; see also whom you can love; especially notice who loves you, and banish from your heart the thought, equivalent to blasphemy, which you express in saying, 'My life is stripped of all that made it desirable!'—

"Some day, my Fior Angela, you will again recall these bitter, ungrateful words, and will, I assure you, see their falsity. If God did not create you to love him to the exclusion of those lawful affections which reflect a ray of his love, you were still less created to find rest in a love deprived of that light—a love whose sudden rending and keen anguish preserved you from proving its perishable nature and spared you the pain of irreparable deception!

"Once more, Fleurange, prostrate yourself before God, and give thanks: then rise up and act. No lingering pity over yourself, no dwelling regretfully on your deceived hopes and

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the pain you have suffered. Courage! Your heart has been weak, it yielded to fascination; but your volition as yet has never ceased to be strong. However rough the path of duty, it was enough for you to see it in order to walk in it without faltering. Courage, I say! You will live. You will do better than live—you will recover from all this, and recall the time that seemed so dark as that which preceded the real day that is to illumine your life.

"At first this letter will add to your sadness. You will feel yourself deprived of everything, even of the consolation you expected of me; but do not yield to the temptation of burning this letter after reading it. Keep it to read over again, and be sure that sooner or later the day will come when a sweet promise of happiness will respond at the bottom of your heart at reading it. You will then comprehend what were the prayers of your Madre Maddalena for you, dear Fleurange, for they will on that day have been heard!—"

This reply to the letter Fleurange wrote during the night of agitation which followed her interview with Vera we lay before our readers at its arrival at Rosenheim after her return from her sad journey; but one summer evening, two years after, the young girl, seated on a bench overlooking the river, read it over the second time. She was in her old seat, but her appearance was somewhat changed. A severe illness, resulting from the emotion and fatigue endured two years before, endangered her life, and to her convalescence had succeeded a malady slower, deeper, and more difficult to heal, against which all remedies, though energetically seconded by a resolute will, long remained ineffectual.

During this period of weakness Fleurange had never known before, life assumed a new and formidable aspect. For a long time she was unable to struggle actively against the double languor of illness and depression; she had to endure inaction without making it an additional torture to herself and others; in short, she was obliged to be constantly and silently on her guard against herself. She succeeded, however, accepting with grateful docility all the care that surrounded her. She did not repel her friends from her crushed heart, but, on the contrary, endeavored to convince them that their affection was sufficient, and that, once more with them, nothing was wanting. By degrees, it required no effort to say this. As the sun in spring-time melts away the snow, then warms the earth and covers it with flowers, so, under the influence of their beneficent tenderness, everything began to revive in her heart and soul. Was it not delightful, as she lay half asleep on her *chaise longue* for long hours, to hear around her, like the warblings of birds, Frida's caressing voice mingled with the tones of her cousin's little children whom she loved to hold in her arms and caress when they awoke her? Was it not a consolation to rest her weary head on a bosom almost maternal? Was it not salutary to converse with her Uncle Ludwig when he wheeled his chair near the young invalid, and spoke of so many things worthy of her attention without ever turning it away from the highest of all? And Hilda? And Clara? And Julian and Hansfelt? Did they not all come with their constant affectionate interest, each one bringing, as it were, a flower to add its perfume to the air she breathed? Finally, was it nothing when she opened her eyes to meet the kind glance of her old friend who, after

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fearing to lose her, was never weary of gazing at her now she was again restored to life?

And what shall we say of him whom we have not yet named—him whose solicitude for her was not apparently greater than that of his parents and sisters, but who, during her long convalescence, ended by taking a place beside her which no one thought of disputing? Clement's character has been badly delineated if, after the unexpected occurrence that restored freedom to his hopes, it is supposed he was prompt to admit them, and especially to express them. Nevertheless, since it was no longer an absolute duty to maintain a strong, constant control over himself; since the fear of betraying himself no longer obliged him to a restraint with his cousin which had extended to every subject, and ended by frequently obliging him to partially conceal from her the superiority of his mind and the rare nature of his intelligence, a change was wrought in him which he did not realize himself, and now gave to his physiognomy, the tone of his voice, and his whole person a wholly different character than before in the eyes of her to whom he thus appeared for the first time. She noticed it with surprise, and, when he stopped reading to express the thoughts that sprang spontaneously from his heart when moved, or his mind unimpeded in its flight, and touched on a thousand subjects hitherto deemed forbidden, she became thoughtful, and, in spite of herself, compared his eloquence of soul, whose source was so profound, and whose flight was sometimes so elevated, with the eloquence of another which once dazzled her, the only charm of which sprang from his carefully cultivated mind, and his mind alone. Every day she impatiently awaited this hour for reading or conversation. She already appreciated her cousin's devotedness, the incomparable kindness of his heart, his trustworthiness, his energy, and his courage. She had given him credit for all these qualities before, and yet, all at once, it seemed as if she had never known him. She even asked herself one day if she had ever looked at him, so completely did the expression of his countenance —which beamed with what is most divine here on earth—a double nobleness of mind and soul—so fully did his look and smile atone for the imperfections already alluded to in Clement's features, but which time had greatly modified to his advantage. She soon felt that, though she had always cherished a strong regard for her cousin, she had been unjust to him and never appreciated his real worth.

But the day, the hour, the moment when she discovered she had been not only unjust, but ungrateful, and even cruel, we cannot state, and perhaps she did not know herself. Was it the day when, after reading in a tremulous tone a passage that expressed what he dared not utter, he suddenly raised his eyes and looked at her as he had never done before? Was it on another occasion, when, playing one tune after another on his violin, he ended with that song without words which Hansfelt called *Hidden Love*, and suddenly stopped, incapable of continuing? Or was it when, towards the end of the second spring after their return, she had fully recovered, and he saw her for the first time in the open air standing near a rose-bush with her hands full of flowers? Was it when he knelt to pick up one that had fallen at her feet, and remained in that position till she extended her hand and blushingly bade him rise? No matter. That day came, and not long before

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the one when we find her seated on the bench by the river-side, attentively reading over the letter Madre Maddalena had written her two years before.

The young girl, as we have said, had changed somewhat since we last saw her. Her long illness had left some traces, but those traces which are an additional charm in youth, betokening the complete return of brilliant health. Fleurange's form was more slender and supple; her complexion more transparent; her long hair, cut off during her illness, and now growing out again, encircled her youthful face with thick, silky curls—all this gave her something of the grace of childhood, and when she stood beside her cousin, whose tall stature and manly, energetic expression added the appearance of several years to his real age, it would never have been supposed she was not the younger of the two.

Motionless and absorbed, from time to time as she read her face colored and expressed a variety of emotions. But when she came to her own words: "My life is now stripped of all that made it desirable," and what follows, "Some day, my Fior Angela, you will recall these bitter, ungrateful words, and will, I assure you, see their falsity," she stopped short, and, raising her eyes full of tears to heaven, she said: "Yes, Madre mia, you were right!" She covered her face with her hands, and remained a long time absorbed and overpowered by a flood of thoughts. In the depths of her memory, there were vague recollections of the past traced as if by lightning; and some almost forgotten scenes now rose before her like a confused dream.

That violent outburst of grief; the sobs he could not repress when he learned she was determined to go to George; and, later on, the words murmured on the ice when he thought the last hour of his life had come, scarcely heard at the time, and then speedily forgotten, came back to-day like invisible writing brought out by the application of heat. The sentiments she had discovered only within a few days perhaps had long been experienced by Clement, if not always—and, if so, oh! then, how great had been his love and constancy, and what sufferings had he not endured for her sake! Alas! what had she not inflicted on that noble, faithful soul!

"Oh!" cried she aloud, "was there ever a person more blind, more ungrateful, more cruel than I?"

She stopped, started, and raised her head; she thought she heard her cousin's step. She was not mistaken. He sought her in her favorite seat, and now stood before her in the same place where, three years before, she unwittingly caused him so much suffering as he looked at her. It was the same place, and the same season, and also the same hour. Daylight was fading away, and now, as then, the rising moon cast a silver ray over the charming face which he was again seeking to read. But this time his questioning look was comprehended, and the silent response of her beautiful eyes, as expressive as words, imparted to the heart that understood it one of those human joys reserved here below for those alone who are capable of a pure, constant, peculiar love—a love only worthy of being named after that for God.

We might now end this story, and lay down our pen, without attempting to describe the joy of the family when, as night came on, they saw the two absent ones return, and each one divined from their looks the nature of the conversation which to-

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night had detained them so long on the banks of the river. But towards the end of an evening so happy, Mademoiselle Josephine unintentionally made an exclamation it may not be useless to add:

"See! see!" she cried, in the exultation of her happiness, mingled with secret pride at her penetration, "how right I was in thinking Count George!—" She stopped confounded, suddenly recalling all past precautions, and fearing she had been imprudent in neglecting them.

But Fleurange unhesitatingly exclaimed: "Go on, dear mademoiselle, go on without any fear, and boldly pronounce a name I now neither shrink from nor seek to hear."

And, as she spoke, the remembrance of his past tortures crossed Clement's memory, giving him a keener sense of his present happiness. She asked him, in a calm tone, "Is he still in exile, or has he been pardoned?"

Clement replied with a smile: "No, he has not been pardoned; he is still undergoing his sentence to the full extent." After a moment's silence, he added: "I had a letter from Adelardi this very morning which speaks of him. — Would you like to read it?"

At an affirmative nod from her, he took out his pocket-book to find the letter. As he opened it, a little sprig of myrtle fell out. Fleurange immediately recognized it. "What! you still keep that?" said she, blushing.

Clement made no reply. He looked at it with emotion; it was a part of a carefully hoarded treasure, and for a long time the only joy of his hidden love! "Never, no never!" murmured he. "That was my reply that evening, Gabrielle, when you promised me a beautiful bride. Do you remember it?"

"Yes, for I had said the same words an hour before, and the coincidence struck me."

"What can we think of it, now you are really the *fiancée* I dreamed of as impossible?"

"That our presentiments are often illusory — and our sentiments also, Clement," added she, turning towards him her eyes veiled with tears which seemed to implore his pardon.

We will not say what Clement's reply was; only, that it made them both completely forget Adelardi's letter. We will, however, lay it before our readers, who may be less indifferent to its contents than he to whom it was addressed was for the moment. It was dated at Florence. The marquis, whose visits at Rosenheim had become annual, announced his speedy arrival, after which he continued:

"The poor Princess Catherine, after whom you inquire, has had a return of her malady, so many times cured, and it is now increased by dissatisfaction and annoyance more than by age. No one succeeds in taking care of her so well as she whom she still remembers. Each new attack renews her regrets, which have found no compensation in the gratification of her wishes. I have often remarked, however, that there is nothing like the realization of a desire to efface the remembrance of the ardor with which it was sought, and even the transport that hailed its fulfilment. It is certain the princess' actual relations with her son are by no means satisfactory; they are affected by the ill-humor of both parties. George's exile would seem enviable to many; for the place he inhabits has everything to make it delightful excepting the liberty of leaving it, and this mars the whole. He can enjoy nothing, he says, because everything is forced upon him.

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There is reason, therefore, to fear the future he is preparing for himself and his wife is very ominous.

"The Countess Vera is a beautiful, noble woman, capable of self-sacrifice to a certain point, but haughty, high-tempered, and jealous to the last degree. She thought the sacrifice she made in marrying George in the position he was then in, would secure his unsteady heart, and bind him faithfully to her through gratitude. She saw only too soon it was not so, and that the comparative liberty he had regained was soon regarded as a weary bondage. Thence resulted scenes which more than once have disturbed the life whose monotony they are not allowed to break. Will you credit it? In one of them, Vera, in the height of her irritation and jealousy, betrayed the secret hitherto so well guarded, and declared in her anger that *she regretted not having left him to the fate another was so ready to share with him.* She afterwards had reason to regret her imprudence, for George exacted a complete revelation, and the remembrance thus suddenly revived and clad with the double charm of the past and the unattainable caused him in his turn to overwhelm her with the most bitter reproaches. I am not sure but he had the cruelty to tell her he should a thousand times have preferred the fate she saved him from to that he now had to endure with her! — There can only be one opinion as to this mirage of his imagination; but, after all this, you will not be surprised to hear that they both long with equal ardor for their liberty, which they must wait for two years longer. According to appearances, it will be as dangerous for one as for the other. The princess has realized and predicted this since her visit to Livonia last summer, where I accompanied her. During her stay, George did not spare her any reproaches, and they were the more keenly felt because she had for a long time seen that the result of her wishes had been a sacrifice of her own comfort and happiness through her opposition to what had at once deprived her of her son and the only companion that had ever satisfied her. And when she is dissatisfied, she must always vent her anger on some one besides herself. Whom do you think she reproached the other day before me for all her troubles? Gabrielle! — who, she said, did not know how to avail herself of her ascendency three years ago as she should, and to retain it!

"Since she has seen that I by no means sympathize in her regrets — which will not be shared by you either, I suppose, nor, I like to think, by her who inspires them — she is offended with me in my turn, and declares in a melancholy tone that all friends are unfeeling and all children ungrateful! — "

Clement's reply to this letter hastened the marquis' arrival. He had seen his young friend's hopes spring up and develop, and would not for the world have been absent from Rosenheim on the day of their realization. William and Bertha, the discreet confidant who knew how to console Clement in his sufferings without questioning him, were the only friends, besides the marquis, who were admitted that day into this happy family. The wedding was as gay as Clara's, but the newly married pair were graver and more thoughtful. They had both passed through severe trials, which now gave a certain completeness to their happiness, often wanting here below in the most joyful of festivals.

And they also, in their turn, set off for Italy, and it may be imagined that, among the places they visited

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together, the first to which their hearts led them was that where awaited the Madre Maddalena's welcome and blessing. At their return, Mademoiselle Josephine's house, improved and embellished, became their home, on the condition imposed by their old friend that she should dwell under their roof the remainder of her days.

Was their destiny a happy one? We can safely reply in the affirmative. Was it exempt from pains, sufferings, and sacrifices? We can deny that still more positively. But it was, however, enviable; for of all earthly happiness, they possessed what was most desirable, without ever forgetting that "life can never be perfectly happy because it is not heaven, nor wholly unhappy because it is the way thither.*

* Eugénie de la Ferronnays.

AMERICAN CATHOLICS AND PARTISAN NEWSPAPERS.

To Catholics, as such, the political discussions of a Presidential campaign have no special significance. Thus far no issues between the two chief parties have particularly affected us. Both have generally been careful not to offend us; and although in local elections questions touching our schools and charities have sometimes become prominent, in the larger contest our votes have been fairly divided between the Republican and the Democratic candidates. If there ever unfortunately arise a distinctively Catholic party in American politics, it will not be because Catholics are unwilling to co-operate freely with their Protestant fellow-citizens in secular affairs, but because we have been thrown upon the defensive by some combination directly and designedly hostile to our religious interests. None know better than we do that there is no excuse in this country for uniting religious with political issues. Our constitution gives equal liberty and protection to all, and we should be sorry to have it otherwise, for we know that the church makes all the more rapid progress in the United States by reason of her absolute independence. Asking nothing of the state but fair play, she gives no excuse to her enemies for making any discrimination against her children. Her position has been generally understood and approved; and although there are fiery bigots at all times who rave about the dangerous designs of the papists, and affect to dread a crusade with torch and sword as soon as we get to be a little stronger, the good sense of the American people has usually treated these sectaries with the indifference they deserve.

We have intimated, however, in former numbers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, that the chronic anti-Catholic agitation might assume a new character which would require on our part a new attitude of resistance. A few years ago, when the settlement of the issues of the war first seemed to menace the dissolution of the Republican party, the most active leaders of that party began to cast about for a "new departure,"

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and one of their favorite plans for keeping the organization alive was the scheme of compulsory education by the general government. Of this project the Hon. Henry Wilson was a prominent advocate. It has not yet been formally brought into politics, for the party has been able to get along without it; but it has not been abandoned, and we need not be surprised if it be strongly pushed within the next few years. Now, Catholics look upon the question of religious education as one of paramount importance. They will not surrender the teaching of their children into the hands of Protestants and infidels; they will not consent, so far as *their* young people are concerned, to the separation of religious and secular instruction. Any party which seeks directly or indirectly to limit the usefulness or hamper the operations of Catholic schools, must prepare to encounter in Catholics a united and determined resistance.

Thus far no such conflict has arisen. We may hope that it never will arise. And yet, during the canvass that has recently closed, two of the leading organs of Republican opinion have opened a bitter and apparently concerted warfare upon the Catholics of the United States which we cannot help regarding as highly significant. In the midst of a Presidential campaign, political organs never make such attacks except for political reasons. The papers to which we refer are in close relations with the party leaders. *The New York Times* became for a time, when *The Tribune* abandoned orthodoxy, the principal Republican newspaper of the principal state in the Union. It is known to have reflected with tolerable accuracy the sentiments of the Republican managers in New York, and it has always said what it assumed to be acceptable at the White House. For a long time it has been notoriously unfriendly to Catholics. It has amused itself, in its heavy, witless way, laughing at what they hold sacred and abusing all that they respect. Until a few months ago, its offensive utterances seemed to be merely the occasional vulgarities of a bigotry that did not know enough to hold its tongue. But when Mr. Francis Kernan was nominated for Governor of the State of New York, its assaults became more methodical, more vehement, and apparently more malicious. Mr. Kernan is a Catholic; so *The Times* instantly denounced him as "a bigot." An utterly untrue pretence was made that Democrats were asking Irishmen to vote for him on account of his religion, and thus the point was insinuated rather than openly pressed that on account of his religion Protestants ought to vote against him. For the first time, to our knowledge, since Know-Nothing days, the question of religious belief was dragged into the dirty arena of politics. Happily, the Catholics as a body kept their temper and their judgment during these infamous proceedings. They refused to be drawn into the discussion which *The Times* wanted to provoke, and even when that paper surpassed all its former disreputable acts by reproducing in its columns a forged handbill, showing the name of Francis Kernan surrounding a huge black cross, and told the public that such were the devices by which the Democratic candidate sought to inflame the fanatical zeal of his followers, the Catholics contented themselves with one word of indignant denial. It would have been a rash display of political courage to which we do not believe *The Times* capable of rising, if an open attack had been made upon the Ca-

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tholic faith or Catholic morals. *The Times* was even frightened at its own frankness in scolding at Mr. Kernan for a bigot. It professed to be shocked at the introduction of religious affairs into the discussions of the campaign, and carried on a cowardly anti-Catholic warfare under cover of repelling purely imaginary assaults. Of course this subterfuge was well understood by all parties. The Catholics knew that they had done nothing to draw this fire; the Protestants also knew it, and a great many of them were indignant at the transaction. Was *The Times* itself deceived? That is a question which perhaps we should not attempt to answer. In its wild bigotry, it is capable of believing almost any preposterous falsehood against us; but it is equally capable of inventing one. Some familiarity with the course of political controversies in the United States has convinced us that in a fight *The Times* sticks at nothing. It would rather stab an enemy in the back than kill him in open battle. It never gives fair-play; it never makes amends for a wrong-doing; it never withdraws a calumny. Everybody who has had a controversy with it will bear witness that it is not in the habit of telling the truth about its adversaries. That it is in the habit of consciously, or, to speak more correctly, deliberately, lying we do not go so far as to say. But there is a kind of falsehood very common with people of strong prejudices to which *The Times* is greatly addicted. It bears about the same relation to truth that hyperbole bears to historical statement. Let us suppose that *The Times* really imagines the Catholic Church to be a dangerous and immoral organization, and its bishops and supporters in this country to be engaged in an enterprise which ought to be resisted; with this conviction of the general wickedness of Catholic principles, it imagines itself justified in charging upon individual Catholics a variety of specific crimes for which it has no evidence whatever. Catholics are none too good to commit murder, we can imagine it saying; therefore let us accuse Francis Kernan of killing his grandmother. The Pope is an impostor; therefore it cannot be wrong to call Archbishop McCloskey a thief. Indeed, men who would blush to tell an untruth in private intercourse with their fellow-men have no hesitation in publishing slanderous accusations which they suppose may "help their party"; and, if we should say that their conduct in doing so was to the last degree infamous, they would affect to be shocked by our strong language. The editor of *The Times* would think twice before he went into a club parlor, and publicly accused some prominent citizen of a criminal action, unless he had the strongest possible proof of the commission of the offence. But he makes such accusations every day in his newspaper, without knowing, and we presume without caring, whether they are true or not. Anybody whom he dislikes he regards as an outlaw. Anybody who comes in his way is a fit subject for the penitentiary. We saw a striking illustration of his entire insensibility to the demands of truth and honor in his behavior towards a rival newspaper a few weeks ago. At the close of the year, *The Times* made great efforts to secure the old subscribers of *The Tribune*, who were supposed to be dissatisfied with that paper's recent declaration of political independence, and the means which it took to secure them was one which in any other business would have resulted in a suit for slander and a verdict in very heavy

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damages. *The Times* first circulated a report that *The Tribune* had sold itself to one of the most disreputable stock-gamblers in Wall Street, and then assured the public that the circulation of its competitor had fallen away more than half, and was rapidly going down to nothing at all. Both these stories were well known to be entirely untrue, and, if the editor of *The Times* was not conscious of their falsity when he penned them, he might easily have learned the truth by a moment's inquiry. But he did not want the truth. He wanted to say something damaging, and these were the most damaging things he could think of.

How much he succeeded in damaging Mr. Kernan by his campaign slanders against Catholics, we can guess from the figures of the election. Mr. Kernan received about 5,000 more votes for Governor than Mr. Greeley received in this State for President; but he received 5,000 fewer than the candidate for Lieutenant-Governor on the same ticket. This loss is probably attributable directly to the anti-Catholic feeling, for Mr. Kernan is a gentleman to whom no personal objection could possibly be made except on religious grounds. No doubt an equally large number of voters were repelled, by the bigotry *The Times* fostered, from supporting the Democratic and Liberal ticket at all; so that we shall not pass the bounds of probability if we estimate the fruit of prejudice and falsehood in this case as equivalent to ten thousand votes.

Catholics are used to injustice, and they are not quick to resent it. In America, the church has prospered under every sort of obstacle and discouragement short of the direct hostility of the government, and it is not likely that her course will be stayed by *The New York Times*. But it is well for us to look at the situation carefully, and judge who are our friends. If any political party is to make bigotry part of its stock in trade, we cannot help taking notice of such a declaration of hostilities, and we shall govern ourselves accordingly.

We have said that *The Times* and *Harper's Weekly* appear in this matter to have acted in concert. Perhaps it is unfair to hold the party managers fully responsible for the utterances of these two violent newspapers; but we cannot forget that both journals are in close communion with the Republican administration, and that both have been governed during the campaign by the judgment of the Republican leaders. The editor of *The Times* enjoys the most intimate association with the federal organization popularly known as the "Custom-house faction" in New York City; the editor of *Harper's Weekly* is the personal friend of the President, and speaks the mind of the President's chief advisers in Washington. If, then, these two papers have made a systematic assault upon the Catholic Church in the midst of a sharp political controversy, and have taken pains to give their furious Protestantism a direct political bearing, the party for which they speak must be prepared to face the responsibility. It should be observed, however, in justice to the sensible and unprejudiced members of the party, that *Harper's Weekly*, though it may have been encouraged in its bitterness by partisan considerations, did not draw from such motives its first anti-Catholic inspiration. It has always been our enemy. A spirit of commercial fanaticism, the hatred of a religion which it will pay to abuse, has distinguished the firm of the Harpers ever since the public has known anything about them.

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The political campaign of 1872 made no difference in the tone of their paper; it merely gave force, and concentration, and regularity to the attacks which had previously been spasmodic.

How coarsely it attempted to turn to political account the religious bigotry upon which it had always traded may be seen in an article entitled "Our Foreign Church," published in *Harper's Weekly* of the 14th of September last. The writer starts with the assumption that all religious denominations in this country, except "the Romish Church," patriotically renounced the authority of their European rulers when the American republic was founded. The Methodists "rejected the control in political and ecclesiastical matters of their founders"; the Presbyterians repudiated the General Assembly of Scotland; Episcopalians revolted from the Archbishop of Canterbury; the Jews "threw themselves boldly into the tide of American progress"; while the Catholic Church alone stood aloof, and "refused to separate itself from its European masters," and conform its organization to the Declaration of Independence and the constitution of the United States. Ridiculous as this complaint sounds, it is no burlesque, but a faithful synopsis of the nonsense which Mr. Eugene Lawrence is permitted to print in *Harper's Weekly*. A church of divine origin, according to this preposterous person, is to change its divine laws to conform to the requirements of temporary human institutions; and the political theories of Thomas Jefferson are to govern the ordinances of Jesus Christ. It is the glory of the true church that she is above all secular constitutions. She has seen the rise and fall of countless dynasties and states; she will survive the ruin, if every form of government now known upon earth shall be eventually overthrown. Empires, kingdoms, republics, are all alike to her. She was founded for all ages and all climes; she was not created, as Mr. Eugene Lawrence seems to think she ought to have been, for the exclusive benefit of the United States of America. This is a great country; but we presume that our constitution, amendments and all, occupies but an insignificant place in the divine order of the universe.

Obeying its heaven-appointed head, who did not see fit to choose either Europe or America for the place of his human birth, the Roman Catholic Church in America, according to *Harper's Weekly*, is a foreign body, and, therefore, dangerous (as all foreigners are) to the peace of society. "It is loud in its denunciations of American civilization;" it "furnishes three-fourths of the criminals and the paupers who prey upon the Protestant community"; it never intermits its "attacks upon the principles of freedom"; and "its great mass of ignorant voters have been the chief source of our political ills." Moreover, "the unpatriotic conduct of the Romish population in our chief cities during the rebellion is well known. They formed a constant menace and terror to the loyal citizens; they thronged the 'peace meetings'; they strove to divide the Union; and when the war was over they placed in office their corrupt leaders, and plundered the impoverished community." We are almost ashamed to copy, even for the purpose of denouncing it, this insult to the memory of our dead Catholic soldiers. There is not a man in the United States who does not know of the noble share of these outraged "Romish" troops in the terrible struggles of the civil war; not a man who is ignorant of the splendid

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record of the Irish regiments under the Union flag on every hard-fought field from the first Bull Run to the last conflict before Richmond. "The Romish population of our chief cities" furnished the bone and sinew of more than one gallant army during those four sad years. They gave up their lives for the country of their birth or their adoption with a heroism that stirs every sensitive heart. Their priests followed the army on the march and into the fight. Their Sisters of Charity nursed the wounded and the sick. The greatest of their prelates, aided by another bishop who is still living, spent the last remains of his strength in defending the cause of the Union in hostile foreign capitals. Nothing, in fine, could be more magnificent than the patriotism with which the adherents of this "foreign church" sacrificed life and fortune for their country during its hour of need; and we have no language to define the infamy of endeavoring to make capital for Gen. Grant by maligning the devoted men whom he led to death at Shiloh and in the wilderness, and whose bravery, we are sure, he would be the last man to depreciate.

And now, continues the writer in the *Weekly*, as the Presidential election approaches, "our foreign church has assumed more openly than ever before the form of a political faction." "Romish priests" and "Romish bishops" have taken the field as the partisans of Mr. Greeley, "the candidate of disunion *and of religious bigotry*"!—the italics are ours—and the church is engaged in an attempt "to place the fallen slaveholders once more in power." For these statements we deliberately declare that there is no justification whatever. Mr. Eugene Lawrence invented them out of his own bigotry and malice; and when he had the folly and insolence to threaten us, as he did at the close of his article, with "the vengeance of the people," he added to his untruthfulness a degree of hypocrisy which we have rarely seen equalled even in the publications of the house of Harper & Brothers. We say hypocrisy; but perhaps that is unfair. Mr. Lawrence may be silly enough to tremble at the bogies of his own devising. He may imagine that the rest of the world is as much afraid of the Pope as he is. He may fancy that the whole party of which he is such a hard-working member is burning with desire to take the Jesuits by the throat and hang them on the nearest lamp-post. If he did not suppose that a profitable market could be found for his sensational wares, he probably would not be at the trouble of the manufacture. If the "vengeance of the people" do not menace the Jesuits, it will certainly not be the fault of Mr. Lawrence. In the issue of the *Weekly* for Oct. 12, he had a furious narrative of "The Jesuit Crusade against Germany," the points of which are substantially these: The Jesuits, with the aid of the Inquisition (of which they are the directors) and of a hired band of convicts and brigands, obtained the absolute mastery of the city of Rome and the papal government. The wretched people "cowered before their Jesuit rulers," and within the crumbling walls of the guilty capital "priests and cardinals perpetrated their enormities unchecked and unseen." They then, by means of their "lawless police," overpowered the Œcumenical Council, and forced it, "by intimidation and bribes," to accept the doctrine of infallibility, to curse liberty and education, and to set on foot a bloody crusade against political and intellectual freedom. This was in accordance with the Je-

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suits' time-honored policy. "The fierce and fanatical Loyola" used to burn heretics in Spain and Italy, and taught his followers that no mercy should be shown to such offenders. It was the Jesuits who set on foot the persecutions under Charles V. and Philip II., and "excited the unparalleled horrors of the Thirty Years' War." In 1870, they were getting ready for a new religious war. Napoleon III. was their chief backer. In fact, the attack upon Germany in 1870 was the result of a conspiracy between Rome and Paris, concluded at the council, and the purpose of the war was nothing less than the establishment of the Jesuit Order on the ruins of prostrate Germany! For this scheme *the Irish Catholics of Dublin, London, and New York "furnished men, sympathy, and possibly money."* And now that the conspiracy has failed, and that the papists of France have been beaten (in spite of all the sinews of war so lavishly furnished by the Irish laborers and servant-girls of New York), the Jesuits are getting up another European convulsion. "The Romish Church, organized into a vast political faction, is stirring up war in Europe, calls upon France to lead another religious crusade, and promises the aid of all the chivalry of Catholicism in avenging the fall of Napoleon upon the German Empire." It purposes to involve all the great states of Europe in a common ruin, "and erect the Romish See upon the wrecks of the temporal empires." The pilgrimage of Lourdes is a part of this scheme. The Catholic Union is another. The International Society of Workingmen (of which the Jesuits are the secret instigators!) is another. Mr. Lawrence exhibits the venerable fathers in the unfamiliar garb of communists, and substitutes the red cap for the beretta with all the effrontery and *nonchalance* in the world. The Order which in one column is the detested safeguard of absolutism becomes in the next the raving propagandist of social anarchy, revolution, and universal democracy. Can any rational person after this condescend to dispute with Mr. Lawrence?

As in the other cases to which we have referred, there was a political moral to this story also. If we would avert this horrible era of blood and fire, said *Harper's Weekly*, we must vote for General Grant, and stand up for the straight Republican ticket. Grant is the firm ally of Germany against Jesuitism. Grant is the champion of public schools against religious education. Grant is the enemy of all manner of Romish fraud and violence. Greeley is the friend of priests and persecutors, the foe of the Bible and education, the accomplice of that infamous "Jesuit faction" which "would rejoice to tear the vitals of American freedom, and rend the breast that has offered it a shelter"; and if he should be elected the "Jesuit Society" would celebrate the victory "like a new S. Bartholomew, with bells, cannon, processions, prayers at the Vatican," and hasten "the rising of the Catholic chivalry . . . in their sanguinary schemes against the peace and independence of Germany." Such was the wicked nonsense with which *Harper's Weekly* in the autumn of 1872 attempted to make political capital out of the ignorance and bigotry of its readers.

But this was not the worst. The Jesuits were not only conspirators against political and mental freedom, they were the principal enemies of the freed people of the South. Their society (*risum teneatis, amici*) had "allied itself with the Ku-klux of Georgia and Mississippi"! And so infatuated

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was the *Weekly* with the monstrous folly of this tale that week after week it returned to the same slander. On Oct. 26 it printed a portrait of the Most Reverend Father-General, accompanied with one of the most outrageous pages of falsehood and defamation ever put into type. "In our country," says the author of the article, "the Jesuit faction has allied itself with the Ku-klux." "The Jesuit Society assumes the guise of liberalism, and cheers on the rebel and Ku-klux in their plots against the Union." "In America the Jesuits link themselves with the Ku-klux." They do this because they hate the republic. They denounce, "with maledictions and threatenings, the course of modern civilization."

"The world is in danger from the mad schemes of the triumphant society; it is rousing France to a new crusade with omens and pilgrimages; it threatens the German Empire with a war more disastrous and destructive than Europe has ever seen. It summons its adherents to the polls in Italy; it guides the elections of Ireland, terrifies Spain, and even disturbs the repose of London; and in our own country, so recently torn by civil war, the papal crusaders, linked by the tie of perfect obedience, stand ready to profit by our misfortunes, and to stimulate our internal dissensions; to crush those institutions that have ever reproached their own despotism, and destroy that freedom which is the chief obstacle to their perpetual sway."

The picture which the *Weekly* draws of these dangerous brethren is horrible enough to throw a child into fits:

"A dreadful mystery still hangs over them. Their proceedings are secret, their purposes unknown. At the command of an absolute master, they wander swiftly among the throngs of their fellow-men, eager only to obey his voice. Obedience is to the Jesuit the first principle of his faith, instilled into his mind in youth, perfected by the labors of his later years; he hears in the slightest intimations of his chief at Rome the voice of his God, the commands from heaven; and in the long catalogue of fearful deeds which history ascribes to the disciples of Loyola, the first impulse to crime must always have come from the absolute head of the Order, and its single aim has always been to advance the power of the Romish Church. Scarcely had its founder gained the favor of the Pope, and fixed his seat at Rome, when he revived the Inquisition. Italy trembled before the spectacle of ceaseless *autos-da-fe;* the tortures and the cries of dying heretics, the ruin of countless families, the flight of terrified and hopeless throngs from their native land to the friendly shelter of Germany and Switzerland, were the earliest fruits of the relentless teachings of Loyola. The Jesuits led the armies of the persecutors into the beautiful Vaudois valleys, and the worst atrocities of that mournful example of human wickedness are due to their brutal fanaticism. Soon they spread from Italy through all the kingdoms of Europe; everywhere they brought with them their fierce and cruel hatred of religious freedom, their cunning, their moral degradation, their bold and desperate policy. They ruled in courts; they terrified the people into submission; they were the most active politicians of their time; their wealth was enormous; their schools and colleges spread from Paris to Japan; and for three centuries the name of the Jesuits, covered with the infamy of the massacres of the Vaudois, the Huguenots, the Hollanders, and the Germans, surrounded by its terrible mystery, the symbol of a dark and dreadful association, has filled mankind with horror and affright."

The practical conclusion to be drawn from all this rhetoric was that everybody, and especially every German, ought to vote for Gen. Grant and the straight Republican anti-Jesuit ticket. It was the Jesuits who "nominated Mr. Greeley, a person known to be in friendly connection with the Romish leaders and closely linked to the Papal Church." The Jesuits "cover Grant with monstrous calumnies, and celebrate the erratic Greeley." "Let every German beware lest he lend aid to the enemies of his country. Let him shrink from the support of any candidate who is

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maintained by the influence of the Jesuits." "We trust every sincere Protestant . . . will labor ceaselessly to defeat the schemes of the Jesuits, and drive their candidate back to a merited obscurity." And in the same number we find the following wicked paragraph:

"A Jesuit, the Rev. Mr. Renaud, was appointed some time ago by Archbishop McCloskey to superintend the Romish interest in our city charities. The result was at once apparent. The Jesuits excited a revolt in the House of Refuge. One of the keepers was murdered. One of the convicts was sent to the State prison. The rebellion was subdued; but the Jesuits still defend the murderer, and assail with calumnies the House of Refuge, one of the most valuable and successful of our city institutions. This is a curious confirmation of that dangerous character of the Jesuit Society which is painted upon a larger scale in our article in the present number on 'The Jesuits.'"

The next slander of the *Weekly* was to identify Tweed with the Jesuits. "When the Romish priests," says this astonishing journal (Nov. 2, 1872), "at the command of their foreign master, began their assaults upon the public schools, they found a ready ally in the Tammany Society. . . . Tammany became the representative of a foreign influence and a foreign church. It was European rather than American. It teemed with the coarse prejudices, the dull ignorance, the intense moral blindness that to American sentiment are so repulsive, with that mental and moral feebleness that belongs to populations racked by the despot and oppressed by the priest." An infamous compact was now struck between Tammany and the Papal Church. The "Romanists" supported the political leaders in riotous license, gross vices, and indecent corruption; while an enormous debt was laid upon the city "to satisfy the demands of the Romish priests." Thus Tammany, by the aid of its foreign allies, became despotic master of New York.

"Covered with the ineffaceable stains of treason and of public robbery, its members attempted to rule by force, and in the spring of 1871 New York lay at the mercy of rebels, peculators, and foreign priests. The press was threatened, whenever it complained, with violence, lawsuits, and the frowns of infamous courts. The Common Council was imported from Ireland, and foreign assassins threatened the lives of those ardent citizens who planned reform."

The overthrow of the Tweed and Connolly Ring was a stunning defeat for the Pope and his agents. The nomination of Greeley and Kernan (the one openly, the other secretly, a slave of the Jesuits and the Inquisition) was a desperate attempt of the Jesuits to recover what they had lost. And then followed the usual homily, "Vote for Grant," etc.

In this bitter political campaign against the church the writers for *Harper's Weekly* were zealously assisted by their artist, Mr. Thomas Nast. This individual has done more to degrade his profession than any other draughtsman we know of, except, perhaps, the makers of lascivious pictures for some of the flash newspapers. He has made a practice of ridiculing the religious belief of hundreds of thousands of honest people who came to America, as he did, from a foreign land, because America offers to all immigrants the fullest measure of political equality and religious freedom. It has been his pleasure to depict the priest invariably as a sleek, sensual, brutal, and repulsive rogue; the bishop as a grim, overbearing, and cunning despot, or now and then as a crocodile crawling with open jaws towards a group of children. In the *Weekly* of Oct. 12, he represents Brother

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Jonathan attempting to sever the tie which binds an American bishop to the Pope, holding out, as he does so, a naturalization paper inscribed "This ends the foreign allegiance." The Pope has his arms full of papers: "Orders to all state officials that are Roman Catholics"; "Down with the American public schools"; "The promised land, U. S.," etc.; and the bishop carries similar documents: "Orders from the Pope of Rome to the Catholics in America"; "Vote for Horace Greeley"; "Vote for Kernan; he is a Roman Catholic, and will obey the orders of the church." Another picture, entitled "Swinging around the circle," was intended to represent all the disreputable supporters of Mr. Greeley in company. "Free love and Catholicism" were side by side, in the persons of Theodore Tilton and a priest, and "Mass and S. C." figured as a conventional Irishman with one of the Ku-klux. Mr. Kernan was drawn (Nov. 2) kneeling, in an abject attitude, at the feet of the Pope ("Our Foreign Ruler"), and swearing, "I will do your bidding, as you are infallible"; in the background stood a priest loaded with papal orders against the public schools; and on the wall was a copy of the forged handbill, with the legend, "For governor, Francis Kernan," surrounding a black cross. In a picture of the "Pirates under False Colors," a priest with a cross held aloft in one hand, and a tomahawk half hidden in the other, is a conspicuous figure in a gang of ruffians. In another cartoon a vulgar-looking priest is seen sprinkling the ruins of Tammany Hall with holy-water.

Now, we know very well that from one point of view the introduction of these calumnies into politics was fraudulent. Mr. Greeley certainly had no leaning towards the Catholic Church and no affiliations with Catholic leaders, and Gen. Grant, we venture to affirm, is insensible to the bigotry which his unworthy followers brought up as a reason for his re-election. We have nothing to ask of any President, and we give our votes according to our individual preferences. But while we do not purpose acting as a religious body in any political movement, we do not purpose either to be set aside by any political party as an outlawed and degraded people, upon whom venal pamphleteers and ignorant politicians may trample at pleasure. If party organs take pains to attack us, and pour out, day after day, and week after week, their filthy libels upon us, the party which sanctions such a warfare and tries to reap the fruits of it shall bear the responsibility. The Catholics of the United States are too numerous, too intelligent, and too public-spirited to be treated with contempt by any faction, whether that faction call itself Liberal, or Republican, or Democratic. We prefer, as we have often said before, to let the politicians alone, and go our various ways in quiet, some after one leader, some after another. But it may as well be understood that, if any of these parties invite an irrepressible conflict with us, they will find out, we trust, that we are not disposed to flinch from the defence of our rights, which are identical with the rights of all other American citizens.

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BRUSSELS.

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spoke again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!"

Childe Harold.

THE roar of cannon that ushered in the day of Waterloo—the deadly Waterloo, big with the fate of empires—the fatal Waterloo, that sealed the doom of the mighty conqueror, that hurled him on the prison-island in the far-distant ocean, where expiation could be the only consolation of the proud, haughty heart that knew no law but the iron will, which, irresistible to all else, was shivered on the Rock of Peter—was not the first, and may not be the last, sound of fearful strife there heard, as Belgium has ever been the chosen battle-field of Europe.

And so well is the fact recognized, that the sole condition on which she now exists as an independent state, is that of perfect neutrality. No matter what may be her sympathies, what may be her interests, she cannot take the sword: she can only defend her frontier, and prevent the entrance of either friend or foe. This it is that gives her importance; her central position, which makes her the key of the Continent, causes England to watch over her with tender interest, gives the mistress of the seas a *pied-à-terre* in case of a general war—a contingency which may arise at any moment.

The late King Leopold I., the Nestor of the European sovereigns, held an exceptional position; the head of one of the smallest states, he had perhaps the largest personal influence. His sagacity and experience made his advice sought and respected by all. When, in the revolution of 1848, thrones were tumbling down, and kings flying in every direction, of course Brussels had to follow the prevailing fashion, and, without knowing exactly what was wanted, the Bruxellois assembled around the palace; but before they could state their grievances, Leopold appeared upon the balcony, told them there was no necessity of any demonstration; he had come to Brussels at their invitation, and was ready to leave, if his departure would make them happier. Whereupon they reconsidered the question, and concluded to let well enough alone.

After the separation of Holland and Belgium, Brussels increased rapidly, and is now one of the pleasantest capitals in Europe. The new part of the city, the Quartier Leopold, is a beautiful faubourg, and the boulevards that encircle the city with a belt of green verdure, furnish a delightful promenade. The park, a portion of the forest of Soignies, is charming; the great trees meet in arches, and shade the crowds of ladies and children, who live in the open air on fine days. On Sundays, the military bands play from 2 to 3 P.M.; and every summer evening, from the 1st of June to the 1st of

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September, the orchestra of the Grand Opera gives concerts in the kiosk of the *Quinconce*, the flower-garden of the park.

Life in Brussels is very pleasant, easy, and independent; all the appliances of modern civilization are within reach, botanical and zoological gardens, picture galleries, theatres; the opera is a permanent fact, at a reasonable rate; the orchestra led by Hanssens (recently departed for another world) was admirable; numbered among the violinists De Beriot, blind, but playing always with rare skill, and the other artists were of equal merit. Of late years Brussels has become a *foyer* for discontented spirits—

> "Black spirits and white,
> Red spirits and gray,
> Mingle, mingle, mingle,
> You that mingle may."

And mingle they do without fear of *mouchards*, and air their opinions, no matter how wild and dangerous. If they go a little too far, the government or persons attacked interchange a few diplomatic notes with the Belgian authorities, and then the police politely request them either to be silent or try another dwelling-place. Prim was for a long time resident, but one fine morning was advised to take his departure, as his intrigues were becoming too open and dangerous, but had been kept secret long enough to lay the mine that exploded and blew the Queen of Spain into France; and Henri Rochefort, driven from France, issued his *Lanterne*, which threw light on many facts then thought to be false, but which events proved to have been only too true.

Brussels is a paradise for women of taste; for where else can be found such laces and fairy webs, such garnitures of *point de Bruxelles*, of Valenciennes, of Malines, of Duchesse? A morning stroll down the Montagne de la Cour and the Madeleine is a feast for the eye, for lace-making is one of the fine arts; the large houses employ three or four first-class artists to draw the designs, and, as the competition is great, the efforts to surpass are immense. In making up a bride's trousseau, it is etiquette for the mother of the bride to give the white laces, the happy bridegroom the black; and the prices where the parties are wealthy run up to an enormous amount.

The gold embroideries are equally beautiful; in one *fabrique* we saw a set of vestments just finished for the Cathedral of Tournai; they were for Lent, and were violet, with the instruments of the Passion exquisitely done in raised embroidery. The effect was admirable; on the back of the chasuble was the cross with the spear and the sponge, and so perfect was the sponge it seemed as though it could be grasped. The column was on the front of the vestment. It was a complete set for priest, deacon, and sub-deacon, with five copes, so that the artist had full opportunity for the display of his talent. The same house had recently sent off the dresses for the Empress of Austria and the ladies of her court, to be worn when they walked in the procession on the Feast of Corpus Christi. Specimens of the embroidery, which was of silver on white satin, were shown us, and, judging by what we saw, the effect of the whole must have been charming.

The Musée Ancien is devoted to the artists of the past. Hubert and Jean Van Eyck, whose discovery of the use of oil in mixing colors revolutionized art, are represented by the "Adam and Eve" and the "Adoration of the Magi." Holbein's portrait of Sir Thomas More is worthy of the subject and the artist. Crayer's Saints and Martyrdoms abound; one,

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the "Apparition of Our Lord to S. Julien," illustrates the beautiful legend of S. Julien and his wife, S. Basilisse, who founded a hospital, where they received and tended the sick poor. One winter night, hearing sighs and groans at the door, S. Julien went out, and found a man nearly frozen to death. He carried him in, warmed him before the fire, restored him to consciousness, and then laid him in his own bed. The next morning the holy couple went in to see their guest. The bed was empty, and, as they approached it, Jesus, for it was he who had taken the form of the poor sick man to try their charity, appeared to them, and said, "Julien, I am your Lord and Saviour, who announces to you that ere long you and your wife will repose in God."

The "Martyrdom of S. Peter," by Van Dyck, is terrible. The saint is fastened to the cross, and three men are placing it in the ground. One, kneeling, is endeavoring to push the end of the cross into the hole prepared to receive it, another supports the cross on his shoulders, the third steadies it. Meanwhile, all the blood in S. Peter's body seems to have descended into his head and face, which is brick-dust color, and looks as though it would burst. Altogether it is a fearful picture, so lifelike that one waits to hear the thump the cross will give when finally placed. Such pictures make us appreciate our feather-bed Christianity, the comfortable way we try to gain heaven and at the same time keep up an agreeable acquaintance with the world, and perhaps its friend, the devil.

The finest Rubens in this Musée is "Christ ascending Calvary." It is when he is met by S. Veronica and some other women, who are magnificently dressed, thus making the contrast greater between them and the exhausted, blood-stained figure of Our Lord, who is sinking beneath the weight of the cross, and the agonized face of his blessed Mother, who, supported by S. John, is advancing with outstretched hands to the assistance of her beloved One.

The flower-pieces by Seghers, the famous Jesuit painter, are exquisite; interiors by Cuyp and Teniers, displaying their delicate care and finish, are numerous; pictures by Rembrandt, with all his wonderful effects of light and shade; some charming faces by Velasquez—two lovely little girls hand-in-hand, who look as if they would step out of the frame and speak; two splendid half-lengths of Albert and Isabella, by Rubens, whose portraits are always admirable; and some very good specimens of the Italian school, among which are a Madonna of Sassoferrato, and a portrait of a young woman, by Guercina, which is very beautiful.

The Musée Moderne is a collection of the modern Belgian school, which deservedly ranks among the first. "Hagar in the Desert," by Navez, is as touchingly beautiful as any of the masterpieces of the great past; Leys, Wiertz, Gallait, Portaels, whose "Fuite en Egypte" is found everywhere, are men whose genius is recognized by all Europe; Van Schendel has produced effects of light as remarkable as Rembrandt; Willems and Stevens in finish rival Cuyp and Teniers; and Verboekhoven's cattle-pieces are unsurpassed. Art is encouraged and fostered by the government; every year there is a grand competition for the "Prix de Rome"; a committee is appointed by the crown to decide upon the merit of the pictures, and the successful one receives the Prix de Rome, which is four thousand francs, a sum sufficient to maintain a student in Rome, in

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artist style, three years, while he continues his studies.

Brussels is comparatively modern; it was a mere village when Malines, Louvain, and other towns had acquired importance. In 1005, it passed by marriage into the possession of the Comtes de Louvain, under whom it rapidly increased; in 1040, it was surrounded by massive walls, of which some portions still remain in the garden of the Curé of S. Gudule. In 1106, Comte Godfrey le Barbu acquired the title of Duc de Brabant, but Louvain continued the most important town in the duchy, and preserved the title of capital until the time of Albert and Isabella, who preferred Brussels on account of its healthful climate and the vicinity of the well-stocked forest of Soignies.

The Grande Place of Brussels is unique; any change is forbidden by law; as it has been for generations, so it must remain; and when one descends suddenly from the park and boulevards, brilliant and gay with all the sparkle of modern life, into the Grande Place, it is like another world. The Hôtel de Ville is on one side; opposite is the Maison du Roi, adorned with a statue of the Blessed Virgin, beneath which is the legend, *A Feste, Fame et Bello, libera nos, Maria Pacis*, placed there in 1625 by Isabella in gratitude to our Lady of Peace, for having delivered the city from plague, famine, and war. In the place immediately below, is the noble monument erected in reparation to the memory of the unfortunate Comtes d'Egmont and de Hornes, on the spot on which, as the inscription runs, "they were unjustly executed by the decree of the cruel Duc d'Albe."

It was unjust and cruel, but still we cannot judge the past by the present. Then, principles were positive facts, not vagaries expected to give way at any moment to expediency, but realities plain and palpable, upon which depended not only this perishable present, but the never-ending future, with its eternity of weal or woe. As men were expected to live up to their principles, so were they expected to die for them. It is a high standard by which to live, but it is the safest. We fancy nowadays that the cruelty then dealt out for thoughts and opinions was abominable, but we forget that those ideas, those thoughts, produced the frightful effects of the ravages of the Gueux, of the orgies of John of Leyden; that from religious they degenerated into social excesses of the lowest kind—excesses which, if prolonged, would have reduced Christian Europe to Vandal barbarism.

And so the brave, unfortunate Comte d'Egmont, the hero, whose valor contributed so signally to the brilliant victory of Philip II. at St. Quentin, lost his life for having tampered with the political sectaries, or rather by being led into the snare by the Prince of Orange; when too late, he saw his error, which was only political; his faith he ever kept pure and untarnished. The Prince of Orange, on the eve of leaving Brussels to join the enemy in Germany, urged him to go, but Egmont refused; the prince told him if he remained he would be lost; that he was a fool to run the risk. Friends until then, they parted in anger. Egmont spurned him, and said, "Adieu, prince sans terre"; the prince replied, "Adieu, comte sans tête"—words which were too fatally verified soon after. The Maison du Roi is now occupied by the Cercle Artistique et Littéraire, and it was in a small room in the second story that Comte d'Egmont passed the night preceding his death, and wrote

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those touching farewell letters to his wife and the King of Spain which reveal the nobleness of his character. The famous picture by Gallait, "La tête d'un supplicié," is a portrait of Egmont. We have seen the original in the *atelier* of Gallait, and he assured us it was an accurate resemblance. *Requiescat in pace.*

The Hôtel de Ville on the Grande Place is the finest of the municipal palaces found in almost every city of Belgium. It is built round a quadrangle, and the oldest part is the wing to the east of the tower, commenced in 1402, at the angles of which are elegant turrets; the façade consists of a gallery of open arches, surmounted by the Grande Brétèque, a balcony from whence proclamations were made; above this are two rows of windows, and an enormous battlemented roof, pierced with thirty-seven dormer windows.

The tower is 330 feet high; the lower half, from the basement to the summit of the roof, is square; the upper part, built in 1444, is octagonal, surmounted by a magnificent spire of open-work, remarkable for its lightness and delicacy; on its apex is fixed a table of stone, twelve feet in circumference, and on this stone a globe of copper, supporting a colossal figure of S. Michael trampling on the devil, thirteen feet high, made of a number of thin plates of copper-gilt, in 1454, which serves as a weathercock, and turns with the least breath of wind. There is a shocking tradition, currently reported, but not positively confirmed, that the architect of the beautiful tower hung himself on its completion, because he had not placed it exactly in the centre of the façade; which certainly did not remedy the evil, as putting himself out of the world did not put the tower in the right place.

The first story of the Hôtel de Ville contains a gallery in which are magnificent full-length portraits of Philippe le Beau, Charles V., Philip II., Albert and Isabella, and other dignitaries; the council-room, audience-chamber, and all the other apartments are splendidly ornamented, the walls hung with Gobelin tapestry, representing scenes in the life of Clovis and Clotilda. The ceiling of the council-chamber is a masterpiece of Janssens, in which the most extraordinary effects of light and shade are produced; it represents an assembly of the gods, and their majesties vary in their positions as they are seen from different points.

The remainder of the Grande Place is lined with venerable old houses, terminating in fantastic gables, most of which were originally the halls of various guilds and corporations; their façades pierced with numerous odd little windows and covered with quaint designs, bass-reliefs, pilasters, balustrades, and inscriptions; some of the houses are gilded, which adds to the picturesque appearance of the place, and on the summit of the Brewers' Guild is a fine equestrian statue of Prince Charles of Lorraine—the good prince, as he is still affectionately called. In mediæval times, the Grande Place was the ordinary scene of tournaments and executions; here the Knights of the Golden Fleece held their brilliant *réunions*, and Philip l'Asseuré and Charles V. gave splendid fêtes, which in the reign of Philip II. were succeeded by very different scenes, under the stern rule of the Duc d'Albe.

Just behind the Hôtel de Ville, at the corner of the Rue du Chêne and the Rue de l'Etuve, is the beloved little statue of the "Premier Bourgeois de Bruxelles." The present

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bronze statue, after a model by Duquesnoy, was made in 1619, and this replaced an old stone statue which is said to have existed in the IXth century. Its origin is not known, but the favorite tradition is that it represents a youthful Duc de Brabant, whose father dying left him an infant of three years under the regency of his mother, the Duchesse Lutgarde. The neighboring Comte de Malines coveted the fair inheritance, declared war against the boy-duc, and approached Brussels, determined to take it by force of arms. The Brabançons flew to defend the rightful heir, and, when the decisive day arrived, they besought the duchesse to let them carry the little fellow in his cradle, and suspend it from a great oak-tree that overlooked the battle-field. The duchesse in tears consented, accompanied them to the field of Ransbeek, and remained by the tree, from the highest branch of which the cradle was suspended.

The battle raged with fury; three times the Brabançons were driven back to the tree, but the sight of the brave little boy, who looked on with intense interest, never exhibiting fear or impatience, spurred them on to fresh efforts; at last the day was won, and the cradle carried back in triumph to Brussels, the duchesse radiant with joy. To commemorate the event, the oak-tree was transplanted to Brussels, placed at the corner of a street, since then called Rue du Chêne, and the statue erected at its side; in the course of time, the tree has disappeared, but the statue remains, the object of undying love and interest. To steal it is considered an impossibility; in 1585, he was seized and carried off to Antwerp, but was speedily recaptured and brought home in triumph by a small party of Bruxellois; again he was taken away in a baggage-wagon by the English troops after the battle of Fontenoy, and, on being recovered, was allowed for a short time to delight by his presence the inhabitants of Grammont, until he was reclaimed by the Bruxellois. In 1747, he was stolen by some soldiers of Louis XV., and again a few years later by two English soldiers, who, however, found him too heavy to carry away; the last time he was disturbed was in 1817, but the same good fortune attended him, and he was again recovered, to the great joy of the Bruxellois, who look upon him as the good genius of the city, and consider his loss a public calamity.

In the XVIth century, Louvain and Brussels gave him two splendid dresses for fête-days; Charles V. presented him with a complete suit, and settled a pension on him. In 1698, the Elector of Bavaria not only gave him a uniform, but invested him with a military order, and appointed a valet-de-chambre to wait on him. Peter the Great visited him, and added to his pension. In 1747, Louis XV. made him a knight, and solemnly decorated him with the Order of S. Louis, at the same time presenting him with a suit of gold-laced uniform, a *chapeau-bros*, and a sword; and in 1780 he was the first who wore the national cockade of Brabant, hence his present title, "Le Premier Bourgeois de Bruxelles."

On national fêtes, and during the *Kermesse* in July, he is always dressed in the uniform of the Garde Civique, which he has worn since 1830, his numerous orders displayed on his infant breast. In addition to these gifts, several persons have made him presents, while some have actually remembered him in their wills. He thus possesses a positive revenue which is regularly paid, a treasurer who is responsible for his disburse-

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ments, a lawyer, and a valet-de-chambre; and let any stranger beware of ever speaking disrespectfully or slightingly to any Bruxellois of the "Premier Bourgeois de Bruxelles"!

Brussels abounds in charitable institutions and convents of every order; some are peculiar to the place. There is but one house in the world of the "Dames de Berlaimont"—an order of canonesses who follow the rule of S. Augustine—and it was founded by the Comtesse de Berlaimont, whose husband was one of the great officers of the court of Charles V. It is eminently aristocratic in its design. Any number of quarterings was required for the fair candidates in the palmy days of the old régime, but ideas have been modified by the wheel of the revolution, and now, if the head and heart are right, whether the blood is more or less blue is not strictly considered. The convent is splendid, the canonesses charming, and the education received by the young ladies under their charge leaves nothing to be desired.

Convents of Poor Clares are now few and far between; one is still found in Brussels. The rule is very strict—the strictest, we believe, for women in the world, not even excepting those of the Trappistines and Carmelites. It is forbidden to see strangers, but the superioress graciously relented in our favor, drew aside the heavy serge curtain behind double iron grilles armed with spikes, and told us we could look at her, but not speak. This announcement was made before the curtain was drawn. We kept profound silence, and for a few moments contemplated the figure, that stood motionless and speechless. What could have carried her there, from family, from home with all its charms? At the moment of solemn choice, the world enters but little into the thoughts: it is the strong ties that God and nature have implanted in the human heart that are the hardest to unloose.

She had left all for the rigid rule, for the self-denying life, of a Poor Clare; the happy unbroken sleep of youth for the broken night of prayer and meditation; and, when sleeping, not even to lie down, but to sit half-upright; to go barefooted, never to touch meat, never to speak—only imagine it, a woman, and never to speak!—never to her fellow-beings—ever to God. It was for him she had left home and friends, to find her eternal home and the never-failing Friend; to be thirteen hours a day in prayer and adoration before the Blessed Sacrament, to expiate by her life the sins of the world around her. It is a wonderful life, a supernatural life; but, when truly desired, supernatural grace is given to lead it courageously to the grave.

The oldest church in Brussels is Notre Dame de la Chapelle, in the Rue Haute, which derives its name from having been at first a simple oratory in which the great S. Boniface, the apostle of Germany, had said Mass. The style is Gothic, and recently the choir, which is very fine, has been restored; it had been disfigured by an atrocious high altar in the style of the Renaissance; but in this reign of good taste it was decided to remove it, and in making the changes it was found there was a false wall, which, on being destroyed, disclosed the beautiful circle of the apse, which is remarkable for having the presbyterium and the credence-table cut in the wall, something that has only been found in two other churches—one in France, another in Germany.

Notre Dame des Victoires—or Notre Dame du Sablon, as it is more generally called from its situation on the Place du Petit Sablon—is in the

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form of a Latin cross, with a polygonal apse to the choir. The Place du Petit Sablon during several centuries was the favorite residence of the aristocracy, and is yet surrounded by the Hôtel de Merode, and the palace of the Duc d'Aremberg, which was formerly occupied by Comte d'Egmont. Consequently in this church the monuments are very fine, especially the mortuary chapel of the Princes of Tour and Taxis, in which is an exquisite statue of S. Ursula, by Duquesnoy, and the tombs of the De Hornes, d'Egmonts, and De Chimay.

The beautiful collegiate church of SS. Michel and Gudule is built on a height formerly called Mont St. Michel, and its great towers dominate the city, and can be seen from every point. Its plan is cruciform. The choir is entirely surrounded by chapels, from which it is separated by double rows of columns; on one side is the Chapel du Saint-Sacrement de Miracle, on the other the Chapel of the Blessed Virgin, behind that of S. Mary Magdalen. It is a magnificent church, one of the richest in Belgium, and the vestments and appointments are superb. The laces are a treasure in themselves—laces which now cannot be bought, are used in the sanctuary, and the vestments and antependiums are of corresponding magnificence. One antependium, which is the Lamb surrounded by the symbols of the four evangelists, is considered the finest piece of embroidery in Belgium.

But the glory of S. Gudule is not the gold, and silver, and lace, but the Très-Saint-Sacrement de Miracle, which is there preserved, and which is the object of the profoundest love and veneration. For it did Charles V. build the exquisite chapel whose four splendid windows were presents from his sisters, the Queens of Portugal and Hungary, his brother Ferdinand, King of the Romans, and Francis I. of France. Sovereigns, princes, nobles, and people for five hundred years have adored the sacred Body of our Lord, so cruelly profaned and outraged by the Jews, on Good Friday of 1370, who on that day, the day of Redemption, assembled in their synagogue, and stabbed the consecrated hosts stolen from S. Catherine's, and, when they stabbed them, the blood which had flowed for them on Calvary, flowed again beneath their sacrilegious hands.

Day and night reparation is offered; the synagogue is now a *chapelle expiatoire*, attached to which is a community for perpetual adoration, and the Confrérie du Très-Saint-Sacrement de Miracle, established in S. Gudule, embraces thousands. The Duc d'Aremberg gave the monstrance, which is a cross of diamonds, surmounted by a triple crown of diamonds, from which hangs a little ship of the same precious stones, presented by the captain and crew of a vessel, in gratitude for delivery from shipwreck. Marie Antoinette sent her wedding necklace of diamonds to be suspended around it, and the lamps around the sanctuary are kept burning by the children of the family d'Aremberg.

The great ornament of the nave is the pulpit, elaborately and exquisitely carved in oak by Verbruggen in 1699, originally in the church of the Jesuits, in Louvain, and, on the suppression of the Order, given to S. Gudule by Maria Theresa, in 1776. The lower part represents the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise by the angel of the Lord, armed with a flaming sword. On the left is seen Death gliding around with his dart. The pulpit itself, in the hollow of the globe, is supported by the tree of knowledge, crawling up which is the

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serpent, while on the extreme summit stands the Blessed Virgin holding her divine Son, whom she is assisting to bruise the serpent's head with a large cross. On either side the railing of the steps is formed by a hedge in which numerous birds are enjoying themselves; on the side of Adam are the eagle, the jay, and a monkey; while in the vicinity of Eve are the peacock, the ape, and the parrot.

And why these birds are there is the result of a little domestic disagreement between the artist Henri Verbruggen and his wife Martha Van Meeren, whom he married, hoping to find a tenth muse, but who only proved a prosaic everyday somebody, who fretted herself to death because Henri loved pleasure even more than art, and, while amusing himself with his friends, forgot there was no money in the house, nothing in the larder, nothing wherewith to dress Mme. and Mlle. Verbruggen. Poor Martha, who loved order, and would have been the treasure of some honest burgher, only provoked and irritated Henri by her occasional plain statement of facts. Affairs were in this sad condition when the Jesuits of Louvain, knowing the splendid talent of Verbruggen, ordered a pulpit for their church. The artist was enchanted. Here was a field for his genius; he immediately conceived an admirable work, which should contain, as in a book, the whole history of the Christian religion.

Said he, "I will make a globe, which will represent the earth, under which I will place Adam and Eve, the moment after their fatal disobedience, which entailed on us such misery. This globe will be the pulpit, the canopy of heavenwill cover it, the tree of knowledge will overshadow it, around which will creep the serpent, and above, Mary, crowned with stars, the moon at her feet, her infant Son before her, will bruise the serpent's head with the cross. By the side of the man I will place the cherubim with the flaming sword; near the woman, young and beautiful, hideous death—that will be a contrast!"

The artist commenced his work with ardor. The wood grew animated beneath his fingers. But pleasure for ever distracted him; the more people admired, the more he amused himself. Martha was miserable; she could see no hope of order and plenty. Irritated by the complaints of his wife, Verbruggen determined to revenge himself in his *chef-d'œuvre*, and so perpetuate his vengeance. He was making the stairs of the pulpit. In his angry malice, Verbruggen thought he would punish Martha by placing satirical emblems to characterize women. On the staircase, by the side of Eve, who has just sinned, and who still holds the apple, he placed, as symbols, a peacock for pride, a squirrel for destructiveness, a cock for noise, an ape for malice—four defects of which poor Martha was totally innocent.

Man he made with pleasure. On his side he placed, first, an eagle, to typify genius—but just then Martha bade adieu to the world and her troubles, and Verbruggen was a happy widower. Too late, the sculptor understood his loss; the gentle, patient wife was gone, and now he only remembered her good qualities; his courage and energy forsook him; he could not work. Months rolled on; his friends pitied him, and tried to rouse him from his deep despondency.

"You weep for Martha," said they; "there are others as good; you are only thirty-six—marry Cecile Byns. She is joyous and lively like you. She will be a mother to your daughter, a charming companion for you."

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Verbruggen listened to the good advice; he asked the hand of Cecile Byns, who was one of those women that rule while laughing, that carry the point while appearing to submit. Cecile knew her power over Verbruggen, and made him obey.

"I love you," said she, "but I will not marry you until the work which will make me proud of the name of Verbruggen is finished."

"Only say the word," replied Henri, "and I will complete it."

Accompanied by her mother, she visited his *atelier*. She asked the explanation of the emblems he had placed on the side of Eve. The sculptor blushed.

"When I made what astonishes you," he stammered, "I did not know Cecile Byns."

"Very well," replied the young lady; "but after the symbols of our defects, which perhaps we have not, how do you intend to designate your own noble sex?"

"I had just commenced," he answered, blushing redder than before. "You already see the eagle, perhaps it typifies vanity."

"Not at all," interrupted Cecile. "The eagle is a bird of prey, an emblem of brutal tyranny. What do you intend adding?"

Verbruggen was silent. Cecile continued: "To be just to men, as you fancied you were towards us, you will place near the eagle a fox, a symbol of vain gossip; a monkey eating grapes, for drunkenness; a jay, for foolish pride. You must avow, my dear Verbruggen, these defects belong to men as much as the faults you have given to us, and which adorn the other staircase. And now, when this great work is completed, I will accompany you to the altar."

The sculptor did not reply. He obeyed, fulfilled faithfully the orders given, and received for reward the hand of Cecile Byns; since which happy event he was never known to offer any further insult to the devout female sex.

And so the pulpit was finished and placed in the church of the Jesuits in Louvain, where it was the object of universal admiration, as it still continues to be in beautiful S. Gudule the pride and joy of Brussels.

SAYINGS OF S. JOHN CLIMACUS.

It is better to displease our relatives than displease God.

Obedience is simply going about anything without any judgment of our own.

Let your conscience be the mirror in which you behold the nature of your obedience.

A new wound is easily closed and healed; but the old wounds of the soul are cured, if ever, with great difficulty.

He is truly virtuous who expects his death every day; but he is a saint who desires it every hour.

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MARRIAGE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

"Heaven and earth shall pass, but my words shall not pass."—Matt. xxiv. 35.

It is only truth that is immutable in this world, and only truth's representative that dare speak to-day the same language it spoke eighteen, twelve, or three centuries ago.

Truth cannot progress, for it partakes of the nature of God's perfection; it is not an ideal of our own evolving, susceptible of improvement as our knowledge grows wider, but a type towards which we are, on the contrary, making slow stages of assimilation. Of all individual parts of truth, hardly one of which remains in our day unassailed, none is so fiercely attacked as the truth about marriage. And yet, as we have shown in a previous paper,* almost every argument against it has repeatedly been put forward by barbarians and Romans, Byzantine emperors and feudal chiefs, and borne out by all the imposing display of military force, legal servility, and even ecclesiastical truculence. One might almost say of the agitation against marriage in our day, "What has been will be, and what will be has been." If it is no longer in the individual passions of kings and nobles that the conflict centres, it is still a "sovereign" who plays the part of Philip Augustus or Henry VIII.—the "sovereign people." Instead of one mighty colossus, it is a legion of personally obscure individuals which the church finds opposed to her; but the principle is the same, the issue is identical. What councils and embassies did formerly is now done oftener and in privacy; new agencies have widened the possibilities of communication, of discussion, and of adjustment, and causes are more rapidly multiplied, as well as more speedily settled. The press has lent its power to the altar, and redeemed, in part, its too well-earned reputation as a pander and a tempter; and besides these new helps, we have, as of old, all those oft-tried resources of personal eloquence, canonical censures, and grievous penances.

Still the question is exactly the same in the nineteenth as it was in all preceding centuries: Shall passion or reason rule mankind? Shall the most sacred of all rights of property be protected and maintained, or shall communism be allowed gradually to extirpate the human race?

The historian Rohrbacher, whom we have often quoted in the paper referred to above, specially insists upon the confusion which the legalized disruption or total disregard of the marriage vow would introduce into society, and supports his opinion by that of De Maistre. He also adduces the argument that, since the creation of man in the earthly Paradise was a perfect and complete act, and only one woman was there joined to one man, therefore the union of one man and one woman was distinctly God's type of what he meant all future unions to be. We might speak of many Scripture proofs of the original institution of marriage being a state of perpetual monogamy until death, but such proofs would

* "The Church the Champion of Marriage," Catholic World, February, 1873.

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involve too lengthy a sketch of *one* portion of the subject, and this aspect has been so often discussed that we turn with a feeling of relief to any less hackneyed view of the question.

Speaking broadly, we may say that the Hebrews were the first, as they were for a long time the only, people whose laws protected both the honor and the property of women. Because they did so, they were also most stringent as regards the tie of marriage. Again, with them ancestry and descent were of paramount importance, and every family jealously guarded its record and registers ; this also implied a strict protection of marriage, and, in fact, would have been impossible without it. Even when dispensations were allowed the Jews "because of the hardness of their hearts," the son of the first wife was not to be put aside for the son of the second, if the latter were more pleasing to her husband than the former, and this because the sacred rights acquired at her betrothal were absolutely inalienable.* In the marriages mentioned in the Old Testament, the consent of the woman is always formally asked,† and she is considered competent to inherit property and transfer it to her husband.‡

Among other nations of antiquity, the more truth was obscured in their religious forms, the more degraded became their ideal of marriage. This is patent even among such civilized nations as the Greeks and Romans; the whole of mythology is a deification of the passion of lust, and a caricature on marriage. Still, where greater genius abounds, there also we find glimpses of a higher morality. For instance, in Homer's magnificent poems, conjugal love and fidelity stand out nobly as the themes of his especial admiration. It would require a thorough examination of many of the passages of the *Iliad*, and greater space than we have now before us (since this idea can only be used here as a collateral one), to bring out the full force of this striking fact, and some day perhaps it may be our good fortune to return to this topic; suffice it to say at present, that any one who reads Homer attentively will be struck by the majestic attitude of Juno, the constant protectress of the Greeks, and by the hearty sympathy shown by the poet in a struggle undertaken purely to vindicate the dignity of marriage and the rights of hospitality. This is perhaps even more obvious from the fact that even the good personages of the poem, the self-sacrificing and devoted Andromache, the noble Hector, the infirm and guiltless Priam, are all included in the sweeping misfortune which is the swift and just retribution of the cowardly rape of Helen. The vindication of the principle of marriage is evident, while in the *Odyssey* its glorification is even more obvious. This illustration, for which we have to thank a very zealous and learned religious whose kindness put the suggestion entirely at our own disposal, is one which it is worth while for thoughtful persons to consider, as it gives a far greater moral importance, and consequently a more perfect artistic interest, to one of the few colossi of the intellectual world.

The law of Jesus Christ succeeded the preparatory dispensation of Moses, and perfected all its enactments, marriage among the rest. It gave the marriage contract an added dignity by making it the image of the union—single and indivisible—of Christ and the church, and by elevating it into a sacrament; in other

* Deut. xxi. 16, 17. † Gen. xxiv. 39, 57, 58.
‡ Numb. xxvii. 8 ; xxxvi. 3, 8.

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words, a means of sanctifying and special grace. In this is certainly the secret of the church's inflexibility with regard to marriage. Since by it a distinct and sacramental grace was vouchsafed, it followed that this grace in itself was sufficient to enable the contracting parties, provided they faithfully corresponded to it, to remain holily in the state of matrimony until death; so that, whenever any serious breach took place between them, the church could reasonably argue that the fault lay with their dispositions, not with the contract itself. In the old law, marriage, though holy, was not a sacrament, and was susceptible of greater relaxations; but in the new law, with a higher dignity added to it, and more abundant grace attached to it, it is too strong to need concessions and too noble to wish for them.

The Hebrews also, in propagating their own race, used the only means then in their power of propagating the knowledge of the true God; but in the new dispensation we have substituted a generation according to the spirit for the previous generation according to the flesh. Polygamous marriages among the Jews were a mysterious channel provisionally used for the increase and maintenance of God's worship upon earth; but, since the coming of Christ, men have been won by the Word of God, the preaching of his servants, the sufferings of his martyrs, and the learning of his disciples. Those who are now constantly born into his fold are born "not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God."* Having said so much upon the historical and Scriptural aspect of marriage, we leave it to others to dispute the particular meaning of such and such texts, and the particular inferences to be drawn from the context, and go back to the church's firm stand upon this matter.

Not only has she been the foremost champion of the integrity of marriage in past ages, but she is now almost its only one. No body of such force or numbers exists in the world, which alone gives her the priority among the upholders of Christian marriage; and when the tenets of the few other bodies to whom marriage is sacred are examined, they will be found to be inspired and created by her principles, so far as they refer to this matter.

Of the Anglican communion, especially in its more advanced branches, it is sufficient to say that, having better than any other body preserved the forms, it has as its reward attained to more of the spirit, of a "church," and consequently inculcates a higher morality. But the following testimony, which, from the name of the sheet furnishing it (the *Reformed Missionary*), we suppose represents some other Protestant body, is more interesting because more unexpected. A Catholic paper of Nov. 16, 1872, the *Standard*, has preserved this testimony for us. Under the title of "The Divorce Question Again," it discusses church authority and its relation to the civil law, and uses the following strong language: "Spiritual interests and spiritual *discipline* belong to that supernatural order of grace which has its home in the bosom of the Christian church. . . . There are many things besides loose divorce legislation which the state either tolerates or legalizes, but which the church cannot sanction or countenance for a single instant without committing spiritual suicide. And if the state should expressly dictate to the church a line of action at variance with the plain teaching of Christ, then it

* S. John i. 13.

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would be our *solemn duty* to obey God rather than men. . . . The *church must interpret God's Word*, and exercise spiritual discipline in accordance therewith, no *matter what course the state may take* in disposing of kindred questions. As Dr. Woolsey has expressed it: '*Whatever be the attitude* of the state, the church *must stand* upon the principles of the New Testament as she expounds them, and apply them to all within her reach!'"

What is here said of the "state" may be applied to the people, the press, popular license, and all the modern agencies which the evil one has added to his former royal and learned tools. But if among earnest though mistaken Christians we find such auxiliaries as the *Reformed Missionary* and the eloquent sermons of Anglican divines,* we have also to encounter such authorities as the following on the side of passion and licentiousness: "Dr. Colenso, embarrassed by the obstinate adherence to polygamy which he observed among the Kaffirs, came to the resolution, after conference, it is said, with other Anglican authorities of the highest rank, to remove the difficulty by a process which, though adopted in a well-known case by Luther and Melancthon, had not previously received the official sanction of Anglican bishops. As polygamy would not yield to Protestantism, Dr. Colenso agreed to consider polygamy 'a Scriptural mode of existence.' Here are his own words: 'I must confess that I feel very strongly that the usual practice of enforcing the separation of wives from their husbands, upon their conversion to Christianity, is quite unwarrantable, and *opposed to the plain teaching of our Lord*.'

And then he proves, of course from the Bible, that polygamy is not inconsistent with the all-holy religion of the Gospel. Here is the *proof:* 'What is the use,' he asks, 'of our reading to them (the heathen) the Bible stories of Abraham, Israel, and David, with *their* many wives?' But Dr. Colenso was not without support in his view on polygamy. 'The whole body of American missionaries in Burmah,' he observes, '*after some difference of opinion*, came to the unanimous decision to admit in future polygamists of old standing to communion, but not to offices in the church (as if the last were a greater privilege than the first!)' 'I must say,' he continues, 'that this appears to me the only right and reasonable course!'"

At the beginning of this extract, we read that Dr. Colenso was *embarrassed by the obstinate adherence to polygamy* among the Kaffirs. This means, we infer, that he had originally withstood this heathen practice. Why had he done so? If he believed it sufficiently immoral to attack it, he was guilty of violating his conscience in ceasing his attack; if he had always believed it "Scriptural" or allowable, he was guilty of hypocrisy in attacking it at all. Then, when he asks, "What is the use of our reading to them the Bible stories of Abraham, Israel, and David, with *their* many wives?" he gives us unconsciously another advantage by tacitly confessing the necessity of a divinely inspired interpreter of the Bible. If Dr. Colenso had been a Catholic, the difficulty would not have existed. Does he suppose that Catholic converts among savage nations do not hear the same stories? But in their case, a teaching and speaking church comes to their rescue, and explains what otherwise would seem dark. It is strange to hear a Pro-

* Jeremy Taylor's "On the Marriage Ring," besides many modern ones, especially by the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, New York.

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testant Christian, bred up on the rule of "the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible," hesitate as to the effect of certain stories in the Bible. If the poor Kaffirs were to be evangelized upon the principle that a Bible precedent was practically a permission for all time, they would soon have Judiths and Jaels among them, as well as Abrahams, Israels, and Davids.

In the *Times* (London) of Dec. 20, 1872, on the occasion of a public "Day of Intercession" for more missionaries, we read the following stringent criticism upon the body which of all others most nearly approaches the ideal of a church: "The Church of England," says the *Times*, "utterly abandons large regions on the ground that in tropical climes there will be polygamy or an equivalent disregard of the marriage ties, and that no preaching can prevail against it"—a confession of powerlessness which quite coincides with what we have said of Dr. Colenso. Still it is not fair to class the Anglican communion, despite this weak shrinking from a difficult task, with the more systematic deserters from the championship of duty; but, if we are grieved and astonished at her defection under certain circumstances, what shall we say of the following breach of ecclesiastical discipline on the part of those whose very names argue in this case a departure from the path of known duty? In the New York *World* of the 5th of January, 1873, we read among the announcements of business transacted in the mayor's office the previous day this startling disclosure: "During the day the mayor was waited upon by a wedding-party, the principals of which were Michael M'Clannahan and Mary Donovan, who wished to be united in matrimony without going to the trouble of getting up a public church celebration. Mr. H— performed the duty according to the statute, and the bride and bridegroom went on their way rejoicing."

It is not for us to judge these persons, nor speculate upon the motives that led them to take such a step; but the occurrence is nevertheless a sign of the demoralization which is every day on the increase among our people.

Polygamy, under the name of Mormonism, is still tolerated and protected in the United States, and the annals of divorce in the states where Mormonism is illegal quite make up the deficiency. In Connecticut, according to the deposition of the Rev. Dr. Woolsey, President of Yale College, made before the Western Social Science Congress in Chicago, the ratio of divorce is one in every *eight* marriages. We were told by a distinguished New England convert that the Vermont marriage law was practically so lax that the following "cause" for a divorce was considered legal: A couple, not very long married, mutually wished for a separation, simply on the score that they were dissatisfied with their bargain. They went to a lawyer to ascertain the technicalities of the case, and were told—appearances having to be saved!—that some specific cause must be alleged. The easiest was cruelty. But the parties had never been violent; so the lawyer suggested that the husband should, in his presence, give his wife a "blow." This was soon accomplished by a light slap on the cheek of the willing "victim"; cruelty was pleaded, and the divorce obtained.

In Rhode Island, the proportion of divorces to marriages in 1869 was one to fourteen, and the law of that state leaves it practically to the discretion of the courts to annul any ill-assorted marriage on the ground of

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uncongenial temper, desertion, drunkenness, or any sort of bad conduct. In that year, out of 166 divorces, only 66 were granted on the plea of adultery, while it must also be borne in mind that this grave charge is often unjustly and maliciously made to cover some shameful behavior on the part of the plaintiff, or to gratify his or her revenge. Speaking of a clergyman who was reported to have married one man successively to five wives, all of whom were living at the same time, a Protestant paper comments thus on the story: "It may be true or false. *It is not altogether improbable.* It suggests very serious reflections, as indicating what is possible under our laws, and the course things are taking in American society." The paper goes on to speak of the clergyman's responsibility in such a case, and although advocating the desirability, "for many reasons," of the office of solemnizing marriage being "confined *almost entirely* to ministers of the Gospel," does not see that it stultifies itself directly after by explaining that "the trust is reposed in them, *not by any right to it on their part, as holding an ecclesiastical office*, but on account of their position and general character (!). They are able to guard marriage, and *give it* a religious character and sanction. But they act, so far as the law goes, simply as civil magistrates."

And let us add that here is precisely the evil, and that as long as clergymen are lowered to the level of magistrates, loose morals will never be uprooted.

The *Nation* of March 2, 1871, has the following:

"We cut from the marriage notices of the *Philadelphia Press* the following illustration, omitting names, of the way in which attempts to reduce human marriages to the level of those of the lower animals are dressed up in fine language:

"'In Philadelphia, February 23, S—— and S——, the parties protesting against all marriage laws, whether legal or conventional, which subject either the wife or the husband to any control or influence on the part of the other which is not in accordance with the dictates of pure and mutual love.'

"This is, of course, simple 'pairing.' Marriage means the assumption by a moral agent of an obligation to perform certain duties, even after they become disagreeable. The arrangement by which the parties live together as long as they find it thoroughly pleasant is that common among birds, beasts, and fishes, and has nothing human about it."

The *Independent*, a Protestant religious paper, sneers at all barriers to divorce, Catholic, Protestant, or civil, as "shallow," and declares that "no matter with what solemn ceremony the twain may have been made one, yet when love departs, then *marriage ceases* and divorce begins."

A certain unhappy section of those waifs of womanhood, the advocates of woman's rights, is known as the champion of "free-love," that is, in plain words, adultery. Mrs. Stanton, one of the leaders, has said somewhere that "marriage is but a partnership contract terminable at the will of the parties," and has advocated marriages for three years.

To this last proposition we have only one objection. Why *three* years? If a marriage is based on mere passion, three *months* or six at the furthest would be enough to exhaust the cohesive element, for if the adage be true that "*no man is a hero to his valet*," it is equally certain that no man and woman could by any human possibility live together for that time in the familiar intercourse implied by marriage, without discovering to each other certain asperities of temper, inequalities of disposition, in short, all the little meannesses of our poor human nature. This disenchantment, following the

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close and daily companionship that is almost inevitable in married life, is enough to kill passion, though it cannot even daunt principle. Again, in a marriage based on passion, the satiety that follows in the train of unlawful love would be reproduced, and would break up the connection in far less than three years. In fact, when we come to sift the question, we find that, putting aside the religious spirit presiding over marriage, that state of life has no appreciable sign to distinguish it from the score of illicit connections punished by law or branded by society. We find here almost a parallel to the question lately agitated in England among Episcopalians, as to the reason why the Church of England should be called a "church," and not, like all other independent Protestant bodies, a "sect." We ask, What is to distinguish such a "marriage" as our modern reformers advocate from the "*liaisons*" at which society pretends to be so virtuously shocked? Where is the intrinsic difference between a woman who sells her honor to many men at once and one who surrenders it to a single man at a time for just that period during which pleasure shall keep her constant to him?

Another form of attack upon the sanctity of marriage is the trade of the great journals in daily advertisements such as these, which meet our eyes every morning:

"Absolute divorces legally obtained in different states. Desertion, etc., sufficient cause. No publicity. No charge until divorce is obtained. Advice free.
———, *Attorney*, — Broadway."

Or, with slight variations, thus:

"Also Commissioner for every State.
———, *Counsellor-at-Law*,
— Broadway."

Here we see the press and the law conspiring to lend aid—and, more than that, encouragement—to the loosest and most devastating of passions. Then, again, the tone of the newspapers with regard to moral irregularities is a painful sign of the times. Thus we read in a great "daily":

"Out West they call divorces 'escapes.' A speedy and safe 'escape' is guaranteed for a very low figure, and, *as usual*, a great many parties figure for it."

There is a levity about such remarks that is saddening, when taken in connection with the future of a great people.

The morbid curiosity of the public is thus excited under the convenient plea of satisfying it, while, with regard to the institution of marriage itself, the saying is exemplified, "Give a dog a bad name, and then shoot him." Marriage is ridiculed, conjugal affection put down as antiquated, home-lovingness pitied as old-fashioned, family reunions voted dull, and, as a natural consequence, youth is more or less alienated from the unfashionable circle. It is easy, then, to turn on marriage as a principle, remove the stumbling-block altogether, paint in seductive colors a substitute for home, and familiarize the public with so-called legal but transient unions. Once this principle is established in the abstract, it will be merely a question of time as to its practical extension. Granted that a man or woman may change companions as often as they choose, who is to regulate *how* often? Like the husband of Scheherazade in the *Arabian Nights*, every day? Why not? Again, if one man may have many "wives," why should not a woman have many "husbands"? And so on *ad infinitum* the license might spread unchecked, till there would be as many conflicting interpretations of marriage as there are already of the Bible. Absolute com-

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munism would be quite a logical sequence, and, in a society so utterly confused as to parentage, there could be little question as to inheritance!

Christian marriage, on the contrary, has both a social and a sanitary, as well as a religious aspect. It creates a strong and healthy race, and at the very outset of each man's career gives him a position by investing him with a responsibility. He feels that the pride which his old father and mother have in him must not be shamed; that the honor of his family is bound up in his actions; and that his behavior may influence for good or for evil both the moral and temporal prospects of his near kindred. A man so weighted feels a just pride, which, in default of higher motives, may even yet guide him into greatness; and though such a man may yield to temptation, fall into vice, and disgrace himself, so much at least of his early training will survive as to make him feel keenly the shame of his position. This alone has saved hundreds. It has been the serpent in the wilderness to many, but it would no longer be an imaginable motive were the ideal of Christian marriage, with its attendant responsibilities, to be swept away. There is another aspect under which the frequency of divorce and the condoned irregularities of intercourse between the sexes are a constant threat to public security—we mean in provoking murder. Three parts of the fearful murders committed in New York, and also in many other parts of the Union, are traceable more or less to ill-assorted marriages and a spirit of unchristian rebellion against lawful restraints. Lately there has been a glaring case in point, the details of which are fresh in the memory of every one. A man is deliberately shot dead on the very threshold of what is practically a "Divorce Court"; the murderer is a brutal husband incensed at the victim's testimony against himself. In 1872, three of the most famous New York "characters" figured in a terrible drama ending in death, imprisonment, and disgrace. What was the reason that set two of the most unscrupulous speculators in the world at deadly enmity? The disputed favor of a woman who, according to the new code, only asserts her rights, and claims to change "husbands" as often as she pleases. God help the age and nation in which such things are daily done, and where animal passion laughs in the teeth of law! Who does not see how every right and security hangs by the sanctity of marriage? Marriage, in the proper sense of the word, implies exclusive and permanent possession, and represents the first and greatest right of property. If that property is to be made movable, salable, *takable*, in a word, why not other less sacred and less valuable property also? "Property is theft," say the socialists, and certainly it is, if we can previously agree to consider marriage so. If all kinds of possessions (life itself included) are to be thus transferable, every individual will be reduced to protect them single-handed against the world, and from this state of things will grow a monster system of organized murder and legalized rapine. The early Californian society would be nothing to this imaginary community.

In France, Italy, and Spain, the infamous laws not only encouraging but actually enforcing *civil* marriage are sapping the foundations of society; and in England, a country hitherto held as a model for its conjugal and homely tendencies, the tenets of "free-love" are making giant inroads into social life, and leavening the mass of everyday literature.

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Bigamy and divorce are almost worn-out sensations; they have supplied the ablest pens with thrilling subjects, and have furnished the best theatres with the only dramas that really "take." Something new and more monstrous yet is needed, and the prurient imagination that shall first succeed in originating a new version of social sin will become the power of the moment.

Such is the present situation. We do not know if there ever has been a worse stage of immorality, except, perhaps, that before the Flood; for at all times of unparalleled license there have been some extenuating circumstances, of which we are afraid we must own ourselves bereft. In the beginning of the Christian era, license was confined to pagans; for in the tottering Roman Empire the Christians were all soldiers of the cross, and their watch for the Bridegroom was too eager to allow them time for temptation; in the transition state that followed, the church's power already made itself felt, and though barbarian kings still defied their pastors, the latter had at hand ecclesiastical terrors that seldom failed in the end to subdue the half-converted Goth or Lombard. In the days of the ill-starred Renaissance, when a spirit of neo-classicism threatened once more to deify sin under the garb of art, the Council of Trent sat in solemn judgment, and condemned abuses which had unhappily paved an easy way for heresy: while later on, even in the days of the wicked and brilliant court of Versailles, there was found a Bourdaloue to rebuke the public sinners who sat in the high places, and to eulogize Christian marriage in the midst of a gathering which seemed to have utterly forgotten its meaning.

Faith still lingered—the faith that made the middle ages what they were—that faith that condemned public sin to as public a penance, and out of great excesses drew great examples. Louise de la Vallière was almost the last representative of this mediæval spirit of generous atonement; and her heroic words, when told in her cloister of the death of her son, "I should weep rather for his birth than for his death," were the genuine outcome of a faith that could restore a prostitute to innocence, and place upon a once guilty brow almost a virgin's crown.

With Voltaire, the work that Luther had begun was perfected, and henceforth it was not Europe that believed, but only a few scattered exiles who here and there kept the lamp of the faith dimly alight in the stifling atmosphere of universal and fashionable doubt. Even among believers the spirit of ready sympathy, with the slightest indication of the church's unspoken meaning was gone, and there remained only the too self-conscious effort of unquestioning loyalty. Still, thank God! it did and does remain, and, though shorn of all poetry, it is none the less vigorous in self-defence. But we may now say that indeed the flood has broken loose, the Philistines are upon us, the whole array of the world's newest forces is brought to bear against us, and behind her dismantled outposts the church retreats to her citadel, the naked Rock of Peter. Men say that the Council of the Vatican was inopportune, presumptuous, and imprudent; let the world's gracefully lapsing course be a living refutation to such words. Every outward stay is gone; every difficulty in the way of the reunion of pastors is trebled; every see is hedged about with physical bars that are insurmountable; nothing remains free but what cannot be fettered—the tongue. Who can wonder if the church, in this dire emergency, delegates to one

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man the power she can no longer collectively exercise in peace? As in old Flemish cities there sits up in the lonely belfry of the cathedral a watcher whose duty it is to guard the city against fire, and to warn the people through a brazen trumpet at which spot he descries the first appearance of danger, so in the heart of the City of God there sits now the watchman whose eye and voice are bound to raise the alarm and direct the remedies through the length and breadth of listening Christendom.

The Council of the Vatican has made the word of the Pope the brazen *tocsin* of the Christian world.

And now, having said so much of the possibilities opened up by the present lax spirit in morals and equally lax interpetration of what remains in the shape of legal restraints upon vice, let us speak of what Christian marriage ought to be. We will be brief, for the position almost defines itself. Of the indissolubility of marriage under all circumstances, even in the case of one of the parties breaking the marriage vow, we will not speak, nor even of the fidelity which marriage requires in every thought and slightest intention. But we would insist upon that which ensures a happy and holy union, namely, the preliminary motive. We have seen how bad marriages and an unworthy idea of this state of life lead to shame, to socialism, to violence, sometimes to a criminal ending in a common jail; let us see now what leads to bad marriages themselves. Two motives there are—one mercenary, and one sensual. We heard a very impressive Jesuit preacher say a few years ago, in the pulpit of one of the most beautiful and frequented churches in London, that to make a good marriage *both* prayer *and* seemly preparation are necessary. Some parents, he said, in their pious anxiety to leave all things to Providence, and to avoid that solicitude for worldly things which the Gospel condemns, neglect to avail themselves for their children of the allowable means and legitimate opportunities of social life; but to these he would say, Remember the words of Christ: "Not every one that saith to me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven." * On the other hand, many parents sinned far more grievously and—he was loth to say it—more frequently by altogether leaving the Creator out of the question in the serious matter of their children's settlement in life. Which of these two extremes is the prominent one in this country? We need not answer the question. We know too well how nine-tenths of those marriages are made which within a few months or years are broken in the divorce courts, or otherwise dissolved by a shameful *esclandre*. We know how wealth especially, position, associations, beauty, and accomplishments all rank before moral worth in what is called lightly but too truly the "marriage-market." We know how marriage is looked forward to through girlhood, not as the assumption of a sacred responsibility, but as the preliminary step to emancipation; we know how it is heartlessly canvassed by men as an expensive but advantageous luxury, its cost being in proportion to the social figure it will enable them to make, but its essence of no deeper moral account to them than the purchase of one trotter or the undertaking of one speculation more or less. We do not say that there are no exceptions to this rule—far from it; but that is just the point: however honorable these cases are, the fact still remains that they *are* exceptions. Again, where the motive

* Matt. vii. 21.

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is not directly mercenary, it is often selfish; old men will marry for mere comfort, physical luxury, and the regularity of a well-appointed home—things which the presence of a handsome, thoughtful, and tolerably intellectual woman alone can ensure; women no longer young, but still hungering for the whirl of fashion, will marry unsuitably for the sake of an assured position and means to continue the frivolous course of their former lives; in fact, all shallow disguises of selfishness have their representatives in the "marriage-market," from that of the millionaire who wants a wife to sit at the head of his table and wear his diamonds, to that of the day-laborer who wants one to cook his dinner, mend his clothes, and eke out his week's earnings by her own hard work. Marriages made in this spirit are unblest and always end badly: the millionaire will divorce his wife, and the laborer murder his in a fit of intoxication; the end is the same, the means differ only according as natural temperament and habits of education diverge.

How far otherwise with marriage in the true Scriptural, Christian sense of the word! In poverty or in riches, alike sacred and full of dignity; always conscious of its sacramental crown; ever mindful of its holy ministry, the salvation of two souls, the ladder to heaven of two lives that without it might have made shipwreck of their eternal interests! A thing apart from the common unions of earth, different from a commercial partnership, stronger than a political coalition, holier than even a spontaneous friendship. A thing which, like the riddle of Samson, is "sweetness out of strength," and whose grace is so sublime that in heaven it can only find one transformation worthy of itself. "You err, not knowing the power of God; for in the resurrection they shall neither marry nor be married; but shall be as the angels of God in heaven." * We are not told that the tie will be like brotherhood or like friendship; we are left to infer that between husband and wife some more peculiar link will exist hereafter than will be common to us all as children of the same Father, and it is plainly foretold that this relation will be as that of the angels towards each other.

We have only to look into the gospels and the teachings of the Apostle of the Gentiles to see by what means we may in the married state so sanctify our lives as to deserve this heavenly transformation; we have only to read the marriage-service to learn the plain, straightforward, but most solemn duties, the performance of which will secure us spiritual peace and joy in this life or the next. To use the sacrament worthily, we must come to it with worthy preparation and steadfast intention, first as Christians resolved never to perjure themselves before God, then as rational beings willing to abide by whatever unforeseen consequences their deliberate vow may entail in the future. For it is an idle pretext to allege that, if one party breaks the engagement, the other is *de facto* absolved from it. Where in the formula, Catholic or Protestant, is this proviso? The only qualifying sentence is this, "Until death do us part." How, then, can any reasonable person interpret "death" to mean sin, incompatibility, or any other incidental unpleasantness? We think that those who are so ready to foist unwarrantable meanings on the plain and naked oath they have sworn in full possession of their senses at the altar, would hardly be the persons we should like to trust as men or women of unim-

* Matt. xxii. 29, 30; Mark xii. 24, 25.

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peachable honor in the ordinary transactions of life.

If mercenary motives are uppermost in the majority of marriages in this age and in this nation, sensuality is none the less responsible for a share of the misery attendant upon modern unions. We have already spoken of the evil of marriages founded on passion, and of the shameful way in which the colloquial adage, "Marry in haste, and repent at leisure," is thus frequently illustrated. To this also the remedy lies in a serious Christian spirit of preparation for marriage. The root of all evil developments in the relations between the sexes lies in the early education of the contracting parties, and it is here that the only radical cure can be tried. The church bids her children be especially circumspect at the juncture of marriage, but she also teaches them to reverence the sacrament from childhood upward as a type of the union between herself and her divine Spouse. If, as children, marriage appears to us in the shape of the angel of home, watching over the existence it has created, and dignifying the parental authority it has built up; if in youth the goal of marriage is looked forward to as the *toga virilis* of life, the reward of a dutiful childhood, the ennobling badge of our enrolment among the soldiers of the cross, then and only then will our country find in us efficient citizens, earnest patriots, and reliable defenders. If among men there is revived the chivalrous spirit of deference and forbearance towards women which sealed the middle ages as a charmed cycle among all divisions of time, and among women there is cultivated that generous and true womanliness which made SS. Monica and Paula, and Blanche of Castille, the typical heroines of the wedded state, then may we expect to see "a new heaven and a new earth." Marriage means reverence for each other on the part of the persons married, as representing in themselves the sacrament typical of Christ's union with the church; it means reverence for the children who are entrusted to their care by God and their country, and whom they are bound by the solemn adjuration of Christ not to scandalize; it means reverence for themselves, as the tabernacles of a special grace and the progenitors of new worshippers at God's feet, new subjects of the kingdom of heaven. It is the woman especially who is bound to feel and express this reverence, for woman is, as the French poetically say, the priestess of the ideal. Besides, the highest perfection ever reached in the married state was reached by a woman, the Blessed Virgin, Mother of God. Among married saints there have always been more women canonized than men. The women of a nation form the men; and, if marriage is to be reformed, it must be done first through the women. We hope and pray that it may soon be so, but we fear that outside the church, where the reform is, in the abstract, not needed, there is not sufficient impetus to ensure its being made. We say in the abstract, because practically there are many marriages made among Catholics, celebrated in Catholic churches, and decorously observed through the course of a blameless life, which yet call loudly for reform, and sadly lack the noble Christian spirit that made perfect the unions of Delphina and Eleazar, and of S. Louis of France and Margaret of Provence. But however deficient in some cases our practice may unhappily be, our doctrine remains ever unchanged, and our laws ever inflexible. Thanks to the church, marriage is still recognized as an act not purely animal nor yet purely civil; and, thanks to the infallibility of the church

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and her calm expectancy of eternal duration, it will remain to the end of time an honored institution. If threatened, it will still live; if derided, it will nevertheless conquer. Christian marriage is the mould in which God has chosen to throw the lava of natural passion, and without whose wholesome restraints we should have a shapeless torrent of licentiousness, scathing mankind with its poisonous breath, carrying away all landmarks of ancestry, property, and personal safety, and finally exterminating the human race long before the appointed time for the dread judgment in the Valley of Josaphat.

A PEARL ASHORE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF YORKE."

If one should wish to enjoy perfectly a fugue of Bach's, this is perhaps as good a way as any: listen to it on a warm afternoon, in a Gothic Protestant church, in a quiet city street, with no one present but the organist and one's self. If any other enter, let him be velvet-footed, incurious, and sympathetic. It would be better if each listener could suppose himself to be the only listener there.

The wood-work of the church is dark, glossy, and richly carved. Rose, purple, and gold-colored panes strain the light that enters, full and glowing up in the roof, but dim below. On the walls, tinted with such colors as come to us from Eastern looms, and on the canvas of the old painters, are texts in letters of dull gold—those beautiful letters that break into bud and blossom at every turn, as though alive and rejoicing over the divine thought they bear. A sunbeam here and there, too slender to illumine widely, points its finger at a word, touches a dark cushion and brings out its shadowed crimson, or glimmers across the organ pipes, binding their silver with gold, as though Light would say to Song, "With this ring I thee wed!"

Those clustered, silvery pipes are surrounded by a border of dark, lace-like carving, and a screen of the same hides the keyboards. Through this screen shines the lamp on the music-desk. Some one is stirring there. You lean back on the cushions, so that the body can take care of itself. Mentally, you are quiescent with a delightful sense of anticipation. If the situation should represent itself to you fancifully, you might say that your soul is somewhat dusty and weary, and has come down to this beach of silence for a refreshing bath. Knowing what you are to hear, watery images suggest themselves; for in the world of music it is the ocean that Bach gives us, as Beethoven gives us the winds, and Handel the stately-flowing streams.

We have made a Protestant church our music-hall, because, though not the dwelling-place of God on earth, it is often the temple of religious art, and, having nothing within it to which we can prostrate ourselves in

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adoration, it can yet, by signs and images, excite noble and religious feeling. Indeed, we would gladly banish to such concert-rooms all that music, however beautiful in itself, which intrudes on the exclusive recollection proper to the house of God.

This, we repeat, is as good a way as any to hear a fugue of John Sebastian Bach's. So also thought Miss Rothsay; and she was one who ought to know, for she was a professional singer, and as sensitive musically as well could be.

It was an afternoon in early September, and she had only the day before reached her native city, after a prolonged residence abroad. Hers had been that happy lot which seems to be the privilege of the artist: her work, her duty, and her delight were the same. That which she must and ought to do she would have chosen above all things as her recreation. Now, with a perfected voice, and a will to use truly and nobly that gracious power, she had returned to her native land.

Her first contact with the New World had given her a slight jar. Utility seemed to mean here something rough and harsh, and the utility of beauty to be almost unrecognized. She had as yet met with only two kinds of people: those who regarded her talent as beautiful indeed and useful, in so far as it brought her money, but otherwise superfluous; and that yet more depressing class who were enthusiastic in hailing a new amusement, a new sensation, and who valued the singer as a necessity to elegant dissipation. As yet, she had met with no serious disciple of music.

Yet, when she stepped from her door to walk about, to renew her knowledge of familiar scenes, and make acquaintance with changed ones, she was pleased to perceive some of that tranquillity which, in her foreign life, had been so conducive to a steady growth in art. The fine streets she traversed were quiet, distant from the business world, and out of its track. The September air was golden, and the sun so warm as to make the shade welcome. Here and there, through openings between the houses, or at the ends of long avenues, were to be seen glimpses of country; and a thin haze, so exquisite that it might be the cast-off mantle of Beauty herself, half veiled, while it embellished, the landscape. It was quite in keeping to see an open church door. One who loitered on the steps explained that there was to be an organ recital, but could not say who the organist was to be.

Miss Rothsay entered, scarcely seeing her way at first, seated herself, and looked about. The atmosphere of the place suited her taste. None but noble and sacred images presented themselves. Art was there in its sublimity, and in its naïve simplicity. Here was a form full of austere beauty, there one whose grace verged on playfulness. The scene had the effect of a sacred picture, in the corner of which one can see children playing or birds on the wing.

Miss Rothsay, without knowing it, made, herself, a lovely picture in the place. Her oval, pale face was lighted by liquid gray eyes, now lifted, and drinking in the upper light. On her fair hair was set a foreign-looking black hat, turned up over the left temple with an *aigrette* and feather. A slight and elegant figure could be perceived beneath the dark-blue mantle.

Wondering a little, while she waited, who the organist might be, she ran over in her mind those she had known before going abroad. From

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that, dismissing the present, her thoughts glanced over those she had known abroad, and at last rested on one she had not seen nor heard of for eight years. Eight years before, Laurie had gone to Germany to study, and he was probably there yet. She recollected his face, more youthful than his years, and full of a dreamy beauty; the figure, tall and graceful, yet wanting somewhat in manly firmness. She heard again, in fancy, that changeful voice, so low, eager, and rich-toned when he was in earnest; she met again the glance of his sparkling blue eyes, full of frankness and enthusiasm. Where was he now?

Had he been a common acquaintance, she would have inquired concerning him freely; but he was a rejected lover, and she would not, by mentioning his name, remind people of that fact. Why had she rejected him? Simply because he had seemed to her not to reach her ideal. It had occurred to her since that time that possibly his manner and not his character had been at fault. At twenty years of age, she had been more mature than he at twenty-five. She liked an appearance of dignity and firmness, and had made the mistake often made by those older and wiser than herself, of thinking that dignity of soul must always be accompanied by a grave manner, and that an air occasionally or habitually demonstrative and variable, which is merely temperament, indicates a fickle or superficial mind. Sometimes, indeed, the strongest and most profound feelings, in reserved and sensitive persons, seek to veil themselves under an affectation of lightness or caprice, and the soul looks forth with a sad scorn through that flimsy mask on the hasty and egotistical judge who pronounces sentence against it.

"And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love,"

is true of some of the finest natures.

Miss Rothsay, during these eight years of her separation from Laurie, had more than once felt a misgiving on his account, lest she had done him injustice. Observing and studying the manners of those she met, she saw that what passed for dignity was sometimes only the distrustfulness of the suspicious, the caution of the worldly-wise, the unsympathizing coldness of the selfish, or the vanity of the conceited. She had lost not only her admiration, but her respect for that unchangeable loftiness which chills and awes the demonstrative into silence; and she had remembered, with a growing regret, Laurie's cordial ways, that seemed to expect friendliness and sympathy from all, and to appreciate the purity of his soul, that never looked for evil, and turned away from it when it intruded itself, and thus seemed scarcely aware that evil existed. Still she had been too deeply engrossed in her studies to give him much thought, and it was only now that she became conscious of regret.

Meantime, the organist had taken his place, and was arranging his music. The light of the lamp shone on a face wherein were exquisitely blended strength and refinement. One could see there passion purified by prayer, and enthusiasm too deep for trivial excitement. The face showed, too, when studied, that tranquil reserve, not without sadness, which is learned by those who have too often cast their pearls before swine, yet who do not despair of finding sympathy.

He placed the music, sat an instant in fixed recollection, as though he prayed, then lifted his tapering hands, so nervous, light, and powerful, and let them fall on the keys.

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To the listener beyond the screen, it was as though her reverie had been broken by a burst of thunder. Then the sea rolled in its waves of sound, strong, steady, a long, overlapping rhythm. What did it mean, that fugue? Did it symbolize the swift-coming assaults of evil that seek to drag the race of man downward, as the persistent sea eats away, grain by grain, the continents? Was it, perhaps, the ceaseless endeavor of the faithful will that, baffled once, returns ever to the charge, and dies triumphantly struggling? Did it indicate the generations of men flowing on in waves for ever, to break at the feet of God; or the hurrying centuries, cut short, at last, by eternity? However it might be interpreted, the music lifted and bore the listener on, and the silence that followed found her otherwhere than the last silence had left her. She was the same in nature, but her mood was higher; for music does not change the listener, it merely intensifies what is positive in his nature, whether it be good or bad, to its superlative degree.

Vibrating and breathless still with the emotion caused by that grand composition so grandly rendered, Miss Rothsay perceived a slip of paper on the cushion, and reached her hand for it. It proved to be a programme of the Recital. She glanced along the list, and read the name of the organist at the end—it was Duncan Laurie!

She heard, as in a dream, the soft-toned Vorspiele that followed, and only came back to music when the third number, a toccata, began. But the music had now to her a new meaning. It seemed to triumph over and scorn her. She heard through that melodious thunder the voice of Nemesis.

But when the closing piece, a noble concerto by Handel, sang out, it reproved that fancy of hers. There was no spirit of revenge nor mean triumph in Laurie's nature.

The audience, small and select, went out quietly. The organist closed the instrument, and prepared to follow, yet waited a moment to recover full consciousness of the everyday world he was going to meet. The air seemed to pulse about him still, and wings of flying melodies to brush his face. Never had he felt less inclined to meet idle compliment or talk commonplace. "I hope no one will wait for me," he muttered, going out into the vestibule.

But some one was waiting, a pale-faced, lovely woman, who looked at him, but spoke not a word The look, too, was short; for when he exclaimed and reddened up to the eyes, and held out a trembling hand, her eyes dropped.

There is a commonplace which is but the veil to glory or delight, like Minerva in her russet gown. The conventional questions that Laurie properly asked of the lady, as they walked on together, were of this sort. When did she come home? was as one should say, When did Joy arrive? When do the stars come? And the steamer that brought her could be as worthy of poetical contemplation as the cloud that wrapped a descending Juno, or the eagle that bore away a Ganymede.

Not long after, when some one asked them who was their favorite composer, each answered "Bach!" and, when alone together, each asked the other the reason for that answer.

"Because," said the lady, blushing, "it was on the waves of one of Bach's fugues that I reached the Happy Islands."

"And because," returned the lover, "when some of Bach's music had rolled back into the ocean, it left a pearl ashore for me."

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THE BENEFITS OF ITALIAN UNITY.

FROM THE ETUDES RELIGIEUSES.

REVOLUTION is a dangerous syren. The nations of the earth have yielded to her seductions, but the day is coming when with one voice they will curse the great enchantress who has lured them on to apostasy. For a century she has not ceased to announce an era of prosperity to the rising generation, but at length we see her promises are as deceptive as her principles are corrupt. From the heart of all nations rise up groans and maledictions against her teachings, and against her agents who have betrayed the hopes of their partisans, brought death instead of life, ruin instead of prosperity, and dishonor instead of glory. In a word, revolution is in a state of bankruptcy. This is not acknowledged by the politicians of the *tiers-parti* and their followers. They still continue to proclaim the sovereignty of the "immortal principles," declare revolution a success, celebrate its material and moral benefits, and boast that "real social justice was *for the first time* rendered in 1789"—after eighteen centuries of Christianity! But people are ceasing to be duped by any such political sophisms; they are beginning to regret profoundly the peace, order, and security, and all the benefits assured to the world by the supremacy of religion, and lost through social apostasy. The wisest of politicians are tired of revolutions. People who have lost their sacred heritage, and find themselves deprived of the highest blessings of life, are beginning to remember their baptismal engagements, and to feel the necessity of putting an end to revolution, and returning to the social order established of God. The prodigal son, famished with hunger, makes an energetic resolution: *Surgam et ibo ad patrem!* Hesitation is no longer possible. Weary of your modern theories, we will return to our Father's house—to Christ and his church!

The man who comprehended most thoroughly the Satanic nature of the revolutionary spirit—Count Joseph de Maistre—had an intuitive assurance of the calamities that would avenge the disregard of the laws of order, and lead future generations back to the sacred principles of their ancestors. The foresight and warnings of this eminent writer are well known. Addressing the French, he says: "Undeceive yourselves, at length, as to the lamentable theories that have disgraced our age. You have already found out what the promulgators of these deplorable dogmas are, but the impression they have left is not yet effaced. In all your plans of creation and restoration you only leave out God, from whom they have alienated you. . . . How has God punished this execrable delirium? He has punished it as he created light—by a single word—*Fiat!*—and the political world has crumbled to atoms. . . . If any one wishes to know the probable result of the revolution, they need only examine the point whereon all its factions are united. They all desire the degradation, yea, the utter subversion, not only of the monarchy, but of Christianity; *whence it follows* that all their efforts must finally end in the triumph of Christianity as well

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as the monarchy."* In these few words the great philosopher gives us a complete history of the era of revolution in the past as well as the future. He declares it a widespread overturning of order, necessarily followed by terrible misfortunes, till a counter-stroke turns the nations back to the way appointed by God. †

While M. de Maistre was regarding the progress of events from the heights of his genius, he gave the most minute attention to the ravages of the revolutionary spirit in every department. In the *Mélanges Inédits*, for which we are indebted to Count Joseph's grandson, and which appeared on the very eve of our great disasters (1870), we find more than a hundred pages devoted to reviewing the *benefits* of the French Revolution. They contain an inventory drawn up by the aid of the republican papers of the time, in which the moral and material results of revolutionary barbarism are attested by the avowal of the barbarians themselves. A certain historian of the Revolution would have done well to examine this catalogue before officially undertaking, in the presence of the National Assembly, the awkward apology so generally known. And what if he had continued to verify the benefits of the revolutionary syren, still beloved of certain politicians, till the end of the year 1872? How glorious would be the balance-sheet of the "immortal principles" in the eighty-fourth year of their reign! Every Frenchman knows what it has cost to be the eldest son of the Revolution! — As statistics are held in such high honor in our day, why not draw up the accounts of '89, and establish clearly the active and passive of the revolutionary spirit now spreading throughout the world?

We lay before our readers some notes that may be of service in this vast liquidation, taken from two valuable works that have been kindly brought to our notice.* We do not feel at liberty to designate the eminent person who wrote these *Notes*, which, if we are rightly informed, were first published in the *Messager Russe*. All we feel permitted to state is that we can place full confidence in the probity of this traveller. He belongs to the diplomatic corps, but unfortunately is not of the Catholic religion. We will let him testify for himself. It will at once be seen by the frequent quotations we shall make that he is a man of superior mind, decision and honesty of character, and of an upright and incorruptible conscience.

"Eleven years ago, I witnessed the foundation of the kingdom of Italy. I have just seen the work completed —the edifice crowned—Rome made the capital. — My observations have been made in person, and are impartial, as I had no preconceived opinions. My numerous quotations are taken in a great measure from Italian sources, nay, even *the most Italian*. My position as an independent observer, unbiassed by any feeling of responsibility, enables me to judge events in a cooler manner

* *Considérations sur la France*, chapter x. *et alibi passim*.

† M de Maistre is sometimes quoted as taking a different view; for example, in an article in the *Correspondant* for Nov. 10, Joseph de Maistre declared revolution an epoch and not an event. But this by no means signifies that the illustrious publicist meant that revolution was about to prevail. He says: "The French Revolution is an important epoch, and its manifold consequences will be felt far beyond the time of its outbreak and the limits of its original sphere. . . . If there is not a moral revolution throughout Europe, if the religious spirit is not strengthened in this part of the world, the bonds of society will dissolve." The clergy of France, in particular, are called to "the essential work" of reacting against the influence of the *Goddess of Reason*. See *Considérations sur la France*, chap. ii.

* *Etudes sur l'Italie contemporaine*, and *Notes d'un Voyageur. Premiere Etude*, June, 1871; *Seconde Etude*, July, 1872. Paris: Amyot.

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than might be done by an opponent of the various publicists that have treated of the successive phases of the great Italian drama." *

Here, then, is contemporaneous Italy studied by an observer of incontestable impartiality—studied on the spot, and from authentic sources. It is by no means uncommon to hear the correspondents of Catholic journals accused of exaggeration. Certain newspapers under party influence, like the *Journal des Débats* and the *Indépendance Belge*, are paid to divert public attention from facts that cannot be denied. We are sure the Italo-Parisian and the Italo-Belgian press will not say a single word about the *Etudes sur l'Italie contemporaine.* †

I.

How shall we characterize the Italian crisis as a whole? Is it merely one of those accidental revolutions which history is full of, or is it a genuine revolution with its systematic hatred of Christian society? Our readers must not be astonished at such a question. I know some Catholics—a little too liberal, it is true—who have not thereon, even in these times, perfectly correct notions. We remember certain unfortunate expressions respecting the governments of the *ancien régime* which committed the unpardonable fault of injuring Italian liberty, and even respecting that venerable Christian administration that has been dragged through blood and fire. Did not the honorable M. Dulaurier recently confess in an ingenuous manner the illusions he was under before he set foot on Italian soil, and how he believed in the possibility of a reconciliation between the Pope and the excommunicated king? He says he heard on all sides a sentiment to which he gave credence without much reflection: "Why interpose between the two parties contending for Rome? Pius IX. and Victor Emmanuel are both Italians: they will end by settling the difficulty, and we shall trouble ourselves for nothing." The reality, the sad reality, forces us to a different opinion.

It was a beautiful illusion—once greatly dwelt upon in official papers—to think Piedmont sincerely and uniquely preoccupied about the freedom of Italy; to believe in the Subalpine posture of disinterested chivalry, and in Napoleon III. going to war in a great cause merely for the glory of being a liberator. Doubtless there was, for some time, a liberal party in Italy dreaming at once of a confederacy and of national independence. But Mazzinism and its ideas of unity prevailed, and it was manifest to those whose eyes were not blinded that the Piedmontese government superseded *Giovane Italia* by taking advantage of the *naïveté* of honest liberals. * All sin-

* *Première Etude*, p. 3.

† "Except the *Univers*, which has a correspondent at Rome, and keeps up constant communications with that city in other ways, and, on the other side, the *Journal des Débats*, which is supplied with information by the Italian government, and, as we have been assured, receives a handsome subsidy for the patronage accorded, most of the French papers have no other source of supplying their readers with news than the conjectures, more or less unreliable, of the Havas agency, a *succursale*, as to what concerns Italy, of the Stefani agency at Florence. It is supposed, however, that nothing is easier than to obtain information about a country at our very doors."—M. Ed. Dulaurier, member of the Institute, "Impressions et Souvenirs de Rome," in the *Gazette du Languedoc* for Sept. 19. I take the liberty of recommending to M. Dulaurier, and all who wish to know the state of affairs in Italy, the valuable *Correspondance de Geneve*. The *Journal* of Florence, recently combined with the *Cattolica* of Rome, affords instructive reading. Besides information peculiar to itself, this paper reproduces in each number interesting extracts from various Italian journals.

* "The French, under Napoleon I., introduced the idea of centralization into Italy and the code of the Revolution which the restored princes had the want of foresight to retain. The old municipalities were destroyed, and never recovered their former independence even in the States of the Church. Piedmont, of all the states of the Peninsula, was the longest under the poi-

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cere and upright minds must free themselves from so illusive a deception. The mask has fallen off, so must the scales from their eyes. The Italian movement is essentially revolutionary—or Satanic. It is not one of those transformations so frequent in the political life of a nation: it is a work of subversion, a war on the church, a religious persecution, and "pure impurity," to use Joseph de Maistre's words.

It has been demonstrated quite recently in this magazine that the whole tendency of the Italian Peninsula, and its providential destiny, are opposed to unity; that the Revolution has done violence to nature and religion, to the institutions and traditions of the past, and to the faith and morals of the people weighed down by the yoke of unity; and that it has lied to history, to the world, and to God. *Les Etudes sur l'Italie contemporaine* takes a similar view of the case:

"The unity of Italy was not a national necessity; . . . the movement was not spontaneous, but forced. . . . The Piedmontese government has shown some shrewdness (unscrupulous shrewdness) in borrowing its programme from Mazzini. The campaign of 1859 led the way to this political intrigue. As to the nation, it imagined the promised regeneration would produce a new era of happiness when the foreigner was once got rid of. The masses have given in to the ambition of the minority.

"In the transformation of Italy, we see action precede reflection; we see what Frederick the Great said of Joseph II.—the second step taken before the first. . . It must be remembered that the geography of Italy was one of the causes of its division, the length being so disproportionate to its width, which prevented a common centre, and led to separate developments and outlets. . . . Even if railways are now a means of greatly shortening distances, the union of the remote parts ought to be the result of a natural and progressive tendency—not revolutionary.

"The first idea of Rome as the capital sprang from the classics. It was a rhetorical expression (according to Senator Stefano Jacini). . . . If official Italy had need of Rome, Rome by no means had need of Italy. . . . And what do they wish to do with Rome? The unionists in favor of a monarchy wish to transform it into a modern capital that it may become the centre of the general action and influence which united Italy is ambitious of exercising in the world. The Mazzinians, the socialist republicans, and the free-thinkers wish to make it the centre of the doctrines they are desirous of substituting for Christianity. These new apostles are not agreed among themselves, but they are all fighting in the breach against the Catholic organization, and their real object is the destruction of Christian principles."*

To effect the unification of Italy, it was therefore necessary to conspire against the natural inclinations of the inhabitants, against the rights of local principalities, and against the real interests of the nation, to conspire not only against the temporal, but the spiritual power of the papacy. Where they do not find the normal conditions of assimilation, they do not hesitate to resort to deeds worthy of brigands. Conspirators, alas! have never been wanting in the country of Machiavelli. In the present age they superabound. "It has been the misfortune of Italy—its robe of Nessus—that for twelve years all who have succeeded to power, even the best, have been conspirators."† Yes; and foremost among them is the *great* and *good* Cavour, whom a French diplomatist—an honest man, however—has lately depicted, with an enthusiasm that has hardly died away, as struggling to

sonous influence of foreign ideas. Hence it became the centre of the Revolution."—*Quel est l'Avenir de l'Europe?* pages 40-41. Geneva: Grosset, 1871. The author of this remarkable work is of the school of the Count de Maistre, and worthy of his master.

* *Première Etude*, pp. 6, 12, 13, 15; *Seconde Etude*, pp. 4, 10, 11.

† *Première Etude*, p. 10.

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promote the greatness of his country.* We do not dispute Cavour's ability, or his perseverance in striving after a certain end, or his subtleness and patience in the execution of his designs, or his skill in availing himself of the very passions he pretended to yield to. He succeeded—is it not a glorious title to fame?—in keeping Napoleon III. in leading-strings till a Prussian Cavour is found to continue the *rôle* and lead the emperor on to Sedan. But herein Cavour showed himself crafty, deceitful, and —why should we not say it?—criminal. Has not M. Guizot called a certain writer a "*malfaiteur de la pensée?*" Besides, Cavour spoke of himself to his friends somewhat as we do. Our French diplomatist, M. Henry d'Ideville, in a curious page of his *Notes Intimes*, lets us into the secrets of the game and those who took part in it.

"You see, my dear d'Ideville (it is Cavour who is speaking), your emperor will never change. His fault is a disposition to be for ever plotting. . . . With a country as powerful as yours, a large army, and Europe at peace, what is he afraid of? Why is he for ever disguising his intentions, going to the right when he means to turn to the left, and *vice versa?* Ah! what a wonderful conspirator he makes!"

M. d'Ideville is a man of wit. With all possible courtesy, he replied:

"But, M. le Comte, have you not been a daring conspirator also?"

"I? Certainly," replied M. de Cavour. "I have conspired, and how could I do otherwise at such a time? . . . We had to keep Austria in the dark, whereas, your emperor, you may be sure, will remain for ever incorrigible. I have known him a long time! To plot, for ever plot, is the characteristic of his nature. It is the occupation he prefers, and he pursues it like an artist—like a *dilettante*. In this *rôle* he will always be the foremost and most capable of us all."*

Us ALL! Yes, there it is ably expressed in a word: all conspirators and accomplices, not to speak of the dupes. On the 24th of March, 1860, M. de Cavour, after signing the treaty that ceded Nice and Savoy to France, approached M. de Talleyrand, and, rubbing his hands, whispered in his ear: "We are accomplices now, baron, are we not?" † Alas! wrongfully acquired, and never any benefit, we now see why we have lost Alsace and Lorraine!

The entire route from Turin to Rome is marked by the deeds of these conspirators, by their tricks and intrigues, and by their crimes and double-dealings, which have resulted in the profit of Piedmont and Prussia, and the disgrace of our poor France. M. d'Ideville's conscience evidently reproached him at last for having liked Cavour so well, and for imprudently interesting himself in the Italian scheme. The other diplomatist, who has anonymously given his *Etudes sur l'Italie* to the public, seems never to have had the least sympathy with the iniquitous and sacrilegious ambition of the Sardinian government. It is true he does not belong to the French diplomacy infatuated with the ideas of '89! ‡ He finds nothing seductive in the policy of the conspirators. The fiction disguised under the attractive title of national rights, the age of annexations, the trick of the plebiscites, the system of moral agency, the so-called exigencies of civilization and pro-

* *Journal d'un Diplomate en Italie.*—See the *Etudes* for July, 1872.

* *Journal d'un Diplomate en Italie*, pp. 305, 306.

† *Journal d'un Diplomate en Italie*, pp. 116, 117.

‡ *Les Diplomates Français sous Napoléon III.*, by B. d'Agreval Paris: Dentu. 1872 A work we recommend to all publicists who wish to add to their knowledge.

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gress, and the revolutionary messianism which constitutes the foundation of the Napoleonic ideas, have no attraction for him. His style is tolerably forcible when he speaks of all these stratagems: "Such tactics are nothing new. They have always been resorted to in order to palliate schemes of ambition and hypocrisy." *

II.

A government given to conspiracy condemns the nation that supports it, as well as itself, to degradation—to moral and material ruin. If for a while it flatters itself with the hope of systematizing the revolution and directing its energies, it soon becomes its slave and finally its victim. When the hand is caught in machinery, the whole body is soon drawn after it, the head as well as the rest.

Our diplomatic traveller states some aphorisms in connection with this subject that are full of significance, and reveal the genuine statesman.

"A government that owes its existence to a revolution is not viable in the long run unless it has the power and wisdom to sunder all the ties that connect it with the party to which it owes its origin.

"Every government that has a similar origin to the Napoleonic Empire, and, still more, one which owes its existence thereto, will find itself in danger when traditionary principles once more assert themselves for the safety of society.

"Governments of a revolutionary origin have been known to become conservative and renounce their former principles of action. The Italian government may likewise wish to do this, but it cannot.

"All who have risen to power in Italy have had some connection with the revolutionary party, and are obliged to favor it. In particular instances, they have sometimes manifested a certain firmness towards its factions, but in essentials they have yielded to the inevitable pressure.

"Revolution leads to disorder, and, when it triumphs, the destiny of the country is thrown into the hands of its adherents. Political bias must take the place of capacity and often of honor itself."*

One of the first material disasters produced by a triumphant conspiracy is the squandering of the finances. There is an immediate necessity of enriching itself, repairing all deficiencies, paying traitors, buying consciences and votes, keeping a secret reserve of ready money to reward the zeal of journalists, and stimulate or lull the passions according to the exigencies of the moment. The wretched state of the budgets in United Italy will become as proverbial as the *marchés* of the 4th of September in France. With all the domains Piedmont has received from the annexed states, it ought to be rich—rich enough to pay the debt its accomplice, the Empire, has bequeathed to us. The finances of the different states, especially of Rome, were in perfect order, and, with the exception of the kingdom of Sardinia, the receipts surpassed the expenses. Now the credit of Italy is destroyed, and nothing is heard of but duties and taxes, such as were unknown throughout the Peninsula in 1859, more particularly at Rome. Figures are eloquent—we must refer to them:

"Previous to 1860, there were seven states in Italy, each with its court, ministers, administration, and diplomatic corps. All these governments expended about five hundred millions of francs a year, and the imposts amounted to nearly the same sum. These seven states had a debt of about two milliards and a half. At the present time, without reckoning the interest on the floating debt to the National Bank, Italy annually pays about three hundred millions of interest, corresponding to a debt of seven milliards, and all this notwithstanding the sale of

* *Premiere Etude*, p. 10.

* *Premiere Etude*, pp. 5, 10, 11; *Seconde Etude*, p. 4.

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domanial property amounting to six hundred and fifty millions, notwithstanding the alienation of the railways of the state and the manufacture of tobacco, and notwithstanding the seizure of ecclesiastical property, all of which have amounted *in nine years* to nine milliards three hundred and sixteen millions of francs received at the state treasury. Nevertheless, the public debt amounts to the aforesaid sum of seven milliards. And yet the army is badly maintained, the navy poorly organized, and the administration in a state of chaos and unparalleled demoralization."*

And here is M. Quintino Sella, who has just made known the projected budget for 1873; he acknowledges a deficit of sixty millions, as had been anticipated, while the ordinary receipts amount to eight hundred and five millions. If the kingdom of Italy were administered as economically as in the time of the seven sovereigns, a budget of eight hundred and five millions would leave a surplus of three hundred millions. And yet one of the pretexts of unification was that it would save the expense of so many courts, which bore hard on the people! Poor people! they know now what to think of cheap governments, and will soon see that the ministration of the imposts is leading to bankruptcy, in spite of the fresh confiscations and appropriation of conventual property about to be made at Rome.†

And it must be remembered that, in spite of these great budgets, the army is badly maintained and the navy poorly organized. Custozza and Lissa had previously convinced us of this. Austria was well aware of it, and even the France of M. Thiers suspects that, in spite of the valor of the old Piedmontese soldiery, and the discipline of the Neapolitan army; in spite of the aptitude of the Genoese and Venetian sailors, the military forces of Italy are a mere illusion, particularly on account of the inefficiency of the leaders of the army and navy. Since the time of M. de Cavour, whose ability is by no means beyond doubt, there have been only second-rate men beyond the Alps—not a statesman, not an orator, not a minister, not a financier, not a genuine soldier—everywhere and in everything there is the same disgraceful deficiency. *Facundum sed male forte genus.*

"I knew well the men of 1848, some of whom are still remaining, but they must have degenerated through ambition and the necessity of sustaining their position, for even in the revolutionary ranks there was more elevation in 1848 than at the present time.

"Previous to 1860, the armies of the different states, including, of course, the Piedmontese army, constituted a more powerful and better organized force than is now under arms. 'Our army,' says General La Marmora, 'has the traditional reputation of being disciplined, but it is demoralized by a want of stability in its organization, and a lack of moral influences.' La Marmora opposes among other things the exclusion of chaplains and of the religious element among the troops.

"The Sardinian and Neapolitan navies greatly surpassed the Italian. The men were better drilled, and the shipping in better order. Such is the opinion recently expressed by the English naval officers in port at Naples who were at the exposition of the present year."*

And yet the military forces are the only remaining bulwark of order in Italy—I mean material order, for moral order no longer exists anywhere. The so-called conservative party, that is to say, the moderate revolutionists, rely on the army. But the ultra revolutionary element is also to be found there, and some

* *Première Etude*, p. 7.

† The minister has laid before the Parliament the account of the expense of opening the breach in the walls of Rome. This crime cost nearly forty-eight millions.

* *Première Etude*, p. 11; *Seconde Etude*, p. 12.

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day the advanced party will, for its own designs, entice away the officers that followed the hero of Caprera in his campaigns. It will not be sufficient to name Cialdini, Cadorna, or even La Marmora, to counteract the fatal consequences of Castelfidardo and the Porta Pia. By excluding religious influences from the army, and giving it a false idea of patriotism, the source of courage and energy is dried up. After all, revolution will never be friendly to the army, and the genuine soldier will always execrate revolution, whether instigated by princes, citizens, or the mob. A soldier who entered Rome through the breach, lately wrote to the *Libertà*: "The day the King of Italy is satisfied with mere volunteers, as the Pope was, we shall see whether it is the Pope or the king that is loved and esteemed the most by the Italian people."

In opposing the system of territorial divisions on account of the army, which he considers unsuited to the Peninsula, General La Marmora's opinion is founded on a proof that has the misfortune to prove too much. "If there were small territorial armies," says he, "in addition to separate administrations in the various regions of Italy, the unity for which we have done so much, and Providence still more than we, would incur great danger."* Why not boldly declare, general, that there are two Italys—the *Reale* and the *Legale*, one of which has a tendency to revolt against the other? And, above all, why utter a blasphemy against the sovereign providence of God?† *Italia legale* labors in vain; the revolutionary impulse given to it by Cavour is an accelerated movement; it will never reascend the declivity that leads *al fondo*. It will always have against it not only the betrayed interests and the revolted conscience of *Italia reale*, but, above all, Divine Providence, who will one day show that the favors and proofs of protection accorded to the "regenerators" were merely for them, as for Napoleon III., the snares of avenging justice. *In insidiis suis capientur iniqui.*

"As to greatness and political importance, admitting even the possibility of indefatigable and intelligent effort, Italy will never equal the glorious traditions of its past history. Italian glory is the glory of the different states of the Peninsula. . . . To acquire fresh glory, there must be, besides unity, a strength of organization it does not possess, and cannot, because it is a mirage and not a reality.

"The North invades the South: this cannot be called community of interests. It is an attempt at absorption on the part of the North, and at the expense of the South.

"Once at Rome, the programme was to have ended. A new life was to commence; fresh energy was to be the signal of an era of grandeur and prosperity; interiorly, there was to be a more perfect administration; exteriorly, a prudent *national* policy, that is to say, the Napoleonic idea of the Latin races that Italy was to revive. Rome was to be the great centre of liberal influences. . . . All this had been announced and promised. As for me, I see no choice between a blind alley and a *politique d'aventure*.

"It seems to me the union, at a critical moment, should find protection in the wishes of the inhabitants. I can testify that if the former sovereigns of Naples, Florence, Parma, and Modena could return, the day would be hailed by a majority of the inhabitants as one of deliverance. In Lombardy it is different, I acknowledge. The *noblesse* say, as I myself heard a personage of great note: We are badly governed, but at least it is no longer by foreigners. The middle classes are republicans, and in the country the Austrian rule is regretted. The people of Venice either aspire to a republic or regret the unfortunate Archduke Maximilian, whom they would have liked

* Cf. *Première Etude*, p. 10.

† See a forcible and eloquent article in the *Civiltà Cattolica* on the *Caresses de la Providence*. Sér. viii. vol. v., No. 519, Feb., 1872.

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as an independent sovereign. In the old pontifical provinces called the Legations, they would not care to return to the former condition of things as they were, but some would be satisfied with the Pope and a local autonomy; the remainder form a sufficiently numerous republican party."

"In a word, THERE IS EVERYWHERE DISSATISFACTION AS WELL AS DISAPPOINTMENT, AFTER TWELVE YEARS OF EXPERIENCE."*

It is not astonishing, therefore, that at an audience on the 18th of last Nov., the Grand Duke Nicholas, nephew of the Emperor of Russia, said to Pius IX., with all a young man's frankness: "Most holy Father, since I have been in Italy, everywhere I go, I hear nothing but evil of King Victor Emmanuel and his government."†

We need only open our eyes to see the interior condition of united Italy as soon as there was any question, no longer of conspiring and declaiming, but of organizing and governing. And its exterior political relations compare quite as unfavorably with the programme of emancipation. By a kind of divine irony, Italy has become a mere humble vassal of Germany—of the Holy Protestant Empire of Berlin—and the future King of Rome was only acting his part when he proclaimed himself the King of Prussia's hussar.‡ It is well known at the Quirinal that, though influenced for the moment by the dominant party, the authorities may some day return, even through interest, to traditional principles and the old political code which does not recognize the revolutionary schemes of nations or parties. Besides, the Italian princes, who represent the law, are still living. Francis II. may be found to be a genuine Neapolitan, Ferdinand IV. a very good Tuscan, Robert I. an excellent Parmesan, and Francis V. the best of Modenais. And, lastly, is not Pius IX. more of an Italian than the Savoyard who styles himself the King of Italy? . . . And if the French, whose connivance can no longer be expected, even under M. Thiers, should favor the restoration of the throne to a prince, "*qui a la justice dans le sang et dans l'âme*," and would at need have it in his hand, the Italian framework, which merely stands through toleration, would be threatened with sudden and ignominious ruin. It is all this that recently induced the *prince-héritier* to mount like a Hungarian foot-soldier behind the triumphal chariot of the German Cæsar.

Another evil: the Prussians are not the most scrupulous people in the world about other people's property, and their investigations in the Peninsula have excited suspicions as to the object of their cupidity. Let M. de Bismarck, more audacious and grasping than the late M. de Cavour, once succeed in driving the Hapsburgs from Germany, will it not occur to him to take advantage of the title of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom for the benefit of the Cæsar of Berlin? For it is skilfully demonstrated in Germany that the Germanic race has the power, and, therefore, the right, to a powerful navy, and, for the benefit of this navy, an outlet on the Adriatic. And there is no other possible ally but Prussia to protect what calls itself the kingdom of Italy!

* (*Première Etude*, pp. 7, 8, 27; *Seconde Etude*, pp. 11, 12.) "The invaders take the stand of masters, but the people have not joined them. They remain isolated in their midst in the position of a military and administrative colony, about as favorably regarded and received as the Prussians in those departments of our country where they are still encamped. The Romans, it cannot be denied, love their Pope."—M. Ed. Dulaurier, *loc. cit.*

† *Union*, Nov. 26.

‡ "We continue to be regarded at Berlin with the most favorable dispositions, as the demonstrations of which our princes were the object prove."—*Speech of M. Visconti-Venosta* in the Chamber of Deputies, Nov. 27, 1872.

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"Alliances are beneficial when the parties unite their influence for a common end. (Allies, in our day, no longer seek to know each other's principles or origin.) But when they are not formed *inter pares*, or nearly so, and especially when they are intended to guarantee the very existence—the vital principle—of the weaker ally, then the alliance loses its true character, and soon ends in subjection on the ground of politics or economy, and sometimes both." *

Such are the glories of Italy *free from the Alps to the Adriatic!* If, in spite of her presumptuous *farà da se*, she was obliged to have recourse to a foreign hand in order to rise, and still needs a foreign arm to stand erect, she will, according to appearances, have need of no one to aid her in falling: she will topple over of herself. The so-called free country is only an enslaved kingdom—a vassal, a satellite without strength and without prestige.

III.

Of all the Italian formulas that have served to mislead the liberal mind, there is not one more odiously false and deceptive than the too famous expression, *A free church in a free country*. History has already interpreted it, A persecuted church in an enslaved country. The revolutionary factions that have assumed the authority have imposed thereon the complete execution of their plan, and we know that the Masonic lodges, though they denounce Mazzinian deism, have fallen into the atheism of Renan, *al fondo!*

The sacrilegious frenzy of the Revolution, and the madness of those that encouraged it, have been stigmatized in forcible terms by the august prisoner of the Vatican:

"Unbelief assumes an air of authority, and proudly stalks throughout the length and breadth of the earth, doubtless imagining it is to triumph for ever. . . . Woe to those who are linked with the impious, and dally with the Revolution under the pretence of directing it! Sooner or later they will be drawn into the abyss. The recent disasters at Naples may be adduced as an example. A great number of curious people, heedless and devoid of all prudence, hastened to get a nearer view of the devouring flames issuing from the fearful mouth of Vesuvius, and many of them became victims of mistaken curiosity. So it is with those who covenant with the Revolution and the revolutionists, hoping to overrule the former and keep down the latter. Rash people! they will all become a prey to the flames that surround them on every side." *

The revolutionary lava floods the streets of Rome and covers the whole Peninsula. It began in the cities, spread into the country, and will end by swallowing up the army. The universities and common schools are invaded, the torrent engulfs the workshops and stalls, and undermines the walls of palaces. Princes even have opened their gates at its approach. In vain the Holy Father sounds the cry of alarm; in vain his prime minister publicly denounces the progress of the deadly current—party spirit seems to have paralyzed all in authority.

We will not describe the exploits of this new Islamism against the papal power. The history of its ambuscades and pillages is sufficiently well known. There never was a richer treasure of dishonor for revolution to endow a people with. "The title of liberators was all the same retained." Yes, all the same!

Joseph de Maistre somewhere refers to an English functionary as saying that every man who spoke of taking an inch of land from the Pope ought to be hung. "As for me," adds the witty writer, "I cheerfully

* *Seconde Etude*, p. 13.

* *Address*, April 28, 1872.

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consent, in order to avoid carnage, that *hung* should be changed to *hissed.*" *

Let us wait. An avenging God will do both: *subsannabit, conquassabit.* Had the plots of the unionists merely aimed at the temporal power, perhaps divine justice would have been satisfied with a hiss at the hour of some Italian Sedan, but the gibbet —it is a law of history—is reserved for persecutors and apostates.

When the Sardinian government knocked at one of the gates of Rome, as it awaited a propitious moment for battering it down, it bound itself before all Europe to solve the problem of the separation of church and state which had puzzled all the doctors of liberalism, and of which it pretended to have found the key. It was said the Roman question and the Italian question were to cease to be antagonistic, or, at least, they were to resemble those rivers that, while mingling their waters, preserve their own colors, as we see in the Rhône and the Saône. It was promised a channel should be made wide enough for this double current of opinions. Hence the origin of the famous law of the Guarantees. This scheme of conciliation is properly appreciated in the *Etudes sur l'Italie Contemporaine:*

"How many times I have heard it said that the Papacy and the Italian government, even though they never came to an agreement, might at least be like two parallel lines indefinitely and pacifically prolonged! This is a mistake arising from a judgment founded on impressions —and when I say impressions, I mean appearances.

"From the beginning, this law of Guarantees was a one-sided and fruitless attempt. . . . The government and the Chambers never had any doubt as to the refusal of the Pope. This law was like an olive branch presented at the point of the sword as a suitable corrective to palliate the violent occupation of Rome. . . . I do not think a single statesman could really have believed in the success of this law, otherwise than as the decree of the conqueror.

"Besides the moral, juridical, and historic reasons to hinder an understanding between the Pope and a sovereign master of Rome, there was also the impossibility of coexisting with a power that rests on an unstable foundation.

"Even from the point of view of modern but not subversive ideas, A SEPARATION MORE IMPORTANT THAN THAT OF STATE AND CHURCH IS THE SEPARATION OF STATE AND REVOLUTION."*

These are golden words. But our diplomatic traveller is forced to acknowledge that the Italian government cannot break its iniquitous bonds, that it lacks honesty and force, and that all the factions seek their own good first and then the evil of others. Our author, though, unfortunately, too indifferent a spectator to Italian persecution, at least has the advantage of being an unexceptionable witness.

"Practically, it is not the state, it is society, that modern Italy separates from the church. . . . One of the greatest mistakes the unionists have made since the beginning of the Revolution has been the war declared against the clergy and the church. It is at once a political and historical error, and the greater for being committed at Rome.

"Tolerance (practised from time to time according to orders) has its reaction, and of the deepest die, in a recrudescence of insults, sequestrations and confiscations imposed on the ministers of the sanctuary and even the sanctuaries themselves.

"Anti-Christianity has established itself with a bold front at Rome—with its schools of free-thinkers, speeches in which atheism is proclaimed without the least reticence, burial without any religious ceremony, and irreligious books sold at low prices.

"In everything relating to teaching, the choice generally falls on the unbeliever.

* *Correspondance Diplomatique* in the year 1815.

* *Premiere Etude*, p. 17; *Seconde Etude*, pp. 4, 14, 15, 16, 17.

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"Materialism is taught *ex cathedra* in all the universities.

"They have not yet touched on the most vital question—the suppression of the convents (at Rome) and the incameration of the property of the clergy. But they will come to that, and speedily. . . . The attempt at what is called a conciliation must sooner or later end in an outbreak."*

They did come to it—to that shameful encroachment of the government on the religious corporations. The party demanded it, M. de Bismarck advised it, and the diplomatic corps tolerated it. What will not diplomacy tolerate? It was, however, clearly demonstrated to the representatives of different governments the urgent necessity there was of taking under their united protection the independence of the Sovereign Pontiff so poorly guaranteed by the usurper, of declaring the inviolability of church property, the possession of which—and it is a wholly legitimate one—is a *sine qua non* condition of pontifical independence, without considering that most of these establishments have a double claim as to their origin and destination, to be regarded as international property.† Nothing was done. The tolerance of official Europe towards the Piedmontese filibustering has been unlimited, though unrestricted usurpation has been followed by open persecution. Pius IX. had good reason to severely allude to "the so-called governments" that find amusement in the Revolution. Europe seems to have sent its diplomatists to the court of the usurper in the capital of the Christian world, that they might close their eyes to all the schemes of Freemasonry, and the numberless vexations and spoliations, that they might play the *rôle* of stage-dancers in the sacrilegious comedy! Such base complacency justifies the expression of a Catholic writer: "Europe is in a state of mortal sin!"

I am almost ashamed to be obliged to refer to the authority of a diplomatist who belongs neither to our nation nor our religion. I wish I could quote some official report of a minister from France! Might not M. Fournier have employed his time better than in figuring at banquets offered to a renegade, and in listening to heretical and atrocious speeches from the professors of the Romano-Piedmontese university? I will console myself in transcribing a page from M. Dulaurier, the honorable member of the Institute, likewise an ocular witness, and a witness worthy of credit, even from a subscriber to the *Débats:*

"These grievances and many others are aggravated by the excesses to which the press—the illustrated press, above all—has given itself up, and by the incessant war it wages against religion. Ignoble caricatures are daily exposed for sale in the sight of the police, and to their knowledge, in all the Kiosques and newspaper shops, and on the walls, or are hawked around by miserable creatures in rags. The *Don Pirloncino*, a humorous paper, obsequious to the government, diffuses three times a week its abominations on the most august mysteries of the Christian faith and the ministers who dispense them. The cross itself—the cross before which Christians of all communions bow with respect—not only Catholics, but schismatics, Greeks, and Orientals, and even Protestants—is not safe from its insults. My heart swells with horror

* *Première Etude*, pp. 25, 26; *Seconde Etude*, pp. 15, 16, 26.

† See, in the *Etudes* for Oct., 1871, the article by Fr. Ch. Clair, who, in an address to the government of M. Thiers, carries on a vigorous argument *ad hominem* respecting the "necessary liberties" of the Pope.

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when I recall one of these pictures—a caricature of the Crucifixion. In the place of the God-Man is Dr. Lanza, Minister of the Interior. The words put in his mouth, and on the lips of his murderers, are untranslatable. Under his feet, at the lower extremity of the tree of the cross, is fastened transversely an instrument that I dare not designate otherwise than by saying it is made a burlesque use of at the end of the first act of *M. de Pourceaugnac*. Our French revolutionists, in their senseless fury, have broken the cross in pieces, but it never occurred to them to defile it in such a manner. So revolting an idea could only spring from imaginations the country of Aretino alone is capable of producing.

"In the presence of these abominations echoed by the political press devoted to the advancement of free-thinking, the Sovereign Pontiff, the clergy, and the Roman people who are fundamentally religious, can only veil their faces, resign themselves, and have recourse to prayer. And prayer rises unceasingly to heaven in expiation of so many horrors. It is the only consolation left to all these afflicted souls. There is a constant succession of triduos, announced by blank notices, headed *Invito sacro*, and signed by Mgr. Patrizi, the Cardinal Vicar. One of these notices, which I saw affixed to the columns at the entrance to his eminence's palace near the Church of Sant' Agostino, gives an idea, in the very first line, of the indignation that is fermenting in every Catholic breast: 'The earth is full of the most horrible blasphemies. *La terra è piena della più orrende bestemmie.*'"

IV.

We will not deny one benefit—and this time a real one!—that has sprung from the Italian Revolution: it has served to revive the fidelity and fervor of all true Italians. It can be rightly said of it, as M. Guizot says of the Reformation of the sixteenth century, It has awakened, even among its adversaries [we must correct this Protestant writer's mistake—he should have said among its adversaries alone], religious faith and civil courage. Some natures that were formerly nonchalantes, timid, and delicate, are no longer satisfied with groaning over the evil, but take a bold stand against the inroads of impiety. Italy, somewhat inclined to the *far niente*, might of itself have yielded; sustained by the hand of a great Pope, she is roused to withstand the unloosed tempest. She no longer falters before the responsibility of a religious manifestation or an anti-revolutionary vote. No longer afraid of the threats of the poniard, or of conciliating, through culpable prudence, her temporary masters, she at last ventures to show herself openly, as she really is—the cherished and faithful daughter of the Church of Rome. Roused by provocations and blasphemies, her filial piety towards the Papacy has become more lively and aggressive. She protests solemnly against the schemes of the adventurers who have trampled under foot their faith, honesty, morality, and honor. At the sight of these sublime outbursts of a spirit at once Catholic and Roman, the church is consoled, and observant Christendom begins to hope the reaction will be the more salutary from the extreme violence of the crisis.

One of our co-laborers has expressed all this much better than we can:

"If there is a country we have reason to conceive such consoling hopes of, assuredly it is Italy, in spite of all the scandals and all the infamy that now degrade

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it. All who have had a favorable opportunity of observing the moral condition of the country agree in declaring the greater part of the inhabitants faithful to their belief. It is merely the froth and pestilential impurities that are seething on the surface. Some day it will doubtless be with this impure froth as with the stagnant waters for which Pius IX. some years ago made an opening to the sea, giving fresh fecundity to the old Italian soil. Purified by trials, as by a new baptism, this nation, in many respects so highly gifted, will once more have acquired a beneficial discipline of mind and character, the advantages of a robust and manly training, the practice of energetic individual action, and especially of great combined efforts which she is beginning to give us the consoling spectacle of in the recently formed Catholic associations." *

In France we think lightly, or rather we have an incorrect idea, of what our brethren in Italy are effecting. The very people among us who only talk of harmony and compromise reproach the Catholics of the Peninsula for being inactive and inefficient. They even make them partly responsible for the national misfortunes and the decay of moral principle beyond the Alps. We protest against such superficial judgments. We know Italy too well not to have a right to speak in favor of those who are so unjustly accused. Catholics in Italy decline public offices, *ne eletti, ne elettori;* and they do well, because the Sardinian government imposes an oath after the style of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth. Tell us if it is proper for a Catholic to take a seat in a parliament established at Rome between the Vatican where the Pope is imprisoned, and the Quirinal where the Piedmontese has established himself by the aid of a false key. Does the military career offer much attraction when he might be ordered to assassinate the pontifical zouaves, open a breach in the walls of Rome, bombard Ancona or even the quarter of the Vatican? He might without any great difficulty present himself at the municipal and provincial ballot-boxes. The faithful Neapolitans, at the invitation of their archbishop, formed a majority there, and this is not an isolated case. But do you, who are the safety of France, set the example of hastening to the polls? — No; good Christians in Italy are far from being inert, nor do the clergy inculcate inertness. Abstaining is quite a different thing from inaction. Is the public aware that the Catholic press is one of the glories of the Peninsula? There are a hundred journals and reviews on the other side of the Alps consecrated to the service of the truth, and some of these publications are of unequalled merit. It is sufficient to name the *Civiltà Cattolica*, the *Unità Cattolica*, and the *Voce della Verità*. We confess our admiration for the courageous journalists who keep their own course in spite of arrests, law-suits, fines, imprisonment, and threats of *coltellate*. And the tone of these papers, with some insignificant exceptions, is healthier than with us, the union of sentiment stronger, and their adhesion to the apostolic constitutions more sincere and open. Associations have spread from one end of the Peninsula to the other, and everywhere produce the most beneficial results. I need only mention the Society of Catholic Youth at Bologna, celebrated on account of the generous filial stand it has taken from the first in favor of Pius IX., and the Roman Society for the promotion of Catholic interests, which, by its branches and parish committees, exercises so prodigious an influence over the city of Rome as to excite the anxiety of those in authority.

* P. Toulement, *La Providence et les Châtiments de la France*, ch. xvii.

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But let us once more listen to our unexceptionable witness, whom I think every one will feel indebted to us for quoting so much at length: *testimonium animæ naturaliter Christianæ.*

"The religious reaction is more and more decided, even in the middle and lower classes, owing to the zealous associations that have assumed the direction. This movement is worthy of study . . . At Rome, and throughout Italy, this reaction has given rise to societies composed for the most part of men still young, whose object is to oppose all pernicious doctrines. These societies are to be found at Rome, Florence, Venice, Milan, Naples, Turin, Verona, Genoa, Lucca, Padua, Pisa, and Bologna.

"In January, 1871, the following statement was made in the *Riforma*, the organ of Rattazzi: 'The clerical party is being more and more reinforced at Rome; the clerical press every day acquires more strength, its organs increase in number and boldness.' . . . The clerical press is really well sustained, and, in spite of the persecutions and ill-treatment of all kinds the editors of these journals have to undergo, they do not cease their energetic efforts.

"The administering of the oath has caused wholesale resignations in all the *dicastères* (at Rome). Many of these functionaries are left without any means of subsistence. . . . As early as the year 1871, there were more than four thousand resignations.

"Thousands of Romans go to the Vatican to give their plebiscites, and to the basilica of St. Peter to offer solemn prayers for hastening THE DAY OF DELIVERANCE." *

The day of deliverance will arrive, and, in spite of the sneers about our wailing over disappointed hopes, it will come soon! But how will this deliverance be effected? United Italy has against it the upper and nether fires—the Catholic reaction that will never stoop to parley, and the exertions of the demagogues, which are continually increasing. At present the nether fires seem like the prelude of the Internationale.

* *Première Etude*, pp. 24, 25, 26; *Seconde Etude*, pp. 17, 22, 34.

The intermediate party, which would like to consolidate *le fait accompli*, and which recruits adepts from the very opposers of the *mezzi morali*, is not sufficiently free from all alloy of party spirit to constitute a government capable of resistance and of exacting respect from the league of destruction.

Unhappy but beloved Italy! Great and holy city of Rome! shall we have the sorrow of seeing the enemy *flamber* your palaces, your museums, your churches?

Not long since we were asked at Florence to read the prophecy of Joel, so applicable to the future of Italy: "Hear this, . . . tell ye of this to your children, and let your children tell their children, and their children to another generation. That which the palmer-worm hath left, the locust hath eaten; and that which the locust hath left, the bruchus hath eaten; and that which the bruchus hath left, the mildew hath destroyed. Awake, ye that are drunk, and weep, and mourn, all ye that take delight in drinking sweet wine; for it is cut off from your mouth."—Joel. i. 2–5.

It is true too large a part of the Italian nation have grown giddy from the intoxicating draught of liberalism, and it is to be feared they may be condemned to drink the bitter cup of expiation to the dregs. The international "locusts" will devour that which the Sub-Alpine "palmer-worm" hath left. To-day, the taxes of Sella; to-morrow, the communism of Castellani: yesterday, a political revolution; to-morrow, a radical revolution: yesterday and to-day, the hypocrisy of the tribune; to-morrow, the bloody scenes of the national Comitia. After the physicians and lawyers, after the members of the Consorteria and the friends of Rattazzi, the lowest grade of society—the "bruchus" and the "mildew"—like

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a barbarous horde, will overturn, and destroy, and deluge with petroleum.

Italy, more than France or Spain, has abused the divine gift. She has "the light of Rome and the sun," but has been ungrateful, proud, impious, shameless, and reckless. The whole land is now a mere haunt for banditti, traitors, and buffoons.

Alas! it is so: but Pius IX. still prays for his beloved Italy! Following the example of its lawful ruler, the nation—at least, the better portion of the nation—have multiplied their holy prayers, which daily grow more frequent from the delay of the benefit and the example of France. It has a clearer sense of equity and justice; it already feels disposed to renew its former covenant with God, return to the path of order, and take up its national traditions of glory. It is awakening from its dreams of moral and social primacy. It will be satisfied with, and glory in, being the *patrie environnante* of the Vicar of Christ. Would that France, once more regenerated, might speedily aid her in breaking loose from the tyranny of lodges, and shaking off the Prussian suzerainty!

In 1860, the unhappy King of Sardinia said to M. de la Tour d'Auvergne, the French minister at Turin: "I do not wish you to leave me under false impressions. I feel sure you regard me as impious—as an infidel, as people persist in saying. You are wrong. (??)—If I number kings among my ancestry, there are likewise saints. Here, look around.—Well, do you think that in yonder world all these sainted relatives of mine have any other occupation than to pray for me?" *

Our Saviour prayed for those who knew not what they did! *Pater dimitte illis.* May all the saints in heaven and on earth pray for poor Italy! It has need of it.

* *Journal d'un Diplomate en Italie*, pp. 17, 18.

SONNET.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF GIOVANNI BATTISTA ZAPPI, UPON THE MOSES OF MICHAEL ANGELO IN THE CHURCH OF SAN PIETRO IN VINCOLI, AT ROME.

WHOSE form there, sculptured in such mass of stone,
Sits like a giant, carrying art so far
Beyond all works most beautiful and known?
On those quick lips life's very accents are!
That man is Moses: on the awful front
The double ray,* the glory of his beard,
Reveal as much: 'tis Moses from the Mount
When much of Deity in his face appeared!
So looked he once when he the vasty fount
Of sounding waters with his one word stayed.
Such was his aspect when the sea obeyed
And swallowed Egypt. O ye tribes that bent
Before the calf! had you an image made
Like this to worship, less were to repent.

* This alludes to the indication of superhuman power by the budding horns which Michael Angelo has represented upon the head of Moses, adopting the Jewish symbol of strength so frequent in Scripture.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF PÈRE HERMANN.

FRANCE has a strange, magnetic power of attracting to herself, and absorbing into her mould, all the great talent of the world. How many men there are in Paris, who, from the ends of the earth, come together to lose their nationality in her appreciative bosom, and to gain there instead a reflected light of popularity ensured by her endorsement alone! All countries have adopted citizens, it is true, some by social, some by artistic, some by political adoption, but no country has a larger share of adopted intellect than France.

To all intents and purposes, the famous artist-convert and artist-monk, Père Hermann, was a Frenchman, though he was born a German Jew, in the free city of Hamburg. His biographers have told us all the striking incidents of his life; they have dwelt on his intoxicating success during youth, his mad extravagance of opinion, of expenditure, and of depravity, and, lastly, on his almost miraculous conversion and religious vocation. His death, which was a fitting crown to his life, and can be dignified by no lesser title than martyrdom, has endeared his memory still more to all those who knew him personally and had many secret reasons to admire his sanctity and feel grateful for his spiritual direction. His was a figure not easily forgotten, and perhaps a few touches of personal reminiscences will not be unacceptable to our readers, since all that links us to the saints, and brings the shadow of their sanctity nearer to our littleness, can hardly fail to be of interest.

The first time we were brought in contact with him was in the summer of 1862, when he came by special invitation to spend a few days with us in the country. The house itself had a monastic appearance and origin. It had been, so said tradition, a rural dependency, half farm, half infirmary, of a great Franciscan convent. It had been restored in 1849 and 1850, or thereabouts, and thanks to the good taste of the owner and the talent of the architects employed, had developed into a gem of Elizabethan Gothic and of domestic comfort. The little market-town adjoining, once a centre of wealthy wool-merchants and a great mediæval mart, contained several XIVth century buildings in a state of entire preservation, besides the later pile of the almshouses (XVIIth century), which, both as a building and an institution, was the pride of the surrounding country. Twelve old and destitute people, six men and six women, invariably widows or widowers, are generously supported on the fund left in perpetuity for this purpose by Joanna, Lady C—, wife of the great loyalist Baptist, Viscount C—, who burnt down his manor-house (opposite the almshouses), rather than let it fall, with its treasures of plate and furniture, into the hands of Cromwell's Roundheads.

It was the yearly custom to feast these good people at the manor, the restored Franciscan dependency, and thither they were conveyed one day during the summer in question, in a large covered cart provided with seats like a French *char-à-banc*. Père Hermann had been in the house since the previous evening, and

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had stipulated with his cordial host and hostess that he should wear his Carmelite habit while within the limits of the private grounds. The sight of this alone had in it something homely; it was a rest to the eye to see the cowled figure pacing the terrace in the early morning, Breviary in hand, and to lapse into beautiful day-dreams of what might have been had England kept true to the faith. The Carmelite was delighted at the prospect of seeing this annual feast given to the almshouse people, and no sooner had they all assembled round the ample board spread for them on a shady part of the terrace at the back of the house, than he made his way towards them, and, saluting them, showed how much he sympathized in their enjoyment. His English was, of course, very imperfect; indeed, he never grew to any proficiency in speaking that language, but his interest in the scene was none the less vividly expressed. The old people still wear the costume appointed by the foundress of the institution: for the men, gaiters and a long coat of rough black cloth, with a silver badge or medal; for the women, a narrow, old-fashioned dress of the same material, and a similar badge. These badges, we believe, have never been renewed since the original endowment, and are handed down from one bedesman to his successor, and so on; the clothes are renewed every two years. If we mistake not, Père Hermann said grace for these poor people, who, though all Protestants, seemed not at all shocked at the "popish" apparition. Indeed, he gained the hearts of all who ever saw him, his gentleness and recollection inspiring a respect for his person which was little short of veneration. He seemed as though he were walking with angels and listening to heavenly converse even while charitably lending his time and his bodily presence to earth. When he had enjoyed, with the simplicity of a child, the sight of the innocent sports and merriment of the old people, he left us for the chapel, where he spent a great part of his time. We cannot help adverting to a little occurrence which took place at one of these almshouse feasts (we believe this very one), and which was certainly very pathetic. A monk might well take pleasure in such unaffected simplicity and gentleness among those whose ancestors had been so intimately linked of old with monastic patrons. One of the old women, speaking to one of her host's daughters of her little grandchild, a baby girl who was just dead, said, in the broad dialect of the county of Gloucester (which, however, we dare not imitate in print):

"When the child was born, my daughter made me notice how long the little thing's fingers were, and said, 'Bless its little heart! they are long enough for the baby to be a waiting-maid on the queen.' And we agreed, laughing-like, that a waiting-maid the child would surely be. But when it died, I said to my daughter, said I, 'Jane, we were mistaken about the baby's fingers, you see. I tell you the Lord gave her those beautiful long fingers, not to attend on any great lady or queen on earth, but to play on the golden harps in his kingdom of heaven.'"

No truer nor more reverent poetry can be found anywhere than that simple utterance of an unlettered old woman who had not even that instinctive education which belongs to all those who learn the Catholic catechism. Such women and such poetry used to abound in the England of historic times, but error and materialism have but too well succeeded during the last three centuries in making the type rare and not easily discoverable, save in some forgotten nook of the rural districts.

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Père Hermann that evening allowed us to enjoy *our* treat, after giving him his among the bedesmen, by playing a little on a cottage piano-forte in what we called the oak drawing-room. The servants were all collected in the next room (the library), and this seemed to give him particular satisfaction, as he was ever most fastidiously thoughtful of the comforts and pleasures of those in inferior station. His playing, though not comparable to his triumphant successes as an artist nearly twenty years before, was still admirable, and, above all, so *sympathetic*. He played, among other things, the "Prayer of Moses" with great solemnity and expression, and also some of his own *Cantiques*, which for blending passion with religious earnestness are something unique. He never played anywhere save in private, and then only to small audiences in an informal manner, and never touched the organ save by obedience in his own church, or for the Forty Hours' Exposition, saying that he wished to have his art ever sanctified by a religious inspiration. The fascination and temptation of artistic triumphs must still have been appreciable stumbling-blocks in his spiritual career. Therefore, to hear him play at all was no slight favor, and, while on this visit, he repeated this favor more than once. On the last day, he said Mass in the domestic chapel, and distributed the Scapular to the household, enrolling nearly every member in the Confraternity. He gave a short address on the origin and meaning of this devotion, the distinctive one of his Order, and which was further made interesting on this occasion by the fact of the host's having in former years rescued a picture of S. Simon Stock in the act of receiving the first miraculous Scapular. The figures were life-size, and the painting after the manner of the later Italian school; the canvas was found riddled with holes, having been used as a target by ignorant or fanatical possessors. The restored picture was hung in the drawing-room, where it became a great source of interest to the zealous convert Carmelite, our dear guest. During this visit was laid the foundation of a spiritual friendship between him and the writer—a friendship which proved a great benefit and guidance in our after-life.

Meeting him again in London a few months later, we learnt a singular occurrence connected with his influence over souls. A young girl, not much over seventeen, and of a wilful and rebellious nature, who was under Père Hermann's spiritual direction, happening to come up to town for a few days, experienced a strange phase of religious excitement. Careless as she was about all serious matters regarding the future state, she was nevertheless seized with a strong feeling of inadequacy in her religious efforts. She rose suddenly (it was a bright moonlight night), and went to the window, where the chastened beauty of the moon made even the monotonous landscape of London roofs and chimneys shine with a weird charm and take on suggestive shapes of startling vividness. Something—the grace of God, we ought no doubt reverently to say—seemed to take hold of her heart and shake her whole being. It was not the fear of punishment, the blank of unsated frivolity, that moved her; only one cry burst from her heart—"I have never loved God enough—I have never loved him at all." If any but the saints ever feel perfect contrition, she did at that moment; for in that one sin she saw all others contained. Sobs came from the depths of her heart; she paced her

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room with naked feet, unmindful of discomfort, unheeding the autumn chill that is never long absent from London atmosphere, repeating again and again, like a dirge, those words, "I have never loved God enough—I have never loved him at all." Then came a wondering feeling as to what this awakening meant; was it conversion, or the beginning of a vocation, or a sign that some special self-devotedness would be required of her through life? She said to herself, "I will see Père Hermann, and tell him; I wonder if this will last!"

Strange to say, the blessed excitement passed away, and the next morning, though she tried to revive it, it was impossible. Not a trace of emotion was left, although the mind recalled distinctly what an ecstasy of sorrow it had been, and how it had shaken the soul to its very centre. The young girl, however, saw Père Hermann, and told him of it, and in the parlor of the nuns of the Assumption, Kensington Square, he gave her the advice of a father and a saint. She is still living, and none can tell if that prophetic call may not yet have unexpected fulfilment through the prayers of one who is now a saint in heaven. This occurrence led to a very interesting and intimate correspondence, which we have examined ourselves, and of which we would gladly give some extracts were the letters not unfortunately beyond our reach at the present moment.

Père Hermann was peculiarly fond of children, as indeed all saints are. Going one day to the Brompton Oratory, which the finest organ in London and a very perfect and numerous surpliced choir contribute to make one of the leading Catholic churches of the English capital, he was prevailed upon to play a voluntary after the Offertory. There sat a child in that choir, only a little chorus singer, but whose early dream it had ever been to become a musician and play upon an organ such as that majestic, imperial instrument which he listened to with vague awe every Sunday. He knew the story of the great artist who now sat at the organ in his Carmelite habit, and he drank in eagerly the grand strains he could but dimly understand, yet admired so intensively. Things which he never knew technically till many years after, yet seemed not unknown to his sympathetic ear, and, if he understood but little of the science that created those rolling chords and modulations, he could worship the beauty they expressed.

A few days later, the little chorister, with six or seven companions from the Oratory School, was taken to the temporary Carmelite chapel in Kensington. It was all very poor and unpretending, but the spirit of recollection and peace made an Eden of the temporary refuge of these "knights of poverty," and the children were very much impressed. Père Hermann came to the parlor to see them, and inquired severally after each one from the Oratorian Father in whose special charge they were. Our little chorister was dumb with awe and delight, expecting the holy Carmelite to notice him particularly; but when the Oratorian was questioned about this boy, he answered laughingly:

"Oh! this fellow is going to be a tinker."

Père Hermann looked amused but incredulous, and the child grew hot and uncomfortable under the laughing gaze of his companions. He had long made up his mind as to what he would like to be, and the tinker suggestion was peculiarly hateful to him, because systematically used by his wise instructor to "break his pride."

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But the gentle monk saw the boy's discomfiture, and came skilfully to the rescue.

"And will you really be a tinker, my little man?" he said, smiling.

"No, father," readily answered the little one. "A musician."

"You mean a tinker, Peter," teasingly suggested the Oratorian, and the boy blushed with annoyance.

"No, no," said Père Hermann; "he will be a musician, as he says, and a good one. And now," he continued, "it is nearly time for Benediction, and I am going to play the harmonium; would you like to stay for that?"

The child was speechless with delight, and then the holy monk added:

"You shall pull out the stops for me, Peter," which was done, and, though it seemed the acme of happiness to Peter, it probably did not improve the music.

After the service, the father called one of the lay brothers, and entrusted the children to his care, saying, with simple glee, and in the broken accent which all who knew him remember as a characteristic of his otherwise terse and appropriate language:

"Now, brother, go and feed these little ones, and mind you give them plenty of good things."

The order was well obeyed, for the tradition of ample and eager hospitality has never been lost among religious orders, be they poor and struggling and even proscribed, or rich, powerful, and influential. Rich plum-cake and good wine, with candies of every sort, were set before the little musician and his friends, but the child was even then thinking exultingly that Père Hermann had really said he should be an artist. In later years, when studying his art in Flanders, or earning his bread by it in England, this saying, that from such holy lips seemed a prophetic blessing and an earnest of success, often and often recurred to his mind, and encouraged him in the many dark days through which he had to pass.

To all those who learned to love Père Hermann from personal intercourse with him, every remembrance of his words, however trifling, is now doubly treasured; his death, uniting as it did in itself the heroism of philanthropy, of patriotism, and of divine charity, has already practically canonized him in the eyes of his friends and spiritual children; and as we lay this slender wreath of praise among the more important tributes that literature, art, and religion have heaped around his memory, we are fain to exclaim, with the wise man of Israel, "Blessed are they that saw thee, and were honored with thy friendship." *

* Ecclus. xlviii. 11.

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A DAUGHTER OF S. DOMINIC.

CONCLUDED.

It was a singular proof, not only of respect for her character, but of confidence in her judgment and discretion, on the part of the government, to have entrusted her with this right of mercy; knowing, as no one who knew anything about her could fail to know, her extraordinary tenderness of heart and compassion for suffering, especially in the case of the soldiers. It seemed a risk to invest her with a sort of judicial right to interfere in their behalf at the hands of law and justice; but they never had reason to regret it. She showed herself to the last worthy of the trust reposed in her. In the exercise of a privilege whose application was one of the keenest joys of her life, Amélie evinced a mind singularly well balanced, a judgment always clear, and a prudence ever on the alert to guide and control the impulses of her heart. But when her judgment approved the promptings of charity, no consideration could deter her from obeying them. She was by nature very timid, and of late years, owing to her having quite broken off intercourse with the world, properly speaking, this timidity had grown to a painful shyness. Whenever there was a necessity, however, she could brave it, and face a gay crowd or a doughty magnate with as much ease and cheerfulness as if the act demanded no effort or sacrifice of natural inclination. Such sacrifices were frequently required of her. Her name had a prestige that gained entrance through doors closed to persons of infinitely higher social position and importance; and when a community, or a hospital, or a family wanted a mediator in high quarters, they turned quite naturally to Amélie. On one occasion her courage and good-nature were put to a rather severe test. It was in the case of a poor man who had been condemned to a long term of punishment for some fraudulent act. The circumstances of the case, the hitherto excellent character of the man, the fierce pressure of want under which the fraud was committed, and certain points which threw doubts on the extent to which he had been consciously guilty, along with the misery his condemnation must entail on a wife and young family, roused strong sympathy for him, and a general impulse seized the townspeople to appeal to the emperor for his pardon. But how to do it so as to make the appeal efficacious—who to entrust with the delicate mission? Every heart turned instinctively to Amélie. Her name rose to every tongue. The most influential of the petitioners went to her, and besought her to go to Paris and obtain an audience of the emperor, and implore of his clemency a free pardon for the convict. Her first impulse was to draw back in dismay at the mere contemplation of such a feat; but the petitioners brought out an array of arguments that it was not in Amélie's nature to resist. She called up her courage, recommended the success of her mission to the prayers of the Marseillese and the protection of N. Dame de Garde, and started off to Paris. Thanks to her previous relations with the ministerial world, she was able to obtain, after some delay, an audience of the em-

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peror. He received her with the most flattering marks of personal consideration, and granted her at once the pardon she sued for. Amélie telegraphed the good news to Marseilles on leaving his majesty's presence, and was met on her arrival there the following day by her protégé and his family in tears of joy and gratitude.

On another occasion, she was applied to for a rather large sum of money for a very pressing charity. She happened for the moment to have exhausted all her own and her friends' resources, and knew not where to turn for the necessary sum. Some enterprising person proposed that she should go and beg it at the house of a banker who was giving a grand ball that night, and at which all the wealthy notabilities of the town were to be present. It was quite an unprecedented proceeding, and one that it required the humility and the courage of Amélie to undertake. She hesitated as usual at first, and as usual, seeing that the thing had to be done, and that no one else would do it, she consented. A preliminary step was to obtain the host's permission. This he at first emphatically refused; and, seeing that it required nearly as much courage on his part to allow his guests to be waylaid as for Amélie to waylay them, it is not much to be wondered at. Courage, however, is catching. Amélie pleaded, and the banker gave way. He opened her list of contributions by a handsome sum, and consented that she should come the same evening and beg the rest at his house. It was a strange episode in the brilliant scene—the pale, dark-eyed woman, in her homely black gown and neat little black net cap, standing at the door of the ball-room, and stretching out her little bag to the votaries of pleasure as they passed her: "*Pour les pauvres, mesdames! Pour les pauvres, messieurs!*" The words must have struck in oddly enough through the clanging of the orchestra, and the rustling of silken robes, and the hum of laughter as the merrymakers swept round in the mazes of the dance. But the low, sweet voice of the beggar rose above the music and the din loud enough to reach many hearts that night; no one turned a deaf ear to the suppliant; the gentlemen gave money, or pledged themselves to give it; the women dropped rings and bracelets into the velvet bag that soon overflowed with its own riches; and when all the guests had arrived, and the festivity was at its height, Amélie, after admiring, as she was always ready to do, everything bright and beautiful that was not sinful—the brilliancy of the scene, the bright jewels and the pretty toilets, and the artistic decoration of the rooms—bade good-night to it all and to her host, and went home with her heart full of love and gratitude towards her kindly fellow-creatures.

But we should never end if we were to narrate all the acts of charity and zeal that she was never tired of performing. The following, however, are too characteristic to be omitted:

Late one evening, in her rounds through one of those dark centres of misery and crime that are to be found in all big cities, Amélie heard that a mountebank was dying in a neighboring cellar, all alone and in great pain. She made her way to the place at once. The dying man was lying on a heap of a straw, but he was not alone; a bear and a monkey shared his wretched abode; they had enabled the poor mountebank to live, and now they stood by while he was dying, watching his death-throes in dumb sympathy. Nothing scared by the presence of his strange company, Amélie went

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up to the man and spoke to him gently of his soul. If he had ever heard of such a thing as an essential part of himself, he seemed to have altogether forgotten it, but he did not repulse her; he let her sit down beside him on the live, fetid straw and try to soothe him in his pains, and instruct him in the intervals, and prepare him to make his peace with God. By the time her part of the task was done, the night was far spent, but there was no time to lose. Amélie went straight to the priest's house and woke him up. On the road, she told him what he would find on arriving.

The two went in together. Amélie knelt down in the furthest corner of the place and prayed, and the bear and the monkey looked on while the sweet and wondrous mystery between Jesus and the good thief was renewed before their blank, unintelligent eyes. The mountebank made a general confession of his whole life, and received the last sacraments. Then the priest went home, and Amélie remained alone with the dying man, who expired a few hours later with his head resting on her shoulder.

On another occasion, she heard that a woman whose life had been a public scandal in the town was at the point of death. She rose at once to go to her, and, in spite of the remonstrances of those present, she did go. The character of the woman and her associates, and the place where she lived, were indeed enough to deter a less daring spirit than Amélie, but whenever an objection was raised on prudential grounds to her visiting here or there, she would playfully point to her hump, and say:

"With a protector like that, a woman may go anywhere."

The woman at first repulsed her fiercely and bade her begone, and refused to hear the name of God mentioned; but Amélie held her ground, pleading with all the eloquence at her command—and those who have heard it in moments when her soul was stirred by any great emotion declare that it was little less than sublime. She caressed the wretched creature, calling her by the most endearing names, till at last the obdurate heart was softened, she let Amélie stay and speak to her, and even asked her to come back the next day. "But," she added, "you'll find a *monsieur* at the door, and he's capable of beating you if you try to come in against his will."

But Amélie was not likely to be deterred by this. She came the following morning, and found the *monsieur*. He met her with insulting defiance, and dared her to enter, and, on her attempting to do so, he raised his hand and clenched it, with a savage oath threatening to strike her.

"Hit here!" said Amélie, coolly turning her hump to him.

Confounded by the words and the action, the man let his arm drop. Before he had recovered from his surprise, she had passed into the sick room, and he stood silently looking on and listening in wonder to what was going on before him. Amélie left the house unmolested, and returned a few hours later with a priest. The unhappy woman had been a Christian in her youth. She made a general confession in the midst of abundant tears, and died the next day in admirable sentiments of contrition and hope. The example was not lost on her companion; he made a sudden and generous renunciation of his sinful life, and Amélie had to rejoice over the return of two souls instead of one.

As we have said before, her charity

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was essentially catholic, universal in every sense. She was ready to pity everybody's troubles, and, with Amélie, to pity meant to help. The poor widow toiling broken-hearted for her children in the courts and alleys of the big town; the father struggling with adversity in another sphere, trying to educate his sons and marry his daughters and pay the inexorable debt of decency that society exacts from a gentleman; the poor, lone girl battling with poverty, or perhaps writhing in agonized shame at having fallen in the battle; the rich mother weeping over the wanderings of a son; the poor orphan without bread or friends; the rich orphan pursued by designing relations, or in danger of falling into the hands of a worthless husband; high and low, rich and poor alike, all came to Amélie for sympathy and counsel, and no one was ever repulsed. Even those difficulties which are the result of culpable weakness, and which meet generally with small mercy, not to say indulgence, from pious people, found Amélie full of indulgent pity and a ready will to help. An officer on one occasion was drawn inadvertently into contracting a debt of honor which he had no means of paying. In his despair he thought of Amélie, and, half maddened with shame and remorse, he came to her to ask for pity and advice. The sum in question was two thousand francs. Amélie happened to have it at the moment, and, touched by the distress of the man of the world, she gave it to him at once. There was no spirit of criticism, no censoriousness in her piety, no fastidious condemnation of things innocent in themselves, however apt to be dangerous in their abuse. She loved to see young people happy and amused, and would listen with real interest and pleasure to an account of some fête where they had enjoyed themselves after the manner of their age. This simplicity and liberty of spirit enabled her often to take advantage of opportunities for doing good that never would occur to a person whose piety turned in a narrower groove; she was wont to exclaim regretfully against good people for being so overnice in the choice of opportunities, and thus cramping their own power and means of usefulness. With regard to the choice of tools in the same way, she would often deprecate the fastidiousness of certain pious people, urging that, when there was a work to do, an aim to accomplish, an obstacle to overcome, we should take up whatever tools Providence put in our way, not quarrelling with their shape or quality, but doing the best we can with them, profiting by a knave's villany or a fool's folly to further a just purpose, or a noble scheme, or a kind action, making, as far as honesty and truth can do it, evil accomplish the work of good.

Faithfully bearing in mind that we may do no evil that good may come of it, Amélie had withal an ingenious gift of turning to good account the evil that was done by others; but she was slow to see the evil, and, when it was forced upon her, she had always more pity than censure for it. Her lamp was always lighted, and she was ever ready to help the foolish ones who go about this world of ours crying out to the wise ones: "Give me of your oil!" For it is not only when the Bridegroom comes that we need to have our lamp lighted, we want it all along the road, for others as well as for ourselves; we must even adapt it to the necessities of the road by changing the color of its light. This we can do by changing the oil. We must use the oil of faith when we want a strong, bright blaze to keep our feet

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straight amidst the ruts and snares and pools of muddy water that abound at every step; we must burn the oil of hope to frighten away despondency and cheer us when our hearts are heavy and our courage ebbing; but we must be chiefly prodigal of the rich and salutary oil of charity, for the flame it sends out is often more helpful to others than to ourselves. Sometimes, when our lamp is so low that it hardly shows the ground clear under our own feet, it is shedding—thanks to this marvellous oil of charity—a heavenly radiance on the path of those journeying behind us; its flame is luminous as a star and soft as moonlight; people on whom we turn its roseate glow rejoice in it as in sunshine: it softens them, it heals them, it takes the sting out of their worst wounds. The lamp fed with this incomparable oil is, moreover, often brightest when we ourselves are sick at heart, and when it costs us an effort to pour in the oil and set the wick in order. We do not realize it, but we can believe it by recalling the effect of kindness on our own souls in some well-remembered hour, when it came from one in great sorrow, and who we knew was setting aside her own grief to enter into ours. Let us be brave, then, to hold up our lamp arm-high to the pilgrims who are toiling foot-sore and faint up the steep and rugged path of life along with us; its flame soars on to heaven, and shines more brightly before God than the fairest and loveliest of his stars.

We mentioned already that Amélie, on her father's death, made a vow of personal poverty. She observed this vow with the utmost rigor as far as was consistent with decorum and the absence of anything approaching to a display of holiness—a thing of which she was almost morbidly afraid. Her usual dress was a black woollen gown and a shawl of the same material; her appearance in the street was that of a respectable housekeeper, but no one who saw the outward decency of her attire suspected the sordid poverty that often lay beneath it. She limited herself to a pittance for her clothes, and she would submit to the most painful inconvenience rather than exceed it. Once she gave away her strong boots and a warm winter petticoat to a poor person at the beginning of the winter, and, though the cold set in suddenly with great severity, she bore it rather than replace either of them till her allowance fell due. How her health bore the amount of labor and austerities that she underwent it is difficult to explain without using the word miraculous.

When, under the pious auspices of Monseigneur de Mazenod, the devotion of the Perpetual Adoration was established at Marseilles, Amélie at once had herself enrolled in the confraternity; unable to spare time from her multiform works of mercy during the day, she entrenched upon her nights, and used to spend hours in adoration before the Tabernacle. Fatigue and bodily suffering were no obstacle to the ardor of her soul; her spirit seemed to thrive in proportion as her body wasted. After a day of arduous labor, constantly on her feet, going and coming amongst the poor and the sick, breathing the foul air of hospital wards, and dingy cellars, and garrets, fasting as rigorously as any Carmelite, and grudging her body all but the bare necessaries of life, she was able to pass an entire night on her knees before the Blessed Sacrament, and be apparently none the worse for it. Such wonderful things are those who love God strengthened to do for him. Yet this woman was made of the same flesh and blood as ourselves; she had the same natural

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shrinkings and antipathies; her body was not made of different clay from ours, or supernaturally fashioned to defy the attacks of the devil and the repugnances of nature, to endure hunger, and pain, and fatigue without feeling them; she had the same temptations to fight against, the same corrupt inclinations to overcome, and the same weapons of defence against her enemies that we have—faith and prayer and the sacraments. What, then, is the difference between us? Only this, she was generous and brave, and we are mean and cowardly. We bargain and hang back, whereas she made no reserves, but strove to serve God with all her heart and all her strength, and he did the rest. He always does it for those who trust him and hearken unconditionally to that hard saying: "Take up thy cross and follow me!" For them he changes all bitter things into sweet, all weakness into strength; for the old Adam that they cast aside he clothes them with the new, thus rendering them invincible against their enemies, and repaying a hundredfold, even in this life, the miserable rags that we call sacrifices; he fills the hungry with good things, and in exchange for creatures and the perishable delights which they have renounced for his sake he gives them himself and a foretaste of the bliss of Paradise.

During her solitary vigils before the altar, the thought of the ingratitude of men and their cruel neglect of our Saviour in his Eucharistic prison sank deeply into Amélie's heart, and filled it with grief and an ardent desire to make some reparation to his outraged love. We have all read the wonderful chapter on Thanksgiving in that wonderful book, *All for Jesus*. Most of us have felt our hearts stirred to sorrowful indignation at the sad picture it reveals of our own unkindness to God, and the tender sensitiveness of the Sacred Heart to our ingratitude, and his meek acceptance of any crumb of thanksgiving that we deign once in a way to throw to him; we have felt our tepid pulses quicken to a momentary impulse of generosity and passionate desire to call after the nine ungrateful lepers, and constrain them to return and thank him; we watch them going their way unmindful, and we cast ourselves in spirit at the feet of Jesus, gazing after them in sad surprise, and we pour out our souls in apologies—so bold does the passing touch of love make the meanest of us in consolations to him for the unkindness of his creatures. Alas! with most of us it ends there. Next time he tries us we follow the nine selfish lepers, and leave him wondering and sorrowing again over our ingratitude. But with Amélie it was different. No inspiration of divine grace ever found her deaf to its voice; her love knew no such things as barren sighs and idle mystic sentimentalities. Her whole heart was stirred by that touching and powerful appeal of Father Faber's, and she began to consider at once what she could do to respond to it. The idea occurred to her of instituting a community, to be called *Sœurs Réparatrices*, whose mission should be to give thanks and to console our divine Lord for the ingratitude of the world by perpetual adoration before the Tabernacle, and at the same time of getting up a regular service of thanksgiving among the faithful at large, to have short prayers appointed and recommended by the church to their constant use, for the sole and express purpose of thanking God for his countless mercies to us all, but more especially to those among us who never thank him on their own account. Both suggestions were

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warmly approved of by many pious souls to whom she mentioned them.

In order, however, to carry them out effectively, it was deemed advisable that Amélie should go to Rome and obtain the authorization and blessing of the Holy Father. She had never been to Rome, but it was the desire of her life to go there; it drew her as the magnet draws the needle; Rome, to her filial Catholic heart, was the outer gate of heaven; it held the Father of Christendom, the Vicar of Christ; it held the tombs of the martyrs, its soil was saturated with their blood, all things within its walls were stamped with the seal of Christianity, and told of the wonders that it had wrought. Amélie, glad of the necessity which compelled her to fulfil her long-cherished desire, set out for the Eternal City. She received the most affectionate welcome from the Holy Father, who had been long acquainted with her by name, and knew the apostolic manner of life she led. With regard to the community which she desired to found, and of which she was to become a member, but not superioress, His Holiness approved of it, but beyond this, of what passed between him and Amélie on the subject, no details have transpired. She said that the Holy Father encouraged her to carry out the design and gave her his blessing on it, and promised her his fatherly countenance and protection; but whether she submitted any rule to him at this period we have not been able to ascertain. As to the scheme of general thanksgiving that she proposed to inaugurate, he gave her abundant blessings on it, and indulgenced several prayers that she submitted to his inspection. Unfortunately, we have not been able to procure a copy of the little book which contained them all; this is the more to be regretted, that some of them were drawn up by Amélie herself and full of the spirit of her own tender piety; they were also preceded by a preface in which she appealed very lovingly to the children of Mary and the members of the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart, and begged their zealous co-operation in the service of thanksgiving. We may mention, however, that she was in the habit, during the few remaining years of her life, of constantly recommending to her friends the use of the *Gloria Patri* and the ejaculation *Deo Gratias!* as having been particularly commended to her devotion by the Holy Father himself.

An incident occurred to Amélie during her stay in Rome which she often narrated as a proof of the extreme need we have of a service of thanksgiving. She went one morning to an audience at the house of a cardinal, and while she was waiting for her turn she got into conversation with the Superior of the Redemptorist Fathers in France. Always on the watch to gain an ally to the cause, she told him the motive of her journey to Rome, and begged that he would use his influence in his own wide sphere to forward its success amongst souls.

"Ah! madame!" exclaimed the Redemptorist, "it was a good thought to try and stir up men's hearts to a spirit of thanksgiving, for there is nothing more wanted in the world. The story of the nine lepers is going on just the same these eighteen hundred years. I have been forty years a priest, and during that time I have been asked to say Masses for every sort of intention, *but only once* have I been asked *to say a Mass of thanksgiving!*"

Yes, truly the story of the nine lepers is being enacted now as in

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the old days when Jesus exclaimed sorrowfully, "Is there no one but this stranger found to return and give thanks?"

But for all her clear-sighted sensitiveness to the sins and shortcomings of her day, Amélie was full of hope in it; nothing annoyed her more than to see good people lapse into that lugubrious way so common to them of always crying anathema on their age and despairing of it; she used to say that she mistrusted the love and the logic of such; that those who love God and their fellow-creatures for his sake never despair of them, but work for them, trusting in God's help and in the ultimate triumph of good over evil; that despair was a sign of stupidity and cowardice. And was she not right? Surely every age has in its ugliness some counterbalancing beauty, some redeeming grace of comeliness, in the tattered raiment that hangs about its ulcers and its nakedness. God never leaves himself at any time without witnesses on the earth, and it is our fault, not his, if we do not see them. There are always bright spots in humanity, and those who cannot discern them should blame their own dull vision, not their fellow-men. As poets who have the mystic eye see beauties of hue and color in the material world where common men see nothing but ruin and decay, so do the saints and the saint-like, with the keen vision of faith and hope, alone penetrate the external darkness and decay of humanity, and discover in the midst of gloom and evil much that is promising and fair; they see elemental wines boiling up in the cauldron of travail and suffering, and they know that their bitterness is salutary and their fire invigorating unto life.

Amélie returned to Marseilles well satisfied with her visit to the Holy City, and resumed her labors with renewed zest. But she had left her heart behind her, and from the day she left Rome she had but one desire, and that was to return and end her days there. Her health had of late grown so feeble that it was more and more a subject of wonder to those who witnessed it how she was able to continue her life of superhuman activity without flagging for a day. Amélie felt, however, that it could not last much longer now. She had frequently expressed in the midst of her busy, active life a longing for a life of contemplation, and in proportion as the end drew near, the yearning for an interval of silence and solitude increased. She was often heard to say to her fellow-laborers:

"It is time I left off looking after other people's souls, and attended a little to my own; I feel the want of more prayer, of more time before the Blessed Sacrament; really, I must begin to get ready."

In the year 1869, she determined to carry this desire into execution, and begin to get ready, as she said, by withdrawing into a more solitary life. Her love for the church had taken a new impetus from her intercourse with the Holy Father; from the first the Denier de S. Pierre counted her among its most zealous promoters, but more so than ever now. An abundant collection which she made just at this time offered a plausible pretext to her for going to Rome, in order to lay it at the feet of Pius IX. So after putting her affairs in order, and bidding good-by to only her immediate and intimate friends, so as to avoid anything like resistance or a demonstration on the part of the multitude of people to whom she knew her departure would be painful, Amélie took leave of the hospitable old home in the

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Rue Grignan, and set her face once more toward the Eternal City.

But she had a last work to do for her native town on the road. The splendid military hospital of Marseilles, in which she had taken so deep and active an interest, was served by lay nurses, and both the soldiers and the civil authorities were anxious to have these replaced by Sisters of Charity. Easy as the thing seemed, up to the present all endeavors to effect the substitution had failed. It rested with the government to make the appointment and to grant a certain sum for the maintenance of the community when attached to the hospital, but, owing either to the case not being properly represented, or to the ill-will of certain officials who put obstacles in the way, every application on the subject had been met by a refusal. The authorities, seeing all else fail them, turned to Amélie. They remembered her success on a former occasion, and requested her to take the affair in hand on arriving in Paris, and get from the minister the desired concession. The mission was repugnant to her, because she foresaw it would involve her having to come forward and put herself in the way of notabilities and magnates; but, as there seemed just a chance of being able to perform a last service to the soldiers, she accepted, and promised to do her best.

She had a military friend in Paris, who, though a practical Catholic, occupied a distinguished position in the service, and was on good terms with its chiefs. This gentleman procured an audience for her of Marshal ——, who was then in the ministry, and the person to whom she was directed to apply in the first instance.

The marshal, who had been made aware of the subject of her visit, received her, according to his custom, in shirt-sleeves and a towering rage, asked her a dozen questions, one on top of another, without giving her time to edge in a word of protest, wondered very much what she or anybody else meant by interfering with soldiers and their hospitals and the supreme wisdom of the government, of dictating to them what they ought to do; but that was the way with women; women were always meddling with what didn't concern them; they were the most difficult subjects to govern; for himself, he would rather have the management of ten armies than a village full of women, etc. In fact, his excellency bullied his visitor after the usual manner of his peculiar courtesy, and Amélie was obliged to take her leave after a very brief audience, during which she had been rated like a naughty schoolboy and not allowed to say three sentences in self-defence. Clearly there was not much to be done in that quarter. Her friend then proposed getting her without further preamble an audience of the emperor. Amélie preserved a grateful recollection of the reception she had met with from his majesty some years before, and the idea of entering his presence again inspired her with less terror than the prospect of a second edition of the marshal; she thought, moreover, that there might be a speedier and better chance of success by applying directly to the emperor than by beating about the bush with his ministers, admitting even that they were not all of the same type as the one she had tried. Amélie accepted the offer, therefore, and, after a shorter delay than any one but a cabinet minister might have been obliged to undergo, she received a letter from the Lord Chamberlain notifying the day and hour when she was to present herself at the Tuileries.

She was shown into the antecham-

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ber, where generals, dignitaries of the state, bishops, and other important personages were waiting their turn to enter the imperial presence. His majesty was giving audience to an ambassador when Amélie arrived, and there was rather a long delay before the door opened. When it did, it was not his chamberlain, but the emperor himself who appeared on the threshold; he stood for a moment, and looked deliberately round the room, where he recognized many noble and influential personages, and then, perceiving an elderly lady in a rusty black gown sitting at the furthest end of it, he walked straight up to her, and held out both his hands. "Mademoiselle Lautard," said his majesty, "I thank you for the honor you do me by this visit; I am sure I have only to mention your name for every one present to admit your right to pass before them."

There was a general murmur of assent, though it must have puzzled most if not all of the spectators of this strange scene who this poverty-stricken, humpbacked elderly lady was to be thus greeted by Napoleon III., and handed over their heads to the presence-chamber. As soon as they were alone, the emperor drew a chair close to his own, and, inviting his visitor to sit down, he said:

"Now, tell me if, over and above the pleasure of seeing you, I am to have that of doing something that can give you pleasure?"

Amélie, in relating the interview to her friend, said that, when she saw his majesty bearing down upon her before the assembled multitude in the antechamber, she felt ready to sink into the ground, and wished herself at Hongkong; but the moment he spoke her terrors vanished, and she had not been two minutes with him before she felt perfectly at her ease, and talked on as fearlessly as if he had been an old friend. She told him her wishes about the hospital, and he promised unconditionally that they should be carried out. For certain formalities, however, it was necessary to refer her to his minister.

"You will call on Marshal ——," said his majesty; "he is the person to do it."

"Sire!" exclaimed Amélie, throwing up her hands in dismay, "anything but that; your majesty must really manage it without sending me again to Marshal ——."

"Ah! you have been to him already," said the emperor, with a quiet smile; "well, try him again, and this time I warrant you a better reception; he is *bon enfant au fond*, but you must not let him think that you're afraid of him."

Thus warned and encouraged, Amélie promised to take her courage in both hands, as the emperor said, and beard the lion once more in his den. Before letting her go, his majesty questioned her minutely about the condition of the hospitals and other charitable institutions at Marseilles, concerning all of which he appeared to be singularly well informed.

The next day, she presented herself at the *ministère*, and was ushered into the marshal's presence. He had his coat on this time; whether the fact was due to accident, or to a desire to propitiate the lady who had complained of him to his master, history does not say; but, as soon as Amélie entered, his excellency accosted her with: "Well, so you were affronted with me, it seems! What did you say about me to the emperor?"

"Excellency," replied Amélie, "I told his majesty that I had expected to find a minister of France, but I found instead a man in a passion."

The marshal grunted a laugh, and

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told her to sit down and explain her business. She did so, this time with perfect satisfaction to both parties, and they parted the best friends in the world.

This closed her career of usefulness in France; she waited to make the needful arrangements for the departure of the nuns, their reception at Marseilles, etc., and then she started for Rome.

On setting out for the Eternal City, Amélie seemed to have had the presentiment that she had entered on the last stage of her pilgrimage. The sense of her approaching end, which betrayed itself, perhaps unconsciously, in conversing both by word and letter with her most intimate friends, was accompanied by an increase of fervor and a serenity which struck every one who approached her as something almost divine. The project which she had formed of founding and entering a community of *Sœurs Réparatrices* was still unrealized, but she hoped now to carry it into effect, to make the remainder of her life a perpetual *Deo Gratias!* and to die in the outward livery of the religious state whose spirit her whole life had so faithfully embodied. But God had other designs upon her. Meantime, in the twilight interval of comparative leisure that she had looked forward to so long and enjoyed so thankfully, Amélie did not give up all active work; she prayed more, and lived in greater retirement; but she still gave a fair proportion of each day to her accustomed service of the poor and the sick.

These were troubled days that she had fallen upon in Rome. The sacrilegious hand of parricides had robbed the church of her possessions, and reduced Pius IX. to the nominal sovereignty of the capital of Christendom, as a prelude to making it, what it is now, his prison. Catholic hearts were sad; but, amongst all his children, the Vicar of Christ had no more faithfully sorrowing heart than Amélie's, none who entered more keenly into his griefs or responded with more filial alacrity to their claim on her sympathy and participation and righteous anger. She beheld the persecutions of God's church, the hatred and malice of its enemies, the cowardice of those who called themselves its friends, but stood by passive and cold while the crime perpetrated outside Jerusalem eighteen hundred years ago was renewed before their eyes on the body of that church which Christ had died to found; she saw pride and materialism everywhere at work striving to undo his work, to prevent the coming of his kingdom, and to establish the kingdom of sin upon earth; and the sight of all this filled her heart with grief, but not with despair. It was indeed an hour of unexampled grief for Christendom, but it was also an hour for activity, and zeal, and renewed courage; it was a time for each individual member to prove himself, for all to put their hand to the plough that was furrowing the bosom of the church, and to water the travailed soil with fertilizing tears, and, if need be, blood, thus preparing it for the future harvest that was inevitable. For even as God's enemies of old had stood at the foot of Calvary, and shook their heads at the bleeding victim of their own hate and envy, and bade him come down from the cross, knowing not the dawn of the Resurrection was nigh, when the victim would arise triumphant over death, and compel his murderers to acknowledge that this man must indeed have been the Son of God—so now the enemies of his church had their hour of triumph, and clapped their hands for joy to see the church that he had built upon the Rock, and promised

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that the gates of hell should not prevail against, tottering and crumbling under the blows of progress and an enlightened civilization and the force of arms. But their triumph was but the hour of the powers of darkness that was not to endure, but would perish at the appointed time before the manifestation of the Sun of Justice.

Still, even faithful hearts quailed before the storm, and were scandalized at the way in which God seemed to forsake his own, not recognizing in this mysterious abandonment another trait of resemblance between his Vicar and the divine Model, who cried out in his dereliction, "Why hast thou forsaken me?"

Amélie was forced to hear and see much that was unutterably painful to hear as a true child of the church; many who called themselves such, and who were glad enough to draw upon her magnificent sacramental treasury, and to praise and serve her in the days of peace, were not stout-hearted enough to share her tribulations or even to understand them, and stood aloof when they ought to have acted, or remained dumb when they ought to have spoken, or spoke what they had better have left unsaid. But alongside of this indifference or treachery she witnessed a great deal that was beautiful and consoling. Pilgrims were flocking from the four quarters of the globe to lay at the feet of Pius IX. the tribute of their fidelity and abundant offerings, often collected in perilous journeys at great risk and sacrifice. Then there were the Zouaves, *nos chers Zouaves*, as Amélie always called them, presenting a noble example to us all by their heroic devotion to the cause of God, their spirit of immolation, their chivalrous valor in action, and the marvellous purity of their lives. These modern crusaders replaced the suffering soldiers of Marseilles in Amélie's solicitude during her stay in Rome. She tended them and worked for them indefatigably, and dwelt continually in letters home on the consolation the spectacle of their childlike piety afforded her.

Early in December she wrote to a friend at Marseilles: "Our dear Zouaves have made their entry into Rome. They passed under my windows. They are the flower of the French nation. They are full of that energy which nothing but the spirit of the faith gives. It is beautiful to see them receive Holy Communion before arming themselves. This morning eighteen hundred of them, bent on shedding their blood in the cause of God, marched proudly into the Eternal City with the band playing and colors flying; they reminded one of the Theban legion. I witnessed a touching sight. The Holy Father met them on their way, and they fell on their knees like one man to get his blessing. He blessed them with visible emotion. How could a father not be moved at seeing the devotion of his children? The Flemish and the Bretons are particularly conspicuous; ancient traditions have been preserved amongst them, and have come down from the fathers to the sons. This evening they accompanied His Holiness to the Vatican, where they cheered him with the enthusiasm of Christian hearts. It was impossible to withhold one's tears as one beheld the venerable Pontiff rest his loving and gentle gaze on all this youth, so devoted to him, and burning to prove their fidelity. In these days, the position of the Zouaves amongst Christian soldiers is a noble one. Oh! if the idle youth of France knew what a happiness it is to serve God, how many families would be happy and blest even in this world as well as the

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next! I see here numbers of young men who had strayed away from the right path for a time, but who had the grace to return to it, and are now as happy as children, pure as angels, attached to the church and the Vicar of Christ. Their sole ambition is martyrdom; their joy is to look forward to it. Oh! I see here admirable things. Adieu, dear friend. Let us pray always."

Sinister reports and wild alarms, sometimes the result of malice, sometimes of fear, were constantly starting up in Rome, terrifying the weak, and stimulating the brave to greater vigilance and courage, but keeping every one on the *qui vive* from day to day. In the midst of the general excitement of expectation or terror, the serene confidence of Pius IX. remained unshaken, like the rock on which it rested. Amélie, who was admitted frequently to the honor and happiness of speaking to the Holy Father, was lost in wonder at it—at the unearthly peace that was visible in his countenance and pervaded every word of his conversation. Shortly before the date of the foregoing letter, she wrote to the same friend:

"The most contradictory stories are current here, but the peace, the calm, the *abandon* of the Holy Father are indescribable, and go further to inspire confidence than the most sinister conjectures to create terrors. The daughters of Jerusalem followed our Redeemer to Calvary: a sort of filial sentiment holds me in Rome. I cannot go away. . . . Let us pray! The power of prayer obtains all things."

Let us pray! This had been the lifelong burthen of her song, and the cry grew louder and more intense as she drew near the close. It was not the shrill cry of those who say, Lord! Lord! but the irrepressible voice of a soul whom the spirit of prayer possessed in the fulness of its availing power, and side by side with whose growth grew the spirit of sacrifice, the thirst for self-immolation. She clung firmly to hope as the anchor of courage and resignation in the present trials of the church, but the sense of the outrages that God's glory was enduring in the person of His Vicar increased in her soul to positive anguish. The consideration of her own nothingness and utter inability to lighten the cross that was pressing on the saintly Pontiff, pursued her day and night with the mysterious pain that is born of the love of God.

What a wonderful thing the soul of a saint or even a saintlike human being must be! How one longs to go within the veil and get a glimpse of the life that is lived there! It is so strange to us to see a creature take God's cause to heart, and pine and suffer about it as we do about our personal cares and sorrows. It sets us wondering what sort of inner life theirs can be, and through what process of grace and correspondence and mysterious training they have grown to that state of mind when the things of God and his eternity are poignant realities, and the things of earth hollow phantoms that have lost the power to charm, or terrify, or touch. We see them hungering after justice as we hunger after bread, pining actually for the accomplishment of God's will as eagerly as we pine for the success of our puny enterprises and the triumph of our small ambitions; and we are astonished, as it behoves our stupidity and hardness of heart to be, at the incomprehensible character of their faith and love. When life presses heavily upon us, and the cross is bruising our shoulders, and all things are dark and dreary, we catch ourselves occasionally sighing for death. This is about

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our nearest approach to that homesick yearning expressed in the words of the apostle: "I long to die, to be dissolved, and to be with Christ!" What an altogether different feeling it must be with these saintlike souls when they long for death! They are not impatient of life, or, like tired travellers, angry with the dust and sun of the road, and disgusted with the uncomfortable wayside inn where they put up; they are impatient of heaven and of the vision that makes the bliss and the glory of heaven. Too jealous of their Creator's rights to rob him even in desire of one year, or day, or hour of their poor service while he sees good to employ them, they are willing to go on toiling through eternity if he wishes it; but they are homesick, they long to see him, they yearn after his possession with a sacred unrest that we who have but little kinship with their spirit cannot understand. They are saddened by their exile and by the sight of sin and of the small harvest their Lord's glory reaps amidst the great harvest of iniquity that overruns the world. They watch the sea of humanity rolling its waves along time, moaning with conscious agonies of sin, storm-lashed and terrible, breaking in billows of impotent rage against the Rock of redemption, and dashing headlong past it into the gulf, where it is sucked down into everlasting darkness; and seeing these things as God sees them, and as they affect his interests, they are filled with sorrow, and call out for the end, that this mighty torrent may be stayed. They call out to the stars to rise on the far-off heights, that loom dim and gloomy through the swirl and vapor of the storm. They would fain hush the winds and the waves, and hasten the advent of the Judge before whose splendor the dark horizon will vanish, and whose glory will outshine the sunrise and fill the universe with joy. It is not their own selfish deliverance or the world's annihilation that they long for, but its consummation in man's happiness and the Creator's glory.

Amélie longed with all the strength of her generous heart to do something for her Lord, to help ever so little towards hastening the coming of his kingdom before he called her away. One morning, after communion, as she was praying very fervently for the Holy Father, whose health just then was a source of great anxiety amongst the faithful, this longing came upon her with an intensity that she had never felt before; she was seized with a sudden impulse to make the sacrifice of her life in exchange for his, and to offer herself as a victim that he might be spared yet awhile to guide and sustain the church through the trials and temptations that were afflicting her. The impulse was so vehement that it was with difficulty she restrained herself from obeying it on the spot; the desire, however, to obtain the blessing of obedience in her sacrifice enabled her to do so. She quietly continued her thanksgiving, and, on leaving the church, went straight to the Vatican. There, kneeling at the feet of the suffering Vicar of Christ, she told him of the desire that had come to her, and begged him to bless it, and to permit her to offer herself up next day at Holy Communion as a victim in his place if it should please God to accept her.

Pius IX. was silent for some moments, while Amélie, with uplifted face and clasped hands, awaited his reply. Then, as if obeying a voice that had spoken to him in the silence, he laid his hand upon her head, and said, with great solemnity: "Go, my daughter, and do as the Spirit of God

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has prompted you." He blessed her with emotion, and Amélie left his presence filled with gladness and renewed fervor. She spent the greater part of the day in prayer. In the afternoon she wrote two letters: one of them, of too private a character to be given at length, contained the foregoing account of the morning's occurrences; the other we transcribe. It is a revelation beyond all comment of the state of her soul as it stood on what she believed to be the threshold of eternity.

SATURDAY, Dec. 15—ROME.

"We still continue in the greatest calm. *Nos chers Zouaves* have the courage of lions; they draw their strength from the blood of the martyrs. Generally speaking, they are pious as angels. You see them constantly during their free hours slipping off their knapsack and their arms to go and kneel at the feet of the priest in the confessional, or to pray at the shrine of the queen of martyrs; they are truly the children of the church, and—"

Here the letter broke off.

The next morning was Sunday. Amélie repaired, as usual, to early Mass at S. Peter's. She received Holy Communion, and then, with the Eucharistic Presence warm upon her heart, she offered up her life to him who had been its first and last and only love. The words were hardly cold upon her lips, when she was seized with sudden and violent pain, and fell with a cry to the ground. She was surrounded immediately, and carried home. Priests and religious of both sexes who were in S. Peter's at the moment, and knew her, filled with alarm and distress, accompanied her to the Strada Ripresa dei Barberi. Medical aid was sent for, but it was soon evident that her illness was beyond the reach of human skill. All that day and the next she continued in agonizing pain, unable to speak or to thank those about her except by a smile or a pressure of the hand. Early on the following morning, Wednesday, she grew calmer, the pain subsided, and Amélie asked for the last sacraments. She received them with sentiments of ecstatic devotion, and for some time remained absorbed in prayer. Her thanksgiving terminated, she took leave tenderly of those friends who surrounded her, and then begged they would begin the prayers for the dying; they did so, and she joined in the responses with a fervor that went to every heart. When they came to those grand and solemn words with which the church speeds her children into the presence of their merciful Judge, "Depart, Christian soul, in the name of the Father who created thee, in the name of the Son who redeemed thee, in the name of the Holy Ghost who sanctified thee," Amélie bowed her head and died.

The news was conveyed at once to the Vatican. When Pius IX. heard it, he evinced no sudden surprise, but raised his eyes to heaven, and murmured with a smile:

"*Si tosto accetato!*" *

The announcement of Amélie's death was received with universal expressions of dismay and sorrow. It was not only the poor, who had been her chief and most intimate associates in Rome, that mourned her, all classes of society joined in a chorus of heartfelt regret, and proved how well they had appreciated the gentle French sister who had dwelt humbly amongst them doing good. The house where she lay in her beautiful and heroic death-sleep was besieged by people from every part of the city; all were anxious to gaze once more upon her face, to touch

* So soon accepted!

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her hands with crosses and rosaries, to kneel in prayer beside the victim who had offered herself for the sins of the people, and been accepted by him who delighteth not in burnt-offerings, but in the sacrifice of a contrite heart. To her truly it had been answered: "O woman, great is thy faith: be it done unto thee according to thy word!"

The miraculous circumstances of her death were soon proclaimed. In the minds of those who had known her well they excited no surprise. From all they called out sentiments of admiration and praise. Tears flowed uninterruptedly round the austere court where the virgin tabernacle rested from its labors, but they were tears sweeter than the smiles and laughter of earth; prayers for the dead were suspended by common impulse, and the spectators, exchanging the *De Profundis* for the *Te Deum* and the *Magnificat*, broke out into canticles of triumph and hymns of rejoicing.

The Zouaves, her beloved Zouaves, hurried in consternation to the house as soon as the news reached them that the gentle, devoted friend of the soldier was no more; and it was a beautiful and stirring sight to see them sobbing like children beside her, touching her hands with their sword-hilts and their rosaries, and swelling in broken but enthusiastic voices the hymns of thanksgiving.

The Holy Father, wishing to pay his tribute to the general testimony of love and admiration, commanded that the child of S. Dominic should be carried to her grave with a pomp and splendor befitting the holiness of her life and the heroic character of her death. The remains were conveyed accordingly first to the Basilica of the Apostles in solemn state, escorted by a vast concourse of people, priests and religious, and exposed there throughout the morning to public veneration; a requiem Mass and the office of the dead were chanted; in the afternoon, the body, followed by all that Rome held of greatest and best, was transported to the Church of Santa Maria in Ara Cœli. The Zouaves claimed the privilege of bearing the precious remains upon their shoulders, and it was granted them. By special permission of His Holiness, Amélie was interred in Santa Maria; but her death was no sooner known at Marseilles than the townspeople spontaneously demanded that the body should be returned to them. But Pius IX. replied that Rome had now a prior claim to its guardianship; Amélie had made the sacrifice of her life at Rome and for Rome; it was fitting that the ashes should remain where the holocaust had been offered and consumed. Marseilles yielded to the decision of the Sovereign Pontiff, and the daughter of S. Dominic was left to sleep on under the august dome of the Ara Cœli, there to await the angel of the resurrection, whose trumpet shall awake the dead and bid them come forth and clothe themselves with immortality.

The following is the authentic record of this miraculous death, as copied from the original, legalized by Cardinal Patrizi, Vicar of His Holiness:

"Je soussigné, curé de la très-sainte basilique constantinienne des douze saints apôtres de Rome, certifie que dans le registre XII. des défunts, lettre N, page 283, se trouve l'acte dont l'extrait mot à mot suit:

"Le vingt-deux décembre mil-huit cent soixante six.— Mademoiselle Claire-Françoise-Amélie Lautard de Marseille, fille de M. Jean Baptiste Lautard, vierge très pieuse, pendant

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quelle offrait Dimanche dernier à Dieu sa propre vie pour le salut du souverain Pontife, Pie IX. de Rome et de la sainte église, a été saisie sur le champ par la maladie, et ayant reçu très pieusement les sacraments de l'église, jouissant de la plenitude de ses facultés, en prière, entourée de plusieurs prêtres et vierges, a rendu son âme à Jésus Christ son époux, avec la plus grande sérénité, le Mercredi dix-neuf à neuf heures et demie du matin dans la maison Rue Ripresa dei Barberi 175, à l'âge de cinquante neuf ans; son corps, le lendemain vingt, après le completuum a été conduit accompagné par un grand nombre de religieuse en cette basilique et y a été exposé pendant la matinée suivant l'usage des nobles, l'office et la Messe ont été dit, dans l'après-midi le corps a été transporté à l'église de Sainte Marie in Ara-Cœli, òu il a été enseveli dans le tombeau des Sœurs de St. Joseph de l'Apparition.

"Donné à Rome," etc. *

* "I, the undersigned, parish priest of the most holy Constantinian Basilica of the Twelve Apostles of Rome, certify that in Register XII. of the dead, letter N, page 283, is to be found the deed of which the following is the copy, word for word.

"The twenty-second of December, eighteen hundred and sixty-six, Mademoiselle Claire-Françoise-Amélie Lautard, of Marseilles, daughter of M. Jean Baptiste Lautard, a most pious virgin, while offering last Sunday her life to God for the Holy Father, Rome, and the church, was seized on the spot by illness, and having received most piously the sacraments of the church, in the full possession of her faculties, in prayer, and surrounded by several priests and virgins, gave up her soul to Jesus Christ, her spouse, with the greatest serenity, Wednesday the 19th, at half-past nine in the morning, in the house Rue Ripresa-dei-Barberi 175, at the age of fifty-nine years. The followingday, the 20th, her body was carried, after the completuum, accompanied by a great number of religious, to this basilica, and was here exposed during the morning after the manner of nobles, the office of the dead and a solemn Mass being performed; in the afternoon it was conveyed to the Church of Santa Maria in Ara Cœli, and there interred in the tomb of the Sisters of St. Joseph of the Apparition.

"Given at Rome," etc.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF PREHISTORIC ANTHROPOLOGY AND ARCHÆOLOGY.

FROM LA REVUE GENERALE DE BRUXELLE

CONCLUDED.

THE sessions of August 25 began with fresh discussions concerning the troglodytes of Menton and the so-called tertiary skull from California already spoken of. M. Desor entered into extensive details concerning the hatchets of nephrite and jade found in the Alps, and apparently of Oriental origin. "I do not believe," said he, as he ended, "that these hatchets were utensils, but merely objects of display, like the dolmens (!)—precious memorials and relics of the first ages of humanity." M. de Quatrefages thought these hatchets a proof of ancient commercial relations with the East. A great deal was said in this discussion of the use of stone knives by the Egyptians in embalming the dead, and among the Jews for circumcising. Only one thing was forgotten—neither the Egyptians nor the Jews ever attached any religious importance to the use of stone, and they likewise made use of bronze and iron knives in these operations. The instrument of circumcision at the present day is a

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steel blade.* M. Leemans, director of the museum at Leyden, thought these hatchets came from Java. He reminded us that there has always been constant intercourse between Switzerland and that island, and that the majority of the soldiers of the East India Company were traditionally recruited in Switzerland. The Abbé Delaunay refuted M. Desor's opinion by merely referring to the collection at Pont-Levoy, where there are fourteen hatchets of jade found in that vicinity. It was thought desirable to ascertain the as yet unknown source of jade. They now returned to the *hiatus* mentioned by M. de Mortillet at the previous session, in order to oppose it by bringing forward an intermediary race, for whom M. Broca was the sponsor, though without flattering it much. He engaged in a long, subtile argument on the way tertiary flints were introduced into the valleys and caverns. They were not agreed on this question, which is one we can only regard with speculative interest.

The excursions to the *ateliers* of Spiennes and Mesvin were not as pleasant as the one to the Lesse. For that, the country around Mons should be as charming as that of the Meuse—and the people likewise. There is a very complete work by M. Dupont concerning these excavations, in which have been found millions of rough flints, to which he does not hesitate to assign a quaternary origin of the mammoth period. When one has a taste of the mammoth, he cannot get too much of it. I know of sceptics and controversialists who through speculations of another kind are plunged into foolish incredulity. Here is an instance: from time immemorial our forefathers made use of flints for striking fire, and many of us can still remember the custom, which may not have wholly disappeared. For centuries, households had to be supplied with flints for the tinder-box, and in abundance, for this stone is soon worn out by iron; it becomes furred and smooth, and is soon unfit for use. If we compare the considerable traffic in flints that must have been carried on with the enormous consumption that supports the fabrication of chemical matches, we can easily see that the sites of the workshops where flints for striking fire were cut must have been heaped with millions of rough ones—nodules, chips, and *débris* of all kinds; that excavations must have been made by pits, which necessarily extended to considerable depth, and crossed very old geologic strata, for silex is found imbedded in chalk at a depth of thirty or forty metres in some places; that to argue from the stratification of surrounding formations, in order to decide on the synchronism of the excavations, would expose us to conclude *post hoc, ergo propter hoc.* And I have not mentioned all the common uses made of flints in a household. For many years they were used for firearms, and silex is still used in ceramic manufactures, the origin of which is lost in the darkness of ages. A great many of the flints that appear cut are only fragments that may have been owing to spontaneous fracture. Now, whence came all the flints used for striking fire during the historic periods that go back from our time to the middle ages and to antiquity? Has it been proved that these remains, so-called prehistoric, do not come within the domain of history; nay, even of modern history? At all events, the age

* This mistake is owing to a wrong meaning given to a word in the Book of Joshua in the Septuagint; where the word *tsorim* is translated *knife of stone*, when it also means *a sharp knife; tsor* only means *stone* in the sense of *rock* or *block*.

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of the quaternary deposits is by no means established, and it is on the mere presence of human remains, or of the productions of human labor among these deposits, that certain anthropologists found the millions of ages they attribute to our species. These remains do not indicate the site of ancient settlements; they have been washed away from those settlements by currents of water, and the question is, What epoch produced these changes?—a question not solved, and perhaps never will be.

Besides, the primary defect of the whole prehistoric system is the indissolubly confounding of two orders of very evident facts, but which may by no means have any correlation as to time. Wrought flints show evident traces of human labor, and there is no unprejudiced person who cherishes the least doubt about it. The evidence of design shown by the examination of two or three specimens is in itself a proof of some value, but this proof makes an irresistible impression on the mind when, in addition, we see an accumulation of specimens. It is, then, no longer possible to attribute the uniform shape of the flints to a mere accident. But were they fashioned at the time of the formation of the *terrains* in which they are embedded? That is another problem, the solution of which is liable to controversy. Mr. Taylor, who is very respectable authority in such matters, declares, after much conscientious research, that the gravel-beds of St. Acheul were deposited in the earlier part of the Christian era. People of the historic period, such as the first inhabitants of Umbria and the Egyptians, made flints precisely like those of St. Acheul. The prodigious antiquity of man must be greatly shaken by these observations. At Sinai, flint has been used to effect immense excavations in the rock; it is again utilized under the form of hammers and chisels in the ancient copper mines of the Aztecs, in Canada, Spain, Wady-Maghara, and Bethlehem, as well as on Lake Superior, in Tuscany, and in Brittany. The Bedouins of Africa and the Indians of Texas still make use of them; and M. Reboux, who gave the Congress a practical demonstration of the mounting and use of the utensils of the stone age, received his inspiration from those savages. They make the handles out of the sinews of the bison, covered with a wide strip of the animal's skin recently taken off. This band is wound around grooves made in the middle of the hammer. The skin, as it dries, contracts, and the stone, the extremities of which alone are uncovered, is enclosed in a sheath so tight that it cannot be drawn out.* It must be acknowledged, then, that the authenticity of these beds at Spiennes, as prehistoric *ateliers*, appears exceedingly doubtful, and there is a tinge of similar incredulity in the behavior of the people around the *Camp des Cayaux:* "Countrymen, and even little peasant girls," says a reporter of one of our principal journals, "were selling the finest stones to the travellers, making superhuman efforts to repress smiles that threatened to explode into loud laughter. A singularly ironic expression was legible in the large eyes of these *fillettes* and broke through their pretended seriousness. It was very evident that the benighted villagers in the vicinity of Mons were not sufficiently initiated into the new gospel of science, and by no means had implicit faith in it. The irreverence of the population was still more evident at the entrance of the hamlet, where a group of young women manifested quite an uncivil

* Simonin, *La Vie Souterraine.*

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merriment at the sight of some of the princes of science who were toiling along under the heavy burden of quaternary flint." As an example of moral contrasts, I will merely allude to Hennuyer and the peasant of Furfooz, one sceptical and contemptuous of everything, and the other with genuine respect for the traditions of his beloved valleys.

The morning of the twenty-seventh was mostly taken up with a report from General Faid'herbe on the dolmens of Algeria. A burst of applause greeted the illustrious and genial hero of Lille. Popular sentiment seemed an embodiment of the

"*Placuit victrix causa diis, sed victa Catoni*"

in the very teeth of the Borussians.*

General Faid'herbe assigned a historic epoch to the origin of the dolmens. These monuments, which are tombs, were the work of one race found on every shore from Pomerania to Tunis, and which, according to him, proceeded from the north to the south. The dolmens of Africa are like those of Europe. But what race was this? A blonde race from the shores of the Baltic, as the speaker proved by three facts: 1. Blondes are still to be found in Barbary. 2. Ancient historians speak of the blonde people who lived there before the Christian era. 3. Fifteen centuries before Christ the blonde inhabitants of that country attacked Lower Egypt. M. Faid'herbe stated that when he lived in Senegal there were two powerful negro tribes in the countries on the upper Niger having a political organization of relative advancement. The complexion of the royal family was somewhat clear, and they prided themselves on their descent from white ancestors. Etymological indices lead us to believe that this dynasty descended from the blonde race of the dolmens.

M. Worsaae opposed the general's opinion, and maintained that the builders of the dolmens, on the contrary, proceeded from the south to the north, where they attained the height of their civilization. M. Cartailhac, however, stated an important fact that weakens this objection: the dolmens of the South of France contain metallic objects whose place of fabrication could not have been far off; those of the interior and the North only contained articles of polished stone.

A small man now sprang into the tribune, fierce as Orestes tormented by the Eumenides, with black eyes, long streaming hair, and a person of incessant mobility. It is one of the princes of oriental philology—M. Oppert, who began a demonstration of the chronology of remote historical times, which he continued in the afternoon session. He assured us, as he began, that he did not intend to offend any one's religious convictions, or to discuss the chronology of the Bible, which, in his eyes, is eminently respectable. In his opinion, the difference of the dates pointed out in different chronological tables can be explained without any difficulty. M. Oppert showed us how the chronologies of Egypt and Chaldea, which were calculated by cycles of unequal length, begin with the same date—the 19th of January, Gregorian (the 27th of April, Julian), of the year 11542 B.C.!

He therefore concluded that the people of those regions must have observed the important astronomical phenomena of that time, the risings of Sirius perhaps, which would indicate a degree of civilization somewhat advanced for a period *still ante-historic*. I like to recall the very words he used; they are full of meaning.

* Ancient name of the Prussians.—Trans.

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M. Ribeiro had made researches in Portugal that appeared to him conclusive as to the existence of pliocene man, and he produced tertiary flints which he believed to be cut. The Abbé Bourgeois, who could not remain indifferent to any proof of tertiary man, allowed an unexpected declaration to escape his lips. "I should like," said he, "to consider these fragments as authentic proofs of the truth of my theory, but the truth obliges me to declare that I cannot discover any evidence of human labor in them." M. Ribeiro sank into his seat under this *coup de hache-polie*, and tertiary man was properly buried, after a later correction from M. Bourgeois, who admitted that one of M. Ribeiro's flints bore marks of human labor, but he had doubts as to its bed.

Anthropology and ethnography had the honors during the greater part of this session.

M. Lagneau said the researches made in Belgium showed there were three perfectly distinct species of men in this country, and he opposed M. Dupont's opinion that the skulls of Furfooz belong to the Mongoloid race. M. Hamy demonstrated anatomically that a particular race, the Australioid, is spread throughout Europe. The jaw from Naulette appears to belong to this race; the skull from Engis belongs to another. M. Hamy thought he discovered some of the characteristics of the Australioid race in certain inferior types in Belgium and France. These primitive races are not extinct. They still peep out in isolated cases of atavism, and he exhibited a curious instance—the hideous portrait of a boat-woman of the neighborhood of Mons, with all the characteristics of the Australioid race of the mammoth period. In this selection of a Montois type there was a spice of revenge evident to every one. M. Virchow found a manifest difference between the skulls at the British Museum and those of criminals in the collection at the university. The Flemish skulls present the same prognathism as those of Furfooz, and certain types have characteristics that might cause them to be classed with the Mongoloid race.

As to the size of the skull, it is not owing to the development of the psychical faculties, and we should be cautious about drawing premature conclusions concerning the primitive races of this country. M. Virchow cited the example of the two skulls found in a Greek tomb of the Macedonian epoch, the form and size of which induced him to class them unhesitatingly with the Mongoloids of the caverns of the Lesse. Now, one of these skulls was that of a Greek woman of great distinction, both as to her social condition and intellectual culture. The learned professor from Berlin expressed a doubt as to the Germanic origin of the Flemings. M. Lagneau also thought we should not decide too hastily about the races that first inhabited Belgium. He could not see why the Flemings and Germans should have the same origin. In Germany, Belgium, and France the races are excessively mixed up. Germany was repeatedly invaded by people from Gaul. Prognathism alone is not typical any more than the temperament, color of the hair, etc.

M. Vanderkindere thought the Flemish of Germanic origin, and the Walloon of Celtic. Blondes do not belong to the Aryan races. Prognathism is more common in them than in the dark people of the country, in which the speaker finds Ligurian traces, as in the basin of the Loire (Liger-Liguria). Now, the blonde race has always thought itself supe-

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rior, and this belief was so strong in Flanders in the heart of the middle ages that the mother of Berthulphe de Ghistelles, displeased at the alliance her son had contracted with the beautiful Godelive, a native of Boulonnais, whom her contemporaries reproached solely on account of her black hair and eyebrows, expressed her contempt in these significant terms: "*Cur, inquit, cornicem de terra aliena eduxisti?*" She thought it disgraceful to defile the pure blood of her antique Germanic race (*alti tui sanguinis*) by such an alliance.

In a subsequent session, this question of races came on the carpet again. M. Dupont, combining the observations made in the three excursions (that to Namur had taken place the day before), established a filiation between the different peoples who inhabited Belgium in different periods of the stone age. The people of Mesvin, the Somme, the Tamise, and the Seine were contemporaries. The race of Mesvin inhabited Hainault at the same time as the troglodytes, whom they did not know. It might have been the people of Mesvin and the Somme, who, gradually attaining to polished stone, invaded the country occupied by the less advanced people of the caverns. M. Virchow could not recommend too much prudence to those who are investigating the science of anthropology. In prehistoric times, as in our day, there were variations of the same race, but that is not accounted for by atavism. It must be concluded that men were simultaneously created or born in several places, and different types sprang from the commingling of the actual races. We take pleasure in collecting these indirect acknowledgments from the lips that dared say, "There is no place in the universe for a God, nor in man for a soul." M. de Quatrefages thought, like M. Virchow, that all the various races cannot be owing to atavism. Crossing has a good deal to do with it. It is allowable to refer the variety of types to the more or less commingling of the ancient races, as they are everywhere mingled now. We can hardly deny, however, that the present population partly descended from the troglodytes. The people of Furfooz must still have some representatives in Belgium, especially among the women. Science proves that woman retains the type of the race to which she belongs longer than man. At a later day we shall doubtless succeed in deciphering the origin of the human races. In these researches we must also consider the action of *les milieux*. Mlle. Royer expressed a disbelief in the unity of the human species. Unfortunately, the inevitable crossing is always obstructing her observations. She absolutely refuses to admit that the white man is Aryan, or at least Asiatic. She hopes, however, some day to obtain a solution of these great problems. How far, madame, your knowledge extends, and how astonishingly you have retained the persistent type of *madame la guenon* from whom you flatter yourself to have descended! After other discussions concerning the bronze utensils found in various parts of Europe, and the influence of Etruscan art, which extended even to the North, M. Baudre undertook the demonstration of a point singular enough. Primitive man, he said, doubtless possessed the musical faculty, and it is impossible with his knowledge of the flint he daily used that it should not have occurred to him to apply the sonorousness of that stone to some practical use. No one can positively declare this was so, but who can deny it? M. Baudre has constructed an instrument com-

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posed of accordant flints—a prehistoric piano—on which he executed a *brabançonne* that would have excited the envy of the *Moncrabeaux*. It is neither more nor less insupportable than the modern instrument of torture of which some unideal creature, with bent body and a prey to convulsive jerks, strikes the senseless ivory with his skinny phalanges till it shrieks under the touch.

Of the excursion to Namur we will only allude to what bore on the scientific labors of the Congress; that is, the visit to the Camp of Hastedon. The delightful, cordial reception given us in that pleasant town, the banquet and concert which followed, will not soon be effaced from the memory of the excursionists. The plateau of Hastedon, close to Namur, rests on a solid mass of dolomite, and is surrounded by a bastion composed of fagots calcined—it is not known how, huge boulders, and a thick layer of earth and stones. The Romans occupied it for a certain time, but the parapets that surround it are much more ancient. It is an immense plain, eleven hectares in extent, strewed with flints, both wrought and polished, that came from Spiennes, while those of the caverns of the Lesse came from Champagne. The troglodytes of the Lesse and the people of Spiennes were contemporaries in the age of cut stone, but there was no intercourse between them. During the age of polished stone, on the contrary, the importation of flints from Champagne ceased in the region of the caverns, and the flint of Spiennes was diffused among the plateaux of upper Belgium. The inhabitants of Spiennes extended their former bounds, penetrated to that region, and fortified it. According to M. Dupont, the Camp of Hastedon must have been one of their fortresses.

The final *séance* of the Congress opened with a very interesting and animated discussion as to the first use of bronze and iron. Where did the bronze come from? M. Oppert thought it of European origin. The Phœnicians went to England for tin rather than to the East. M. Worsaae was convinced it came from Asia, and that a bronze age will be discovered in Egypt. M. Leemans was of the opinion that the iron age preceded the bronze in India and Ceylon. M. Conestabile was inclined to think the Phœnicians obtained their tin from the Caucasus rather than England. M. Franks said they might have found it in Spain and Portugal, and M. Waldemar-Schmidt thought the Egyptians obtained theirs from Africa.

M. de Quatrefages afterwards summed up the character of the Congress of Brussels: it appears from scientific evidence in every direction that certain existing types have an incontestable resemblance to the people of the quaternary period. In the second place, it now seems established that man of the stone age travelled much more than has been supposed.

The close of the session was marked by two occurrences that produced a strong impression on the assembly. The two workmen who so ably assisted M. Dupont in the exploration of the caverns had, at the solicitation of the committee, the *décoration ouvrière* conferred on them by Messrs. de Quatrefages and Capellini. Then a letter from M. G. Geefs was read, stating that he had made a bust of M. d'Omalius unbeknown to the latter, which he offered as a mark of homage to the Congress. This bust, concealed at the end of the apartment, was uncovered and presented to the venerable president, old in years but youthful in feeling

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whose fine noble career M. de Quatrefages retraced in an address sparkling with wit. Then, after some isolated communications, the Congress passed a resolution to hold its seventh meeting at Stockholm, in 1874, under the effective presidency of Prince Oscar of Sweden, and the Congress was declared adjourned.

We cannot better end this report, which I should have liked to make more complete, than by quoting M. Dupont's *résumé* (a little indefinite, in my opinion) of the labor of the Sixth International Congress of Prehistoric Anthropology and Archæology:

"After the weighty discussions that have taken place at the Congress of Brussels," says M. le Secrétaire Général, "it is proper to lay before the public the chief problems discussed by the learned assembly. These problems have not all been definitely solved. That was not to be expected, for the result of such scientific meetings is seldom the decision of questions, but rather stating them with clearness and precision. The discussions at such meetings lead to the opening of new paths, and preparing the way, by throwing new light on it, for calm and persevering labor in the study. There alone is it possible to weigh the value of arguments, elucidate obscure points, and arrive at conclusions. In this spirit six principal points have been drawn up:

"1. Did man really exist in the middle of the tertiary period? Several of the specialists present at the Congress declared in the affirmative. But it appeared, especially from the flints discovered by the Abbé Bourgeois, that further researches should be undertaken before science can decide on a point so important in the history of mankind. The bed of the flints in question was ultimately regarded as incontestable.

"2. The formation of the valleys and the filling of the caverns were regarded as the result of fluvial action. The study of these phenomena may be considered as the fundamental point of research respecting man of the quaternary epoch.

"3. The bones of goats, sheep, and oxen, discovered in the deposits of the mammoth age in the Belgian caverns, were acknowledged to be similar to our goats, sheep, and certain species of our domestic cattle. An opinion was advanced that perhaps they originated these domestic species, whose origin has often been sought in vain.

"4. Communications between different tribes of the stone age in Western Europe were for the first time distinctly stated. The people of the quaternary epoch were divided into two classes, one of which, by the regular development of its industrial pursuits, arrived at such a degree of progress that it was thought they must have invaded the region of the Belgian caverns in the age of polished stone, and subjugated our troglodytes.

"5. The discovery at Eygenbilsen gave occasion for recognizing the Etruscan influence in our region previous to the Roman conquest. There was a disposition to admit that the intercourse between Italy and the Scandinavian countries must have been much later.

"6. The opinion that the anthropological types of the quaternary epoch have survived, and constitute an essential element of existing European nations, was admitted in principle by all the anthropologists who expressed any opinion on the subject. The problem of the origin of European races is thus placed in an entirely new light."

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ATLANTIC DRIFT—GATHERED IN THE STEERAGE.

BY AN EMIGRANT.

CONCLUDED.

THE generally fortunate voyage of our vessel was varied by two or three days of very rough weather, and the miseries of our first night at sea were intensified by a violent gale. The fast steamer, built with lines calculated for excessive speed, cut through rather than breasted the waves. Tons of clear water washed over the whaleback, knocking over one or two hapless wights, and drenching many others. Her windward side was incessantly swept by blinding showers of heavy spray. To pass from the shelter of the main deck to the entrance of our steerage was a veritable running the gauntlet. You watched till the ship rose, and then ran at full speed for the shelter of the whaleback, happy if you reached it without being rolled by a sudden lurch into the scuppers, or losing your balance and clinging to the nearest rope or stanchion, being soused by the spray from the next wave that struck her.

The storm raged more fiercely as the evening advanced, and from timid lips came stories of the lost *City of Boston* and the hapless *London*, while more experienced hands regretted their precipitancy in selecting a vessel of a line in which every other quality was said to have been sacrificed to that of excessive speed, and indulged in uncomfortable surmises as to the consequences of the shaft snapping or the engines breaking down. When the damp and chill of the advancing night drove us to our bunks, we clambered down-stairs, and, staggering away into our respective streets, crawled in. To realize my first impression of the steerage of our vessel at night, when its cavernous space was lit, or rather its grim darkness made visible, by a single lantern, would require the pen of Dickens or the graphic pencil of Gustave Doré. Crouching between those bunks and the roof grotesque forms, dimly seen in the obscure light, threw weird shadows on the cabin sides. Here one busily engaged, under innumerable difficulties, in making up a neat bed of sheets and blankets, into which he afterwards burrows by an ingenious backward movement, like a shore crab hiding himself in the sand left uncovered by the receding tide; while his next neighbor retires to rest by the simple process of kicking off his boots, pulling his battered night-cap over his eyes, and stretching himself on the bare boards, with a muttered string of curses on the ship, the weather, and the world in general, for his evening orisons. At a corner of one of the tables appear a group of players poring over their cards in a *chiaro-oscuro* that recalls a scene of Teniers or Van Ostade, while at another a group are gathered round a young vocalist who quavers out in a dull monotone a curious medley of sentimental ditties and music-hall vulgarities. Gradually all drop away into their bunks, and everything is still, save the deep breathing of some hundred souls, and the groans of the sufferers from the malady of the sea. Occasionally the heavy plunge of

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the ship, as she dashes into some mountainous wave, extinguishes the lamp with the shock, and buries the little windows under water, leaving the cabin for a few seconds in profound darkness. In the gale during the first night of our voyage, one tremendous billow struck the ship, burying us in black night, and rolling trunks, tins, and clothes cluttering to leeward with the lurch of the vessel, and awakening all in a moment from their slumbers. A general consternation prevailed, and while some called in angry tones for the lamp to be relighted, others could be heard muttering the unfamiliar words of a half-forgotten prayer. As the great ship shook in her conflict with the raging sea, and we heard overhead the rush of many feet and the swash on deck of a heavy mass of water, I felt nervous enough till she rose again and, creeping to the little window, I could see the cold moon throwing a silvery track across the waste of raging, wind-lashed surges.

I thought of the great ships that had gone down, crowded with hundreds of unprepared and unthinking souls, into the cruel bosom of the great ocean; perhaps their unknown fate was to sink in the darkness of the night, crushed in a moment by an iceberg, or, maimed and helpless, battered to pieces and submerged by the angry waves. What a horrible death-agony must be that of the doomed, who, after the sudden crash of a collision, or battened down in their dark prison in a raging storm, heard the cataract of water roar down the hatchway, greedy to engulf them! For a few moments what fearful struggles would take place in the crowded cabin to mount the bunks and gain the last mouthful of the retiring air, until the flood buried all in the bosom of the deep, in a silence to be broken only by the trumpet of the Judgment Day! Should I, I pondered, in such a dark hour, have the strength of mind or grace of God to lie still on my bed and let the rising water cut short the prayer on my lips, or, hoping against hope, with angrily raging heart die fighting to breathe a few seconds longer the vital air? Of a truth, to die suffocated in the darkness, without a last look at the great vault of heaven, a last breath of the pure air, seemed to me to be to doubly die.

If I suffered some discomfort and perhaps a little anxiety from the occasional anger of the mighty main, it was far more than compensated for by its aspect in its calmer and more peaceful moods. I cannot understand how in a few days voyagers can learn to complain of the monotony of the sea; to me, its different moods in calm and storm, the snowy crests of the dancing waves, the foaming and often phosphorescent wake of the great steamer, and the ever-changing aspects of the cloud-laden heavens, were objects of untiring interest. If I had the magic pen of the author of the *Queen of the Air*, I would write a book on the cloud-scenery of the Atlantic. Never, even in the purest Italian sky or the cloudless heavens above the vast expanse of a Western prairie, have I seen Diana so purely fair, Lucifer so bright, or Aurora clad in such varied garments of purple and rose; such a wonderful vault lined with innumerable flakes of spotless wool left by the dying wind; such masses of cumulus, sometimes as solidly white as Alpine summits, sometimes before the rain-storm luridly gray-black with the gathered water, like the massive bulk of Snowdon seen through a driving rain; and, once or twice, the pall of the thunder-storm rising over the leeward heaven and advancing towards us, its ragged

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edge momentarily lit up with the blazing tongues of the lightning, until it rolled over, deafening with its dread artillery and hiding all around in mist and blinding rain. The grandeur of sunset and of sunrise, when not obscured by the mistiness of a moist atmosphere, was indescribable. Every night, with renewed pleasure, we watched the god of day sink beneath the western horizon. Turner, in his wildest dreams of those gorgeous heaven-pictures that he had not seen on earth but felt that he would love to see, imagined no greater luxury of gold, carmine, purple, crimson, rose, and rose-tinged snow, than was afforded by some of the spectacles of the setting sun. One evening still holds my memory entranced: the heavy curtain of dull gray mist that all day had lain low over the sea rolled eastward before the evening breeze; the emerging sun, low on the horizon, dyed the receding masses of cloud with a thousand shades of livid purple; the peaks and shoulders of the eastern range of mountains of dark vapor caught the light, while between them sank valleys and depths more sombre by the contrast. Westward, below the rosy, almost blood-red sun, ran two long narrow filaments of purple cloud, dark across the glow of the heavens, like bars across a furnace. A few moments, and the shining orb sinks beneath them, fringing their edges with refulgent gold, then falls into a sea of liquid fire. A little longer the crimson hues linger on the eastern curtain of clouds, then grow fainter and fainter, and die away into the gray hues of a moonless night.

Among the five hundred emigrants our good ship carried there were, it is needless to say, many men of different speech, and almost every diversity of occupation and character. Besides the four nations of Great Britain, we had Germans, Danes, Swedes, and Norwegians in considerable numbers, a few French, Poles, and Russians, a Levantine Jewess and her children, and a solitary American. With the Teutons my ignorance of their language prevented me holding further converse than to learn their nationality and their destination —generally Illinois, Minnesota, or Wisconsin. Unlike the Irish, with whom New York seemed to fulfil all their notions of America, the Germans and Scandinavians appeared all westward bound, in large parties, organized for agricultural life; and while they were in a considerable minority on the vessel, they formed much the larger proportion of the passengers in the emigrant cars. The amount of their baggage was something prodigious. Nearly all apparently peasants in their native land, they seemed on leaving it to transport everything they possessed except the roof over their heads to their adopted country. What would not break they enclosed in immense bags of ticking and rough canvas, and the residue of their property in arklike chests, the immense weight and sharp iron-bound corners of which moved the sailors to multiform blasphemy. For my part, I had read so much of the contented prosperity of the peasantry in Norway and Sweden that I speculated not a little as to what cause could lead them to make the long and expensive migration from Christiania or Gottenburg to the so far off shores of the Mississippi.

With the Germans, who came principally from the neighborhood of Mannheim, the case was different. Several of them could speak a little French, nor were they reticent as to the principal cause that led them to desert their fatherland: it was the man tax, levied by the empire of

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blood and iron on their youth and manhood, that drove them from their farms in the sweet Rhine valley to seek abodes in the new and freer world. Several of them had followed the Bavarian standard under Von Tannen through the hardships and carnage of the Franco-German war; but to the shrewd sense of the peasant the halo of military glory and the pomp of wide empire meant but conscription and taxation, fields untilled, and wife and children starving, while the blood of father and son was poured out to indite a new page in the gory annals of warlike fame.

By the way, one of them assured us that never in the fiercest time of that deadly strife, even when, in long forced marches, driving Bourbaki's broken bands through the snows of Jura, had they fared so badly as he did then, to which I may add the experience of an Englishman—whose sinister countenance and shabby attire gave increased weight to his testimony—who averred that we fared little better than in a workhouse and worse than in a jail.

Amongst us there were many mechanics, principally Irish, who were returning from visits to their friends; nor can I omit to chronicle their uniform and emphatic testimony as to the benefit they had received from their emigration. In New York, Philadelphia, Boston, or Chicago, they were sure of work, could live and dress comfortably, and lay by a large proportion of their earnings, while in England, and still more in Ireland, they were happy when their earnings kept them in lodging, food, and clothing, and saving was neither thought of nor possible. From what I could learn, the position of the unskilled laborer appeared by no means so bright. The different system of hiring in America made the nominally higher wages more precarious than in the old country; and I suspect that everywhere the untaught man, who, ignorant of any distinct branch of industry, brings only his thews and sinews to market, is, and will ever be, but "a hewer of wood and drawer of water"—an ill-paid and little valued drudge.

For one class of the Irish emigrants, of whom we had a certain number on board, their countrymen entertained a profound and not unfounded contempt. Youths from Cork or Dublin shops or offices, whom dissipation or misconduct had thrown out of place, or the desire of novelty or adventure had attracted to the New World—unfit for manual labor, and without any special qualification for commerce—their heads were turned with tales of the giddy whirl of New York life, in their notions of which gallantry, whiskey, politics, calico balls, and rowdy patriotism made a curious medley. Their general ambition was to be bar-tenders, and with some exceptions their usual behavior showed them to be little fitted for any better avocation.

One of the characters that most attracted my attention, though I elicited but little response to my advances from his taciturn nature, was a miner from Montana—a man of short stature but powerful build, with a determined, weather-beaten face, and a decidedly sinister squint, who had rambled over the greater part of California, Nevada, Utah, Washington, and Montana, and apparently returned no richer from his wanderings. Having been a seaman before he took to a mountain life, his gait had acquired an indescribably curious mixture of the out-kneed walk of a man constantly on horseback with the roll of a sailor, while he had, too, a curious habit of involuntarily working the fingers of his right hand as if they held a six-shooter. He usually

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restricted himself to the bachelor society under the whaleback, and, chary of his words, amused himself with an amateur surveillance of the operations of the men, or occasionally exchanged reminiscences in brief sentences with two or three other returned Californians: how he and his mates had killed a grizzly at the foot of Mount Helena; how he had made £1,200 in eight months from a claim in Siskiyou County, and lost it all in working another in El Dorado County, at which he persevered fruitlessly for three years, while the claims on each side brought heavy piles to their workers; how he had seen twenty-six "road agents" hanged together in Montana; and other tales of far West mining, murder, and debauchery. Once only his hard face relaxed into a laugh at a story he told of two men who quarrelled in a California saloon, and, dodging round the table, while the rest of the company made for the door or skulked behind the beer barrels, emptied their revolvers at each other with no worse effect than one slight scratch. That twelve barrels should go off and no one be killed seemed to be too ridiculous, and his risible faculties overcame him accordingly. Strangely enough, while he spoke with the most hearty enthusiasm as to the pleasures of a mountaineering life, which he declared, with a good horse, a trusty rifle, and staunch mates, was the finest in the world, and to judge from appearances had certainly not made his pile, he never intended to return westward, but was bound for some city of the South. Possibly some episodes in his checkered existence had caused him to bear in mind the shortened career of the twenty-six road agents with a distinctness that determined his preference for this side of the Rocky Mountains.

The most lively time of the day was the evening after the five o'clock tea; the sailors during the dog-watches—from four to eight—do not turn in, but remain on deck, and they amused or persecuted the female passengers with a coarse gallantry that generally made the more modest women remain below; the cooks, engineers, and firemen stood at their doors in the deck-house and greeted with horse-banter the passers-by; while on the open space before the wheel-house a few couples danced to the music of an accordion, or tried to tire each other out to the whistled tune of an Irish jig. A pair of professional singers, husband and wife, to whose retinue I usually attached myself, used to sit at the door of the saloon and favor us with selections from their repertory, often with a success that brought metallic appreciation from the gentlemen in the neighboring smoking-room; till after sunset—generally interpreted with extreme liberality—one of the stewards of the after-steerage literally hunted the women down-stairs; and then often on fine nights the sailors would cluster round the open hatchway and sing for or banter with their favorites below.

The behavior of the sailors towards the women was the subject of constant complaint by the more respectable of the passengers throughout the voyage; in the evening, no woman without her husband was safe from their persecution, and not always with him at her side; as they stood by each other, and always had the sheath-knife at their side, the men were not very ready to commence a quarrel with them; if their advances were resented, they were apt to change from coarse good-humor to the most revolting and obscene abuse. Hence, as I have mentioned, many of the women would not return to the deck after the evening meal. In

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short, if other steamers are like the one in which we made the passage, no young woman could cross in the steerage without her modesty being daily shocked, and, if she was unprotected, running great risk of actual insult. I have mentioned that the deck bar was at the head of our staircase and consequently near the sailors' cabin; one night it was broken open and cleared of its contents; whether the culprits were either sought for or detected, I never heard; but certainly the seamen next day were in a state of extreme conviviality: and, under the emboldening influence of liquor, one lively young mariner put his arm round the waist of a very handsome young Englishwoman, whose ladylike dress and appearance had so far prevented her from being molested in this way. A fight between her husband and the delinquent was with difficulty prevented by the bystanders, and the former went to complain to the chief officer; he mustered the watch and read them a lecture on their not interfering with the female passengers, and told the culprit he would hand him over to the authorities at Castle Garden on his arrival at New York, who would certainly send him for six months to prison. The latter did not seem much discomposed at the intimation, and the day I landed in the Empire City he appeared at our boarding-house on Washington Street in a state of great hilarity and beer, and informed us with much blasphemy that he had cut his connection with the ship.

The emigrant passengers on board our ship suffered much annoyance and discomfort; but I do not hesitate to say that most of our troubles arose from the crew and attendants rather than the arrangements of the ship itself. Much of the accommodation provided—for instance, in the case of the wash-houses and fresh-water pumps—was made useless by the negligence or surliness of the men by whom they were controlled; the victuals seemed generally to be of good quality, and, except in the case of the fresh bread and sugar, were provided with lavish if not wasteful abundance, but they were usually carelessly cooked, if not actually uneatable, and served in the roughest and most heedless manner. The crew were a most disorderly set—quarrels were of constant occurrence. I saw two fights—one between the interpreter attached to the after-steerage and one of the stewards; and another, which took place between the head-cook and the butcher in the saloon galley; and I heard of several others. The cooks and bakers in the steerage galley were changed once or twice during the voyage, but no change for the better resulted. I attribute this want of anything like discipline or attentiveness to their duties to the constant change of the men on board these steamers; they only sign articles for the run out and home, rarely remaining more than one or two voyages in the ship, and many go the westward voyage merely to get to New York and desert the ship the moment they arrive there. I was told the chief officer called the *milors* together and promised them, as the ship was short-handed (she had seven less than her complement of 28 seamen), they should receive £5 10*s.* per month instead of the £4 10*s.* for which they had shipped; but in spite of this, nearly half of them would desert when the ship came to her moorings. The cooks, bakers, and stewards are engaged in the same way, and the consequence is, before they can all be got to understand their positions and work well together, they are paid off and a new

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set come on board. If the companies could form a permanent staff for their vessels, and go to the same care and expense over their organization as they give to the material equipment of their splendid vessels, an immense change for the better would be effected in the comfort and convenience of the emigrant. As to the distribution of provisions, the passengers might be arranged in messes of ten or twenty, some of whose number would fetch their food from the galley for allotment among themselves, and thus give them an opportunity of eating their meals at table in a more Christianlike and less piggish manner than the majority are at present compelled to do. Nor do I see any great difficulty or additional expense in a different arrangement of the bunks, by which, at the sacrifice of the wide space in the middle of the steerage, they could be grouped on each side of a central table, so that each twenty or thereabouts would form a partially separated room, with its own table and its own mess.

At last, early on the second Sunday morning, the thunderlike roll of the cable paid out over our heads awoke us as the ship came to anchor off Staten Island, and later in the day she moored alongside the company's wharf in New Jersey. In sight of the promised land, the fatigue and annoyance of the voyage were soon forgotten. A liberal meal of fresh and unusually well-cooked beef and plum-duff, eaten undisturbed by the vessel's motion, made the memory of the disgusting messes we had endured or revolted at less poignant. The entire passengers went on shore in the forenoon, but none of the emigrants were allowed to leave, or any one to come on board the ship. Boatfuls of friends of the passengers came alongside, and the word passed along the deck that Mrs. Brady's husband or Mary Cahill's brother was seeking her. Numberless inquiries were shouted as to Mike, or Mary, or the children, until the gray twilight hid the spires and streets of the great city across the river. The chief officer came round early with a lantern, and summarily dismissed all the women below, and all went quietly to rest. Often, I believe, the last night on board the emigrant ship is a scene of wild revelry, if not actual debauchery; but the want of liquor—none was sold after the vessel came to her moorings—and the absence of the fairer sex, effectually quenched any convivial tendencies.

At an early hour next morning the luggage was run out of the hold, and tumbled pell-mell on deck; and the youth of either sex, hitherto contented with the shabbiest and most negligent of attire, watched eagerly for their boxes, dragged them to a convenient corner, and made an elaborate toilette, either for the benefit of their American friends or to give the *coup de grâce* to the sweethearts they had encountered on the voyage. It was like the transformation scene in a pantomime, and I could hardly recognize my lady acquaintances in their gay bonnets and neat dresses. Much of their finery, however, suffered serious damage before they emerged on the Bowery. In the afternoon, the custom-house officer came on board and took his place near the gangway, alongside of which lay a tender for the passengers and a barge for the luggage. The boxes were scattered all over the deck, and to get them examined one had to drag them to the officer, open them and close them, obtain a Castle Garden check from an official at the head of the gangway, and then they went over the side on to the barge, and the passenger on to the tender. Every

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one was anxious to be off, and all scrambled at once towards the gangway, dragging boxes and bundles with them. Never did we see such a scene of tumult and confusion. Such a babel of tongues; such despair at boxes that either would not open, or more frequently, being opened, would not shut; such lamentations over their often hopelessly shattered contents—the married women imploring some one to mind their children while they dragged their boxes to the gangway; the single ones begging quondam admirers to help them to move their heavy trunks—appeals to which the latter, sufficiently engrossed with their own struggle to be off, generally turned a deaf and unkind ear. The custom-house officer seemed to discharge his duty with as much good-humor as the necessity of examining some thousand boxes in a limited time would allow. We got off with the first tenderful, and after waiting an hour or two in Castle Garden, where we at once cleared the refreshment stall of what we then thought delicious coffee and pies, we were told to fetch our luggage on the following day, and then passed out into Broadway to seek our various fortunes.

In the boarding-house where I spent the night in New York, I met passengers from most of the other lines. All complained of their accommodations, and affected to believe that they had unfortunately selected the most uncomfortable service. For my own part, I believe that on the whole there is but little to choose between the accommodations and provisions supplied by the different companies, and that the description I have given of the arrangements of one line would generally apply to the rest.

MARTYRS AND CONFESSORS IN CHRIST.

Nor let any of you be sad, on the ground that he is less than those who, before you having suffered torments, have come by the glorious journey to the Lord, the world being conquered and trodden down. The Lord is the searcher of the reins and heart, he sees the secret things, and looks into things hidden. The testimony of him alone, who is to guide, is sufficient for earning the crown from him. Therefore each thing, O dearest brethren, is equally sublime and illustrious. The former, namely, to hasten to the Lord by the consummation of victory, is the more secure; the latter is more joyful, to flourish in the praises of the church, having received a furlough after the gaining of glory. O blessed church of ours, which the honor of divine condescension thus illumines, which in our own time the glorious blood of martyrs thus makes illustrious! Before, it was white in the works of the brethren; now, it is made purple in the blood of martyrs. Neither lilies nor roses are wanting to its flowers. Let all now contend for the most ample dignity of both honors. Let them receive crowns, either white from their works, or purple from their martyrdom. In the heavenly camp peace and war have their respective flowers, by which the soldier of Christ is crowned for glory. I pray, bravest and most blessed brethren, that you be always well in the Lord, and mindful of us. Farewell.—*S. Cyprian.*

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THE ROMAN EMPIRE AND THE MISSION OF THE BARBARIANS.

THIRD ARTICLE.

So the great Roman world sinned on to the last. Christianity, with a cry of fear and alarm, pointed to the stormful North, and exhorted to repentance; but her voice was drowned in the mad shouts of revelry and the wild din of reckless passion. The mistress of nations would not consent to show signs of fear or alarm. She cast her far-seeing eye over her wide, rich provinces towards the frowning horizon, and she had some knowledge of what sort of elements were hidden behind the black cloud-wall there. Never yet had the whole terrible ferocity of latent wrath burst forth; but still, from time to time, as she had watched for some centuries back, the storm-cloud had opened for a moment, and the low thunder-peal had been heard, and the lightning-fires had scathed her frontiers, and sometimes even had touched the very heart of some of her outlying provinces. But the fiery sword had been sheathed. The rent seemed to close again, and the thunder-murmurs died away. Still no brightness tinged the angry North. But darker, wilder, more fiercely threatening the storm-cloud grew. There was an angry God behind it, with his warrior hosts, nidden, and biding the solemn, predetermined moment. If the queen of empire felt, at times, a thrill of alarm, she tried to shake it off again. For proudly she gazed around on her widespreading dominions, and counted her almost countless monuments of conquest and glory, and appealed to the long past for her claim to live on immortally; and then took consolation and confidence to herself that the pillars of the firmament would crumble to dust, and the heavens fall, before she could be moved from her everlasting foundations. But still there were hearts that trembled for fear, conscious that something terrible was coming upon the world. The cry of the rapt seer of Patmos seemed still to be rising from the bosom of the Ægean Sea, and ringing in the ears of those who had faith in a God of justice. All those terrible woes foretold in the sixteenth and seventeenth chapters of the Apocalypse seemed about to be accomplished. With strange wailing sound, as of a warning archangel's trumpet, the prophetic voice appeared to repeat: "Thou art just, O Lord, who art, and who wast, the holy one, because thou hast judged these things: for they have shed the blood of saints and prophets, and thou hast given them blood to drink. . . . And great Babylon came in remembrance before God, to give her the cup of the wine of the indignation of his wrath." Louder still that voice seemed to rise in tones of merciful warning: "Go out from her, my people; that you be not partakers of her sins, and that you receive not of her plagues. For her sins have reached unto heaven, and the Lord hath remembered her iniquities. . . . She saith in her heart: I sit a queen, and am no widow; and sorrow I shall not see. Therefore shall her plagues

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come in one day, death, and mourning, and famine, and she shall be burned with fire; because God is strong, who shall judge her." So appeared to sound out clear the sad, wailing voice of the prophet in these sorrowful days. And the people of God took warning. Full of fear and dread, they fled from the "great Babylon" and the other principal cities of the empire, and hid themselves from the wrath that was to come. Those who remained behind laughed with mocking incredulity at their fears, and, as if in defiance of a mighty God, drained the sparkling goblet with an intenser relish, and the din of revelry waxed louder, and the Circensian games were applauded with a wilder joy. Countless numbers of Christians, who still had faith in God's Word and fear of his justice, hurried with rapid steps from these scenes of reckless dissipation and pleasure. They went to kneel with uplifted hands amid the sands of the Libyan Desert, or the wooded mountains of Lebanon; to implore mercy on a wicked world, amid the islets of the Tyrrhenian Sea, or in the rocky caves of the Thebaid.

At intervals another warning voice is heard, sounding, with the vehemence of the Baptist's cry, from the holy precincts of Bethlehem. S. Jerome is meditating and commenting, in his convent cell, on the prophecy of Ezekiel. As he ponders on the judgments of God on Jerusalem of old, he cannot but think of Rome in his own day. As the images of ruin and destruction grow before his mind, and his great heart burns with compassion for sinful, sinning man, he pauses in his reading, and lifts his voice in warning of the vials of wrath that are about to be poured out upon the empire. Through the voluptuous palaces of Rome which he once knew so well, the loud warning voice of the holy anchoret of Bethlehem pierces with an awakening sound, and helps to persuade many a patrician beauty "to exchange the dream of pleasure, so soon to be interrupted by the clangor of the Gothic trumpet, for the sacred vigils and austerities of the Holy Land." "Read," he cries out, "the Apocalypse of S. John: mark what is written of the woman clothed in scarlet, with the mystic inscription on her forehead, and seated upon seven hills, and of the destruction of Babylon. 'Go out of her, my people,' saith the Lord; 'that you be not made partakers of her crimes, and partners in the plagues that shall afflict her.' Leave the proud city to exult in everlasting uproar and dissipation, satiating her bloodthirstiness in the arena, and her insane passion in the circus. Leave it to her to trample under foot every sense of shame in her lascivious theatres." After these words of startling vehemence, he attunes his voice to gentler accents. And pours out his enthusiastic soul in language of sweetest music, winning and captivating both ear and heart. He throws a ravishing fascination and sweetness around his life at Bethlehem that must have been irresistible to souls in which yet lingered any purity of sentiment or love for the holy and beautiful. "How different," he exclaims, "the scenes that invite you hither! The most rustic simplicity is characteristic of the natal village of our Redeemer, and sacred hymns and psalmody are the only interruptions of the heavenly stillness and serenity which reign on every side. Walk forth into the fields: you startle with mingled astonishment and delight to find that 'Alleluia' is the burden of the ploughman's song; that it is with some inspired canticle the reaper recreates himself, in reposing

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at noontide from his overpowering toil; and that it is the royal Psalmist's inspiration that attunes the voice of the vine-dresser, as, scroll in hand, he plies his task all day." Thus does he paint in charming colors the immediate neighborhood in which he lived so happily. His words take us back to the days of Eden, and make us realize what unfallen and sinless mankind would have been. Then he passes on to those scenes and names which are interwoven into the history of our Lord's life, and round these again he casts the fascination of his poetical outpourings. We are carried on as by a magic spell, and we feel ourselves drawn captives after the mighty heart that glows with such a fiery heat of love in that grotto of Bethlehem. We cannot wonder that many souls felt the wondrous spell of that clear, sweet voice, as it broke with its music-tones of penetrating power into the palaces of Rome. The loud-wailing trumpet-tones of the Apocalyptic seer, as they rose with terrific warning from the bosom of the Ægean, and the melodious music of the anchoret of Bethlehem, as it was carried westward on the breeze, both conveyed a message from a merciful God to the children whom he yet loved. But we will listen again to that winning voice from Bethlehem, as it pleads on, trying to draw Christians from the perils that were so near: "Oh! when shall that blessed day arrive," it continues, "when it shall be our own delight to conduct you to the cave of the Nativity; together to mingle our tears with those of Mary and of the Virgin Mother in the sepulchre of our Lord; to press the wood on which he redeemed us to our throbbing lips; and, in ardent desire, to ascend with him from Mount Olivet? We will hasten thence to Bethany to see Lazarus come forth in his winding-sheet, and to the banks of that blessed stream sanctified by the baptism of the Word made flesh. Thence to the huts of the shepherds who heard the canticle of "Glory to God on high" and "Tidings of great joy," as they were keeping their night-watch over their flocks. We will pray at the tomb of David, and meditate under the steep precipice where inspiration used to come on the prophet Amos, until we hear again the living clangor of his shepherd-horn. In Mambre, we shall commune in spirit with the great patriarchs and their consorts who were buried there; visit the fountain where the eunuch was baptized by Philip; and in Samaria honor the relics of S. John the Baptist, of Abdias and Eliseus, and devoutly explore the caverns where the choirs of the prophets were miraculously fed, in the days of famine and persecution. We will extend our pilgrimage to Nazareth, and, as the name implies, behold the *flower* of Galilee. Hard by is Cana, where he changed water into wine. Thence to Mount Tabor, where our prayer shall be that our rest may not be with Moses and Elias, but in the eternal tabernacle, where we shall enjoy the beatific vision of the Father and the Holy Ghost. Thence returning, we shall see the Lake Genesareth, and the wilderness where the merciful Jesus feasted the multitudes; and Naim shall not be passed by unheeded, where he gave back to the disconsolate mother "her only son." Hermon shall be pointed out, and the torrent of Endor where Sisera was overcome; and Capharnaum, the theatre of so many miracles. Thence going up to Jerusalem, as it were in the retinue of our Lord, as the disciples were wont to do, we will pass through Silo and Bethel; and having made the circuit of so many scenes, consecra-

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ted by the presence, the preaching, and the miracles of the Son of God, to that grotto where he was born to us a Saviour, we shall at last return; perpetually to hymn his praises, to deplore our trespasses with frequent tears; to give our days and nights to holy orisons, as if smitten with the same love which exclaimed, "Him whom my soul hath yearned for, have I found. I will hold him, and will not let him go."* Such wondrous music did the spiritual enchanter pour forth from his lonely grotto. In such words as these, throbbing with love and holy zeal, did the great heart of the worn ascetic of Bethlehem gush forth. And they depicted in such vivid colors the sweet peace and purity and happiness of a new earthly paradise far away in the Eastern land, that many souls were lured away by the charmer's voice out of the great Western Babylon in time to escape the tempest that was just about to descend upon it. Many illustrious names appear among the fugitives. Paula forgot her lofty pedigree and her more than princely fortune, and fled eastward, and S. Melania and many others of patrician rank hurried away to Bethlehem to escape the impending doom. And there, whilst the mighty God thundered, and hurled his flaming arrows of vengeance, and the great sinful empire tottered and crashed under the awful blows of his wrath, did those favored Christians tremble and pray amid holy scenes and sweet associations, round the grand spiritual figure of S. Jerome.

But it was not only among the believers in God's Word, and those who observed the signs of the times from their watch-towers in the heart of the empire, that the belief in the imminent catastrophe had taken a strong hold. The idea that vengeance was close at hand was agitating with fierce intensity the barbaric nations themselves. Whence that idea came, they themselves could not have told. It had long been working in their minds like a living fire; it had gone on inflaming their souls till they felt their whole being on fire with an ungovernable passion for destruction and vengeance. They had been kept for long centuries by an overruling power in their northern forests, waiting for an unknown moment in the future. But that moment, they felt, was now at hand. They were ready for it, for they knew they were the scourges of wrath in the hands of a mighty God.

But before that fierce, black storm-cloud up yonder in the North pours out its fiery wrath upon the doomed empire, we will try to get a glimpse behind it to see what elements are hidden there.

Let the reader open his historical atlas, and follow with his eye the boundaries of the Roman Empire in the West. He will see that the east, west, and south of Europe are lying at the feet of Rome, the heart and centre of the world. As he casts his glance over his chart, he will be struck by the countless names that cover the face of Italy and Gaul and Spain, and all those countries that are comprehended within the rule and civilization of the great capital of the empire. But as he raises his eye northwards, he marks the outlines of Roman power. He might say that the Rhine and the Danube are the boundaries in that direction of imperial dominion. And what does he see beyond? Nothing that denotes that civilization has ever set a firm foot there. The great Hercynian forest begins at the Rhine, and stretches far away, with its dense, impenetrable blackness, as far as the

* S. Jerome's *Epist.* 44, 45.

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Vistula. It looks like a long, broad line of fortification thrown up by nature to guard the North from Roman ambition. Beyond this, again, is a wild unknown land. The student becomes bewildered as he tries to gain an accurate knowledge of it. It is a dreary wilderness of forest, and swamp, and vast tracts of land that have known no tillage. He finds no name of city or town, but only the hard names of countless barbaric tribes. These seem to fill, without order or defined limit of dominion, the vast area from the borders of the Rhine and Danube to the Baltic Sea, and the mainland and innumerable islets of Scandinavia. If he cast his eye towards the North-east, the prospect is of a land still less known, and, at the same time, less thickly peopled. But the barbaric names are there, though few in number, and the wild waste seems to stretch away interminably into the darkness. The map calls it Scythia, and that is almost all the student can gather from looking at it; but it seems to him that it is the high-road by which the countless barbarian tribes have come into Europe. We may well believe Gibbon when he tells us that this vast, unknown northern land, cut off from the Roman Empire by the Rhine and the Danube, and shrouded in gloom and darkness by its widespreading forests, extended itself over a third part of Europe.* Tacitus describes it as a country under a gloomy sky, rude, dismal in aspect and cultivation; more humid than Gaul, more stormy than Noricum and Pannonia.† It was a country where the waters were often covered with thick ice, and the mountains with snow; where the air was cold and sharp, and the storms blew fierce and strong. It was, in a word, a country where no delicate, soft races could have lived, but where only men of stalwart frame and hardy natures could have their home; men who could bound up the snowy mountain heights with a feeling of luxury, could hunt with delight among the frozen swamps, and run in the teeth of the sharp blast through thick forests where the warm sun-rays never penetrated. And what was this strange, unknown land, so dark and impenetrable, so vast in its extent, so defended by rivers and ocean and far-reaching fortification of Hercynian forest, so wild and uncultivated, so dismal and cold, and overhanging with its savage, frowning aspect the empire of Rome? It was the camp of the God of battles. With a divine purpose of his own, he had kept it free from Roman conquest. He had marked it off for himself by those wide rivers and stormy seas, and planted that thick long line of forest trees on its frontier, and shrouded its vast area in secrecy and mystery by widespreading woods. And under the shadow of these thick forests he had, for long generations, been gathering his warrior-bands. The great empire had been growing for centuries in power and riches, and had piled up her monuments to tell the ages of her glories, and had come to think herself everlasting; but whilst she thus developed her power so mightily, her destroyers were being gathered together in secret in that Northern land. It was not by chance that the Roman Empire had built herself up in such glory and imposing magnitude on the ruins of the great empires that had preceded her, and not for a barren purpose. God had marked with his finger the boundary-line of her dominions long before she extended her power so far, and

* *Hist. of Decline and Fall of Rom. Emp.*, vol. iv. ch. ix. p. 262, 1st ed.

† *Germania*, i. 5.

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he had appointed her the work which she was to do for him. But he had marked out, also, the term in the future whereunto she should endure, and had chosen beforehand the instruments which he would use for her destruction. As she was to be the most mighty of all empires which the world had ever seen, so would her destroyers have to be mighty and terrible in their powers of destruction. And those destroyers God will have ready at the right moment. No human eye could see what was going on under that dense darkness in the North; its mysterious depth was impenetrable to mortal kin. It was the secret laboratory of God, where he was fashioning his instruments of wrath. He had long been there amidst the terror and gloom beckoning the wild races of the earth to come to him, and they had obeyed his call, though they knew not why. Far back in the ages of time, before history had taken up her pen, there was a great breaking up of the Aryan family in the Eastern land, and they divided themselves into two great sections. They moved in opposite directions, one towards the East, the other towards the West. Though that breaking up seems, at first sight, to have nothing providential about it, yet it was no accidental separation. Bringing our Catholic principles to bear upon it, we soon see that it was the work of God. The wild tribes wandered on, they knew not whither. But they had a guide as real and definite as the Israelites in after-times. It was, perhaps, no pillar of fire nor mysterious moving cloud, but yet as unerring in its leading. The Eastern Aryans took possession of Persia, and, invading India, gradually made themselves masters of the country as far as the Ganges. In this rich and fertile region they soon advanced, with rapid steps, to a high state of civilization. When we first meet them in history, they are a powerful nation, with well-disciplined armies, and arts and sciences highly cultivated. Of those who took the westerly course, some settled down in the southern parts of Europe, and at the opening of history are found in a state of civilization. One section of them, wild, bold, and free, remain in a nomadic state. They wander on towards the Northwest, never settling down, ever restless. They feel themselves drawn ever onward, as by some mysterious power which they cannot resist. That strange, unseen power is he who dwells amid the darkness of the Scandinavian and Suabian forests. And as they pour into that weird gloom, band after band, they are lost to view. God wants them there for a time. They are one day to rush forth again, at his bidding, wild and fierce as ever, to do their appointed work.

Of these multitudinous tribes, hidden under the dark covering of those Northern forests, we cannot undertake to give any detailed account. The student who has ever pored over his historical chart representing the home of the barbarians, knows well how impossible it is to obtain accurate ideas about them. He is simply bewildered with the number of tribes, and the hard names by which they are designated. He is content to let Dr. Latham and Mr. Kingsley dispute at their pleasure as to whether the Goths were Teutons or a separate tribe. Some authors, with Gibbon, would make the Teutons the great tribe which included and absorbed almost all the rest, whilst Dr. Latham insists that they were far less in numbers than is commonly supposed. It is not now our purpose to enter on a question of this nature. Our view of them is

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simply as a *fourmillement des nations*, confused, indistinguishable, undefinable. We cannot pretend to speak with accuracy as to what territory was occupied by each tribe. What they do we can only guess at. They do not regard themselves as in their settled home. They wander about restless, and unsatisfied in their wild forest lands. They have only an indistinct idea whence they came, but they have a mysterious instinct whither they are to go when the appointed day comes. At one time they are on the Baltic shore, at another on the Danube bank. They never think of marching back Eastward, whence they came; their faces are turned towards the South, and they dream of a rich, golden city in which they are one day to revel and feast to their heart's content.

It is something bewildering to pause over and think upon, in our historical studies, is this Northern land of darkness, with its hidden millions of wild savages silently wandering about in their gloomy forest, under the eye of God, and waiting for the signal to rush forth upon the sin-laden empire of Rome! There never was anything more mysterious in history. They hang for long years, like a suspended curse, over a sinful world. They would have come down thundering like a crushing avalanche long before they did, if God had not held them back. It is wonderful to think how really they were in the hand of the great Over-ruler. Suddenly it had entered into their minds, as we have seen, to break up their home in the far East, in prehistoric times, and they had obeyed the instinct. They moved away from their native land, and set out upon their wanderings. They knew no land beyond their own, nor had they reason to expect that they would discover anything better than what they enjoyed in the country of their birth. But still they wandered on. Whither they were journeying they had no knowledge, but they were obeying an overmastering power. They found themselves, at last, gathered together in a mysterious land of darkness, and there they paused. They felt they were at the rendezvous to which they had been called. They were at the feet of him who had beckoned to them to leave their homes in the Eastern land. Their instinct now was to remain hidden there for a time behind the great fortification of the Hercynian forest. From beginning to end all through their history these barbarians are in the hand of God, under his generalship, and used to execute his designs. Such teaching as this will, no doubt, appear puerile to the sneering atheism of men like Herbert Spencer. He and those of his school have discovered that God has nothing to do with the course of human events or the government of the universe.* Social Science has led them far beyond the old-world ideas of God and divine government; but, thanks to the sound and safe teaching of Catholic principles, there are yet men in these days who refuse to run after the *ignis fatuus* of Spencerian philosophy.

But when we consider how the great civilized world of the Roman Empire and this world of the barbarian tribes bordered so close on one another for so long a time, and when we think what conquests Christianity had made wherever civilization had set its foot, we wonder how that dark Northern land could remain still heathen. Were not the citadels of the Christian religion planted all along the borders of the Roman Empire? Did no gleams, then, of Christian

* "The Study of Sociology," by H. Spencer, in the May No. of *The Contemporary Review*," 1872.

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light shoot forth into the darkness beyond? We know that such certainty was the case in the Northwestern portion, where the Goths dwelt, for we read of Ulphilas and his apostolic labors among that tribe. But for the most part, the darkness was unpenetrated, and we are struck by the sight of two worlds running so close up to one another and yet remaining so isolated in a religious point of view. The fact was, the time for the conversion of the Northmen had not yet come. Their apostles were to be a race of heroes born on the mountain-heights, and nourished in the pure, bracing air of monastic solitude. The barbarians were waiting for the monks. It is true that these wild tribes had already a worship of their own, and deeply religious in their way they certainly were. It was a religion quite in keeping with their wild, free character. Men who were so restless and active in their disposition, who delighted in storm and mountain and roaring torrents, would have no temple of wood or stone for their place of worship. Their temple was out in the open air, under the driving clouds, within hearing of the tumbling waterfalls, in sight of nature's face; for nature to them was God. They saw him in the great mountain towering up on high, in the rocking forest-trees, in the wide-stretching plain, in the flowing river, in the gushing fountain. He was in every object around them; in every speck of light in the overarching heavens; in the glistening streamlet; in the variegated flowers bedecking nature's face; in the rock that stood out to break the power of the rushing sea-waves; in the very stones scattered around them on the plain. There was a divinity of some kind in everything they saw.* It would, perhaps, be more true to say that their religion was polytheism rather than pantheism. We find, moreover, that the tendency of their religious belief was to keep alive in their souls the warlike spirit. The greatest and highest of their gods were beings of mighty power and terrible violence. "Woden, or Odin, as he was called in Scandinavia, was the omnipresent, the almighty creator, the father of gods and men; who ruled the universe, riding on the clouds, and sending rain and sunshine; in whom were centred all godlike attributes, of which he imparted a share to the other gods; and from whom proceeded all beauty, wisdom, strength, and fruitfulness, the knowledge of agriculture and the arts, the inspirations of music and song, and all good gifts. He was the giant hunter, who in the darkest nights rushed through the air on his white charger, clad in a brown mantle, his white locks streaming from beneath his slouching hat, followed by a train of wild huntsmen, the horses snorting fire, the bloodhounds baying, announcing war and carnage, danger and distress, as he passed along with lightning speed. But he was in a more special way the god of war, revelling in blood and slaughter, giving courage and victory to his votaries, and admitting to his Valhalla, or hall of bliss, none but those who died by the sword.

"Next to him was his son Thor, who rode on the thunder-cloud and whirlwind, whose hammer was the thunderbolt, whose arrows were the lightning flashes, and whose wagon dashed through the heavens with crashing noise and ungovernable fury."*

Then there was Saxnôt, another son of Woden, who occupied the

* See Mrs. Hope's *Conversion of the Teutonic Race*, ch. i.

* *Conv. of Teut. Race*, p. 20.

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third place among the gods. His name is afterwards associated with those of Woden and Thor in the abjuration of paganism made by those who were converted to Christianity. He is designated under many different names. He is Eor, or Are, or Ere, or Cheru, Tyr, Zio, Tuisco, or Tuis. He was the god of war, fierce and terrible, rushing to battle, at Woden's side, and bearing down whole hosts with his mighty sword of iron or stone.

War, blood, and violence, then, were ever, in the minds of the barbarians, associated with the greatest of those beings whom they worshipped and admired. The character and the deeds of these gods were the highest and the noblest they could conceive. To be mighty in battle like them; to wield their war-weapon as Thor wielded his huge hammer; to mow down enemies as Tuisco did with his terrible sword, would be the grand object of their soul's desire. We may judge how little there was in their religious worship to tone down their fierce natures. Everything symbolized war; their deities were almost all warlike. Even Freyja, the Northern Venus, was pictured to their imagination as delighting in war. She was believed to be ever present in the battle-field, wielding her flaming sword, with frantic joy, over the heads of their enemies, and ready to bear off the souls of the slain to Odin's Valhalla. In that imaginary Elysium the joys of their fallen heroes were also of a warlike and savage character. They revelled there in "constantly massacring visionary foes, and drinking without satiety, out of the skulls of the slain, brimming ale-cups presented by lovely Valkyrja." What shall we expect, then, when these wild warriors are turned loose upon the Roman Empire?

But is it possible to obtain a further glimpse behind that vast, dark line of pine-trees? Can we, by any means, get a glance at the wild indwellers of the mysterious land beyond? What are those men like whom God has so long kept hidden there? From time to time they have come forth from their forest homes and stood on the boundaries of the civilized world, and rolled their glaring eyes around over the rich empire that was to be their booty. But that has been, as it were, only for a moment. They have plunged again into their native darkness. Yet such writers as Apollinaris and Ammianus Marcellinus have told us something of them. By their aid we can picture to ourselves what those terrible hosts of avengers will be like, who will presently come down with such a headlong sweep upon the doomed empire of Rome.

All that we can imagine savage and terrible and extraordinary in figure and habit is found in real fact among those barbaric hordes. There are among them tribes who are small of stature, and thin and brawny, but quick and fierce as the wild-cat. There are, too, men of giant height and strength, who can wield their huge clubs like playthings, and shiver the hard rock like glass. They have blue, flashing eyes, and bathe their flaxen hair in lime-water, and anoint it with the unsavory unguent of rancid butter. Some of them roam about nude and uncovered as the wild animals of the forest, proud of their iron necklaces and golden bracelets; others are partially clothed with the skins of savage beasts, cut and shaped after the most odd and fantastic fashions. Some give additional terror to their appearance by wearing helmets made to imitate the muzzles of ferocious beasts. Plutarch tells us that all the

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Cimbrian horsemen wore helmets made in the form of the open jaws and muzzles of all kinds of strange and savage animals, and surmounted these by plumes shaped like wings, and of a prodigious height. This gave them the appearance of monstrous giants. They were armed with cuirasses of most brilliant metal, and covered with bucklers of uniform whiteness. Some shaved their chins, and, what must have added much to their hideousness, the back of their heads, whilst their hair was drawn to the front and hung down over their eyes like the forelock of a horse. So says Apollinaris,

> "Ad frontem coma tracta jacet, nudata cervix
> Setarum per summa nitet."*

Others, again, allowed their hair to grow, and wore long mustachios and beard. Their weapons of war were various and strange as their own appearance. Some fought on foot, wielding with savage fury the huge club, or crushing mallet, or heavy-headed hammer; or they did fierce work with their rude sword, or long javelin with its two points, or double-edged hatchet; or they were skilful in the use of the sling or the arrow pointed with sharp pieces of bone. Others rushed to battle on high war-steeds barded with steel, or on small horses, ugly and wretched to look at, but swift as eagles in their course. If they fought on the level plain, these barbarians were sometimes scattered over a large space, or they formed themselves into cuneiform bodies, or they pressed together into compact, impenetrable masses. If the contest was waged in the forests, they clomb the trees, which they worshipped, with the agility of monkeys, and there combated their enemies with wild ferocity, thus borne on the shoulders and in the arms of their gods. If they were conquerors in the battle, they abandoned themselves to acts of the most savage cruelty. To illustrate this we need only think of the tragic deeds that were done amid the swamps and the wooded hills of the Teutoberger Wald in the latter days of Augustus. It is sad, indeed, to read in Tacitus and the pages of Dio of the fate of that noble Roman army over which Varus held command. Yet we cannot regret to see the well-concerted rising of the German tribes, under the splendid military genius of Arnim, to throw off the Roman yoke. We hold in deepest horror the wrongs, the oppressions of the Romans from the first ravages of Cæsar to the judicial murders of Varus. We think with feelings of indignation of the treachery and the bloody cruelty of Cæsar when the Usipetes and the Teuchteri were all but annihilated on the banks of the Rhine, and the Roman general rejoiced at his own unprovoked atrocity. We recall with sorrow all that the barbarians had had to suffer from their Roman conquerors through succeeding years, and our souls are on fire at the recollection of it. When, then, we see that the day of deliverance is at hand, we cannot but rejoice with Arnim and his brother Adelings at the prospect of future freedom. Our sympathies are with the Germans, not with their Roman oppressors. Whilst the Romans, then, are hungry and starved in the long, boggy valley between the sources of the Ems and the Lippe, and the rain falls in torrents through the cold night, and the soldiers' spirits sink as they find themselves hemmed in by the enemy on all sides, we are, meantime, in imagination and feeling with the barbarian chiefs holding high festival as they recall the memory of ancient freedom and the deeds of former days, and we join in the

* Apollin., *Panæg. Major.*

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war songs as they echo among the wild, dreary hills, and swell above the howlings of the storm. And when the morning breaks ominously and darkly over the Teutoberger Wald, and the tempest rises higher, and the heavy-armed Romans cannot advance, and find it difficult, even, to keep their footing in the wet and slippery swamp; when we see their bows now useless from the wet, and their spears and shields no longer glittering in military pride, and their entire armor and clothing drenched and made too heavy for the poor benumbed and hunger-stricken soldiers to bear, we can scarcely feel one pang of sorrow. On the contrary, our heart leaps with gladness when Arnim from his watch-eminence gives the signal, and the trumpets ring out and the war-weapons clang, and the terrible Barritum described by Tacitus* is heard rising above the howlings of the storm. We know how that tragic day ended, and how the evening saw the Roman host covering, with their dead bodies, the length and breadth of the battle-field. Never had there been, in the annals of military warfare, such a terrible massacre of Roman legions. The news of it seized upon Augustus like a madness, and the old man, during the short remainder of his life, wandered sad and disconsolate through the apartments of his palace, sometimes dashing his white head against the walls, and murmuring, *Quintili Vare, legiones redde!*† But the barbarians were not content with such terrific slaughter as nearly annihilated the Roman army; their wild ferocity and cruelty showed themselves in their treatment of the captives. Tacitus in his *Annals* tells us‡ that in the neighboring woods the barbarians had altars erected to their gods, and there the surviving Roman tribunes and the centurions of the first class were offered in sacrifice. Around Varus's camp Roman heads were fixed, in cruel mockery, on the trunks and branches of trees, and in the midst arose a huge mound of Roman bones, left to be stripped of their flesh by the wild birds of prey, and then to whiten under that northern sky into a long enduring monument of a great barbarian victory.

If, on the contrary they were conquered, their fury was boundless, and was even turned against each other. When Marius overcame the first Cimbrian league, those who composed it were found on the field of battle bound fast to each other, so that they could not fall back before the enemy, and thus were compelled to conquer or die. Their wives were armed with swords or hatchets, and, shrieking and gnashing their teeth with rage and grief, they struck both Cimbrians and Romans. They rushed into the thickest of the fight, snatching with their naked hands at the sharp-cutting Roman sabres; they sprang upon the legionaries like tigers, tearing from them their bucklers, and thus purposely drawing upon themselves their own destruction. It was a dreadful sight also to witness some of them when the fortune of the day had turned against them, rushing to and fro with dishevelled hair, their black dresses all torn and bloody, or to see them mounted like mad fiends on the chariots, killing their husbands and brothers, fathers and sons, strangling their new-born infants and casting them under the horses' hoofs, and then plunging the dagger into their own bosoms.*

Some of the barbarians delighted

* *Germania*, iii. † Suet., *in Oct.* xxiii. ‡ I. 61. * Plutarch, *Vita Marii.*

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in eating human flesh. Ammianus Marcellinus gives us a picture in his history which freezes our blood and haunts us with its horrid memory. He tells us that, after the defeat of Valens under the walls of Constantinople, a barbarian was seen rushing among the imperial troops, naked down to his waist, sword in hand, and uttering a hoarse, lugubrious cry. He sprang with savage fury upon an enemy whom he had slain, and, applying his lips to his throat, sucked out his life-blood with a wild beast's relish. The Scythians of Europe were amongst those who showed this same instinct of the weasel and the hyena. We have the authority of S. Jerome for believing that the Atticoti also were accustomed to feed on human flesh. When they were wandering about in the woods of Gaul, and happened to meet herds of swine or other cattle, they cut off the breasts of the shepherdesses, and large pieces from the bodies of the shepherds, and ate them as dainty bits.* The Alans tore off the heads of their enemies, and caparisoned their horses with the skins of their bodies. The Budini and Geloni were accustomed to do much the same, being particular in reserving their enemies' heads for themselves. The appearance of the Geloni was a sickening sight to look upon. They were accustomed to have their cheeks cut and gashed; and their proudest distinction was a face all covered with wounds that were scaly, and livid and crowned with blood-red crests.

But if there is something terrible in the appearance and customs of the barbarians whom we have mentioned, it is surpassed by what we are told of the Huns. We shall not be able to form a true idea of the dreadful avengers who are to come down out of that Northern gloom, unless we look for a moment at this most terrible of the barbaric tribes. The Goths themselves, the stalwart giants of the Scandinavian forests, who knew no fear of men, could not but be terrified when they first fixed eyes on the hideous forms of the Huns. Jornandes, the Gothic historian, tells us that "the livid color of their skin had in it something shocking to the sight; theirs was not a face, but a deformed mass of flesh, provided, instead of eyes, with two black sinister spots. Their cruelty wreaked itself even upon their own new-born offspring, whose cheeks they lacerated with iron before they had tasted their mother's milk; and from this cause no down graced their chin in youth, no beard gave dignity to their old age." We are told by Ammianus that "they looked not like men, but like wild beasts standing on two legs, as if in mockery of the human species." They were, in truth, the wildest and most savage of all the barbarian hordes. They loved to be free and unrestrained as the wandering blasts of their native solitudes. They ate and slept on the ground under the open sky. They took their food raw and uncooked, like the tigers of the forest. No temples of worship had they; their God was a naked sword fixed in the ground. They were devoured by an insatiable thirst for gold, which they were ever ready to procure through blood, and smoke, and wholesale ruin. But the characteristic of their race was a ferocious delight in cruel massacre, and they gloried in pillaging, burning, and levelling down to the ground every monument of civilization that came in their path, till the regions over which they swept bore a resemblance to their native deserts. The rest of the

* S. Jer. *adv. Jovin.* ii.

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barbarians were amazed at their inhumanity, and looked upon them as fiends under the likeness of men.

But we need say no more. We have caught some few glimpses of what is behind the dark storm-cloud, and we can form some idea of the horrors that are hidden there. Well may men tremble as they look northwards in the Vth century. Well may Christians think they hear now again, ringing out more clearly than ever, the warning voice of S. John, and flee to far-off hiding-places. The sinful empire herself feels, at times, as if under the horrors of a nightmare; in her frightful dreams she thinks she is trampled upon, and crushed under the feet of fierce, wild men of terrible aspect, and torn and hacked by their strange weapons of war. As the tempest lowers over her darker and darker, and threatens to become all-enveloping in its wrath, a deep shudder runs through her mighty frame. And well may she stagger and quake for fear. The reckoning-day is close at hand, so long waited for by the holy martyrs of foregone centuries. And a day of dreadful destruction it will be.

But lo! the hour has already struck. God has given the signal to his warrior-hosts. The Goth has given a ringing blast on his horn, and the German has shouted the first notes of his terrible war-song, and the pine-trees of the Hercynian forest are trembling at the sound. The avengers of the martyrs and the Christian name are coming, and the whole North is shaking under their tread. At last the storm-cloud bursts, and fiery destruction sweeps down upon the doomed empire of Rome.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

IRELAND'S CASE STATED: IN REPLY TO MR. FROUDE. By the Very Rev. T. N. Burke, O.P. New York: P. M. Haverty. 1873.

Ireland's case has been stated, argued, vindicated, and, so far as the verdict of the American people is concerned, adjudicated. Mr. Froude has given his last scowl and his last growl, and gone back to his own country—which he has damaged by his foolish escapade—the most badly beaten man of the present decade. It is rather late in the day to revert to the topic of F. Burke's combat with this obstinate champion of bad characters and bad causes, and we will, therefore, let it pass with these few words. We are hoping to see soon issued Mr. Haverty's promised second volume of F. Burke's *Discourses and Lectures*, and we once more express our regret that any should be found so unmindful of propriety and courtesy, to say the least, as to interfere with F. Burke's control of the publication of his own works. The eloquent Dominican preacher may be assured that the respect and sympathy not only of all Catholic Irishmen, but of all other Catholics of the United States, will be his while he remains here as our honored guest, and will follow him when he returns to his native land, or to his own beloved and imperial Rome.

KEEL AND SADDLE: A RETROSPECT OF FORTY YEARS OF MILITARY AND NAVAL SERVICE. By Joseph W. Revere. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

We are so often disgusted, in reading books of entertainment, with a revelation of positive rascality and impiety, or at least of a want of high moral and religious principle in the author, that it is a relief to meet sometimes with a happy disappoint

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ment. This is a lively, entertaining book of varied adventures on field and flood. Yet we always find the author, when his personality comes into view, not only a bold and brave soldier, but a gentleman, an honorable man, and a frank, staunch Catholic Christian, who never obtrudes yet never hides his faith and his principles of virtue. His views of Spanish affairs strike us as rather defective, and occasionally there is a narrative concerning persons of depraved morals which would have been better omitted for the sake of his youthful readers. The "Golondina" episode in chapter xxiv. relates an adventure whose lawfulness, we suspect, though perhaps admitted by quarter-deck theology, would not stand the test of a strict examination. Sometimes we are at a loss to discover whether the author intends us to understand his narrative as historical, or is merely relating a *conte* for our amusement. In his own personal adventures and the descriptions he gives of what he has seen, we discover at once that his narrative is real as well as picturesque. And it is certainly most interesting. The off-hand, unstudied, and unaffected style reveal the character of the true, genuine, frank sailor and soldier; while at the same time, the refinement of taste and the cultivation of mind which are manifest throughout give these sketches from the diary of a long and adventurous life the literary finish which belongs to the work of a scholar. Notwithstanding certain exceptions we have made, we reiterate our commendation of the high tone of moral principle, the unaffected religious reverence, and the generally healthful and invigorating spirit which pervades the book which the gallant General Revere has given to the public as the retrospect of his forty years of naval and military service.

HYMNS AND POEMS: ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED. By Edward Caswall, of the Oratory. Second Edition. London: Burns, Oates & Co.; Pickering. 1873. (New York: Sold by The Catholic Publication Society.)

Father Caswall's hymns are as well known as Father Faber's. Indeed, if we mistake not, many of them are popularly attributed to the departed writer. In the present volume we have a complete collection of the Breviary hymns, in the first place. This is especially valuable as the only one in the language (as far, at least, as we are aware). And the author deserves the more praise for this labor of love, because of the great difficulty of rendering the terse, stiff Latin. Then, secondly, we have "Hymns and Sequences of the Roman Missal"; followed by "Hymns from Various Offices and other Sources." Thus the translated portion of the volume is quite sufficient to make it worth possessing. The execution, too, is very happy, on the whole. No one who has attempted to translate these hymns himself will insist overmuch on the absence of phrases commonplace or prosaic.

The second portion of the volume, "Original Hymns and Meditative Pieces," also contains much that entitles it to a place in every household. The devout Catholic, and more especially the convert, will find many things said for him which have come into his mind, but without his being able to express them. Moreover, several pieces turn on topics which are generally supposed themes for the dryest meditation. They are here proved suggestive of true poetry.

The only fault we have to find with Father Caswall's verse is the same that we find with Wordsworth's: the too frequent sacrifice of poetic diction and the use of too many long Latin words. But this defect is unimportant compared with the value of the thoughts and teachings conveyed, and we fervently thank Father Caswall for his contribution to our scanty Catholic poetry.

THE POET AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

"Once I wrote because my mind was full;
But now I write because I feel it growing dull,"

or,

"I have lived long enough,"

or,

"Poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree
That cannot so much as a blossom yield
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry,"

or some such saw, this Poet at the Breakfast-table should have affixed to these four hundred pages of incomparable drivelling.

"I talk half the time," says the poet, in his opening paragraph, "to find out my own thoughts, as a schoolboy turns his pockets inside out to see what is in them."

And what does the schoolboy find there?

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Rusty nails, old shoe-strings, copper pennies, dead bugs, crumbs of bread, broken knives, and other trash neither beautiful nor useful. The similitude is just. The contents of the Poet's brain are as precious as those of the boy's pocket; and if we wish to push the comparison further, the wares of both are often of doubtful ownership. The only serious thing in the book is its humor.

"I don't suppose my comic pieces are very laughable," writes this poet, philosopher, sage; "at any rate, the man who makes a business of writing me down says the last one I wrote is very melancholy reading; and that if it was only a little better, perhaps some bereaved person might pick out a line or two that would do to put on a gravestone." He has a most infallible instinct for the right comparison; as, for instance: "I love to talk, as a goose loves to swim. Sometimes I think it is because I *am* a goose." This is the first evidence of intelligent thought in the whole book. "My book and I," he informs us, "are pretty much the same thing. Sometimes I steal from my book in my talk, without mentioning it, and then I say to myself: 'Oh! that won't do; everybody has read my book, and knows it by heart.' And then the other *I* says: You know there are two of us, right and left, like a pair of shoes! The other *I* says: 'You're a—something or other—fool.'" The other *I* is evidently a sensible fellow. "They haven't read," continues the other *I*, "your confounded old book; besides, if they have, they have forgotten all about it."

Again, the other *I* says: "What a Balaam's quadruped you are to tell 'em it's in your book; they don't care whether it is or not, if it's anything worth saying; and if it isn't worth saying, what are you braying for?" This is the question the reader asks himself all along, as the evidence that the poet has nothing to say worth the saying becomes more and more overwhelming. This kind of criticism, we know, is little better than trifling; but the performance deserves no other treatment, for we candidly think that a sorrier book could not proceed from a mind untouched.

Why did this Poet, when he meant to write a book, seat himself at the breakfast-table? Did he not know that a full stomach does not argue a mind replete? Had not Shakespeare said long ago that fat paunches have lean pates, or was he not physician enough to know that the *mens divinior* is not to be found in hot rolls and coffee?

We shall conclude with one other brief quotation from the Poet:

"What do you do when you receive a book you don't want from the author? said I: 'Give him a good-natured adjective or two if I can, and thank him, and tell him I am lying under a sense of obligation to him. This is as good an excuse for lying as any, I said.'"

As we do not believe there can be an excuse for lying, and as we are certain that in this case there is no obligation under which to lie, we cannot give the author "a good-natured adjective or two"; but we shall thank him to give us no more such nonsense.

YOUNG AMERICA ABROAD. Second Series: Cross and Crescent; or, Young America in Turkey and Greece. A Story of Travel and Adventure. By William T. Adams (Oliver Optic), author of "Outward Bound," "Shamrock and Thistle," "Red Cross," "Down the Rhine," etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard, Publishers. New York: Lee, Shepard & Dillingham. 1873.

This is the third volume of the second series of *Young America Abroad*, and, like all the rest of the series, is most instructive and entertaining.

THE TREASURE OF THE SEAS. By Prof. James De Mille, author of "The B. O. W. C.," "The Boys of Grand Pre School," "Lost in the Fog," "Fire in the Woods," "Among the Brigands," etc. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard, publishers; New York: Lee, Shepard & Dillingham. 1872.

This is one of the best of the "B. O. W. C. Series," and will certainly be a favorite with the boys.

THE POLYTECHNIC: A Collection of Music for Schools, Classes, and Clubs. Compiled and written by U. C. Burnap and Dr. W. J. Wetmore. New York: J. W. Schermerhorn & Co.

THE ATHENÆUM: A Collection of Part-Songs for Ladies' Voices. Arranged and written by U. C. Burnap and Dr. W. J. Wetmore. New York: J. W. Schermerhorn & Co.

The best criticism of both these musical

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publications is found in the preface to the first one cited:

"Collections of school music are already sufficiently numerous and bulky, but too often they are found to contain very little that is available for the ordinary or the extraordinary occasions of school life."

HART'S MANUAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE — A MISTAKE CORRECTED.— Since writing the brief notice of this really valuable work which appeared in our December number, we have observed a very serious misstatement in it respecting a distinguished convert to the Catholic faith, the late Dr. Ives, formerly Protestant Bishop of North Carolina. Prof. Hart states that he *returned to the Episcopal Church.* He never dreamed of such an act of superlative folly. He died, as he had lived, a most fervent and devout Catholic, we might almost say—a *saint*, and was buried with all the rites and all the honors of solemn obsequies in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York. Prof. Hart, who always endeavors to be fair, and whose notices of Catholic writers are marked by their courtesy, would never have made this incorrect statement unless he had been misled by some false information, and we rely on his rectifying it in his next edition.

THE following circular has been sent to us, and we publish it because we think there is nothing more hostile to such nefarious projects than free and early ventilation. Why does not Mr. *Abbot* renounce his popish name, in his zeal to abolish every vestige of Christianity? Our readers will not fail to see how apposite an illustration this document furnishes of some of the remarks in our first article. We have also received an article from the *Cincinnati Gazette* advocating the persecution of Catholics in this country, with a trenchant reply by F. Callaghan.

(*From* THE INDEX, *January* 4, 1873.)

ORGANIZE!

LIBERALS OF AMERICA,

The hour for action has arrived. The cause of freedom calls upon us to combine our strength, our zeal, our efforts. These are

THE DEMANDS OF LIBERALISM.

1. We demand that churches and other ecclesiastical property shall no longer be exempted from just taxation

2. We demand that the employment of chaplains in Congress, in state legislatures, in the navy and militia, and in prisons, asylums, and all other institutions supported by public money, shall be discontinued.

3. We demand that all public appropriations for sectarian, educational, and charitable institutions shall cease.

4. We demand that all religious services now sustained by the government shall be abolished; and especially that the use of the Bible in the public schools, whether ostensibly as a textbook or avowedly as a book of religious worship, shall be prohibited.

5. We demand that the appointment, by the President of the United States or by the Governors of the various states, of all religious festivals and feasts, shall wholly cease.

6. We demand that the judicial oath in the courts and in all other departments of the government shall be abolished, and that simple affirmation under pains and penalties of perjury shall be established in its stead.

7. We demand that all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath shall be repealed.

8. We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of "Christian" morality shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be conformed to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty.

9. We demand that not only in the constitutions of the United States and of the several States, but also in the practical administration of the same, no privileges or advantage shall be conceded to Christianity or any other special religion; that our entire political system shall be founded and administered on a purely secular basis; and that whatever changes shall prove necessary to this end shall be consistently, unflinchingly, and promptly made.

Liberals! I pledge to you my undivided sympathies and most vigorous co-operation, both in *The Index* and out of it, in this work of local and national organization. Let us begin at once to lay the foundations of a great national party of freedom, which shall demand the entire secularization of our municipal, state, and national government.

Let us boldly and with high purpose meet the duty of the hour. Rouse, then, to the great work of freeing America from the usurpations of the church! Make this continent from ocean to ocean sacred to human liberty! Prove that you are worthy descendants of those whose wisdom and patriotism gave us a constitution untainted with superstition! Shake off your slumbers, and break the chains to which you have too long tamely submitted.

FRANCIS E. ABBOT.

TOLEDO, OHIO, Jan. 1, 1873.

LIBERALS OF NEW YORK,

Shall the coming "National Association to secure a Religious Amendment to the United States Constitution," to be held in New York in February, find us unorganized for resistance? Let us at once form a "Liberal League," in which we may arrange a campaign offensive and defensive for our liberties. Send me at once the addresses of those who sympathize with us, that a meeting may be called at an early day: remember that "he who is not for me is against me," and that our liberties are threatened.

E. F. DINSMORE,
36 Dey Street, New York,
Agent of *The Index*.

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XVII., No. 97.—APRIL, 1873.

PUBLIC CHARITIES.

MODERN civilization has no higher or more important question to deal with than that of ameliorating the condition of the poor, the unfortunate, the ignorant, and the vicious. Governments are and can be engaged in no more appalling work than that of legislating wisely in regard to these classes, and in seeing that not only are their inevitable wants provided for and the public interests protected, but also that their rights are secured in fact as well as in theory, and that the instruments employed in these exalted spheres of public administration are suited to their purpose, and are guarded against degenerating from means of amelioration into agencies of oppression, cruelty, and injustice.

There are two chief motives which lead to the care and provision for the unfortunate members of the social body—charity on the one side, and philanthropy on the other. Religion inspires every motive for this great and holy work, and of all the virtues which religion inspires, charity is the highest, purest, and best. Charity is the love of God, and of man for God's sake. That God of charity has revealed to us that, of faith, hope, and charity, the greatest is charity; that he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord; that he who performs works of charity to the least of the human race performs them *ipso facto* to the Lord, creator and ruler of the universe; and that the eternal doom of every human being at the last dread day will be decided by this great test. Christianity itself, like her divine founder, is charity. The church of God, like her Lord and Spouse, is charity. She is imbued with and reflects his divine essence, which is charity. Charity arises from no statute or arbitrary decree, which might or might not be made according to the option of the legislator; it is the essence and motive of all good. It exists in the very nature of things. And as the love of God by man is the first and necessary relation of the creature to the Creator, and as our fellow-creatures exist from God, and

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in and by him, it is only through God and in him that we love them. Thus charity is no human sentiment or affection, like philanthropy or the natural love of our neighbor and brother; it is a supernatural virtue, springing from God, and sustained by his grace. The man who does not love his neighbor cannot love God, but rejects his love and violates the first law of his being. Every word and act of our divine Saviour, while engaged on earth in establishing his church, proves this, if there be need of external proof. Even after his work on earth was done, and he had ascended to his Father, he speaks to us through the mouth of S. Paul: "If I speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. And if I have prophecy, and know all mysteries, and all knowledge, and have all faith, so I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And if I should distribute all my goods to feed the poor, and should give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." *

Philanthropy, on the other hand, is the love of man for the sake of man; in other words, humanitarianism. It is a human affection springing from natural motives. To alleviate human sufferings, and promote human pleasures and enjoyments, are its aims. Its object is the body rather than the soul, earth rather than heaven, time rather than eternity. Its motive power is sentiment or feeling rather than reason or religion. It is a sensitiveness to all human suffering, because suffering or pain is repulsive to human nature. Philanthropy is a virtue in the natural order, springing from human motives, and not a supernatural virtue springing from religious motives and inspired by divine grace. Philanthropy is good in itself, for our human nature still remains; nature and grace are not antagonistic, and may co-exist; nature is dependent on grace to raise it to the supernatural state and transform it into charity. Charity includes philanthropy, as the greater includes the lesser. Philanthropy without charity is earthly in its aims, frequently rash and sometimes unjust in its measures, tyrannical in the exercise of power, and not unfrequently barren in its results.

Now, the church and the state are the organized representatives of these two virtues, the divine and the human. The church is a divine kingdom, and cultivates the divine virtue of charity; the state is a human kingdom, and cultivates the human virtue of philanthropy. The church is a supernatural body, and practises the supernatural virtue of charity; the state exists in the natural order, and practises the natural sentiment of philanthropy. The church is of heaven, and her greatest jewel, charity, is of heaven; the state is of earth, and the greatest of her merits is philanthropy, which is of earthly birth. The church is eternal, so is charity; the state is temporal, as is philanthropy. The church is of God, God is charity, so the church is charity; the state is of man, so is philanthropy. The rewards of the one are eternal; of the other, temporal. Charity is a Christian virtue, and can violate no other Christian virtue in adopting her measures; she cannot make the end justify the means; but philanthropy is a human virtue, and stops at no means necessary to attain its end. Abuses are not necessarily the results of philanthropy, for philanthropy, guided by even human reason, is capable of respecting the rights of God and men, and, when guided

* 1 Cor. xiii. 1-3.

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by supernatural grace, is exalted to charity.*

What we have chiefly to deal with in this article are institutions of benevolence, which are either wholly public property, and such as, though conducted either by private individuals or by incorporated boards of citizen managers, yet receive large shares of the public funds for their foundation, buildings, or current support, and thus become, to that extent, public institutions, and as such liable to be inquired into and criticised by the state and its citizens who pay the taxes thus expended.

The state in our times and in almost every country undertakes the restraint and custody of the persons of idiots, lunatics, drunkards, and other persons of unsound mind, for their safety; of paupers, for their maintenance; and of minors, unprovided with natural guardians, for purposes of their education, reformation, and maintenance. It is not for us to discuss at length in this article the right of the state in any country to *educate and reform* minors, or, in other words, to assume the place of teacher and priest; for it cannot undertake to educate without assuming the place of teacher, and still less can the state undertake the work of reformation without usurping the sacred functions of the sacerdotal office. Our faith, our reason, and our convictions teach us that such offices belong not to the state, but to the church. The state can establish places of restraint and punishment, and support and maintain them, both for the protection of the public, for the safety of the individuals themselves, and for purposes of philanthropy. Having done this, it is the duty of the state to leave free the consciences of its wards and prisoners, and to give every facility to the ministers of every church and religious persuasion to have free and unrestricted access to the children and prisoners belonging to those respective churches or persuasions. We claim this for ourselves as Catholics, and we leave the sects, the Jews, and every other society of religionists to claim the same for themselves. We are willing to make common cause with them for the attainment of our rights. That it is a charity for the state, or, more correctly speaking, a work of humanity, to assume the temporal care and provision for those unfortunate members of society who, either by their own fault, by the visitation of Providence, or by misfortune, are unable to take care of themselves, we are not disposed to deny at present, though even this belongs primarily to the religious duties of the individual, and, therefore, comes within the province of the church; and we know how well the church discharged this duty before the Reformation, and is doing it now. Yet we do not deny to the sects, to all men, and to the state, the right to perform good deeds and to practise the broadest philanthropy. Such at least seems to be one of the accepted works of government. We therefore accept such institutions and works as we find them, and we will view them in the same light in which our fellow-citizens generally regard them. As citizens, as Americans, we feel the same interest in them, experience the

* We had intended to give a brief outline of what the church has done from time to time for the various forms of human want, but found we could not do so in the present article without departing from the diversified character essential to a magazine. Such a sketch of the efforts made by the church, during her long history, to alleviate physical suffering, and for the moral elevation of the race, would almost be a history of the church itself, inasmuch as the poor have always been her heritage, in accordance with our Lord's words. To the Catholic reader this would have been unnecessary; and if this reference serves the purpose of inducing the candid non-Catholic to look into the record, a desirable end will have been accomplished.

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same pride in them, and, as a question of property and public right, we hold them as a common heritage, in which we have the same interest and authority as our fellow-citizens. We are, therefore, equally interested in their proper management and good government, and we yield to none in our desire to promote their prosperity and success. There is no part of public administration more sacred or important, no function of the state so momentous, no public responsibility so awful, as this. Accepting them, as we do, as a part of our common property and united work, we shrink not from any effort for their good government and success, and, if need be, for their improvement, reformation, and correction. When properly conducted, we have nothing but praise for them; and if, on the other hand, they are mismanaged, the funds extravagantly applied; if they are made the instruments of cruelty, perversion, or despotism; if in them or any of them religious liberty is violated, and systems of proselytizing are carried on against Catholic children, or the children of the sects, or those of the Jewish Church, we as Catholics and as American citizens will speak out freely and boldly in denouncing them. We are not disqualified from doing this, either as citizens or Catholics; not as citizens, because they belong to us as much as to other citizens; our money is there with that of others; and the Constitution gives us liberty of speech and of the press, and guarantees to us "the right to assemble and petition for the redress of grievances"; * not as Catholics, for we have as such the experience of eighteen hundred years of the most exalted works of charity; and because we claim for ourselves no special privilege over others, but are willing to concede to all what we claim for ourselves. No clamor will deter us from the exercise of this right, or from the performance of this duty. And whilst we cannot yield our rights to any one sect of Protestantism, we are equally determined, while respecting the rights of all Protestants, not to yield our constitutional rights to all the sects of Protestantism combined under the false and deceptive name of unsectarianism. We do not believe in *ex-parte* and sham investigations of public abuses in respect to public institutions, and we do not belong to, and are determined not to be deluded by, whitewashing committees of investigation and amiable grand juries. We are ever ready to praise, yet we shrink not from administering censure.

The theory upon which governmental institutions are founded, and those established by private citizens or boards are assisted is, that of protecting society from a large, idle, ignorant, vicious population, by providing the means for the temporal relief and social improvement and correction of these classes, so as to bring them to the age of self-support in the case of children, to punish criminals, relieve the poor, and thus gradually return them all to society as sober, enlightened, honest, industrious, and thrifty citizens. For these purposes heavy taxes are laid on the citizens, immense piles of buildings are erected at the public expense, and such institutions are annually maintained or aided at enormous cost to the people. In our November, 1872, number, while admitting and praising the philanthropic motive which sustains these institutions, we regarded them "as really nuisances of the worst kind, so far as Catholic children are concerned, on account

* *Constitution of U. S.*, Art. 1, of Amendments.

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of their proselytizing character. Moreover," we said, "in their actual workings they violate the rights both of parents and children, and we have evidence that these poor children are actually sold at the West, both by private sale and by auction. The horrible abuses existing in some state institutions are partly known to the public, and we have the means of disclosing even worse things than those which have recently been exposed in the public papers." It is difficult to perceive the success of such institutions as ameliorating or reformatory agents, for our public press is loaded every day with evidences of the enormous increase of crime and pauperism, and with dissertations on the causes of such increase. The public are naturally slow in believing that such institutions, upon which so much treasure has been spent, are failures. Such a reflection is an unpalatable one; it is humiliating to our pride, and damaging to the boasted progress of the XIXth century. It crushes our self-esteem to know that, of all places needing correction, our Houses of Correction need correction most; and that, of all institutions calling for the stern hand of reform, there are none that need so much reformation as our schools of reform. A religious paper called *The Christian Union* has given strong proof of its dislike to have the public eyes opened to these unpalatable truths, and we do not think we should have returned so soon to this subject but for a rather disingenuous article in that paper, couched in terms not calculated to convince the public that it derived its name from the practice or spirit of the virtue of Christian union, which, while challenging us to expose these wrongs and abuses, declared but too great a willingness to believe 'that these charges, so frequently made in Roman Catholic journals, have already received thorough investigation and perfect refutation."

We complain that our Catholic children in institutions which are supported in whole or in part by public funds—funds, therefore, in which we have a common property with our fellow-citizens—instead of being allowed the instruction and practice of their Catholic religion, are taught Protestantism in its, to us, most offensive form, and are thus exposed to the almost certain loss of their faith. The facts upon which we base the charge have never been denied, but, on the contrary, they are openly admitted and announced. Protestants deny that they proselytize Catholic children so as to make them members of any distinctive sect, but they admit that Catholic teaching and practices are rigidly excluded, and yet that the children are taught a certain religion. Is it not evident that, if such religious instruction produces any result, it is to make these children cease to be Catholics, to become non-Catholics, to take the Bible as their only rule of faith, to reject the infallible teachings of their own church, and to accept the teachings of the institutions as all that is necessary for them to know? This is proselytism of the most offensive kind; our children are either made *liberal Christians*, or are placed in circumstances which inevitably lead to their joining one or other of the distinctive forms of Protestantism or lose all religion whatever. Wherever a chaplain is employed, he is either a Methodist minister, such as Rev. Mr. Pierce in the New York House of Refuge, or he is a Baptist, Episcopalian, or other sectarian minister. In many of these institutions, the religious instruction is under the direction of a lay superintendent, as in the Providence School of Reform. And here

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we beg to give a piece of testimony showing how incompetent laymen are for religious instruction in public reformatories. The witness under examination was at the time one of the trustees of the Providence Reform School :

"Q. Have you any knowledge in relation to the distribution of religious books among the pupils, and their being taken away?

"A. I don't of my own knowledge; I furnished once one book of a religious character, and one only; I furnished it to the *officer having in charge the devotional exercises* on the girls' side; I gave that to the officer for his own use; it was given to him in consequence of considerable religious feeling that there was existing among the girls at the time; the girls were holding among themselves what they called prayer-meetings; the *gentleman having in charge the devotional exercises said he felt utterly incompetent to conduct the devotions in suitable words*," etc.

Religious liberty is openly and positively denied in the New York House of Refuge, as will be seen from their own "Report of Special Committee to the Managers of the House of Refuge," 1872; from which it appears, at pp. 21, 22, that the religion of the house consists in "Christian worship in simple form, and Gospel lessons in Sunday-schools," and that the "inmates are brought into the *same* chapel for public worship," and that "the whole regimen of the house," including of course the religious part, "is devised and pursued with careful attention to the *wants of the inmates, but is not submitted to the control of themselves or their friends.*" As Americans we have been taught from our infancy that liberty of conscience is the dearest right of the American citizen. We learned in our college days that even "Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of a religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof"; but we now learn that what the highest legislative power in the nation, and what no state legislature, can do, the managers of the New York House of Refuge have done and are now doing: they have made a law respecting the establishment of a religion in the House of Refuge, a public institution —a religion which they have called variously "Christian worship in simple form," "Gospel lessons," "Unsectarianism," "The Broad Principles of Christianity"—and have forbidden the free exercise of any other religion. Even if all Christians were united in this worship and in these principles, have Jewish citizens no rights under the Constitution? As citizens of the State of New York, we have learned from the state constitution and Bill of Rights "that the free exercise and practice of religious profession and worship without discrimination or preference shall *for ever be allowed to all mankind.*" Chancellor Kent, in his *Commentaries on American Law*, says that "*the free exercise* and enjoyment of religious profession and worship may be considered as one of the *absolute rights of individuals*, recognized in our American constitutions and secured to them by law."* And Story, in his *Commentaries on the Constitution*, maintains in equally strong terms "the freedom of public worship according to the dictates of one's conscience."†

But we are now told by the Managers of the House of Refuge that "delinquency has, under the law, worked some forfeiture of rights, and that neither the delinquents nor their friends for them can justly claim, while under sentence of the courts, equal freedom with the rest of the community who have not violated the law."‡ Such was the

* *Kent*, ii. 24.
† *Story on the Constitution*, ii. 661.
‡ *Report of Special Committee*, p. 17.

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answer given by American citizens, constituting the Board of Managers of the New York House of Refuge, to the committee of American citizens sent by the Catholic Union to demand liberty of conscience and freedom of religious worship for the Catholic children in the Refuge! Either this answer means that the children in the House of Refuge are not a portion of *mankind*, or that religious freedom is one of the rights forfeited by delinquency, or the Board of Managers have proclaimed themselves guilty of the grossest violation of the rights of man and of God. We presume these gentlemen will not admit either the first or the third of these alternatives; indeed, they almost say in terms that a commitment to the House of Refuge works a forfeiture of that religious liberty guaranteed to all mankind. We know delinquency under the law suspends the civil rights of the delinquent while in prison, such as the right to hold public office or administer a private trust; but it does not work even a forfeiture of property except in the case of an outlawry of treason. These are all the forfeitures worked by the highest crimes known to the law. Religion is not a civil right; no crime can forfeit it; no power on earth can extinguish it. The greatest of public malefactors, the murderer and the traitor, enjoy it even on the scaffold: does the child whose only offence is poverty or vagrancy forfeit it? In the sacred names of Liberty and Religion, what sort of *Refuge* is this to stand on American soil?

The Children's Aid Society is another New York institution largely supported by public funds. We learn from its Nineteenth Annual Report, 1871, that one of its objects is to shelter in its lodging-houses the orphan and the homeless girls and boys, and labor incessantly to give them the "*foundation ideas of morals and religion*" (p. 5). Alluding to the *Italian* School, No. 44 Franklin Street, the report says: "We have *conquered the prejudices and superstition of ignorance*, and *converted* into useful citizens hundreds of this unfortunate class." With such a programme of unsectarian conversion, the leading feature in which is indifferentism in religion, the immediate forerunner of infidelity and agrarianism, it is no wonder that the report immediately proceeds: "So much so, indeed, that the Italian government," that same godless government which is so ferociously waging war on Catholicity, "has taken a deep interest in our institution" (p. 28).

It is only necessary to read these reports to be convinced that the system either leads to materialism, the religion of worldly prosperity and thrifty citizenship, or to some form of Protestant sectarianism. The system of "emigration" pursued by such institutions, by which children are sent out West and placed with anybody and everybody who will take them, completes the work commenced in the East. On pages 54–56 of the report last quoted is related the case of a youth sent East, who "cannot speak of his parents with any certainty at all"; it matters not what religion they were of, the son is now *preparing for the ministry* of one of the sects. His letter also recites a similar case in reference to another boy "who was sent out West." It is certain that he is not preparing for the Catholic ministry, for his impressions of a miracle are thus expressed: "To be taken from the gutters of New York City and placed in a college is almost a miracle." The story of young "Patrick," p. 59, whose education was obtained at the Preparatory School at Oberlin and at

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Cornell University, is significant. On page 60 is told the story of an *Irish* orphan girl sent to Connecticut, and placed with "an intelligent Christian woman, who means to do right." On page 63 is told the history of a little boy sent to Michigan, who is well pleased with toys and new clothes, "like all other children; he has a splendid new suit of clothes just got, and *he attends church and Sabbath-school.*" A similar case is related at page 65, of a little girl sent to Ohio, and we shall show below what has become of little girls sent to that state. These are some of the model cases of which this unsectarian society makes a boast in its report. It is a significant fact that, of the 8,835 who came under the influences of this society in one year, 3,312 were of Irish birth, and it may be estimated with certainty that a considerable proportion of the other children of foreign, as well as many of home birth were Catholics. The number of children born in Ireland who were sent West during the year was 1,058. This institution received for the furtherance of these unsectarian objects the sum of $66,922 70 in this year from our public funds.

We have also before us the Twentieth Annual Report of the New York Juvenile Asylum, 1871, which proves the proselytizing character of this public-pap-fed unsectarian institution. "The children that are entrusted to us are at the *most susceptible period of life*," etc., "when their destiny for time, if not *for eternity*, may be fixed" (p. 9). "They must be drilled into systematic habits of life in eating, sleeping, play, study, work, and *worship*" (p. 10). To "attend church" (p. 21), and "the evening worship," and religious services generally, are frequently recurring duties of the children. In this institution the children of foreign birth during the year were 3,648, and of these 1,981 were born in Ireland. Of course we cannot say how many of the children of home birth were the children of Irish and Catholic parents. We have, alas! but too much certainty that a large proportion of the children are Catholic. We casually met recently with an interesting proof of this in *Scribner's Magazine*, November, 1870, in an account given by a visitor to the Juvenile Asylum. In the evening the visitor was invited to see the girls' dormitory as the girls were going to bed. She writes: "All the children were saying their prayers. I noticed that several of them made the sign of the cross as they rose." Touching evidence of their traditional faith and parental teaching! a simple but sublime tribute to holy church! an earnest sign of love and hope for those sacraments which came to us through the cross, but which, like that cross itself, were not a part of the religion, worship, and practice of this unsectarian asylum.

In the list of model examples presented in the report of the Western agent will be seen the usual proselytizing influence of such institutions. The cases either show mere material or wordly advantage, or the embrace of pure sectarianism. On page 50 is related the case of a little girl, who "scarcely remembers her parents," of whom it is related that "she is a member of the Presbyterian Church." Two other girls are indentured to members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The "church and Sunday-school" are prominent features in nearly every case. The amount received during the year by this *unsectarian* institution from our public funds was $62,065 24.

The Five Points House of Industry, which received, from 1858 to 1869, the sum of $30,731 69 from our Board of Education, states in

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its charter, among the objects for which it was incorporated, the following: "III. To imbue the objects of its care with the pure principles of Christianity, as revealed in the Holy Scriptures, without bias from the distinctive peculiarities of any individual sect." This means that the children belonging to distinctive religious denominations, instead of being allowed to follow the distinctive tenets, and practise the worship, in which they were reared, are deprived of this right, and, as respects the Catholic children, they are to reject and exclude every tenet and devotion distinctively Catholic. How far even this profession of unsectarianism is carried into practice will be discovered from the *Monthly Record* of the Five Points House of Industry for April and May, 1870, p. 302, giving an account of the dedicatory exercises:

"The services consisted of an opening anthem by the children, followed by a prayer by *Rev.* Dr. Paxton, asking a blessing upon the House and its objects.

"This was followed by a hymn; a statement of the affairs of the institution, by *Rev.* S. B. Halliday; a recitative by the children; a statement as to city missions, by *Rev.* G. J. Mingins; a short discourse on the 'Union of Christian Effort,' by *Rev.* H. D. Ganse; a discourse on the 'Lights and Shadows of Large Cities,' by *Rev.* John Hall, D.D.; and, finally, a roundelay given by the children."

How far the pledge given in the charter of this establishment, "without *bias* from the distinctive peculiarities of any individual sect," is carried out is further seen from the following extract from a letter addressed by the president to the Rev. John Cotton Smith, a prominent minister of the Episcopalian sect: "Between your church and the institution the most kind and harmonious *co-operation* has ever existed. They will ever cherish a most pleasing remembrance of the relations that have subsisted between them."*

We might have alluded to the "Howard Mission and Home for Little Wanderers," founded by that arch-proselytizer, the Rev. W. C. Van Meter, which during seven years *disposed of* 7,580 "little wanderers" of this city, in an unsectarian manner; but want of space forbids our doing so. But the *animus* pervading this and other unsectarian institutions is exhibited to us now in the fact, that this reverend has transferred the field of his labors from the Five Points to the city of Rome, the centre and headquarters of Catholicity. He has there established a mission and home for the little Romans. We do not stand alone in our opinion that such institutions are nuisances for Catholic children, and we quote the closing words of a letter recently addressed to the Rev. Mr. Van Meter by the editor of the *Voce della Verita*, at Rome:

"Now, dear sir, excuse me if I remind you, that although a very ignorant person, 'when I was a little boy,' I also went to school, and learned a few things about your country. I remember to have heard it said that misery and ignorance abounded there, and that many hundreds of thousands of your compatriots knew of no other God than the almighty dollar. Why do you not go back and teach in Nebraska or Texas, and leave us alone? You might positively do some good there—now you are a—well, let me tell the truth—a *nuisance*. By your homeward voyage, you will benefit both your own country and ours."†

Another complaint that we make against our semi-governmental charities relates to the violation of the rights of parents and children, in the sale of these children at the West. This pernicious practice of exiling and transporting children from New York to the West is still in full vigor

* *Monthly Record*, p. 285.
† *Catholic Review*, January 11, 1873.

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amongst these institutions. How can we boast of our charities, when their main feature consists in shifting the burden from our own shoulders to those of others, and they are strangers? It is in vain that we claim these children as the wards and *protégés* of society and of our city, if we repudiate the duties and responsibilities of our guardianship. Against this cruelty and injustice we protest in the names of civilization and Christianity. The institutions whose reports we have referred to not only admit, but they boast of this outrage upon the rights of parents and of children. One of them, the Children's Aid Society, refers to this branch of operations, "its Emigration System," as the "crown" of all its works. The number of children thus exiled from the state by this society and transported to distant regions, during the year of the report referred to, was 3,386; the whole number since 1854 was 25,215. More than half the 3,386 were sent to Ohio, and to the distant states of Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Kansas, and Nebraska. Of one little boy thus exiled, who was separated from his parents at the age of eight years, the Western agent reports: "I think his mother would scarcely know him." He reports that the mistress to whom another was "disposed of" writes of him: "Indeed, I don't know what I should do without him, for he saves me a great many steps. I wish we could find out about his brother and sister, he often cries about them."

Exile and transportation of children is also practised by the Five Points House of Industry. They have obtained extraordinary powers for this purpose from the Legislature. For while the Commissioners of Public Charities and Correction, a purely governmental institution, possess the power of indenturing children to citizens of the state of New York and adjoining states only, the Five Points House of Industry has received the power to send them anywhere and everywhere. But the Commissioners of Public Charities and Correction send the poor children they get into their power to the most remote states in violation of the express law of the case. For instead of confining their indentures to citizens of New York and the adjoining states, as the law directs, they send them indiscriminately to every state, even the most distant. We ask those public servants by what fiction of law they make California and Texas *adjoin* New York?

The New York Juvenile Asylum has also a "regular agency at Chicago, by which the work of indenturing children at the West is conducted."* The total number of children sent West during fifteen years, from 1857 to 1871 inclusive, is 2,206, and the annual average, $147\frac{1}{15}$ (p. 47).

The extent to which this *crowning* cruelty of our non-sectarian institutions is carried, is appalling. We have only cited the cases of the three whose reports happened to be before us. But we have been informed, unofficially, and we think the statement can be made good, that there are in the city of New York no less than twenty-eight *charitable* institutions engaged in this cruel practice of transporting our New York children to the West and other remote parts, and the average number of these little exiles per week is about two hundred, making about ten thousand every year. What untold abuses and hardships must result from this barbarous practice! However noble, generous, and philanthropic may be the motives of the citizen-

* *Twelth Annual Report*, p. 12.

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managers of these institutions, they cannot attend in person to the details or even the general management of their work. Not only are their houses in the city confided to the management of hired and salaried agents and servants, but the work of transporting children to the West is confided generally to the same class of agents, and we intend to show how this *charitable* function is discharged. They are actuated by no higher motives than usually actuate their class. The love of God, and of man for God's sake, is not the spirit that inspires their labors and guides their steps. Corruption and infidelity to duty have stalked brazenly into the public service everywhere; what reason have we for claiming an exemption in favor of those who find profitable employment in the administration of public charities?

But, as the *Christian Union* demands further proof than is accessible to the public, we will produce some additional evidence, although we think we have already shown enough to condemn this system; and the tone of that journal's article leads us to believe that if an angel from heaven disclosed to its view the same corruption and oppression which we see in this branch of public administration, it would still cling to its idols.

Now we have before us a letter, dated September 23, 1872, addressed by a clergyman at Tiffin, Ohio, to a clergyman in the East, from which we quote:

"In answer to your request concerning those children brought on some four or five years ago from the East to be disposed of, I might say with prudence, that to several counties of Ohio had been brought car-loads of children from three years on to twelve and thirteen years old, and offered to the *public* to take one or more; for they who offered the children said those who would take them had to pay the expenses of bringing them to the place. For some children the man said the expense would be fifteen dollars, for others more, others less. This is the way the affair was carried on for some time."

The gentleman to whom the foregoing letter was addressed, and who sent it to us, gives also his own testimony on this public traffic in innocent human beings. His letter is dated September 25, 1872, and reads as follows:

"At that time," some four or five years ago, "I was on a trip to Tiffin. Delayed for a short time at Clyde, I asked some questions of the baggage-master. Three little girls were near him, and I asked him: 'Are these your daughters?" A. 'No, I bought them?' 'Bought them! how? from whom?" A. 'Oh! from the ministers. They bring car-loads of these little ones every few weeks, and sell them to any one who wants them. I gave $10 for this one, $12 for the next, and $15 for the oldest. I had not the money, but I borrowed it from the tavern-keeper, and paid for the girls. Lately there was another load of them. There was a very fine girl. I wanted her. But the minister said, 'No; I have promised her to a rich man in Forrest, who will pay more than you.' After some further conversation of a similar character, the train came in sight, and I left. The next day I was speaking of the circumstance at table. Rev. Mr. —— remarked that he knew the baggage-master well, and that what he said was true. He added, 'Within the last month there was a sale of some thirty of these children in our Court House. One of my parishioners, Mr. ——, came along as the sale was about over. A little boy was standing before the Court House crying; the German asked him, 'What is the matter?' He said, 'That man wants to sell me, and no one will buy me.' The boy was bought by the German for $10. I had heard such transactions described in one of his lectures by F. Haskins. But I scarcely realized how fearful such conduct is until I heard a description of these sales from persons who had seen them."

Such, indeed, is the "crowning" work of some of the charitable insti-

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tutions of New York! Is this the fulfilment of the Gospel of charity, or of the Sermon on the Mount, or of the broad principles of Christianity? Perhaps, rather, it is the Rev. Mr. Pierce's *elastic* system of religion.* Compare these humiliating facts with the self-congratulatory reports on "Emigration" of the Children's Aid Society, which in 1871 sent three hundred and seven of these little wards of the city to the same state of Ohio.† At page 10 we read:

"Every year we expect that the opposition of a very bigoted and ignorant class will materially lessen this *the most effective of our charitable efforts.* We have surpassed, however, owing to the energy of our Western agents, the results of every previous equal period, in the labors of the past year.

"Crowds of poor boys have thronged the office or have come to the lodging-houses for a 'chance to go West'; great numbers of very destitute but honest families have appealed to us for this aid, and our agents have frequently conveyed parties of a hundred and more. The West has received these children *liberally* as before; and there has been less complaint the past year than usual of bad habits and perverse tempers. The larger boys are still restless as ever, and inclined to change their places where higher inducements are offered. But this characteristic they have in common with our whole laboring class."

Again:

"Emigration.—This department has worked most successfully the past year. A larger number has been removed from the city than ever before."

It would seem, however, that the experience of the New York Juvenile Asylum, though still persevering in this traffic as a good work, has not been as satisfactory as that of the Children's Aid Society. We will give an extract from the Twentieth Annual Report, showing even from the mouths of those who practise it as a good work what a crying evil this is, and confirming the extracts we have given in reference to the sales of children in Ohio:

"Removing and replacing children is one of the important functions of the agency. Our children are first placed on trial, and in nearly every company some have to be replaced over and over again before they are permanently settled. But even after indentures have been executed, new *developments* often compel removals. Such are the weaknesses of human nature, and such the instability of human affairs, that, without provision to meet the exigencies consequent upon them, *cases of extreme hardship and inhumanity would be frequent.* They who have not had experience in this kind of work are not apt to realize, and it is often difficult to persuade them of, *the imperative need of such provision. Children will not unfrequently get into improper hands in spite of every precaution, and in many cases success is more or less problematical.* Death of employers also, and change of circumstances, are often the occasion of removals. *Not a month goes by that does not furnish cases where, but for timely attention, suffering, mischief, and irreparable evil would result.* A little familiarity with the field work of this agency would convince its most obdurate opponent that *to leave children without recourse among strangers in a strange land is an unjustifiable procedure.*"

Apart from the inhumanity of this procedure, from its unchristian character, from its proselytizing effects, we protest against it in the name of law, of right, and of human liberty. The common law of England is our heritage, and by that common law "no power on earth, except the authority of parliament, can send any subject of England out of the land against his will; no, not even a criminal. The great charter declares that no freeman shall be banished unless by the judgment of his peers or by the law of the land; and by the *habeas corpus* act it is enacted

* See *Half a Century with Juvenile Delinquents.* By the Chaplain of the House of Refuge, Rev. Mr. Pierce.

† *Nineteenth Annual Report*, p. 12.

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that no subject of this realm who is an inhabitant of England, Wales, or Berwick shall be sent into Scotland, Ireland, Jersey, Guernsey, or other places beyond the seas." * Chancellor Kent, in his *Commentaries on American Law* (ii. 34), claims the same proud privilege as one of the absolute rights of American citizens, and, while declaring that "no citizen can be sent abroad," states that the constitutions of several of the states of our confederacy contain express provisions forbidding transportation beyond the state.

We come now to the last and not the least painful task, which the *Christian Union* insists upon our undertaking; it relates to "the horrible abuses existing in some of our state institutions." And here, as in the preceding remarks, we must confine ourselves to a portion only of the mass of materials before us, and, in fact, confine ourselves to a single institution; for, if such things exist in a single case, this is enough to prove not only the possibility, but also the probability of the same thing in others, and to dispel the fatal blindness which can see nothing defective either in their constitution or management. We must pass over the charges recently preferred against the New York House of Refuge, relating to improper food, of excessive labor, of cruel punishments, employment of unfit and incompetent agents in the management of the institution, and of religious intolerance. While we think that the evidence produced on the trial of the boy, Justus Dunn, for killing one of the officers of the Refuge, goes far to substantiate most of the charges preferred, we have, in common with the community, but little respect for the whitewashing certificate given by the grand-jury, who made a flying visit to the institution, by invitation, on an appointed day. Of course the officers put their house in order, and failed not to put their best foot foremost, on this preconcerted occasion. The managers placed no reliance on this acquittal, for they courted another soon afterwards. The second investigation by the State Commissioners of Charity was very little better; it was *ex parte* on all the charges except that of religious intolerance, and the Refuge was acquitted on all the charges except this last.

We must also pass over, for want of space, the revolting case which occurred at the New York Juvenile Asylum in June last, in which one of the inmates of the asylum, a colored girl, instead of finding there an asylum from temptation and seduction, fell a victim to the lust of one of the officers of the institution, who fled precipitately on discovery of the fact.* We must pass over, for the same reason, the investigations recently conducted at St. Louis, which are far from showing a satisfactory result for the management and conduct of public reformatories. We must confine ourselves now to a single institution—a case in which the evidence is replete with horrible abuses, cruelties, improprieties, and wrongs. While we would be sorry to apply the maxim, *ex uno disce omnes*, we can but regard this case as a general warning to our people to beware of regarding as good everything in the moral order that goes under the much-abused name of *reform*.

The Providence School of Reform is an institution supported by funds received both from the state of Rhode Island and from the city of Providence. Its object seems to be the temporal, social, and moral reformation of juvenile delinquents of

* *Blackstone's Com.*, part. I. p. 137.

* *Sunday Mercury*, June 23, 1872.

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both sexes. Some time prior to 1869, it had been the subject of the gravest charges and investigation, which tended to show that, so far from having been in all its departments and workings a school of reform, it had in some instances become a school for vice and immorality. The whitewashing process, that facile and amiable way of avoiding disagreeable complications, prevented the accomplishment of any change for the better. But in 1869 the charges against the institution took a more definite form, and were signed and presented by thirty-one citizens of Providence to the corporate authorities—citizens of the first respectability and standing. The Board of Aldermen of the city of Providence, headed by the Mayor, undertook the investigation, and the evidence is contained in two large volumes in one, extending over eleven hundred and forty-two pages. *

The charges were the most serious ones that could be brought against an institution, especially against one professing *reform*, and had their origin with citizens without distinction of creed. Their true character and extent can only be understood by a perusal of them:

"First. That vices against chastity, decency, and good morals have prevailed in the school, and have been taught and practised by teachers as well as by pupils; that these vices have existed both in the male and female departments, and that the children usually leave the school more corrupt than when they entered it.

"Second. That teachers have used immodest and disgusting language in the presence of children, and have addressed females in an indecent manner by referring to their past character, and by calling them vile and unbecoming names.

"Third. That modes of punishment the most cruel and inhuman have been used in said school, such as knocking down and kicking the pupils, and whipping them when naked, and with a severity not deserved by their offences.

"Fourth. That young women are said to have been kicked, knocked down, dragged about by the hair of the head, and otherwise brutally treated, but more especially that all modesty and decency have been outraged by stripping them to the waist and lashing them on the naked back; taking them from their beds and whipping them in their night-dresses; tying their hands and feet and ducking them; and by other forms of punishment which no man should ever inflict upon a woman.

"Fifth. That names of children committed to said school have been changed and altered by the officers of the said institution.

"Sixth. That children have been apprenticed to persons living in remote sections of the country, and who have no interest in taking proper care of them, and that a needless disregard to the rights and feelings of their parents has often been evinced by the officers of the school.

"Seventh. That the goods of said school are reported to have been used dishonestly for purposes for which they were not intended, and that the state of Rhode Island is said to have been charged with the board of children who were living at service and were no expense to said school.

"Eighth. That a spirit of proselytism and of religious intolerance has prevailed in the school, as is shown in the fact that children of different creeds are compelled to attend a form of worship which is contrary to the conscientious convictions of a large majority of them; which is directly in conflict with the spirit and letter of our state constitution, which ensures to the inhabitants thereof the liberty of conscience, in the following language: 'No man shall be compelled to frequent or to support any religious worship, place, or ministry whatever, except in fulfilment of his own voluntary contract;' and that the children of said school are denied the use of books and all religious instruction in the religion of their choice."

Although there is evidence in the volume of *Investigation* before us tending to sustain the "fifth" and "seventh" charges, we yet except

* *Investigation into the Management of the Providence Reform School*, made by the Board of Aldermen, under the direction of the City Council of the City of Providence, 1869.

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those two charges from our remark, when we say that the other six charges, constituting the gravamen of the prosecution, are not only sustained in whole or in part by nearly one hundred witnesses, but, with all deference to the five aldermen out of ten who found most of them *not proved*, we think that no unbiassed reader of the heavily laden and sad volume before us, no true philanthropist, no man of true charity, can fail to pronounce the word *guilty* as to all or some part of every one of the first, second, third, fourth, seventh, and eighth charges. We are sorry to be forced to the conviction that the testimony is overwhelming. There are cases of punishment cruel in the extreme—some have called them inhuman, and even brutal—inflicted on about sixty boys; and, while nearly every page shows this, we refer particularly to pages 112, 123, 172, 234, 238, 274, 279, 280, 281, 289, 290, 295, 318, 364, 366, 375, 379, 383, 387, 388, 402, 403, 410, 414, 416, 419, 421, 425, 432, 437, 440, 446. See evidences more particularly referring to the use of the loaded whip, page 378; the strap, the cat, the strings, 286, 339; the butt, 492; blood drawn, 364, 485; terrorism, 239, 269, 270, 305, 371, 418, 424, 425, 492; whipping little boys over the knuckles with a bunch of keys, 146, 147; kicking, 447, 485, 526, and 323 of vol. ii.; boys struck on the head with a hammer, 331, 379; profanity and indecency, 280, 302, and page 135 of vol. ii.; Catholic books taken away from Catholic children, 308, 309, 310; state of Rhode Island charged with board of children who had been put out of the institution, 307, which was regarded as "an error of the head and not of the heart," 327 of vol. ii.

There are also detailed in the *Investigation* cases of about thirty girls punished in a cruel and revolting manner. For girls lashed, bodies striped and bruised, see pages 18, 19; a girl struck, caught by the throat, pounded, and dragged by the hair of the head, 23; a girl struck with fist, and black eye, 55; a girl stripped to the waist of all her clothes, except undergarment, and whipped with cat-o'-nine-tails, and body marked, 93; another girl dragged by the hair, 95; a girl ducked, 102; a girl boxed until her nose bled, and water dashed on her, 102; a girl chased, kicked, and held under flowing water, 108; a girl dragged by the hair, kicked, and ducked, 219, 220; another girl dragged by the hair and kicked, 228; another lashed black and blue, 229; a girl lashed on the back after she had gone to bed, 338; another girl whipped with the straps, and kicked, 344; another girl stripped to the waist, leaving only undergarment on, and whipped with a knotted strap, 360; a girl ducked, 272. A mother is refused permission to see her child, who was whipped, and refused information as to whither the child was transported. The mother said: "I will travel Rhode Island through, and I will travel Connecticut through, but what I will find her. I have not seen her for the last six or eight years, and a mother's nature goes beyond any mortal thing in this world. A mother wants to see her child. I could not get anything from them," 374. Another girl is stripped like the others, and lashed, marked, and scarred on the back, 395. A witness, at page 396, says: "I saw —— stripped with her dress down; she was badly bruised on the shoulder; I did not see any blood, but I saw the bruises were pretty bad bruises; there were scars clear across her shoulders; you could not see scarcely a piece of plain

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flesh on her shoulders." At page 443, a former inmate testifies to the treatment received by another inmate: "I saw him shower her and strike her; he knocked her against the building with his fist, and the blood ran out of her nose and ears while she was by the fence, while he stood there punishing her." At page 454, we read an extract from the testimony of a Mrs. Bishop: "Q. Were you ever kicked or beaten in the school by ——? A. Yes, sir. I was punished up-stairs because I could not learn my lesson. I had had no schooling at that time; I could not do much reading; he punished me up-stairs; I told him I could not learn it, unless he could let a girl come up and help me; I was told to kneel down; I looked around, and he kicked me across the aisle; he pulled me by my dress, and kicked me across the aisle, and twice across the room; I was put up-stairs before devotions were to come off; I said I was going to tell my mother; he said I could not see my folks again if I did tell her; he was going to give me two hundred dollars if I had not said anything; I was sick after this kicking; he carried me home himself away from the school; I could not move nor stir; I could not move one eye; I walked on crutches after it; it affects me now; affects my gait, so I can't walk all the time; I have to hire my work done part the time now; when there comes a storm, I can't move, I have to sit still in the house; sometimes I have to lie in bed, because it affects me so; I was thirteen years old at that time." A girl, a new-comer only three days in the school, is ducked, strapped, and locked up two days for laughing in school, p. 629, and further ill-treated, 639. Another girl dragged by the hair, pounded, and dreadfully bruised, 661. Girls ducked and whipped at night, 678. Girls called names of supreme contempt by teachers in allusion to their past lives, 684, 737, and 39, 71, 317, of vol. ii. A girl taken up at night, and whipped in her night-clothes, by male officer, 693. A girl is pulled over the desk by the hair, for not singing, 705. A girl is imprisoned and fed on bread and water for twenty-three days, 320 of vol. ii.

For instances of girls whipped on the naked back by men, see pp. 61, 339, 630; girls kicked by men, 318, 328, 345, 348, 354, 360, 631; same proved by defence, 41 of vol. ii.; girls dragged by the hair by men, 231, 347, 348, 636; girls struck with fist by men, 347, 349; black eye given, 350; marks on bodies, 360, 367, 395, 719; girls taunted about their former lives, 86, 96, 100, 397, 687, 737, and 317 of vol. ii.; terrorism, 269, 270, 305, 371, 424, 425, and 41 of vol. ii.; girls ducked by men, 92, 94, 97, 102, and 295 of vol. ii.

The first charge, the most serious that could be brought against a school of *reform*—"crimes against chastity, decency, and good morals"—is fearfully sustained. One of the employees, a man of years, who had become notorious for his vulgarity and indecency in both the male and female departments, to both of which he had access, is caught *flagrante delicto*. The partner of his sin was one of the female inmates who was sent there to be *reformed*, and they were detected by other female inmates of this school of reform (page 75). And again, *horribile dictu*, a *teacher* in the same nursery of *reform* lived, "month in and month out," in criminal conversation with one of the inmates of the female department (pages 63, 76), and the appalling fact is again proved by the defence (ii. 322). But, more shocking than all this, not

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only were immodest and indecent conversations held by an employee with the boys and girls, but another fiend in the flesh, an officer of the Providence School of Reform, introduced among the boys and taught them habits the most immoral and disgusting, destructive at once of their souls and bodies, of their manhood, and of their temporal and eternal happiness. This fact is proved solely by the defence at page 321 of vol. ii. The offender was dismissed, but the school still exists! Where are Sodom and Gomorrah?

The evidence for the defence consists chiefly of denials and *non-mi-ri-cordors* by the officers and employees; but some of the charges are proved by the defence itself, and some of the most damning evidence against the institution came from this very quarter. The mayor and one of the aldermen declined to take any part in the decision, because they were members of the board of trustees. Three other aldermen refused to sign the decision, and gave decisions of their own, finding portions of the charges true. Five out of ten of the judges sign the decision, which, while finding most of the charges *not proved*, strongly inculpates the institution on several of the charges. In it is stated that two instances have occurred of offences against chastity, decency, and good morals, on the part of officers and female inmates, page 384 of vol. ii.; that knocking down was practised, though alleged to have been in self-defence; and that boys were whipped on the bare back, 384 of vol. ii.; that girls have had their dresses loosened and removed from the upper part of the back and shoulders, leaving only the undergarment on, and thus punished by the (male) superintendent; and in a very few cases during the past nine years, when they have, in violation of the rules of the school, made loud noises and disturbances in the dormitories at night, they have been punished in their night-clothes (by a male officer) in the presence of a female officer, page 385 of vol. ii.; ducking is admitted, page 385.

One of the dissenting aldermen in his decision says: "Being fully aware that the class of inmates sent to this school require a strong and efficient discipline, and not feeling competent to say what that discipline should be, yet I cannot resist the conviction that the punishments described have a tendency to *degrade rather than to elevate*, not only the one who receives, but the one who administers them." "I therefore feel bound to protest against such punishments, and earnestly hope that some better mode of discipline will speedily be adopted by the managers of this institution" (p. 394, vol. ii.) The superintendent stated on oath that, in case a child sick and *in extremis* required a Catholic priest to be sent for, he would first go and seek the advice of three or four of the trustees before he would admit, even under such circumstances, a Catholic or any other clergyman; and on this subject the same alderman remarked: "In my view, any superintendent of this institution who would hesitate to allow the consolations of religion to be administered in the form desired by the child, under such circumstances, should be promptly relieved from duty," page 396 of vol. ii. Another alderman says: "I am of opinion that cruel and unnecessary punishment has been inflicted. I do not suppose that striking with the clenched fist, kicking, or dragging by the hair of the head has been common, but I think it has occurred in some instances," page 397; and he mentions the case of an "unfortunate girl who seems to have suffered.

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every form of discipline known to this school, from being *ducked* to being 'pushed under the table with the foot.' If it be said she was vile, I would ask how she came to be? She was but six or seven years of age when she entered this institution. No one is wholly bad at that tender age. She remained under its care and influences for *nine years*, and, if she is vicious and dissolute, why is she so? If, on the other hand, she was insane, is it not painful to reflect that such punishments were inflicted on an irresponsible child?" (p. 399.) One of the trustees actually resigned a year before the investigation, rather than be connected with such scenes; he started an investigation, but it seems to have done no good; and such was the condition of things at the time of this first investigation that the assistant superintendent offered to give one hundred dollars to a friend to shield him from being called as a witness.

The religious instruction given in this institution is *of course* unsectarian; everything distinctively Episcopalian is denied to Episcopalian children, everything distinctively Baptist is denied to Baptist children, everything distinctively Methodist is denied to Methodist children, everything distinctly Presbyterian is denied to Presbyterian children, and everything distinctly Catholic is denied to Catholic children. Nothing whatever is said tending "to keep children in the faith to which they belonged when they entered the school." "Q. Does not the system of religious instruction tend to bring the children to that form of religion which gives to each person the private judgment and interpretation of the Scriptures? A. We hope it tends to make them better. Q. Does it not tend to have them choose their own Bible and their own interpretation of it as the source and principle of religion? A. I should hope that it tends to have them accept the Bible. Q. Do you teach them the doctrine of the private interpretation of the Scripture? A. No, sir, not at all. Q. As I understand it, all the religious instruction they get is simply reading from the Bible, and no interpretation. They can interpret it just as they please. A. They can interpret it just as they please. Sometimes one speaker comes, and sometimes another" (page 234, vol. ii.) . . . "Q. Now state the afternoon services on Sunday? A. One of the trustees (they all alternate except the mayor) procures a speaker for Sunday afternoon to address the scholars. Q. Of what class are those speakers—of any particular or of all classes? A. Since I have been there, I think every denomination has been represented or been invited to speak? Q. Are they particularly members of churches, or laymen, lawyers, doctors, or anybody who will give a moral address to the children? A. I could not speak with certainty of the professions. We often have clergymen, perhaps oftener than any other class, but not unfrequently men of other professions, and many times those following no profession to speak in connection with others. We often have more than one speaker—sometimes half a dozen. Q. These are business men of the city? A. Yes, sir. Q. Do you have lawyers sometimes? A. I think all professions are represented. Q. Do you have ministers if you can get them? A. Yes, sir." And yet in this unsectarianism the most direct sectarianism prevailed. "Q. Do you know what version of the Bible is used? A. It is the common English translation. Q. (By the mayor) It is the ordinary Bible, is it not? A. Yes, sir. (By Mr. Gor-

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man) The *Douay* is the ordinary one. (By Mr.——) We call that an *extraordinary* one" (page 62, vol. ii.).

Now, we have the Bible without comment, but ministers, lawyers, doctors, and business men are called in every Sunday, sometimes half a dozen at one time, to give the comments, each according to his own view. Every religious denomination was invited, but it does not appear that any Catholic ever accepted the invitation; for, if he accepted, he would leave his Catholicity outside until he finished his unsectarian discourse. There may be something in common with all the sects which sometimes may be called general Protestantism, though they profess to call it unsectarianism; but one thing we know is common to them all, and this something is opposition to Catholicity, and the dodge of unsectarianism is adroitly invented in order to exclude Catholics from enjoying equal rights with Protestants in matters relating to public education and public charities. The state must let religion alone, and unsectarians must desist from their disguised effort to unite church and state in this country, while it has so strenuously opposed their union in every Catholic country. They know that Catholics can take no part in unsectarian teachings, but they would like us to do so, for in proportion as we did so would we cease to be Catholics. The Catholic view was so admirably expressed by the late Bishop Fitzpatrick, of Boston, in his letter in the Eliot School difficulty, that we must give it to our readers:

"I. Catholics cannot, under any circumstances, acknowledge, receive, and use, as a complete collection and faithful version of the inspired books which compose the written Word of God, the English Protestant translation of the Bible. Still less can they so acknowledge, accept, or use it, when its enforcement as such is coupled expressly with the rejection of that version which their own church approves and adopts as being correct and authentic; and yet this is required of them by law. The law, as administered, holds forth the Protestant version to the Catholic child, and says, 'Receive this as the Bible.' The Catholic child answers, 'I cannot so receive it.' The law, as administered, says you must, or else you must be scourged and finally banished from the school.

"II. The acceptance and recital of the Decalogue, under the form and words in which Protestants clothe it, is offensive to the conscience and belief of Catholics, inasmuch as that form and those words are viewed by them, and have not unfrequently been used by their adversaries, as a means of attack upon certain tenets and practices which, under the teachings of the church, they hold as true and sacred.

"III. The chanting of the Lord's Prayer, of psalms, of hymns addressed to God, performed by many persons in unison, being neither a scholastic exercise nor a recreation, can only be regarded as an act of public worship—indeed, it is professedly intended as such in the regulations which govern our public schools. It would seem that the principles which guide Protestants and Catholics, in relation to communion in public worship, are widely different. Protestants, however diverse may be their religious opinions—Trinitarians, who assert that Jesus Christ is true God, and Unitarians, who deny he is true God—find no difficulty to offer in brotherhood a blended and apparently harmonious worship, and in so doing they give and receive mutual satisfaction, mutual edification. The Catholic cannot act in this manner. He cannot present himself before the Divine presence in what would be for him a merely simulated union of prayer and adoration. His church expressly forbids him to do so. She considers indifference in matters of religion, indifference as to the distinction of positive doctrines in faith, as a great evil which promiscuous worship would tend to spread more widely and increase. Hence the prohibition of such worship; and the Catholic cannot join in it without doing violence to his sense of religious duty."

Non-sectarianism is the plea upon

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which those public institutions justify their interference with the religious rights of their inmates. They argue that, because this system is acceptable to Protestants of every sect, therefore it must be acceptable to Catholics. Whereas, on the contrary, what is called unsectarianism is the concentration of sectarianism. Unsectarianism is made up of all those points upon which the sects concur, and is therefore pre-eminently sectarian. It is either that or simple deism; for if you take away the distinctive tenets of Catholics, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, and of all the distinct sects, there remains nothing but deism. This involves, and will inevitably lead to, the denial of revelation; and the very Scriptures themselves, which Protestantism claims as the sole source of religious teaching, must and will inevitably, if non-sectarianism long prevails, be cast away. Is the teaching of deism alone inoffensive to Christians? The teaching of a few points, even if agreed upon by all, would be, on account of its exclusiveness, as sectarian as any other religious system—indeed more so; and is subject to an objection not applicable to the others, in that it conceals its true nature, and assumes a false name: whereas the Catholic Church and the avowed sects proclaim their distinctive and exclusive character, and in this at least are truthful and honest. If religious teaching resolves itself into latitudinarianism, it then constitutes a new sect in itself. A perfect neutrality, as long as anything positive is taught, is an impossibility. This very selection, which makes up this professed unsectarianism, is an anti-Catholic principle. It proclaims the right of man to determine all things in religion by his own private judgment, and in this consists the distinctive feature of Protestantism.

We have thus shown that non-sectarianism, as a system of religious teaching, is an impossibility. We now propose to show that in our schools, asylums, reformatories, etc., it is in practice, as well as in theory, an impossibility. We will show this, too, by Protestant and unsectarian authority. At p. 264, vol. ii., *Providence Reform School Investigation*, we read from the testimony of a Protestant Episcopal trustee, who resigned on account, in part, of this impossibility:

"Q. Didn't you know that no sectarian instruction was admitted inside that institution? A. I don't know what you call sectarianism. It is pretty hard to say down in that school. We have had everything taught and preached there. Q. Was not this an Episcopal book? A. It was a book of devotions and prayers—a work by a divine of the English Church. It was an Episcopal book. Q. Do you mean to say that a book of Episcopal exercises is or is not a sectarian work? A. I am a member of the Episcopal Church; we do not call ourselves a sect. Q. Didn't you know at the time you gave this book to the teacher that it was against the rules of the school to have the doctrines of the true church given out there, or of any church? A. I had never supposed it was against the rules of that institution, and I should have been unwilling to have sat for one hour as its trustee if I had supposed that I was myself forbidden to pray, or to advise others to pray there, through Jesus Christ, our Lord; and if the prayers I indicated, marked, and numbered in that book are prayers forbidden in the Providence Reform School or any other school, I have for the first time to learn what is sectarianism. They are prayers which every Christian, whether he belongs to any one of the various organizations of Christians in this or any other country or not, would, I think, be willing to use morning, noon, and night. Q. Didn't you know that the by-laws place religious instruction exclusively under the care of the superintendent of the school" [who is a layman]?

The Hon. John C. Spencer, Sec-

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retary of State and Superintendent of Schools in 1840, said in his report to the New York Legislature: "There must be some degree of religious instruction, and there can be *none* without partaking more or less of a *sectarian character. The objection itself proceeds from a sectarian principle*, and assumes the power to control that which it is neither right nor practicable to subject to any denomination. Religious doctrines of vital interest will be inculcated."

Another who has discussed this question of sectarianism with force and great plainness of speech is the Rev. Dr. Spear, of Brooklyn, in the columns of the *Independent*, thus:

"It is quite true that the Bible, as the foundation of religious belief, is not sectarian as between those who adopt it; but it is true that King James' Version of the Holy Scriptures is sectarian as to the Catholic, as the Douay is to the Protestant, or as the Baptist Version would be to all Protestants but Baptists. It is equally true that the New Testament is sectarian as to the Jew, and the whole Bible is equally so as to those who reject its authority in any version. . . . There is no sense or candor in a mere play on words here. It is not decent in a Protestant ecclesiastic, who has no more rights than the humblest Jew, virtually to say to the latter: 'You are nothing but a good-for-nothing Jew; you Jews have no claim to be regarded as a religious sect, or included in the law of state impartiality as between sects which Protestants monopolize for their special benefit. Away with your Jewish consciences! You pay your tax bills, and send your children to the public schools, and we will attend to their *Christian* education.' It is not decent to say this to any class of citizens who dissent from what is known as Protestant Christianity. It is simply a supercilious pomposity of which Protestants ought to be ashamed. It may please the bigotry it expresses, but a sensible man must either pity or despise it. In the name of justice we protest against this summary mode of disposing of the school question in respect to any class of American citizens. It is simply an insult."

Again, Dr. Anderson, President of the Rochester University, one of the first men in the Baptist Church in these United States, addressing the Baptist Educational Convention in the city of New York, says:

"*It is impossible for an earnest teacher to avoid giving out constantly religious and moral impulses and thought. He must of necessity set forth his notions about God, the soul, conscience, sin, the future life, and Divine Revelation.*

"If he promises not to do so, he will fail to keep his word"—these are true words—"or his teachings in science, or literature, or history will be miserably shallow and inadequate. Our notions of God and the moral order form, in spite of ourselves, the base line which affects all our movements and constructions of science, literature, and history. Inductions in physics, classifications in natural history, necessitate a living law eternal in the thought of God."

These gentlemen speak of religious instruction, only inasmuch as it is connected with the education of youth, and yet their logical minds showed them the absurdity of unsectarianism. What, then, could they have said of visionary men attempting direct teaching of religion without sectarianism?

The following extract is too pertinent to our subject and too clever to be omitted, as an illustration of the impossibility of teaching religion upon the unsectarian system:

"UNSECTARIANISM."

SOME OF THE DIFFICULTIES OF A TEACHER IN A MIXED SCHOOL.

(From the New Orleans Morning Star.)

We find the following in our San Francisco contemporary, the *Pacific Churchman*, taken originally from the *London Church Review*, an organ of the Church of England. The editor of the *Churchman* remarks that "with some changes it will equally apply to some of our *un*-sectarian schools." As far as the *Churchman* goes against *un*-sectarian schools in this country, we are with it. This seems

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to be one scene taken from others. Considering that it conveys a good argument for us, our readers will excuse the term "Romanism," thrown in as a reproach. We quote:

The schoolroom of a boarding-school. Time, the hour of religious instruction. Bible to be read and explained without inculcating the dogmas of any particular denomination. Teacher certificated, unsectarian, highly conscientious. Class consisting of children from thirteen down to six or seven, and of various grades, from respectable poor to gutter children. Schoolroom and teacher span new. Teacher a little nervous. Children—some looking curiously about them, some disposed to loll and idle, some attentive. Teacher opens the great Bible, and begins to read St. Matthew ii., as being a narrative likely to interest the auditory, and easy to explain in an undenominational sense. First, however, a little preliminary explanation is necessary.

Teacher. You must know, my dear children, that Joseph and Mary were two very good people who lived a very great many years ago in a country far away from London, and I am going to read to you about them and their son (reads slowly verse 1. of the chapter).

Ragged Arab (not accustomed to observe much ceremony). Please, sir, who's that?

Teacher (aghast, and wishing to gain time). Whom do you mean, my boy?

Arab. That there Jesus.

Teacher (aside). [How can this question be answered in an undenominational sense? This is the religious difficulty, full blown. If I say "a good man," that will hardly do, for I know several of the boys are the children of the church people and Romanists; and if I say "the son of God," that won't do, for Tommy Markham is a Unitarian, or, at any rate, his parents are; besides, such a dogmatic statement is sectarian.] (Aloud.) I will explain all about him when I have finished the chapter.

Continues to read. The class listens with various degrees of attention until the 11th verse is finished, and then—

A Boy. Please, sir, who's Mary? The mother of the little baby, wasn't she?

Teacher. Yes; she was his mother.

Boy. Oh! and what does "wusshupped" mean?

Teacher. It means paying great respect, kneeling down and bowing, as we should to God.

Another Boy (better taught than boy No. 1, and jumping at once to a sectarian conclusion). Then, that there baby was God, sir?

Tommy Markham (stoutly). No, that he wasn't!

Teacher. Silence, boys, the lesson cannot go on if you talk and quarrel. (Struck by a bright idea.) You know that a great many people believe that he was God; but some do not; but we must not quarrel because we do not all think alike.

First Boy (disagreeably curious). Well, but what do *you* think, master?

[Terrible dilemma! Teacher hesitates. At length, desperately]—

I think he was God.

Boy. Don't yer *know* it?

Teacher (aside). [Perverse youth. Pest take his questions and him too! If I'd known what "unsectarian" teaching involved, I'd sooner have swept a crossing. What *will* the Board say? Why, the very essence of our principle is to *know* nothing and think anything. But you can't make the boys reason.] (Aloud.) My dear boy, it is very difficult to say what we know. I can only teach you what I think, and teach you how to be good and do what is right, and obey all that God tells you to do in this Holy Book.

A Boy (interrupting, *sans cérémonie*). Did God write that there book?

Teacher. Yes; and he tells us what we are to do to get to heaven; and his son came, as you see, as a little child, and when he grew up, he preached and told us how we ought to love one another, and all we ought to do to lead a good life.

Boy (interested). And was he a *very* good chap?

Teacher (a little shocked). Yes, of course; you know he was—[pauses; his haste had almost betrayed him into a dogmatic explanation, and the forbidden word "know" had actually passed his lips].

Another Boy (with vexatiously retentive memory. You said afore, master, that he was God, and the gentlemen wusshupped him—was he *really* God?

Teacher (boldly, taking the bull by the horns). Yes.

Boy. And did God's mother wusshup him too, master?

Teacher. You must not call her the

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mother of—[interrupts himself; recollects that it is as sectarian to deny to the Blessed Virgin the title of Mother of God as to bestow it upon her; continues] · yes, she worshipped him too; but I want you to learn about the things that he told us to do.

Another Boy (doggedly). But we wants to know fust who he be, 'cause we ain't to do jist what a nobody tells us; only, if that there gentlemen be God, there's somethin' in it, 'cause I've 'eard parson say, at old school, where I was once, that what God said was all right.

Teacher (aside). [Certainly that poor Arab has got the root of denominational education. It is, I begin to think, a failure to attempt the teaching of morality without first making manifest what that morality is based upon, and the moment you come to *that* you are in for denominationalism at once. (Wipes his brow and continues)—

Of course, my boy, you must know why it is right to tell the truth and do what is right, but then if I tell you God commanded all this and read to you what his Son said about it, there is no need for troubling so much about—about—

Boy (interrupting). Oh! but I likes to ax questions, and it ain't no sort of use you telling us it's wrong to lie—nobody at 'ome ever told me *that*—if yer don't say who said it, 'cause I ain't bound to mind what *you* say, is I?

[*Teacher* checks the indignant "Indeed you are" that rises to his lips, arrested by the terrible and conscientious thought whether it be not a new and strange form of denominationalism for the teacher to make his own dictum infallible in matters of morality. Would not this be to elevate into a living, personal dogma an unsectarian teacher?—a singular clash, surely. Teacher shivers at the bare idea. Soliloquizes: How can I meet this knock-down reasoning? These Arabs are so rebellious, so perverse; why must they ask so many questions, and require to know the why and wherefore of everything? (Glances at the clock.) Ah! thank my stars, the time is almost up! but this dodge won't do every time. I'm afraid I shall have to give up the whole thing as a bad job.] (Aloud.) We have only five minutes more to-day, lads, so you must let me finish the chapter without asking any more questions.

(Boys relapse into indifferent silence. Curtain falls.)

In conclusion, we insist that the state shall obey its own constitution, and let religion alone. In purely state institutions, the consciences must be left free, and no experiments with religion can be tried. Every child in such institutions must enjoy liberty of conscience and free access to its own ministers and sacraments.

If any sect undertakes to help the state to do its work, by establishing reformatories, protectories, and asylums for its own children, excluding all other religions and the children of other religions, we shall not object to its receiving a just *per capita* from the state; and under this system we claim the same and no more for purely Catholic institutions doing the work of the state in respect to Catholic children. If, however, sectarian, unsectarian, or non-Catholic institutions receive support from the state, and receive the children of the Catholic Church and of other persuasions, they must be conducted upon the same principle with state institutions, and in them "no law respecting the establishment of a religion" must be made or enforced, but the most perfect liberty of conscience must prevail. We ask no special favors for ourselves or our church; all we claim is perfect equality before the law and the state, and the full benefit of that fair play which we extend to others.

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DANTE'S PURGATORIO.

CANTO SEVENTH.

[STILL among souls, on the outside of Purgatory, who have delayed repentance, Dante, in this Canto, is conducted to those who had postponed spiritual duties from having been involved in state affairs. The persons introduced are the Emperor Rodolph, first of that Austrian house of Hapsburg, Ottocar, King of Bohemia, Philip III. of France, Henry of Navarre, Peter III. of Aragon, Charles I. of Naples, Henry III. of England, and the Marquis William of Monferrat. To know more of these men the curious reader must consult more volumes than we have space to mention in this magazine. He may spare much research, however, and find the most accessible information by turning to the interesting notes which Mr. Longfellow has appended to his translation.—TRANS.]

THREE times and four these greetings, glad and free,
Had been repeated, when Sordello's shade
Drew from embrace, and said: "Now, who are ye?"
And thereupon my Guide this answer made:
"Ere to this mountain those just souls, to whom
Heavenward to climb was given, had guided been,
My bones Octavian gathered to the tomb.
Virgil I am, and for none other sin
But want of faith was I from heaven shut out."
Like one who suddenly before him sees
Something that wakes his wonder, whence, in doubt,
He says, *It is not;* then believing, *'Tis!*
Sordello stood, then back to him without
Lifting his eyelids, turned and clasped his knees.
"O glory of the Latin race!" he cried,
"Through whom to such a height our language rose,
Oh! of my birthplace everlasting pride,
What merit or grace on me thy sight bestows?
Tell me, unless to hear thee is denied,
Com'st thou from hell, or where hast thou repose?"

VIRGIL.

He to this answered: "Grace from heaven moved me,
And leads me still: the circles every one
Of sorrow's kingdom have I trod to thee.
My sight is barred from that supernal Sun,
Whom I knew late, and thou desir'st to see,
Not for I did, but for I left undone.
A place below there is where no groans rise
From torment, sad alone with want of light,
Where the lament sounds not like moan, but sighs.
The little innocents whom Death's fell bite
Snatched, ere their sin was purified, are there:
And there I dwell with guiltless ones that still
The three most holy virtues did not wear,
Though all the rest they knew, and did fulfil.

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But if thou knowest, and may'st us apprise,
Tell us how we most speedily may find
Where Purgatory's actual entrance lies."

SORDELLO.

"We have," he answered, "no set place assigned;
Around and upward I am free to stray;
My guidance far as I may go I lend:
But see how fast already fails the day!
And in the night none ever can ascend:
Best, then, we think of some good resting-place.
Some souls there be, removed here to the right,
Whom, if thou wilt, I'll show thee face to face,
And thou shalt know them not without delight."
"How, then," said Virgil—"should a soul aspire
To climb by night, would other check be found?
Or his own weakness hinder his desire?"
And good Sordello drew along the ground
His finger, saying: "Look! not even this line
May'st thou pass over when the sun hath gone:
Not that aught else, though, would thy power confine,
Save want of light, from journeying upwards on:
Darkness makes impotent thy will. By night
One may go back again, and grope below,
And, while the horizon shuts the day from sight,
Wander about the hillside to and fro."
My Master then, as 'twere in wonder, spake:
"Then lead us thitherward where thou hast said,
That we in lingering shall such pleasure take."
Nor had we forward far advanced our tread,
When I perceived that on the mountain-side
A valley opened, just like valleys here.
"We will go forward," said our shadowy guide,
"Where on the slope yon hollow doth appear;
There let us wait the dawning of the day."
'Twixt steep and level went a winding path
Which led us where the vale-side dies away
Till less than half its height the margin hath.

Gold and fine silver, ceruse, cochineal,
India's rich wood, heaven's lucid blue serene,*
Or glow that emeralds freshly broke reveal,
Had all been vanquished by the varied sheen

* "*Indico legno, lucido e sereno:*"
Whatever kind of richly tinted wood is referred to in this passage, *lucid* and *serene* do not seem very descriptive epithets, applied to wood. and it is not much after the manner of Dante to qualify any object with two vague adjectives As he is presenting an assemblage of the most beautiful and striking colors, and since we do not imagine (as Mr. Ruskin suggests) that by "Indico legno" he could have meant *indigo*, it seems most natural that he should have mentioned *blue*. We have therefore ventured to translate as if the verse were written, "Indico legno, lucido sereno." In a preceding Canto (V.) the poet has used *sereno* in the same way, without the article—"*fender sereno*" · also in Canto XXIX., v. 53:
"Più chiaro assai che Luna per sereno."
—*Trans.*

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Of this bright valley set with shrubs and flowers,
As less by greater. Nor had Nature there
Only in painting spent herself, but showers
Of odors manifold made sweet the air
With one strange mingling of confused perfume.
And there new spirits chanting I descried—
"Salve Regina!"—seated on the bloom
And verdure sheltered by the dingle side.

SORDELLO.

"Ere yon low sun shall nestle in his bed"
(Began the Mantuan who had brought us here),
"Desire not down among them to be led;
You better will observe how they appear,
Both face and action, from this bank, instead
Of mixing with them in the dale. That one
Who sits the highest, looking, 'mid the throng,
As though some duty he had left undone,
Who moves his lips not with the rest in song,
Was Rodolph, Emperor, he who might have healed
Those wounds which Italy have so far spent
That slow relief all other helpers yield.
The other, that on soothing him seems bent,
Once ruled the region whence those waters are
Which Moldau bears to Elbe, and Elbe the sea.
His name was Ottocar, and better far,
Yea, in his very swaddling-robe, was he
Than Vincislaus, his big-bearded son
Whom luxury and ease have made so gross.
And he of slender nose, who, with the one
So bland of aspect, seems in consult close,
Died flying, and in dust his lilies laid.
Look! how he beats the breast he cannot calm:
Mark too his mate there sighing, who hath made
For his pale cheek a pillow of his palm!
One is the Father of that pest of France,
Father-in-law the other: well they know
His lewd, base life! this misery is the lance
That to the core cuts either of them so.
And he so stout of limb, in unison
Singing with him there of the manly nose,
Of every virtue put the girdle on;
And if that youth behind him in repose
Had after him reigned in his Father's stead,
Virtue from vase to vase had been well poured,
Which of the other heirs may not be said.
Frederic and James now o'er those kingdoms lord,
In whom that better heritage lies dead.
Rarely doth human goodness rise again
Through the tree's branches: He hath willed it so

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Who gives this boon of excellence, that men
Should ask of him who can alone bestow."

"Not more these words of mine at Peter glance
Than him he sings with (of the large nose there)
Whose death Apulia mourneth, and Provènce,
So ill the tree doth with its stock compare!
Even so much more of her good lord his wife
Constance yet vaunts herself, than Margaret may,
Or Beatrice. That king of simplest life,
Harry of England, sitting there survey
All by himself: his branches are more blest!
The one who sits there with uplifted gaze
Among the group, but lower than the rest,
Is Marquis William, in whose cause the frays
Of Alexandria have with grief oppressed
Both Monferrato and the Canavese."

THE RUSSIAN IDEA.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CONRAD VON BOLANDEN.

"We must obey the emperor rather than God."

I.

A GOOD MOTHER.

THE Baroness Olga von Sempach was respected, wealthy, benevolent, and therefore loved by the poor. When, in the summer, she visited her estates in Posen, to breathe for some months the healthy country air, the poor of that place would exclaim: "Our mother has come again!"

The baroness had, however, seemed lately to be greatly depressed, and her sad countenance had excited the sympathy of every one.

"Our mother is sick," said the poor. "Her face is pale, and her kind eyes look as though she wept often. We will pray for our benefactress, that God may preserve her to us."

And in the hours of want and suffering, many hands were raised in supplication to heaven for their mother Olga; but the eyes of the noble lady continued to be dim with weeping, and her sorrow seemed to increase daily.

She was sitting, one morning, in a room of her palace; her hands were clasped together, and she gazed absently before her, while tear after tear streamed down her cheeks. Opposite to her on the wall hung a crucifix, upon which she would often fix her eyes; but her sufferings seemed to be those of the spirit rather than of the body. The affliction of soul, as seen in her distressed face, had something sublime and venerable in it, for it was the grief of a mother.

The sound of approaching footsteps are heard. The baroness made an effort to conceal her agitation; she wiped away her tears, and endeavored to receive with a smile the young man, who, upon entering, saluted her.

"I am rejoiced, dear Edward, that you have come to visit us at our retired summer-residence," said she.

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"The invigorating air of the country will be of great service to you. Your incessant application to study is injurious to health, and you must therefore remain with us for several weeks."

He hardly seemed to hear her words of welcome, so lost was he in astonishment at the appearance of his noble hostess.

"I must ask your pardon, gracious lady, for having disturbed your quiet household last night at such a late hour," said he; "but the train was delayed, and I could not find a carriage to bring me here."

"No formal excuse is necessary, Edward! Have you spoken yet with my son?"

"Only a few words. He is writing to his betrothed."

These latter words made such an impression upon the baroness that it seemed as though a sword had pierced her heart. The emotion did not escape the observation of the young gentleman, and, together with her sad aspect, convinced him that her son was in some way the cause of her unhappiness.

"O sorrowful mother that I am!" she exclaimed, "to see my Adolph, my only child, rushing into certain misfortune, perhaps into eternal ruin, and I unable to help or save him—how it pains and terrifies me!"

Her lips trembled, and she found difficulty in preserving her self-command.

"You alarm me, dear baroness! Why should Adolph fall into such deep misery because of his marriage as you seem to predict? He loves Alexandra truly and sincerely. He praises her noble qualities, her magnificent beauty, her accomplishments, and therefore I see every prospect of a happy life for them both."

"Alexandra is beautiful, very beautiful!" replied the baroness sadly; "but this exterior beauty, perishable and worthless as it is, unless united with nobility of mind as well as virtue, blinds my son. Alexandra's personal loveliness prevents him from seeing the ugliness of her heart, mind, and spirit."

The young professor seemed really perplexed. He knew that the baroness was an admirable judge of character, and he loved his friend.

"Adolph wrote to me in his last letter that Alexandra is the daughter of a Russian nobleman named Rasumowski, who fills the distinguished position of governor of a province in Poland. I should think that the daughter of a man to whom the Russian government has confided such a trust would resemble her father."

"She is his counterpart," replied the Baroness von Sempach; "and her father is the incorporate spirit of the Russian form of government; he is imperious, proud, tyrannical, and utterly destitute of feeling. You know the inhumanities practised by Russia upon Catholic Poland. An endless succession of oppressive laws completely crushed the unhappy Poles, from whom everything was taken—liberty, religion, property, and life. In this atmosphere of cruel tyranny and injustice Alexandra has grown up. From her childhood she has breathed an air which has stifled all the gentle emotions of the heart. In a word, Alexandra is a thorough Russian. How, then, can my son, with his respect for the rights of man, with his enthusiastic love of freedom with his studious disposition of mind, and his warm heart—how can he be happy in the possession of such a wife? Never! A terrible awakening, bitter sorrow, and lasting misfortune will soon poison the life of my child."

"I believe you, dear madame!

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Why have you not expressed your fears to Adolph?"

"I have done so often and urgently; but his blind passion for Alexandra makes him deaf to all my representations."

"If," said Edward, after some reflection, "we could only succeed in letting Adolph have a closer insight into Alexandra's nature and spiritual life, I am sure that he would turn with aversion from her."

"But in this lies the difficulty, dear Edward. The Russians understand well how to conceal by an artificial gloss of refinement their real spiritual deformity."

"Notwithstanding all this, the mask must be torn from the face of the Russian lady, in order to save Adolph. I know what to do! My plan will succeed!" exclaimed the professor.

"What do you intend doing, Edward?"

"I will enlighten my friend Adolph in regard to Russian manners. Do not question me any further, dear madame, but confide in me!" said he, with a cheerful face. "Wipe away your tears, and have courage, noble mother!"

He bowed and then sought the presence of his host. Adolph, a stately young man with a kind face and the expressive eyes of his mother, had just concluded a letter to his betrothed.

"Have you at last finished writing?" asked Edward. "You lovers never know when to stop. I wonder what you have to say to each other day after day?"

"A heart that loves is inexhaustible," replied Adolph. "I could write ten letters a day, and not say all I wish."

"I know it," said Edward, nodding his head.

"What do you know?"

"The readiness of love to make sacrifices," replied his friend.

Adolph laughed aloud.

"The idea of your understanding what it is to love! When you begin to love, the world will come to an end!" he exclaimed good-humoredly. "As the city of Metz has inscribed over her gates, so also can you write upon your forehead, 'No one has ever conquered me.' Although you speak with great wisdom about many things, you know nothing of love."

"But I am of the opposite opinion," said Edward, looking with his brilliant eyes at the laughing face of his friend. "Your love is about six months old, but mine has lasted for ten years; it commenced when I was sixteen. My love has been put to the test, and is still as enduring as it was in the beginning. Your young love of only six months' duration must, however, be tried as yet. How will it be when ten years have passed away, and Alexandra's beauty has faded? My beloved, on the contrary, never grows old. She is always young and beautiful, like her Father, the eternal fountain of all knowledge—like God; for my beloved is—Knowledge."

"You malicious fellow, to remind me of Alexandra's future wrinkles! I do not care, however, for my betrothed is at present the handsomest girl living."

"I will not deny the fact," said Edward. "And if you will introduce me into the much-to-be-envied atmosphere which the beautiful Russian breathes, you will oblige me and my beloved very much."

"I do not understand you!"

"I wish, in other words, to know something of Russian affairs by means of my own observations," replied Edward. "I would like to make a study of her government for the benefit of the Germans."

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"For the benefit of the Germans?"

"Yes, indeed; for it is a well-known fact that the Russian system of government is to be gradually introduced into the German Empire. A beginning has already been made by enacting the famous law against the Jesuits and kindred orders. Alexandra's father is the highest official of his district. Through him I could easily obtain a peep into state matters, if you would recommend me."

"With the greatest pleasure, my friend!" exclaimed Adolph, springing from his chair in joyful surprise. "We will go together. I will introduce you myself to the governor, and, while you labor in the interest of your ever-youthful beloved, I will devote myself to Alexandra."

II.

THE PLETI.

Two days later, the friends were sojourning in the Rasumowski palace, a stately building, formerly the property of a noble Polish family whose only son now languished in Siberia. When the guests arrived, the governor was absent, but his daughter received them with the greatest hospitality. Edward found the youthful Russian lady very beautiful in appearance, but his keen eyes soon detected beneath the surface of her charming exterior a spirit of such moral deformity that he became really alarmed in regard to the fate which threatened his friend if he persisted in uniting himself to such a being.

"Oh! what joy! What an agreeable surprise!" exclaimed Alexandra. "It is, in truth, an imperial joy! And papa also will be imperially delighted to see you and your friend."

"Is your father absent, Alexandra?" asked Adolph.

"Only for a few hours. He is with a distinguished gentleman from Berlin. I expect him any moment, and his surprise will be really imperial."

The professor seemed astonished at her language. He availed himself of the first suitable opportunity to satisfy his desire for knowledge.

"Pardon me, mademoiselle; you use the word imperial in a manner which is incomprehensible to me—you speak of a really imperial joy, of a truly imperial surprise. Will you permit me to ask you why you make use of this peculiar expression?"

"If you had ever travelled through the holy Russian Empire," she replied, with a haughty look, "you would know that we use the word imperial in the same sense as you in Germany say divine. Are you amazed at that?"

"Indeed, mademoiselle," answered the professor calmly, "I never imagined that the words imperial and divine could be synonymous, for the reason that there is an infinite difference between the emperor and God."

"That is your view of the subject, but we think differently in our holy empire," replied the arrogant beauty. "In Russia, the emperor is the most exalted of beings; he is the autocrat of all Russia, and upon his dominions the sun never sets. If we wish to express the highest degree of joy, of surprise, of pleasure, or of beauty"—and she threw her head proudly back—"then we say an imperial joy, an imperial pleasure, an imperial beauty!"

"I am greatly indebted to you for this interesting explanation," said the professor, bowing low.

At this moment, the sound of an approaching carriage was heard.

"They have arrived!" said Alexandra. "What a pity that our distinguished visitor from Berlin makes it necessary for papa to absent himself so often!"

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"Your company, dear Alexandra, is a charming substitute for your father's absence," said Adolph von Sempach.

Two loud male voices in animated conversation resounded through the corridor. Alexandra ran to open the door of the salon.

"Papa, who do you think is here? You will be delighted."

"Who is it? Can it be Prince von Bismarck?" replied a rough voice, and the governor entered the room. He was an elegantly dressed gentleman, of stout appearance, and wore a light mustache; but his rubicund countenance, which plainly betokened an unrestrained appetite, was almost repulsive, on account of the cruel look in his eyes. The visitor from Berlin followed him; he was a tall, broad-shouldered man, with a bald head, sharp eyes, a heavy mustache, which overshadowed an ugly mouth, and with features not less disagreeable than were those of the Russian.

"Oh, Baron von Sempach? Is it possible!" exclaimed the governor, pressing the hand of his future son-in-law. "It is really imperial!"

"My friend Edward Beck, Professor of History," said Adolph, introducing his travelling companion.

The untitled name seemed to displease the Russian, for he looked almost with contempt at the stranger, and returned his bow with a scarcely perceptible nod of the head. Von Sempach noticed this reception of his friend, and, although very angry, hastened to pacify the ill-humor of his proud host.

"I must inform you, governor," said he, in a whisper, "that my friend Edward Beck occupies a distinguished social position; and not only that—he is the owner of vast estates, and the possessor of two millions of guilders."

"I feel highly honored at your presence in my house, Herr Beck," said the now polite Russian. "Allow me to introduce to you my esteemed guest, Herr Schulze, of Berlin."

The tall Prussian made a desperate effort to smile, and to force his rigid, military figure to return the professor's bow.

"The visit of my friend to your country has, at the same time, a scientific object in view," said Adolph. "He desires to learn something of Russian affairs by personal observation. You will therefore oblige me very much, Governor Rasumowski, if by means of your high official position you consent to further his wishes in this respect."

"What a happy coincidence!" replied the governor, with a significant glance at the gentleman from Berlin. "Herr Schulze has come for the same purpose. He also seeks to inform himself in regard to the glorious administration of state and social affairs in our holy empire; but of course with a different motive from that of Herr Beck, whose researches are of a purely historical nature."

"The knowledge of which I am in pursuit is for practical ends," said Herr Schulze, assuming a learned air. "I wish to examine and see if the admirably constructed machinery of the Russian government cannot be introduced with advantage into the new German Empire."

"I am rejoiced to hear you speak as you do," replied Beck; "for your opinion in regard to the policy now in force throughout the new German Empire corresponds with mine. Since the last Diet, it has become evident to me that in future Germany must be governed as Russia now is. The map of Europe," he added, with a meaning smile intended for Rasumowski, "would then not only have a Russian Poland, but also a German Russia."

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"Rejoice at such a beneficial change, gentlemen!" exclaimed the governor. "All nations can learn from and profit by the example of our holy Russian Empire. In no country upon earth is there a stronger government, and nowhere has the absurd idea of liberty taken less root, than in the immense territory of the czar. Of course, in Germany, some little concessions must be made at first, until an iron-bound constitution, like that of Russia, can be formed—above all, the inferior German princes must be set aside."

"The beginning has been already made; it is only necessary to continue our efforts," replied the Berlin gentleman.

"See with what regularity everything proceeds with us," asserted Rasumowski. "All the wheels of state are controlled by the will of one man, of our gracious sovereign, the emperor"—and he made a reverence before the marble statue of the czar. "Whoever does not obey the will of the sovereign will be surely crushed into atoms."

A servant announced dinner. The party entered the dining-room, where a magnificent banquet was served. The whole attention of Adolph was absorbed by Alexandra, and Edward saw with deep regret his burning passion for a creature who was unworthy of his noble-minded friend.

"As I said before, gentlemen, with us everything moves with regularity," said Rasumowski. "We do not permit the least contradiction. The word liberty has no meaning with us; for unconditional obedience is with us the fundamental law of the empire, and whoever does not wish to obey must go to Siberia."

"As far as I can understand, there does not exist in Russia any fundamental law of state," said Beck. "Or am I wrong?"

"No; you are right. We know nothing about it. The sovereign law is the will of the emperor. Nothing but what the emperor commands has legal power. The meeting of Deputies, Chambers, and of Diets is unheard of in Russia. The almighty will of the czar answers instead of it. All laws and decrees, no matter how long they have existed, can be abolished by the emperor with one stroke of the pen. To him, as the sovereign, everything belongs: the country and the people, the peasants and the nobility, the church and the state. In fact, it can be said that the only fundamental law of state in the holy Russian Empire is absolute obedience to the will of the czar."

"Excellent!" said Schulze. "If we had only made the same progress in our new German Empire!"

"It is to be questioned whether this manner of government can be introduced into Germany," replied Beck. "There the people have a will which makes itself heard in the Chambers."

"Bah! of what account are the Diet and the Chambers?" exclaimed Schulze contemptuously. "Acknowledge candidly, Herr Beck, what a miserable *rôle* our Chambers have recently played. Is not the will of the chancellor the only law? Is not everything possible to the diplomatic wisdom of Bismarck? Do the Deputies, Chambers, or Diet dare to contradict the all-powerful minister? No! They only make such laws as are pleasing to their master. Therefore I am right when I say that the people no longer have a voice in the new German Empire. Wait a little while, and the antiquated folly of Chambers and Diets will be also abolished."

"Your view is not entirely correct," said Adolph von Sempach. "A strong party in the Diet is opposed to the designs of Bismarck."

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"Yes, the ultramontanes!" answered Schulze. "But we are prepared for them; we will conquer this rebellious set, so hostile to the empire!" he exclaimed, with an angry flash of his eyes. "The ultramontanes in Germany form only a rapidly disappearing minority, and this rabble, so dangerous to the state, will soon be exterminated. Liberalism reigns supreme in the new German Empire; Bismarck depends upon its support. Every right-thinking man will see that in a well-organized state but one will must be paramount, and not two or even three wills. The emperor alone must rule. Therefore away with the will of the people, away with the will of the church! The form of the Russian government alone is sound; for here the emperor is the head of the state and of the church. The civil officers rule according to the command of the emperor—in a word, everything is done, as the governor has correctly remarked, with regularity. And whoever does not obey will be sent to the mines of Siberia."

Von Sempach, whose countenance gave evidence of his disapproval, wished to reply, but, at a sign from his friend, he remained silent.

"Yes, indeed, Siberia is a splendid place!" exulted the Russian. "The new German Empire must also have a Siberia, to which her rebellious subjects can be sent."

"If German affairs continue to shape themselves so closely after the example of Russia, we will undoubtedly have a Siberia very soon," said the professor, with an ambiguous smile.

"Without Siberia, what would we have done with the unruly Poles?" exclaimed the charming daughter of the governor. "There in the mines, in want and misery, the wretches can do penance for their presumption, and repent for having disobeyed the Emperor of Russia."

At hearing her remarks, all color forsook Adolph's face; he looked with amazement at his beautiful betrothed. Beck, however, noticed with secret delight the impression she had made upon his friend.

"I am really anxious to learn," said he, "how the people of the holy Russian Empire live, and if they are so supremely happy."

"You shall have proofs of it this afternoon," said the governor. "We will drive in half an hour to a village in the vicinity of the city. The village is inhabited by Roman Catholics; but even there you will find that the will of the emperor is respected."

All now rose from the table; the guests retired to their rooms; but Adolph, who seemed greatly depressed, sought the society of his friend.

"How do you like Alexandra?"

"She is, in truth, imperially beautiful," answered Beck.

"But you heard her cruel remarks about the poor Poles?"

"Yes, I heard what she said, and am not astonished that a Russian lady, whose father is governor, should think as he does; it is very natural," replied the professor.

Adolph appeared to be overwhelmed with sadness.

"Will you not go with us on our tour of inspection?" asked Edward.

"After such a painful exhibition of Alexandra's sentiments, I need something to distract my thoughts."

"Have you noticed that the bust and portrait of the emperor, seated on his throne, is to be seen in every corridor, chamber, and salon of the palace?" remarked Edward. "He is like an idol in the house, before which even the lovely head of Alexandra bows in reverence. This fact is of the highest interest to me. Man must have a god, a sovereign being,

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to serve. In Russia, the emperor is this sovereign; and Almighty God in heaven is, as the Russians imagine, the vassal of the emperor; for bishops, priests, and popes can only teach and preach that which the imperial sovereign commands and permits. And such a sovereign is to sit upon the throne of the new German Empire! A glorious prospect for us!"

"Ridiculous nonsense!" exclaimed the young nobleman. "The German nation would never submit to such a yoke of tyranny. Germans will never become slaves!"

"Do not be too confident, Von Sempach! A keen observer has said that the Germans are a most servile people."

"But they never will be the slaves of a Russian czar," replied Von Sempach. "The German people, two years ago, gave ample proofs of what they can do. Like our imaginary Michael,* who for a long time allowed himself to be kicked about and abused, but who suddenly shook off his lethargy, and fought like a lion, so will it be with Germany, which seems to have fallen into a state of good-humored torpor, during which cunning men have taken advantage of her apparent indifference to deprive her gradually of her ancient privileges; but let the Germans once feel the weight of Russian despotism, and you will see with what fury they will break loose the chains that bind them."

Ten minutes later, the carriage of the governor rolled through the streets of the city. He had given orders to be driven over a well-paved public road to a neighboring village. At a short distance from the carriage followed four Cossacks, mounted on small horses from Tartary. One of them carried in the belt of his sabre a very peculiar instrument. Attached to a strong wooden handle were nailed seven straps of leather, which terminated in hard knots. It was commonly called "the pleti," and was, by the command of the Emperor Nicholas, used as a substitute for the notorious knout.

Just as the village became visible behind the rows of trees that bordered the public road, the governor commanded the driver to stop. In looking from the window, he had observed, upon a lately cleared space, a collection of wooden huts which were situated a short distance from the road.

"What is the meaning of this? Who has dared to build these huts?" he exclaimed, in amazement.

"They look very much like our barracks in Berlin," said Schulze. "Some poor wretches built huts outside of the city because they could not earn enough to pay house-rent. The fact of their being permitted to remain so near Berlin is a disgrace to the intelligence of the capital of the new empire. It will be quite difficult to remove them."

"I shall not tolerate such things in my district," said the Russian abruptly.

The carriage proceeded on its way, and stopped before a handsome house, the residence of the mayor, who was the only person in the village who belonged to the Russian state Church. This man had very small eyes and an immense mustache; and it was evident, from the odor of his breath, that he had been imbibing freely. When summoned before the governor, he assumed a most abject appearance, and his form seemed really to shrink while in the presence of the powerful official.

"What huts are those outside of the village?" said Rasumowski, addressing him roughly.

"To reply, with your honor's per-

* A name given in derision to the German nation.

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mission, they are the dwellings of some poor people who have settled there. They are very orderly, pay their taxes punctually, and support themselves by mending kettles, by grinding scissors, by making rat and mouse traps, and such means."

"Who gave them permission to settle there?"

"The parish, your honor. The ground upon which the huts stand belongs to the parish."

"Listen, and obey my orders!" said the governor. "These huts must be taken down without delay; for the emperor has not given this ground to peasants, that they may propagate like vermin. If the rabble cannot rent houses in the village, then they must go further, perhaps to Siberia, where there is plenty of work in the mines."

The mayor of the village bowed most obsequiously.

Beck watched his friend Adolph, who seemed greatly revolted at the inhuman command.

Herr Schulze, of Berlin, on the contrary, looked as though he had heard something that would prove of incalculable benefit to mankind.

"On what text did the Catholic pastor preach last Sunday?" asked the governor.

"With the permission of your honor, his sermon was on redemption through Jesus Christ."

"Did he make no mention of the emperor?"

"No, your honor."

"Did he say nothing about the obedience due the emperor?"

"No, your honor."

"Go at once, and bring the priest before me!"

"I beg pardon, your honor, but he has gone to visit a sick person at some distance."

"Then send him to me in the city. To-morrow, at nine in the morning, he must appear before me, and bring his sermon with him!"

The mayor made an humble obeisance.

"Did the priest presume to say anything about the Pope?"

"No, your honor; since the Roman Catholic priests who preached about the Pope were sent to Siberia, nothing is said about him."

"With regard to other matters, how are things progressing in the village?"

"Admirably, your honor! After the twenty Catholic families were sent to Siberia, all the inhabitants are willing to die in obedience to our good emperor. The people are all satisfied; no one wishes to go into exile."

"In how many villages of Germany," said the governor to his guests, "can you find the people so contented and ready to give their lives in obedience to our good emperor? The form of government in the holy Russian Empire works miracles. Now, gentlemen, follow me to the schoolhouse, so that you may see how Russia educates her subjects."

They left the mayor's residence, and crossed the street to the schoolhouse.

"I must tell you in advance," observed Rasumowski, "that in Russia we do not cultivate a fancy for popular education. Our peasants are only entitled to be taught three things: to obey, to work, and to pay taxes. In this consists their knowledge; it is the axis around which revolves our national education."

He opened the school door. About one hundred children, dirty and poorly clad, sat upon the benches. The schoolmaster, who had already espied the arrival of the governor, bowed in fear and trembling.

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"How is it with the children of the emperor, teacher? Do you fulfil your duty in obedience to my orders?"

"I endeavor to do so, your honor."

"I shall convince myself, and ask some questions from the catechism of our state religion," said the governor.

He called up several children, and began to question them, which questions were as remarkable and as interesting to the professor as were the answers.

"Who is your sovereign lord?"

"The good emperor of holy Russia."

"What do you owe to the emperor?"

"Unconditional obedience, love, and payment of taxes."

"In what does the happiness of a Russian consist?"

"In being a brave soldier of the good emperor."

"Where does the soul of man go after death?"

"To heaven or to hell."

"What soul goes to heaven?"

"That soul which always obeys the good emperor and owes no taxes."

"What soul goes to hell?"

"That soul which was disobedient to the emperor."

The governor turned towards his guests.

"You have already commenced a system of compulsory education in Germany," said he; "but when you succeed in establishing a state church, and have a catechism of state religion, then will the new German Empire, like our czar, be able to educate subjects who must obey him blindly."

He now turned again to the children.

"Is there a pope in Rome?"

The child who was questioned looked at the teacher, who had become as pale as death.

"Answer me! Is there a pope in Rome?" repeated the governor.

"No; there is only one emperor, who is at the same time the pope of all the Russians," replied the child.

"Schoolmaster, I am satisfied with you," said Rasumowski approvingly.

"You know that the only things which every good Russian must do is to work diligently, to pay taxes punctually, and to blindly obey the emperor. These three things you must impress upon the minds of the children!"

The governor was about to leave the schoolroom, when he suddenly stopped, and his face became crimson with anger. He had espied the portrait of the emperor, which hung in a gilt frame on the wall. The glass that covered it was broken, and it was soiled with a few ink-stains.

"Schoolmaster, what is this?" exclaimed the governor furiously.

"Pardon, your honor!" implored the trembling teacher. "A wicked boy threw his inkstand at the picture."

"And you, miserable wretch that you are, left it thus disfigured upon the wall! Follow me!"

The governor, with his guests and the teacher, left the room, and entered an office where the mayor held his sessions.

"Schoolmaster!" began the governor, "you deserve to be sent to Siberia, for you Roman Catholics are only fit for the mines. You refuse blind obedience, and deny the right of the emperor to command in church affairs; you are constantly rebelling against the empire, and all of you should, therefore, be sent into exile. For your insolence, however, in leaving the portrait of our holy emperor in this neglected state, you will receive ten blows with the pleti."

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He stepped forward to the window, and summoned the Cossack who carried the instrument of torture.

"Corporal, give ten heavy strokes with the pleti on this teacher's back!"

The Cossack seized a bench, and motioned the teacher to stretch himself upon it.

Von Sempach and Beck, finding it impossible to conceal their indignation, left the room. In going downstairs, they heard the whizzing sound of the lash and the screams of the poor teacher.

"I shall lose my senses," said Adolph, while waiting at the threshold. "My God! has Alexandra grown up amid such scenes?"

The professor was delighted to hear this remark.

"It is, indeed, a very demoralizing atmosphere for a woman to breathe," said he.

"Can it be that Alexandra has escaped the contaminating influence of Russian customs? Has *she* also lost all feeling and the delicacy of her sex? We must find out, if possible."

Rasumowski and Schulze approached.

"Ah! gentlemen," exclaimed the governor laughingly, "the singing of the pleti caused you to leave! Well, we Russians accustom ourselves to such things. When, with other practical institutions, the pleti is also introduced into the new German Empire, then you will learn to think it as useful an instrument as is the whip in the hands of the cartman."

"Who drive oxen and donkeys," added the professor.

"Our new German Empire has already introduced a punishment for the soldiers, which causes as much pain as the pleti," said Adolph von Sempach. "I have read repeatedly in the newspapers that soldiers, while upon drill, have fallen fainting to the ground. The reason was their being compelled to carry heavy stones in their knapsacks, until their strength gave way."

"It is a Russian invention that you have borrowed from us; we have long practised it," asserted Rasumowski.

"And I suppose we have also adopted your severe system of military arrest, which Count von Moltke justifies by ingeniously remarking that even in time of peace the soldier owes his health to his country."

"Yes, it is true we keep up the same strict discipline," exclaimed the Russian; "but Moltke should have said that the soldier owes his health and life to the *emperor*, and not to the *country*. Words are useless; acts are what we insist upon."

When leaving the house, there were a number of men, women, and children outside who awaited the governor. At seeing him, they all fell upon their knees, and lifted up their hands in supplication.

"Pardon! Mercy! Humanity!" were heard in confused accents.

"Keep quiet!" commanded Rasumowski. "Schulze, what does this mean?"

"Your honor, these are the poor people who live in the huts. They ask you, for God's sake, not to destroy their only place of shelter."

"Asking me to do a thing for God's sake!" exclaimed the governor harshly. "If they had asked me to do so for the emperor's sake, I would perhaps have granted their request. Begone! Away with you! My orders are to be obeyed!"

The people, however, did not rise, but burst forth into fresh lamentations and tears.

"Your honor," said an old man, "graciously listen to us, as the good emperor would do, who always wishes

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to help his people. We built those huts by permission of the parish, and we strive to make a living in an honest way. We pay the taxes, and are not in debt to the emperor. If your honor destroys our huts, whither shall we poor people go? Must we live with the foxes and wolves in the forests? Is this the will of the emperor?"

"The emperor desires his subjects to live in comfortable houses, for which reason the huts must be removed," answered Rasumowski.

"Your honor, we have no means to build comfortable houses," replied the old man. "Look at the little children; they will die if the orders of your honor are executed."

"I will hear no more: it is the emperor's will!" exclaimed the governor.

The words "It is the emperor's will" had the most disheartening effect upon the poor people. The haggard, wretchedly-clad assemblage gave way to despair, but a low murmur was all that was heard.

Rasumowski looked triumphantly at his guests, as if he had said in so many words: "You see what the will of the emperor can do!"

But the professor was not to be deceived. The suppressed wrath plainly visible in the faces of the men did not escape him.

A young man rose humbly from his knees, and looked with strangely glittering eyes upon the governor.

"It is not true!—the emperor does not, cannot wish us to suffer!" he exclaimed.

Rasumowski looked with astonishment at the bold youth.

"How do you know that it is not the will of the emperor?" he asked.

"The emperor is human, but what you command is inhuman!" answered the intrepid peasant.

The Russian governor absolutely trembled with anger.

"Fifteen lashes with the pleti—give it to him soundly!" he cried, and walked towards the carriage, which drove slowly through the village.

Adolph von Sempach sat depressed and silent. What he had seen and heard did not tend to elevate the character of the beautiful Alexandra in his estimation, as her remarks concerning the cruelties upon the unfortunate Poles seemed to prove that she had inherited the barbarous disposition of her father.

"Do you hear the screams of the insolent fellow?" said the governor. "The pleti is unfortunately a poor affair—it has not sufficient swing and force. The old knout was much better; for it was made of strong leather straps, intertwined with wire. The Emperor Nicholas I. introduced this new knout, however—and whatever the czar does, is well done; but if I were consulted, I would bring the old knout again into use."

"I fear, governor," said Beck "that even the new knout or the pleti would meet with invincible opposition in Germany."

"You are mistaken," answered the Russian. "The Germans can also be subdued—the German neck must bow to him who has the power. Now, gentlemen, I will show you some evidences of the industry of our farmers," he continued, when the carriage had left the village. "Look at our abundant crops! The German farmer can hardly excel the Russian. You find everywhere signs of prudent husbandry as well as of diligence and perseverance."

Herr Schulze gave a token of assent, the professor knew nothing about agriculture, and Von Sempach preserved a gloomy silence.

"Do you see that village?" said Rasumowski, pointing in a certain direction. "All the inhabitants are Roman Catholics, with the exception

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of the mayor, of course; but for ten years they have been without a priest, without divine service, without a church."

"I think I see a church," remarked Beck.

"Yes, the church is there, but it has been closed for ten years. The former Roman Catholic pastor, who persisted in preaching upon the dignity of man, the liberty of the children of God, and even of the pope and other dangerous things, was transported to Siberia, and the church was closed by my command."

"I admire your eminently practical method," observed the guest from Berlin. "We would not dare as yet to do such a thing in the new German Empire."

"But it will be done in good time," replied the Russian.

The carriage, in returning, had by this time reached the outskirts of the city.

"Ah!" exclaimed Herr Schulze in joyful surprise, "the huts have already disappeared. I shall write at once to my friends in Berlin, and apprise them of the expeditious manner in which the Russian government acts."

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.

THE VIRGIN MARY TO CHRIST ON THE CROSSE.

WHAT mist hath dimd that glorious face? what seas of griefe my sun doth tosse?
The golden raies of heauenly grace lies now eclipsèd on the crosse.

Iesus! my loue, my Sonne, my God, behold Thy mother washt in teares:
Thy bloudie woundes be made a rod to chasten these my latter yeares.

You cruell Iewes, come worke your ire, vpon this worthlesse flesh of mine:
And kindle not eternall fire, by wounding Him which is diuine.

Thou messenger that didst impart His first descent into my wombe,
Come help me now to cleaue my heart, that there I may my Sonne intombe.

You angels all, that present were, to shew His birth with harmonie;
Why are you not now readie here, to make a mourning symphony?

The cause I know, you waile alone and shed your teares in secresie,
Lest I should mouèd be to mone, by force of heauie companie.

But waile my soul, thy comfort dies, my wofull wombe, lament thy fruit;
My heart giue teares unto my eies, let Sorrow string my heauy lute.

—*Southwell.*

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POET AND MARTYR.*

PART FIRST—MARTYR.

"Hoist up sail while gale doth last,
Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure:
Seek not time when time is past,
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure.
After-wits are dearly bought,
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought."

"Time wears all his locks before,
Take thou hold upon his forehead;
When he flies, he turns no more,
And behind his scalp is naked.
Works adjourn'd have many stays;
Long demurs breed new delays."

—*Robert Southwell*, 1593.†

CONCERNING the writer of these beautiful lines, the English historian, Stow, makes the following brief mention in his *Chronicle:* "February 20, 1594-5.—Southwell, a Jesuit, that long time had lain prisoner in the Tower of London, was arraigned at the King's Bench bar. He was condemned, and on the next morning drawn from Newgate to Tyburn, and there hanged, bowelled, and quartered." From this account we are unable to discover that the man whose judicial murder Stow thus records was put to death for any offence but that of being a JESUIT, and of having "long time lain in prison in the Tower of London." And yet, in thus stating the case, Stow tells the simple truth; for Southwell was guilty of no more serious crime than his sacerdotal character, and of suffering the imprisonment and tortures inflicted upon him in consequence thereof. For three years previous to his death he had been in prison and in the Tower, had lain in noisome and filthy dungeons, and been subjected many times to torture and the rack. From the high social position of his family, the fame of his literary accomplishments, his admirable and saintly bearing as a missionary priest in England, for six long years carrying his life in his hand while ministering to a scattered flock, obliged to move from place to place in disguise as though he were a malefactor, and finally, from the wonderful fortitude and constancy with which he was said to have suffered torture, his case was very generally known in London, and deeply commiserated even by many Protestants. So deep and widespread, indeed, was this sympathy that, when it was determined by the officers of the crown to try and condemn him on one and the same day, and execute him the next morning, they withheld from the public all announcement of his execution, meanwhile giving notice of the hanging of a famous highwayman in another place in order to draw off the concourse of spectators. But it availed not, for there were many who kept so close a watch upon the move-

* One of the martyrs omitted by Foxe.

† *The Fuller Worthies' Library.* The Complete Poems of Robert Southwell, S.J., for the first time fully collected, and collated with the original and early editions and MSS., and enlarged with hitherto unprinted and inedited poems from MSS. at Stonyhurst College, Lancashire. Edited, with Memorial Introduction and Notes, by the Rev. Alexander B. Grosart, St. George's, Blackburn, Lancashire. London: Printed for private circulation (156 copies only). 1872.

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ments at Newgate, to which prison he had been removed a few days before his trial, that, when Southwell was brought out to be drawn on a sled or hurdle to the place of execution at Tyburn, he was followed by great numbers of people, and among them many persons of distinction, who witnessed the carrying out of his dreadful sentence, which was that he should be "hung, bowelled, and quartered."

That our readers may understand that our qualification of Southwell's execution as a judicial murder is not the result of mere personal sympathy or of religious prejudice, we will here record the judgment of several Protestant authorities, who speak out concerning it in a manner not to be misunderstood. In the valuable *Cyclopædia of English Literature*, by Chambers, we read concerning Southwell that, after having ministered secretly but zealously to the scattered adherents of his creed, "without, as far as is known, doing anything to disturb the peace of society, he was apprehended and committed to a dungeon in the Tower, so noisome and filthy that, when he was brought out for examination, his clothes were covered with vermin. Upon this his father, a man of good family, presented a petition to Queen Elizabeth, begging that, if his son had committed anything for which, by the laws, he had deserved death, he might suffer death; if not, as he was a gentleman, he begged her majesty would be pleased to order him to be treated as a gentleman. Southwell after this was somewhat better lodged, but an imprisonment of three years, with ten inflictions of the rack, wore out his patience, and he entreated to be brought to trial. Cecil is said to have made the brutal remark that, 'if he was in so much haste to be hanged, he should quickly have his desire.' Being at the trial found guilty, upon his own confession, of being a Romish priest, he was condemned to death, and executed at Tyburn accordingly, with all the horrible circumstances dictated by the old treason laws of England. Throughout all these scenes he behaved with a mild fortitude which nothing but a highly regulated mind and satisfied conscience could have prompted."

Cleveland (*Compendium of English Literature*, p. 88), after stating the circumstances of Southwell's imprisonment, trial, and execution, remarks: "The whole proceeding should cover the authors of it with everlasting infamy. It is a foul stain upon the garments of the maiden queen that she can never wipe off. There was not a particle of evidence at his trial that this pious and accomplished poet meditated any evil designs against the government. He did what he had a perfect right to do; ay, what it was his duty to do, if he conscientiously thought he was right —endeavor to make converts to his faith, so far as he could without interfering with the right of others. If there be anything to be execrated, it is persecution for opinion's sake."

Allibone, in his *Dictionary of English Literature*, says that Southwell, "to the disgrace of the English government, suffered as a martyr at Tyburn, February 21, 1595, after three years' imprisonment in the Tower, during which it is asserted he was ten times subjected to the torture. He was a good poet, a good prose writer, and a better Christian than his brutal persecutors."

Old Fuller, in his *Worthies of England*, as might be expected, views Southwell with a stern English Protestant eye, and thus dismisses him: "Robert Southwell was born in this county (Norfolk), as Pitsons affirmeth, who, although often mistaken

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in his locality, may be believed herein, as professing himself familiarly acquainted with him at Rome. But the matter is not much where he was born, seeing, though cried up by men of his own profession for his many books in verse and prose, he was reputed a dangerous enemy by the state, for which he was imprisoned and executed March the 3d, 1595" (vol. iii. p. 187).

Robert Southwell was the third son of Richard Southwell, Esq., of Horsham, St. Faith's, Norfolk. The curious in genealogy, while investigating family lines associated with the Southwell pedigree, have found connected with it, in degrees more or less near, the names of Paston, Sidney, Howard, Newton, and Percy Bysshe Shelley. Of his early years there is but slight record, save that, when still very young, he was sent to Douai to be educated. From Douai he passed to Paris and thence to Rome, where, in 1578, before he had yet reached the age of seventeen, he was received into the order of the Society of Jesus. On completion of his novitiate and termination of the courses of philosophy and theology, he was made prefect of studies of the English College at Rome. Ordained priest in 1584, and, as appears from his letter addressed, February 20, 1585, to the general of the order, seeking the "perilous" errand wherein his future martyrdom seems rather to have been anticipated than merely referred to as a simple possibility,* he left Rome on the 8th of May, 1586, a missionary to his native land, or, in other words, took up his line of march for the scaffold and for heaven. We have, naturally enough, but scant record of the young priest's journey to and arrival in England; for, as the mere landing in England by a Catholic priest was then a penal offence punishable with death, Southwell's return to his native country was surrounded as much as possible by secrecy. Although yearning to visit his home and embrace his family, he carefully abstained from going near them—of doing that which, in his quaint phrase of the day, "maketh my presence perilous." But he was aware that his father was in danger of losing, if he had not already lost, his faith; and these fears were almost confirmed by the facts that he had formed a marriage with a lady of the court, and that his wealth gave him entrance to court circles which were necessarily violently Protestant. Deeply solicitous for his father's spiritual condition, he therefore addressed him a letter of admonition and advice, not less remarkable for its tone of affection than for its energy and eloquence. We cite it in another place.

* Turnbull, p. xvi.

HUNTED DOWN.

At a time when, as Mr. Grosart says, "it was a crime to be a Catholic: it was proof of high treason to be a priest: it was to invite 'hunting' as of a wild beast to be a Jesuit," we cannot reasonably look for many recorded traces of Father Southwell's presence and journeyings to and fro while in England. He could only move in disguise or under the darkness of night; he was liable to be thrown into prison anywhere on the merest suspicion of any irresponsible accuser. The few Catholics who were ready to give him shelter and hospitality did so with the halter around their necks; for confiscation and death were the penalty, as they well knew, for "harboring" a priest. It is nevertheless certain that his refuge in London was the mansion of the Countess of Arundel, whose husband, Philip Howard, Earl of

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Arundel, was imprisoned in the Tower, and died there, the noblest victim to the jealous and suspicious tyranny of Elizabeth, *non sine veneni suspicione*, as his epitaph still testifies."

Hundreds of Southwell's letters to his superiors still exist, but they are all from necessity written in such general terms and in so guarded a manner as to afford but little historical information. Here is one of them, as given by Bishop Challoner in his *Memoirs of Missionary Priests:*

1. "As yet we are alive and well, being unworthy, it seems, of prisons. We have oftener sent, than received, letters from your parts, tho' they are not sent without difficulty; and some, we know, have been lost."

2. "The condition of Catholic recusants here is the same as usual, deplorable and full of fears and dangers, more especially since our adversaries have look'd for wars. As many of ours as are in chains rejoice and are comforted in their prisons; and they that are at liberty set not their heart upon it, nor expect it to be of long continuance. All by the great goodness and mercy of God arm themselves to suffer anything that can come, how hard soever it may be, as it shall please our Lord; for whose greater glory, and the salvation of their souls, they are more concerned than for any temporal losses."

3. "A little while ago, they apprehended two priests, who have suffered such cruel usages in the prison of Bridewell as can scarce be believed. What was given them to eat was so little in quantity, and, withal, so filthy and nauseous, that the very sight was enough to turn their stomachs. The labors to which they obliged them were continual and immoderate, and no less in sickness than in health; for, with hard blows and stripes, they forced them to accomplish their task how weak soever they were. Their beds were dirty straw, and their prison most filthy. Some are there hung up for whole days by the hands, in such a manner that they can but just touch the ground with the tips of their toes. This purgatory we are looking for every hour, in which Topcliffe and Young, the two executioners of the Catholics, exercise all kinds of torments. But come what pleaseth God, we hope we shall be able to bear all in him that strengthens us. I most humbly recommend myself to the holy sacrifices of your reverence and of all our friends. (January 15, 1590.)"

PURSUIT AND ESCAPE.

In a work* published so lately as 1871, we catch a few fugitive glances of Father Robert Southwell. Father Gerard spoke of him at the time (1585) as "excelling in the art of helping and gaining souls, being at once prudent, pious, meek, and exceedingly winning."

A descent was made by the pursuivants upon a house in the country, where the two fathers happened to be together, and but for the devotion of the domestics the two missionaries would have been captured. They escaped, however, and journeyed away together. The peculiar danger they were then subjected to was that arising from intercourse with the gentry. Father Gerard tells of a gentleman who violently suspected him, and adds: "After a day or so he quite abandoned all mistrust, as I spoke of hunting and falconry with all the details that none but a practised person could command." He concludes: "For many make sad blunders in attempting this, as Father Southwell, who was afterwards my

* *The Condition of Catholics under James I.* Father Gerard's narrative. London. 1872.

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companion in many journeys, was wont to complain. He frequently got me to instruct him in the technical terms of sport, and used to complain of his bad memory for such things; for on many occasions when he fell in with Protestant gentlemen he found it necessary to speak of these matters, which are the sole topics of their conversations, save when they talk obscenity or break out into blasphemies and abuse of the saints or the Catholic faith."

With danger of possible arrest at every house and on every road, followed by swift and barbarous execution, Father Southwell for six long years carried his life in his hand.

PROTESTANT OPINION.

"Granted," says his Protestant biographer (Grosart, xlix.), "that in our Southwell's years 1588 is included, and that the shadow of the coming of the Armada lay across England from the very moment of his arrival; granted that, in the teeth of their instructions, there were priests and members of the Society of Jesus who deemed they did God service by 'plotting' for the restoration of the old 'faith and worship' after a worldly sort; granted that politically and civilly the nation was, in a sense, in the throes of since-achieved liberties; granted that *Mary*, all too sadly, even tremendously, earned her epithet of 'Bloody'; granted that the very mysticism, not to say mystery, of the 'higher' sovereignty claimed for him who wore the tiara, acted as darkness does with sounds the most innocent; granted nearly all that Protestantism claims in its apology as defence—it must be regarded as a stigma on the statesmanship and a stain on the Christianity of the reformed Church of England, as well as a sorrow to all right-minded and right-hearted, that the 'convictions' of those who could not in conscience 'change' at the bidding of Henry VIII., Elizabeth, or James were not respected; that 'opinion,' or, if you will, 'error,' was put down (or attempted to be put down) by force, and that the headsman's axe and hangman's rope were the only instrumentalities thought of. The State Trials remain to bring a blush to every lover of his country for the brutal and 'hard' mockery of justice in the higher courts of law whenever a priest was concerned—as later with the Puritans and Nonconformists."

FALSE BRETHREN AND THE MAN-HUNTER.

With malignant pursuit that never slackened, and that old peril of S. Paul, "false brethren," Southwell's arrest was, of course, a mere question of time. His day came at last, after six years of labor and danger in the field. The circumstances are as follows, from Turnbull, verified by other authorities. There was resident at Uxenden, near Harrow on the Hill, in Middlesex, a Catholic family by the name of Bellamy, occasionally visited by Southwell for the purpose of religious instruction. One of the daughters, Ann, had in her early youth exhibited marks of the most vivid and unshakable piety; but having been committed to the gatehouse of Westminster, her faith gradually departed, and along with it her virtue: for, having formed an intrigue with the keeper of the prison, she subsequently married him, and by this step forfeited all claim which she had by law or favor upon her father. In order, therefore, to obtain some fortune, she resolved to take advantage of the act of 27 Elizabeth, which made the harboring of a priest treason, with confiscation of the offender's goods. Accordingly she sent a messenger to Southwell, urging him

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to meet her on a certain day and hour at her father's house; whither he, either in ignorance of what had happened, or under the impression that she sought his spiritual assistance through motives of penitence, went at the appointed time. In the meanwhile, having apprised her husband of this, as also the place of concealment in her father's house and the mode of access, he conveyed the information to Topcliffe, an implacable persecutor and denouncer of the Catholics, who, with a band of his satellites, surrounded the premises, broke open the house, arrested his reverence, and carried him off in open day, exposed to the gaze of the populace. Topcliffe carried Southwell to his own (Topcliffe's) dwelling, and there, in the course of ten weeks, tortured him with such pitiless severity that the unhappy victim, complaining of it to his judges, declared that death would have been preferable. A letter, qualified by Grosart as "fawning, cruel, and abominable," written by this human bloodhound, Topcliffe, and addressed to no less a personage than Queen Elizabeth, reports the capture and torture of Southwell, and states, with details, how he proposes further to torture him.

The letter is dated Westminster, June 22, 1592, and advises the queen: "I have him here within my strong chamber in Westminster churchyard (*i.e.* the gatehouse). I have made him assured for starting or hurting of himself by putting upon his arms a pair of ;* and so to keep him either from view or conference with any but Nicolas, the underkeeper of the gatehouse. . . . Upon this present taking of him it is good forthwith to enforce him to answer truly and directly; and so to prove his answers true in haste, to the end that such as he be deeply concerned in his treachery may not have time to start, or make shift to use any means in common prisons; either to stand upon or against the wall will give warning. *But if your highness' pleasure be to know anything in his heart, to stand against the wall, his feet standing upon the ground, and his hands put as high as he can reach against the wall* (like a trick at Tremshemarn), will enforce him to tell all; and the truth proven by the sequel.* . . . It may please your majesty to consider, I never did take so weighty a man, if he be rightly considered." †

The reader will here readily recognize a partial description of one of the modes of torture then most common in use throughout the reign of Elizabeth. It seems that it *was* "her highness' pleasure" to know something that was in this poor martyr's heart, for Southwell was afterwards again repeatedly tortured. The intimate personal relations existing between the virgin queen and this man Topcliffe, whose very name was a stench in the nostrils of Protestants of respectable behavior, were maintained long after the Southwell capture, as we learn from the best authority. The cruelty of Elizabeth was only surpassed by her mendacity, as her mendacity was only exceeded by her mean parsimony, and when she travelled or made progress from one country to another it was always at the expense of her good and loyal subjects. Eventually the announcement of a visit from their

* So printed in Strype.

* Topcliffe here describes what he facetiously likens to a Tremshemarn trick with great delicacy. It was, in fact, a piece of horrible torture, by which the prisoner was hung up for whole days by the hands so that he could just touch the ground with the tips of his toes.

† See *Annals of the Reformation*, Strype, Oxford, 1824 ed., vol. vii, p. 185. If the reader has any curiosity to see more remarkable proof of the infamy of this man, Topcliffe, he may peruse another letter in Strype, vol. vii. p. 53.

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good queen, received outwardly with such declarations as might naturally follow the promise of the call of a special envoy from heaven, was in reality looked upon as the coming of a terrible calamity. It was at that time considered at the English court—where, as we all know, all the civil and religious virtues had taken refuge—an excellent jest to so direct the course of the queen's progress as to make her visits fall at the residences of well-known Catholic gentleman. It is only necessary to say that the anniversary of all such events yet lives in the traditions of the descendants of such families as that of a day of horror. The royal retinue treated the house like a captured place, and it was well for the proprietor if confiscation or death, or both, were not the sole reward of his generous hospitality.

Mr. Topcliffe gives us valuable information on this point. On the 30th of August, 1578, he writes to the Earl of Shrewsbury: "The next good news (not in account the highest), her majesty hath served God with great zeal and comfortable examples; for by her council the two notorious papists, young Rookwood (the master of Ewston Hall, where her majesty did lie upon Sunday now a fortnight), and one Downs, a gentleman, were both committed, the one to the town prison at Norwich, the other to the county prison there, for obstinate papistry; and seven more gentlemen of worship were committed to several houses in Norwich as prisoners; two of the Lovells, another Downs, one Benings, one Parry, and two others. . . . Her majesty, by some means I know not, was lodged at his (Rookwood's) house, Ewston, far unmeet for her highness, but fitter for the blackguard; nevertheless her excellent majesty gave to Rookwood ordinary thanks for his bad house, and her fair hand to kiss; after which it was braved at. But my lord chamberlain, nobly and gravely understanding that Rookwood was excommunicated for papistry, called him before him, demanded of him how he durst presume to attempt her real presence, he, unfit to accompany any Christian person; forthwith said he was fitter for a pair of stocks; commanded him out of the court, and yet to attend her council's pleasure; and at Norwich he was committed," * etc. etc. In the beginning of the letter Topcliffe "joys at her majesty's gracious favor and affiance in your lordship—next some comfort I received of her for myself that must ever lie nearest my own heart." Tender Topcliffe! But we must have "no scandal about Queen Elizabeth," and our most delicate susceptibilities for the fair fame of the royal virgin may be quieted by the certainty that the comfort nearest the human bloodhound's "own heart" was something substantial—a country house, an estate, or the like.

Lodge says that this Topcliffe was respectably connected, but that he could only find that he was distinguished as a most implacable persecutor of Roman Catholics. In a letter of Sir Anthony Standen, in which he praises the agreeable manners of the Earl of Essex, he writes: "Contrary to our *Topcliffian* customs, he hath won more with words than others could do with racks." From another letter of the period it appears that *Topcliffzare* in the quaint language of the court signified to hunt a recusant.

But to return to Southwell. Transferred to a dungeon in the Tower, "so noisome and filthy that, when he was brought out at the end of the month, his clothes were

* He was afterwards condemned and executed as a traitor.

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covered with vermin," his father wrote to her majesty Queen Elizabeth the letter we have already mentioned. This petition was to some extent regarded. A better lodging was allowed him, and leave accorded his father to supply him with "cloaths and other necessaries"; and amongst the rest, with books which he asked for, which were only the Holy Bible and the works of S. Bernard. "The selection of books," says Mr. Grosart, "*the* book of books, and the father of the fathers, for a poet is very noteworthy; and through all his weary imprisonment 'spiritual things,' not civil or earthly, were his theme when he discoursed to his sister Mary (Mrs. Bannister) or others permitted occasionally to visit him."

TRIAL AND EXECUTION.

We adopt mainly the relation of Southwell's trial and execution as it is given by Bishop Challoner, supported by a Latin MS. preserved in the archives of the English College of S. Omer's:

"After Father Southwell had been kept close prisoner for three years in the Tower, he sent an epistle to Cecil, Lord Treasurer, humbly entreating his lordship that he might either be brought upon his trial to answer for himself, or at least that his friends might have leave to come and see him. The treasurer answered that, if he was in so much haste to be hanged, he should quickly have his desire. Shortly after this orders were given that he should be removed from the Tower to Newgate, where he was put down into the dungeon called *Limbo*, and there kept for three days.

"On the 22d of February, without any previous warning to prepare for his trial, he was taken out of his dark lodging and hurried to Westminster, to hold up his hand there at the bar. The first news of this step towards his martyrdom filled his heart with a joy which he could not conceal. The judges before whom he was to appear were Lord Chief-Justice Popham, Justice Owen, Baron Evans, and Sergeant Daniel. As soon as Father Southwell was brought in, the lord chief-justice made a long and vehement speech against the Jesuits and seminary priests, as the authors and contrivers of all the plots and treasons which, he pretended, had been hatched during that reign. Then was read the bill of indictment against Father Southwell, drawn up by Cook, the queen's solicitor."

THEIR FAITH WAS THEIR GUILT.

It would be well to remark here that Protestants nowadays frequently contend that the missionary priests judicially murdered during the reign of Elizabeth were not executed on account of their religion, but because they were stirrers up of sedition and traitors, and were in every case so proven to be upon their respective trials. The good people who set up such pretext are sadly in ignorance of the history of that dark period. So far from asserting the slightest pretence of guilt on the part of such acts accused of as commonly constitute sedition and high treason, the statute of Elizabeth under which they were sent to the gallows only made it necessary to show that they were Englishmen and Catholic priests, and were arrested in England. The statute, in fact, enacted substantially that, "if any Jesuit, seminary priest, or deacon, or religious or ecclesiastical person whatever, born within the realm, shall come into, be, or remain in any part of this realm, every such offence shall be taken and adjudged to be high treason." The indictment against Southwell was "drawn up by

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Cook, the queen's solicitor," says the S. Omer MS. Now, "Cook, the queen's solicitor" here referred to was no less a personage than the great Coke. Here is the indictment presented by him in Southwell's case, from which it will be seen that the prisoner was charged only with the crimes of, *first*, being a priest of English birth; *second*, of having remained in the county of Middlesex:

"The jury present, on the part of our sovereign lady the queen, that Robert Southwell, late of London, clerk, born within this kingdom of England; to wit, since the feast of S. John the Baptist, in the first year of the reign of her majesty, and before the first day of May, in the thirty-second year of the reign of our lady the queen aforesaid, made and ordained priest by authority derived and pretended from the See of Rome; not having the fear of God before his eyes, and slighting the laws and statutes of this realm of England, without any regard to the penalty therein contained, on the 20th day of June, the thirty-fourth year of the reign of our lady the queen, at Uxenden, in the county of Middlesex, traitorously, and as a false traitor to our lady the queen, was and remained, contrary to the form of the statute in such case set forth and provided, and contrary to the peace of our said lady the queen, her crown, and dignities."

The grand jury having found the bill, Father Southwell was ordered to come up to the bar. He readily obeyed, and, bowing down his head, made a low reverence to his judges; then modestly held up his hand according to custom, and, being asked whether he was guilty or not guilty, he answered, "I confess that I was born in England, a subject to the queen's majesty, and that, by authority derived from God, I have been promoted to the sacred order of priesthood in the Roman Church, for which I return most hearty thanks to his divine Majesty. I confess, also, that I was at Uxenden, in Middlesex, at that time, when, being sent for thither by trick and deceit, I fell into your hands, as is well known; but that I never entertained any designs or plots against the queen or kingdom, I call God to witness, the revenger of perjury; neither had I any other design in returning home to my native country than to administer the sacraments according to the rite of the Catholic Church to such as desired them."

Here the judge interrupted him, and told him that he was to let all that alone, and plead directly guilty or not guilty. Upon which he said, *he was not guilty of any treason whatsoever.* And being asked by what he would be tried, he said, "By God and by you." The judge told him he was to answer, "By God and his country," which, at first, he refused, alleging that the laws of his country were disagreeable to the law of God, and that he was unwilling these poor harmless men of the jury, whom they obliged to represent the country, should have any share in their guilt, or any hand in his death. "But," said he, "if through your iniquity it must be so, and I cannot help it, be it as you will; I am ready to be judged by God and my country." When the twelve were to be sworn, he challenged none of them, saying that they were all equally strangers to him, and therefore charity did not allow him to except against any one of them more than another.

After Coke had presented the case to the jury, they went aside to consult about the verdict, and in a short time brought him in guilty. He was asked if he had anything more to say for himself why sentence should not be pronounced against him? He said: "Nothing; but from my heart I beg of Almighty God to forgive all who have been any ways accessary to my death." The judge having

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pronounced sentence according to the usual form, Father Southwell made a very low bow, returning him most hearty thanks as for an unspeakable favor. The judge offered him the help of a minister to prepare him to die. Father Southwell desired he would not trouble him upon that head; that the grace of God would be more than sufficient for him. And so, being sent back to Newgate through the streets, lined with people, he discovered, all the way, the overflowing joy of his heart in his eyes, in his whole countenance, and in every gesture and motion of his body. He was again put down into limbo, at his return to Newgate, where he spent the following night, the last of his life, in prayer, full of the thoughts of the journey he was to take the next day, through the gate of martyrdom, into a happy eternity; to enjoy for ever the sovereign object of his love.

We have seen by what device and with what ill success the officials directing the execution sought, on the next morning, to draw away the crowd from Tyburn where Father Southwell was to be "hung, bowelled, and quartered."

EXECUTIONS UNDER ELIZABETH.

The modern reader generally, and very naturally, supposes that this sentence, horrible as it is in its simplest form, would be carried out as stated. that is to say, that, when the condemned man was hung until dead, his body was then butchered as described. This probably was the intention of the law, and the latter two of the three incidents of the executions were intended more as indignities to the remains of a criminal supposed to be guilty of the greatest of human crimes than as any part of the means of procuring death. But under the reign of Elizabeth the cruelty and bestiality of the mode in which the horrible sentence was carried out had reached its height. As a general thing, the victim was butchered alive. According to the whim or the bloodthirstiness of the executioner, the condemned man was allowed to hang a short time, or he was scarcely swung off before he was cut down and the hangman was—as he is described in a well-known phrase—"grabbling among his entrails." Sometimes the executioner would spring upon the body as it was swung off, and plunge his knife into the victim before they reached the ground in their fall together. When a young priest named Edward Genings was executed, in 1591, the butchery was superintended by Topcliffe, who adjured the victim to submit and recant and he should be pardoned. His reply was: "I know not in what I have offended my dear anointed princess; if I had, I would willingly ask forgiveness. If she be offended with me because I am a priest, and because I profess my faith, and will not turn minister against my conscience, I shall be, I trust, excused and innocent before God. I must obey God, saith S. Peter, rather than men." At this Topcliffe was enraged, and bade the hangman turn the ladder; scarcely giving him time to say a *Pater Noster*. Cut down by his order before he was dead, the butchery began, and, the hangman's hand being already on his heart, Genings was heard to say, "Sancte Gregori, ora pro me!"—which the hangman hearing, he swore, "*Zounds, see, his heart is in my hand*, and yet Gregory is in his mouth! O egregious papist!" *

We return to Father Southwell,

* For this and many other cases see, *Martyrs Omitted by Foxe*. London. 1872. Compiled by a member of the English Church. With a preface by the Rev. Frederick George Lee, D.C.L., F.S.A., Vicar of All Saints', Lambeth.

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who was drawn on a hurdle or sled from Newgate to Tyburn, and resume the account of the S. Omer's MS.: "When he was come to the place, getting up into the cart, he made the sign of the cross in the best manner that he could, his hands being pinion'd, and began to speak to the people those words of the apostle (Rom. xiv), 'Whether we live, we live to the Lord, or whether we die, we die to the Lord; therefore, whether we live or die, we belong to the Lord.' Here the sheriff would have interrupted him, but he begged leave that he might go on, assuring him that he would utter nothing that should give offence. Then he spoke as follows: 'I am come to this place to finish my course, and to pass out of this miserable life; and I beg of my Lord Jesus Christ, in whose most precious Passion and Blood I place my hope of salvation, that he would have mercy on my soul. I confess I am a Catholic priest of the Holy Roman Church, and a religious man of the Society of Jesus; on which account I owe eternal thanks and praises to my God and Saviour.' Here he was interrupted by a minister telling him that, if he understood what he had said in the sense of the Council of Trent, it was damnable doctrine. But the minister was silenc'd by the standers-by, and Mr. Southwell went on, saying: 'Sir, I beg of you not to be troublesome to me for this short time that I have to live: I am a Catholic, and in whatever manner you may please to interpret my words, I hope for my salvation by the merits of Our Lord Jesus Christ; and as to the queen, I never attempted, nor contrived, or imagined any evil against her, but have always prayed for her to Our Lord, and for this short time of my life still pray, that, in his infinite mercy, he would be pleased to give her all such gifts and graces which he sees, in his divine wisdom, to be most expedient for the welfare both of her soul and body, in this life and in the next. I recommend in like manner, to the same mercy of God, my poor country, and I implore the divine bounty to favor it with his light and the knowledge of his truth, to the greater advancement of the salvation of souls, and the eternal glory of his divine Majesty. In fine, I beg of the almighty and everlasting God, that this my death may be for my own and for my country's good, and the comfort of the Catholics my brethren.'

"Having finished these words, and looking for the cart to be immediately drove away, he again blessed himself, and, with his eyes raised to heaven, repeated with great calmness of mind and countenance, 'Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit,' with other short ejaculations, till the cart was drawn off. The unskilful hangman had not applied the noose of the rope to the proper place, so that he several times made the sign of the cross whilst he was hanging, and was some time before he was strangled, which some perceiving, drew him by the legs to put an end to his pain, and when the executioner was for cutting the rope before he was dead, the gentlemen and people that were present cried out three several times, 'Hold, hold!' for the behavior of the servant of God was so edifying in these his last moments, that even the Protestants who were present at the execution were much affected with the sight." After he was dead he was cut down and the remainder of the sentence carried out. Turnbull relates that "Lord Mountjoy (Charles Blount), who happened to be present, was so struck by the martyr's constancy that he exclaim-

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ed, 'May my soul be with this man's!' and he assisted in restraining those who would have cut the rope while he was still in life."

Father Southwell's reverend and Protestant biographer declares, in concluding his relation of the execution: "I must regard our worthy as a 'martyr' in the deepest and grandest sense—a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost. I should blush for my Protestantism if I did not hold in honor, yea reverence, his stainless and beautiful memory.

> 'Through this desert, day by day,
> Wandered not his steps astray,
> Treading still the royal way.'
> —*Paradisus Animæ.*

"So perished Father Southwell, at thirty-three years of age, and so, unhappily, have perished many of the wise and virtuous of the earth. Conscious of suffering in the supposed best of causes, he seems to have met death without terror—to have received the crown of martyrdom not only with resignation, but with joy."*

It is matter of regret that there exists no authentic portrait of Southwell. His biographer is of opinion that a genuine likeness of him would have shown an intellectual, etherealized face, and fancies that he might have sat for the portrait of the Prior in *The Lady of Garaye:*

> "Tender his words, and eloquently wise;
> Mild the pure fervor of his watchful eyes;
> Meek with serenity and constant prayer,
> The luminous forehead, high and broad and bare.
> The thin mouth, though not passionless, yet still
> With a sweet calm that speaks an angel's will,
> Resolving service to his God's behest,
> And ever musing how to serve *him* best,
> Not old, nor young; with manhood's gentlest grace,
> Pale to transparency the pensive face,
> Pale not with sickness but with studious thought,
> The body tasked, the fine mind overwrought;
> With something faint and fragile in the whole,
> As though 'twere but a lamp to hold a soul."

PART SECOND.—POET.

And here, first, a few words on the prose writings of Southwell. We have already referred to the remarkable letter of admonition by him addressed to his father. It is a severe test to put the prose of any cultivated language to that of comparison with the productions of the same tongue nearly three centuries later. And yet this letter will support such comparison surprisingly well both as to substance and style. The reader will bear in mind the peculiar circumstances under which Southwell addressed this

LETTER TO HIS FATHER.

"I am not of so unnatural a kind, of so wild an education, or so unchristian a spirit, as not to remember the root out of which I have branched, or to forget my secondary maker and author of my being. It is not the carelessness of a cold affection, nor the want of a due and reverent respect, that has made me such a stranger to my native home, and so backward in defraying the debt of a thankful mind, but only the iniquity of these days that maketh my presence perilous, and the discharge of my duties an occasion of danger. I was loth to enforce an unwilling courtesy upon any, or by seeming officious to become offensive; deeming it better to let time digest the fear that my return into the realm had bred in my kindred than abruptly to intrude myself, and to purchase their danger, whose good-will I so highly esteem. I never doubted but what the belief, which to all my friends by descent and pedigree is, in a manner, hereditary, framed in them a right persuasion of my present calling, not suffering them to measure their censures of me by the ugly terms and odious epithets wherewith heresy hath sought to discredit my functions, but rather by the reverence of so worthy a sacrament and the sacred usages of all former ages. Yet, because I might easily perceive by apparent conjectures that many were more willing to hear of me than from me, and readier to

* *Retrospective Review*, vol. iv., 1821, p. 270.

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praise than to use my endeavors, I have hitherto bridled my desire to see them by the care and jealousy of their safety; and banished myself from the scene of my cradle in my own country. I have lived like a foreigner, finding among strangers that which, in my nearest blood, I presumed not to seek."

Then, regretting that he has been barred from affording to his dearest friends that which hath been eagerly sought and beneficially attained by mere strangers, he exclaims passionately:

"Who hath more interest in the grape than he who planted the vine? Who more right to the crop than he who sowed the corn? or where can the child owe so great service as to him to whom he is indebted for his very life and being? With young Tobias I have travelled far, and brought home a freight of spiritual sustenance to enrich you, and medicinable receipts against your ghostly maladies. I have with Esau, after long toil in pursuing a long and painful chase, returned with the full prey you were wont to love, desiring thereby to ensure your blessing. I have, in this general famine of all true and Christian food, with Joseph prepared abundance of the mead of angels for the repast of your soul. And now my desire is that my drugs may cure you, my prey delight you, and my provisions feed you, by whom I have been cured, enlightened, and fed myself; that your courtesies may, in part, be counterveiled, and my duty, in some sort, performed.

"Despise not, good sire, the youth of your son, neither deem your God measureth his endowments by number of years. Hoary senses are often couched under youthful locks, and some are riper in the spring than others in the autumn of their age. God chose not Esau himself, nor his eldest son, but young David, to conquer Goliath and to rule his people; not the most aged person, but David, the most innocent youth, delivered Susannah from the iniquity of the judges. Christ, at twelve years of age, was found in the temple questioning with the greatest doctors. A true Elias can conceive that a little cloud may cast a large and abundant shower; and the Scripture teacheth us that God unveileth to little ones that which he concealeth from the wisest sages. His truth is not abashed by the minority of the speaker; for out of the mouths of infants and sucklings he can perfect his praises. . . . The full of your spring-tide is now fallen, and the stream of your life waneth to a low ebb; your tired bark beginneth to leak, and *grateth oft upon the gravel of the grave;* therefore it is high time for you to strike sail and put into harbor, lest, remaining in the scope of the winds and waves of this wicked time, some unexpected gust should dash you upon the rock of eternal ruin."

The entire letter is given in both Walter and Turnbull's *Memoirs of Southwell*, and has been extravagantly praised as being the composition of Sir Walter Raleigh, among whose *Remains* it is frequently reprinted. Mr. Grosart, a Protestant clergyman, says of it: "I know nothing comparable with the mingled affection and prophetlike fidelity, the wise instruction, correction, reproof, the full rich scripturalness and quaint applications, the devoutness, the insistence, the pathos of this letter." The edition of Sir Walter Raleigh's *Remains*, published in London in 1675, was the subject of an article in the *Retrospective Review* for 1820, in which the reviewer remarks: "'The Dutiful Advice of a Loving Son to his Aged Father' is supposed to be a libel on Sir Walter, written by his enemies. It will be seen, however, that it bears a strong resemblance to his style, although the metaphor is more profuse and ornamental, and seems to be rather engrafted on his thoughts than to spring up with them. That this piece should be dictated by personal hostility is strange. It contains exhortations that might with the greatest propriety be directed to any man.

"It is possible that it might be written by another in imitation of Sir Walter Raleigh's 'Advice to his Son'; *yet if he was an enemy, he was of a most uncommon description.* As the advice, however, is worth quoting for

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its own merit, and is written with great force and beauty, we shall give our readers an opportunity of judging for themselves."

This letter is Southwell's earliest dated prose, and was followed by a variety of treatises, epistles, and pamphlets, printed on the "private press" at his own house in London. Besides these, there remain several English and a large number of Latin prose writings still in manuscript. "Mary Magdalene's Funerall Teares," although prose in form, is in fact far more fervid and impassioned than the greater part of his poetry.

SOUTHWELL'S POETRY.

To the readers of poetry for its merely sensuous qualities of flowing measure, attractive imagery, and brilliant description, the poems of Southwell possess but few attractions. Their subjects are all religious, or, at least, serious; and, in reading him, we must totally forget the traditional pagan poet pictured to us as crowned with flowers, and holding in hand an overflowing anacreontic cup. Serious, indeed, his poems might well be, for they were all composed during the intervals of thirteen bodily rackings in a gloomy prison that opened only upon the scaffold. And yet we look in vain among them for expressions of the reproaches or repining such a fate might well engender, and we search with but scant result for record or trace of his own sufferings in the lines traced with fingers yet bent and smarting with the rack. The vanity of all earthly things, the trials of life, the folly and wickedness of the world, the uncertainty of life, and the consolations and glories of religion, are the constantly returning subjects of his productions, and, however treated, they always reflect the benignity and elevation of the poet's character.

Certain it is that Southwell was largely read by the generation that immediately succeeded him. Many years ago, Ellis* said: "The very few copies of his works which are now known to exist are the remnant of at least seventeen different editions, of which eleven were printed between 1593 and 1600"; and at a later period, Drake, in his *Shakespeare and his Times*, says:† "Both the poetry and the prose of Southwell possess the most decided merit; the former, which is almost entirely restricted to moral and religious subjects, flows in a vein of great harmony, perspicuity, and elegance, and breathes a fascination resulting from the subject and the pathetic mode of treating it which fixes and deeply interests the reader."

A valuable tribute of admiration to Southwell's poetic talent is that of Ben Jonson, who said: "that Southwell was hanged; yet so he (Jonson) had written that piece of his, 'The Burning Babe,' he would have been content to destroy many of his."‡ Our readers, we are sure, will thank us for giving it here, although we strongly suspect that Mr. Grosart will not approve of its modern orthography.

As I in hoary winter's night stood shivering in the snow,
Surprised I was with sudden heat, which made my heart to glow;
And lifting up a fearful eye to view what fire was near,
A pretty Babe all burning bright did in the air appear,
Who, scorched with excessive heat, such floods of tears did shed,
As though his floods should quench his flames which with his tears were fed;
Alas! quoth he, but newly born, in fiery heats I frye,
Yet none approach to warm their hearts or feel my fire but I!
My faultless breast the furnace is, the fuel wounding thorns,
Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke, the ashes shame and scornes;

* *Specimens of the Early English Poets*, first edition, vol. ii. p. 166.
† Vol. i. p. 644, fourth edition.
‡ *Notes of Ben Jonson's Conversations with William Drummond of Hawthornden*, p. 13.

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The fuel Justice layeth on, and Mercy blows the coals,
The metal in this furnace wrought are men's defiled souls,
For which, as now, on fire I am, to work them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath to washe them in my blood:
With this he vanished out of sight, and swiftly shrunk away,
And straight I called unto mind that it was Christmas day.

Our limits will permit but slight citation from the body of Southwell's poetry. He is most widely known by his chief poem "S. Peter's Complaint," consisting of one hundred and thirty-six stanzas (six-line). But his most attractive pieces are his shorter poems—"Times go by Turns," "Content and Rich,"* "Life is but Loss," "Look Home," "Love's servile Lot," and the whole series on our Saviour and his Mother; and, making some allowance for the enthusiasm of our editor, no true lover of poetry who reads these productions of Southwell will seriously dissent from Mr. Grosart's estimate of them. "The hastiest reader will come on 'thinking' and 'feeling' that are as musical as Apollo's lute, and as fresh as a spring budding spray; and the wording of all (excepting over-alliteration and inversion occasionally, is throughout of the 'pure well of English undefiled.' When you take some of the Myrtæ and Mæoniæ pieces, and read and re-read them, you are struck with their condensation, their concinnity, their polish, their *élan*, their memorableness. Holiness is in them not as scent on love-locks, but as fragrance in the great Gardener's flowers of fragrance. His tears are pure and white as the 'dew of the morning.' His smiles—for he has humor, even wit, that must have lurked in the burdened eyes and corners o' mouth—are sunny as sunshine. As a whole, his poetry is healthy and strong, and, I think, has been more potential in our literature than appears on the surface. I do not think it would be hard to show that others of whom more is heard drew light from him, as well early as more recent, from Burns to Thomas Hood. For example, limiting as to the latter, I believe every reader who will compare the two deliberately will see in the 'Vale of Tears' the source of the latter's immortal 'Haunted House'—dim, faint, weak beside it, as the earth-hid bulb compared with the lovely blossom of hyacinth or tulip or lily, nevertheless really carrying in it the original of the mightier after-poem."

Our warmest tribute of praise can render but scant justice to the intelligence, the industry, the erudition, the keen poetic sense, and the enthusiasm which the editor of the volume before us has devoted to what has evidently been to him a labor of love. Mr. Grosart is well known in the literary world as the editor of Crashawe and of Vaughan, as also of the forthcoming editions of Marvell,

* Here are seven of its seventeen stanzas:

Enough, I reckon wealth;
A mean the surest lot,
That lies too high for base contempt,
Too low for envy's shot.

My wishes are but few,
All easy to fulfil,
I make the limits of my power
The bounds unto my will.

I feel no care of coyne,
Well-deing is my wealth;
My mind to me an empire is,
While grace affordeth health.

I clip high-climbing thoughts,
The wings of swelling pride;
Their fall is worst, that from the height
Of greatest honors slide.

Spare diet is my fare,
My clothes more fit than fine;
I know I feed and clothe a foe
That, pampered, would repine.

To rise by others' fall
I deem a losing gain;
All states with others' ruins built,
To ruin run amain.

No change of Fortune's calms
Can cast my comforts down;
When Fortune smiles, I smile to think
How quickly she will frown.

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Donne, and Sidney. His laboriously corrected version of our martyr-poet's legacy has, it may be said, restored Southwell to us, so obscured had he become by mistakes, misprints, and false readings. Indeed Mr. Grosart's somewhat jealous love of his subject betrays him into apparently harsh judgment on the efforts of others, when, for instance, he declares himself "vexed by the travesties on editing and mere carelessness of Walter earlier (1817) and Turnbull later (1856) in their so-called editions of the poems of Father Southwell," adding: "Turnbull said contemptuously, 'I refrain from criticism on Mr. Walter's text'—severe but not undeserved, only his own is scarcely one whit better, and in places worse."

There is one passage at the close of Mr. Grosart's interesting preface which has a special interest for us as Americans. We mean his reference to the verdict pronounced on Father Southwell's poetry by Prof. James Russell Lowell in his charming book *My Study Windows*. "It seems to me," says Mr. Grosart, "harsh to brutality on the man (meet follower of him 'the first true gentleman that ever breathed'); while on the poetry it rests on self-evidently the most superficial acquaintance and the hastiest generalization. To pronounce 'S. Peter's Complaint' a 'drawl' of thirty pages of 'maudlin repentance, in which the distinctions between the north and northeast sides of a (*sic*) sentimentality are worthy of Duns Scotus,' shows about as much knowledge—that is, ignorance—of the poem as of the schoolman, and as another remark does of S. Peter; for, with admitted tedium, S. Peter's complaint sounds depths of penitence and remorse, and utters out emotion that flames into passion very unforgettably, while there are felicities of metaphor, daintinesses of word-painting, brilliancies of inner-portraiture, scarcely to be matched in contemporary verse. The 'paraphrase' of David (to wit, 'David's Peccavi') is a single short piece, and the 'punning' conceit, 'fears are my feres,' is common to some of England's finest wits, and in the meaning of 'fere' not at all to be pronounced against. If we on this side of the Atlantic valued less the opinion of such a unique genius as Prof. Lowell's, if we did not take him to our innermost love, we should less grieve over such a vulgar affront offered to a venerable name as his whole paragraph to Southwell. I shall indulge the hope of our edition reaching the 'Study,' and persuading to a real 'study' of these poems, and, if so, I do not despair of a voluntary reversal of the first judgment.

ARIS WILMOTT

pronounced Southwell to be the Goldsmith of our early poets; and 'Content and Rich,' and, 'Dyer's phansie turned to a Sinner's Complaint' warrant the great praise. But beneath the manner recalling Goldsmith, there is a purity and richness of thought, a naturalness, a fineness of expression, a harmony of versification, and occasionally a tide-flow of high-toned feeling, not to be met with in him.

"Nor will Prof. Lowell deem his (I fear) hasty (mis)judgment's reconsideration too much to count on, after the present Archbishop of Dublin's well-weighed words in his notes to his *Household Book of English Poetry* (1868):

"'Hallam thinks that Southwell has been of late praised at least as much as he deserves. This may be so; yet, taking into account the finished beauty of such poems as this ("Lewd Love is Loss") and No. 2 ("Times go by Turns") of this collection, poems which, as far as

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they go, leave nothing to be desired, he has scarcely been praised more than he deserves. How in earlier times he was rated, the fact that there were twenty-four editions of his poems will sufficiently testify; though probably the creed be professed, and the death which he died, may have had something to do with this. Robert Southwell was a seminary priest, and was executed at Tyburn in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in conformity with a law, which even the persistent plottings of too many of these at once against the life of the sovereign and the life of the state must altogether fail to justify or excuse' (pp. 391-392).

"To Archbishop Trench's I add, as equally weighty and worthy, the fine and finely sympathetic yet discriminative judgment of Dr. George Macdonald in *Antiphon* as follows:

"'I proceed to call up one WHO WAS A POET INDEED, although little known as such, being a Roman Catholic, a Jesuit even, and therefore, in Elizabeth's reign, a traitor and subject to the penalties according (accruing)? Robert Southwell, thirteen times most cruelly tortured, could "not be induced to confess anything, not even the color of the horse whereon he rode on a certain day, lest from such indication his adversaries might conjecture in what house, or in company of what Catholics, he that day was,' etc.

"I believe, then," concludes Dr. Grosart, "I shall not appeal in vain to Prof. Lowell to give a few hours behind his 'Study Windows' to a reperusal of some of the poems of Southwell named by us and these sufficiently qualified critics."

SOMETHING ABOUT LACE.

THERE is probably no article, not a necessity, which has employed so many heads and hands, and been the subject of such varied interests, as lace. The making of it has given employment to countless nunneries, where the ladies, working first and most heartily for the church, have also taught this art to their pupils as an accomplishment or a means of support. It was, indeed, so peculiarly the province of the religious that, long after it was done in the world, it still bore the name of "nun's-work."

In those old days when railroads were not, and when swamps and forests covered tracts of land now thick with villages and cities, country ladies made fine needle-work their chief occupation; and it was the custom in feudal times for the squires' daughters to spend some time in the castle, in attendance on the *châtelaine*, where they learned to embroider and make lace. It was then a woman's only resource, and was held in high esteem. In the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, one Catherine Sloper was laid to rest, in 1620, with the inscription on her tombstone that she was "exquisite at her needle."

Millions of poor women, and even men and children, have earned their bread by this delicate labor; women of intelligence and fair estate have devoted their lives to it; and noble and regal ladies have been proud to excel in the art.

It is related that when Cardinals Wolsey and Campeggio went down to the palace at Bridewell to seek an interview with the repudiated wife of Henry VIII., they found her seated

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among her ladies embroidering, and she came to meet them with a skein of red silk around her neck. In those days they wrought and made lace with colored silk. We can imagine how the bright floss must have trembled over the tumultuous beatings of that wronged heart during the cruel interview that followed.

But the work of Catherine of Aragon was not for vanity's sake, nor even to pass the heavy hours. In her native Spain the rarest laces were made for the church, and not only nuns, but ladies of the world, wove pious thoughts in with that fairy web. Perhaps nowhere else, save in Rome, was the church lace so rich as in Spain. Images of favorite saints and Madonnas had wardrobes of regal magnificence, changed every day, and the altars and vestments were no less regally adorned.

Beckford writes that, in 1787, the Marchioness of Cogalhudo, wife of the eldest son of the semi-regal race of Medina Cœli, was appointed Mistress of the Robes to Our Lady of La Solidad, in Madrid, and that the office was much coveted.

It is supposed that the peasantry of Bedfordshire, in England, first learned lace-making through the charity of Queen Catherine. While at Ampthill, it is recorded that, when not at her devotions, she, with her ladies, "wrought a needle-work costly and artificially, which she intended for the honor of God to bestow on some of the churches."

The country people had the greatest love and respect for the disgraced queen; and, till lately, the lace-makers held "Cattern's Day," the 25th of November, as the holiday of their craft, "in memory of good Queen Catherine, who, when trade was dull, burnt all her laces, and ordered new to be made. The ladies of the court followed her example, and the fabric once more revived." Lace was and is considered a suitable present from a king to a pontiff. These earlier gifts were, it is true, sometimes of gold and silver lace wrought with precious stones, but they were scarcely more costly than the later white-thread points. In the Exhibition of 1859 was shown a dress valued at 200,000 francs, the most costly work ever executed at Alençon. This Napoleon III. purchased for the empress, who, it is said, presented it to his Holiness the Pope as a trimming for his rochet. Also, so early as the XIIIth century, the English cut-work was so fine that, according to Matthew Paris, Pope Innocent IV. sent official letters to some of the Cistercian abbots of England to procure a certain quantity of those vestments for his own use. His Holiness had seen and admired the orfrays of the English clergy.

The finest specimens extant of this old English work (*opus Anglicanum*) are the cope and maniple of S. Cuthbert, taken from his coffin many years ago in the cathedral of Durham, and now preserved in the chapter library of that city. One who has seen them declares them beautiful beyond description.

This work seems to have been at first used only for ecclesiastical purposes, and the making of it to have been a secret preserved in the monasteries.

Nor have the clergy been merely the wearers of lace. We hear of monks being praised for their skill in "imbrothering"; and S. Dunstan himself did not disdain to design patterns for church lace. Pattern-books for these needle-laces were made by monks as well as laymen, and plates in them represent men seated at the embroidering frame. Some of these old pattern books of the XVIth cen

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tury are preserved in the library of S. Geneviève at Paris, inherited from the monastery of that name. These books are prized and sought for as some of the earliest specimens of block-printing. But few remain, and doubtless their high price prevented them from being made in great numbers. Their place was taken by samplers, into which were copied the patterns desired. From these old lace-samplers come the later alphabetical samplers, which many now living will remember to have made in their youth.

Large quantities of rich old lace were lost in the last century, when the French Revolution brought in gauzes and blondes, and fashion tossed aside as worthless these exquisite products of the needle. In Italy, where the custom was to preserve old family lace, less was destroyed; but in England it was handed over to servants or farm people, or stowed away in attics, and afterwards burned. Some ladies gave point-laces which now they could not afford to buy, to their children to dress their dolls with. Sometimes it was thrown away as old rags.

In the church, however, fashion had no power, and old lace has been usually preserved. Some collections are exceedingly valuable. Notable among these is that of the Rohan family, who gave princes-archbishops to Strasbourg. Baroness de Oberkirck, in *Memoirs of the Court of Louis XVI.*, writes: "We met the cardinal coming out of his chapel dressed in a soutane of scarlet moire and rochet of inestimable value. When, on great occasions, he officiates at Versailles, he wears an alb of old lace of needle-point of such beauty that his assistants were almost afraid to touch it. His arms and device are worked in a medallion above the large flowers." This alb is estimated at 100,000 livres.

It is impossible to exaggerate the extent to which lace was used prior to the French Revolution, or the immense extravagance of the sums spent on it. Everybody wore it, even servants emulating their masters and mistresses. It trimmed everything, from the towering Fontanges, which rose like a steeple from ladies' heads, to the boot-tops and shoe-rosettes of men. Men wore lace ruffles not only at the wrist, but at the knee, lace ruffs, cravats, collars, and garters; and bed furniture was made of lace, or trimmed with it, costly as it was. A pair of ruffles would amount to 4,000 livres, a lady's cap to 1,200 livres. We read that Mme. du Barry gave 487 francs for lace enough to trim a pillow-case, and 77 livres for a pair of ruffles. Lace fans were made in 1668, and lace-trimmed bouquet-holders are not a new fancy. When the Doge of Venice made his annual visit to the convent *Delle Vergini*, the lady abbess used to meet him in the parlor, surrounded by her novices, and present him a nosegay in a gold handle trimmed with the richest lace that could be found in Venice.

Voltaire says that the mysterious Iron Mask was passionately fond of fine linen and rich lace.

So extravagant had the use of this luxury become that in England there was an outcry against it, and the Puritans laid great stress on discarding vanity in clothing.

We have a little scene illustrative, between the Princess Mary and Lady Jane Grey. The princess had given the maiden some gorgeous dresses trimmed with lace. "What shall I do with it?" asks Lady Jane. "Gentlewoman, wear it," was the reply, a little vexed, may be. "Nay," says Lady Jane, "that were a shame to follow my Lady Mary against God's will, and leave my Lady

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Elizabeth, which followeth God's will."

"My Lady Elizabeth," however, set aside her scruples before long, and, when queen, did not hesitate to adorn herself as bravely as she might, though she had no mind her fashions should be copied by the vulgar; for we read that, when the London Apprentices adopted white stitching and guards as ornaments for their collars, Queen Elizabeth forbade it, and ordered that the first transgressor should be publicly whipped in the hall of his company.

There is another incident, which, as one of the sex in whom vanity is supposed to be prominent, we take special pleasure in relating.

The Puritan nobles had not in dress conformed to Puritan rules as strictly as some desired, the foreign ambassadors dressing as richly as ever. When, therefore, the Spanish envoy accredited to the Protectorate of Cromwell arrived and was about to have an audience, Harrison begged Lord Warwick and Colonel Hutchinson to set an example by not wearing either gold or silver lace. These gentlemen did not disapprove of rich clothing, but, rather than give offence, they and their associates appeared the next day in plain black suits. But, to their astonishment, Harrison entered dressed in a scarlet coat so covered with lace and *clinquant* as to hide the material of which it was made. Whereupon Mrs. Hutchinson remarks that Harrison's "godly speeches were only made that he might appear braver above the rest in the eyes of the strangers."

Lace has frequently employed the thoughts of law-makers, and in 1698 was the subject of a legislative duel between England and Flanders. There was already in England an act prohibiting the importation of bone-lace (*i.e.* bobbin-lace), loom-lace, cut-work, and needle-work point; but this proving ineffectual, since everybody smuggled, another act was passed setting a penalty of twenty shillings a yard and forfeiture. We regret to learn that forfeiture meant, in some cases at least, burning, and that large quantities of the finest Flanders lace were seized and actually burned. It reminds one of the burning of Don Quixote's library of chivalric records.

Flanders, however, with its nunneries full of lace-makers, and its thousands of people depending on the trade, had no mind to be thus crippled without retaliation. An act was immediately passed prohibiting the importation of English wool; whereupon the wool-staplers echoed with addition the groans of the lace-makers, and England was forced to repeal the act so far as the Low Countries were concerned.

As we have said, everybody in England smuggled lace in those days. Smuggling seems indeed to be everywhere looked on as the least shameful of law-breaking. But never, perhaps, were officers of the customs as incorruptible as these. Suspicious persons were searched, no matter what their rank, and no person living within miles of a seaport dared to wear a bit of foreign lace unless they could prove that it had been honestly obtained. Many were the devices by which men and women sought to elude the customs. When a deceased clergyman of the English Church was conveyed home from the Low Countries for burial, it was found that only his head, hands, and feet were in the coffin—the body had been replaced by Flanders lace of immense value. Years after, when the body of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, who had died in France, was brought over, the custom-house officers not only searched the coffin, but poked

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the corpse with a stick to make sure that it was a body. The High Sheriff of Westminster was more fortunate, for he succeeded in smuggling £6,000 worth of lace in the coffin that brought over from Calais the body of Bishop Atterbury.

In the present century, Lady Ellenborough, wife of the lord chief-justice, was stopped near Dover, and a large quantity of valuable lace found secreted in the lining of her carriage.

At one period, much lace was smuggled into France from Belgium by means of dogs trained for the purpose. A dog was caressed and petted at home, then, after a while, sent across the frontier, where he was tied up, starved, and ill-treated. The skin of a larger dog was then fitted to his body, the intervening space filled with lace, and the poor animal was released. Of course he made haste to scamper back to his former home.

A propos of the customs, there is a story in which George III. had an active part, and displayed his determination to protect home manufactures.

On the marriage of his sister, Princess Augusta, to the Duke of Brunswick, the king ordered that all stuffs and laces worn should be of English manufacture. The nobility, intent on outshining each other on this grand occasion, took but little notice of the command. We may well believe that the rooms of the court milliner were gorgeous with these preparations; that there was unusual hurry and flurry lest everything should not be done in time; and that high-born and beautiful ladies were constantly besieging the doors, bringing additions to the stock. Fancy, then, the consternation of the expectant and excited dames, when, only three days before the wedding, the customs made a descent on this costly finery, and carried off in one fell swoop the silver, the gold, and the laces! There was not only the loss of these dear gewgaws to mourn, but a new toilet to be prepared in three days!

The camp, too, as well as the church and the court, has cherished lace, and the warriors of those days did not fight less gallantly because they went into battle elegantly arrayed. Lace ruffles at the wrist did not weaken the sword or sabre stroke, nor laces on the neck and bosom make faint the heart beneath. Possibly they helped to a nobler courtesy and a braver death; for slovenly dress tends to make slovenly manners, and slovenly manners often lead to careless morals.

A graceful fashion called the Steinkerk had a martial origin, and was named from the battle so-called, wherein Marshal Luxembourg won the day against William of Orange. On that day, the young princes of the blood were suddenly and unexpectedly called into battle. Hastily knotting about their necks the laced cravats then in fashion, and usually tied with great nicety, they rushed into action, and won the fight.

In honor of that event, both ladies and gentlemen wore their cravats and scarfs loosely twisted and knotted, the ends sometimes tucked through the button-hole, sometimes confined by a large oval-shaped brooch; and Steinkerks became the rage.

But evidence enough, perhaps, has been brought to prove that lace is not an entirely trivial subject of discourse. We may, however, add that Dr. Johnson condescended to define net lace in his most Johnsonian manner. It is, he says, "anything reticulated or decussated, with interstices between the intersections." After that, ladies may wear their ruffles not only with pleasure, but with respect; for if he was so learned in defining

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plain net, what unimaginable erudition would have entered his definition of Honiton guipure, or the points of Alençon, Brussels, or Venice!

Spiders were probably the first creatures that made lace, though the trees held a delicate white network under the green of their leaves. After the spiders came the human race, following closely. Old Egyptian pictures and sculptures show us women engaged in twisting threads; and the Scriptures are full of allusions to "fine twined linen" and needlework. Almost as soon as garments were worn they began to be adorned at the edges; and among savages, to whom garments were of slight consequence, tattooing was practised, which is the same idea in a different form.

The Israelites probably learned from the Egyptians, and from them the art travelled westward. One theory is that Europe learned it from the Saracens. It matters but little to us which is the real version. It is most likely that all the children of Adam and Eve had some fancy of this sort which reached greater perfection in the more cultivated tribes and nations, and was by them taught to the others. The waved or serrated edges of leaves would suggest such adornments to them, or the fur hanging over the edge of the rude skins they wore. The very waves of the sea, that curled over in snowy spray at their tips, had a suggestion of lace and ornamental bordering; and the clouds of sunrise and sunset were fringed with crimson and gold by the sun. Flower petals were finished with a variegated edge, and it was not enough that birds had wings, but they must be ornamented.

When embroidery at length became an art, the Phrygian women excelled all others. Presently close embroidery became open-worked or cut-worked, and out of cut-work grew lace.

This cut-work was made in various ways. In one kind, a network of thread was made on a frame, and under this was gummed a piece of fine cloth. Then those parts which were to remain thick were sewed round on to the cloth; and afterward the superfluous cloth was cut away.

Another kind was made entirely of thread, which was arranged on a frame in lines diverging from the centre like a spider's web, and worked across and over with other threads, forming geometrical patterns. Later, a fabric still more like our modern lace was made. A groundwork was netted by making one stitch at the beginning, and increasing a stitch on each side till the requisite size was obtained. On this ground was worked the pattern, sometimes darned in with counted stitches, sometimes cut out of linen, and *appliqué*. Still another kind was drawn-work, threads being drawn from linen or muslin, and the thinned cloth worked into lace. Specimens still exist of a six-sided lace net made in this way, with sprigs worked over it.

The earlier rich laces were not made of white thread. Gold, silver, and silk were used. The Italians, who claim to have invented point lace, were the great makers of gold lace. Cyprus stretched gold into a wire, and wove it. From Cyprus the art reached Genoa, Venice, and Milan; and gradually all Europe learned to make gold lace. In England, the complaint was raised that the gold of the realm was sensibly diminishing in this way, and in 1635 an act was passed prohibiting the melting down of bullion to make gold or silver "purl." And not only in Western and Southern Europe was

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this luxury fashionable. A piece of gold lace was found in a Scandinavian barrow opened in the XVIIIth century. Perhaps the lace was made by some captive woman stolen by the vikings, a later Proserpine ravished from the South, who wove the web with her pale fingers as she sat in that frozen Hades, while her piratical blue-eyed Pluto looked on marvelling, and waiting to catch a smile from her relenting eyes. Gold lace was sold by weight.

Some of the most magnificent old points of Venice were made of silk, the natural cream-color. The rose Venice point—*Gros point de Venice*, *Punto a rilievo*—was the richest and most complicated of all points. It was worked of silk, on a parchment pattern, the flowers connected by *brides*. The outlines of these flowers were in relief, cotton being placed inside to raise them, and countless beautiful stitches were introduced. Sometimes they were in double, sometimes in triple, relief, and each flower and leaf was edged with fine regular pearls. This point was highly prized for albs, *collerettes*, *berthes*, and costly decorations.

Another kind of Venice lace—knotted point—had a charmingly romantic origin. A young girl in one of the islands of the Lagune, a lace-worker, was betrothed to a young sailor, who brought her home from the Southern seas a bunch of pretty coralline called mermaid's lace. Moved partly by love for the giver, and partly by admiration for the graceful nature of the seaweed, with its small white knots united by a *bride*, the girl tried to imitate it with her needle, and, after several unsuccessful efforts, produced a delicate guipure, which soon was admired all over Europe.

We must not, in this connection, forget that handkerchief given by Othello to Desdemona, the loss of which cost her so dear. It was wrought, he tells her, by an Egyptian sibyl, who

> "In her prophetic fury sewed the work."

And he declares that

> "The worms were hallowed that did breed the silk."

The flat points of Venice were no less exquisite than the raised, the patterns sometimes being human figures, animals, cupids, and flowers.

In the XVIth century, Barbara Uttmann invented pillow-net, a great advance in the making of lace. This lady's father had moved from Nuremberg to the Hartz Mountains, to superintend mines there, and there the daughter married a rich master-miner, Christopher Uttmann, and lived with him in his castle of Annaberg. Seeing the mountain girls weave nets for the miners to wear over their hair, her inventive mind suggested a new and easier way of making fine netting. Her repeated failures we know not of, but we know of her success. In 1561 she set up a workshop in her own name, and this branch of industry spread so that soon 30,000 persons were employed, with a revenue of 1,000,000 thalers. In 1575, the inventress died and was laid to rest in the churchyard of Annaberg, where her tombstone records that she was the "benefactress of the Hartz Mountains."

Honor to Barbara Uttmann!

Pillow-lace, as most people know, is made on a round or oval board stuffed so as to form a cushion. On this is fixed a stiff piece of parchment with the pattern pricked on it. The threads are wound on bobbins about the size of a pencil, with a groove at the neck. As many of the threads as will start well together are tied at the ends in a knot, and the knot fastened with a pin at the edge of the pattern;

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then another bunch, and so on, till the number required by the lace is completed. The lace is formed by crossing or intertwining these bobbins.

Hand-made lace is of two kinds, point and pillow. Point means a needle-work lace made on a parchment pattern, also a particular kind of stitch. The word is sometimes incorrectly applied; as, *point de Malines*, *point de Valenciennes*, both these laces being made on a pillow.

Lace consists of two parts, the ground and the flower pattern or gimp.

The plain ground is called in French *entoilage*, on account of its containing the ornament, which is called *toilé*, from the texture resembling linen, or being made of that material or of muslin.

The honeycomb network or ground—in French, *fond*, *champ*, *réseau*—is of various kinds: wire ground, Brussels ground, *trolly* ground, etc. Double ground is so called because twice the number of threads are required to make it.

Some laces, points and guipures, are not worked upon a ground, the flowers being connected by irregular threads worked over with *point noué* (button-hole stitch), sometimes with pearl loops (*picot*). Such are the points of Venice and Spain and most of the guipures. To these uniting-threads lace-makers in Italy give the name of "legs," in England "pearl ties," in France "brides."

The flower is made either together with the ground, as in Valenciennes and Mechlin, or separately, and then either worked in or sewn on (*applique*).

The open-work stitches in the patterns are called "modes," "jours," or "fillings."

The early name of lace in England and France was *passement*, so called because the threads were passed by each other in the making. The learned derive lace from *lacina*, a Latin word signifying the hem or fringe of a garment. *Dentelle* comes from the little toothed edge with which lace was finished after awhile. At first, it was *passement dentelé*, finally *dentelle*.

The meaning of guipure is hard to connect with the present use of the word, which is very loose and undefined. It was originally made of silk twisted round a little strip of thin parchment or vellum; and silk twisted round a thick thread or cord was called guipure, hence the name.

The modern Honiton is called guipure, also Maltese lace and its Buckingham imitations. The Italians called the old raised points of Venice and Spain guipures. It is hard to know what claim any of these have to the name.

A fine silk guipure is made in the harems of Turkey, of which specimens were shown in the International Exhibition. This *point de Turquie* is but little known, and is costly. It mostly represents black, white, or mixed colors, fruit, flowers, or foliage.

The lace once made in Malta was a coarse kind of Mechlin or Valenciennes of one arabesque pattern; but since 1833, when an English lady induced a Maltese woman named Ciglia to copy in white an old Greek coverlet, the Ciglia family commenced the manufacture of black and white Maltese guipure, till then unknown in the island.

It is the fineness of the thread which renders the real Brussels ground, *vrai réseau*, so costly. The finest is spun in dark underground rooms; for contact with the dry air causes the thread to break. The spinner works by feeling rather than sight, though a dark paper is placed

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to throw the thread out, and a single ray of light is admitted to fall on the work. She examines every inch drawn from her distaff, and, when any inequality occurs, stops her wheel to repair the mischief.

The *réseau* is made in three different ways: by hand, on the pillow, and more lately by machinery—the last a Brussels-net made of Scotch cotton. The needle ground costs three times as much as the pillow; but it is stronger and easier to repair, the pillow ground always showing the join.

There are two kinds of flowers: those made with the needle, *point à l'aiguille*, and those on the pillow, *point plat*. The best flowers are made in Brussels itself, where they excel in the relief (*point brodé*).

Each part of Brussels lace is made by a different hand. One makes the *vrai réseau;* another, the footing; a third, the point flowers; a fourth works the open *jours;* a fifth unites the different sections of the ground together; a sixth makes the *plat* flowers; a seventh sews the flowers upon the ground.

The pattern is designed by the head of the fabric, who, having cut the parchment into pieces, hands it out ready pricked. In the modern lace, the work of the needle and pillow are combined.

Mechlin lace, sometimes called *broderie de Malines* is a pillow lace made all in one piece, its distinguishing feature being a broad, flat thread which forms the flower. It is very light and transparent, and answers very well as a summer lace. It is said that Napoleon I. admired this lace, and that, when he first saw the light Gothic tracery of the cathedral spire at Antwerp, he exclaimed: "*C'est comme de la dentelle de Malines.*"

Valenciennes is also a pillow lace, but the ground and gimp, or flower, are all made of the same thread.

The *vrai Valenciennes*, as it was a first named, that made in the city itself, was made in the XVth century, of a three-thread twisted flax, and reached its climax about the middle of the XVIIIth century, when there were from 3,000 to 4,000 lace-makers in the city alone. Then fashion began to prefer the lighter and cheaper fabrics of Arras, Lille, and Brussels, till in 1790 the number of lace-workers had diminished to 250. Napoleon I. tried unsuccessfully to revive the manufacture, and in 1851 only two lace-makers remained, both over eighty years of age. This *vrai Valenciennes* which, from its durability, was called *les eternelles Valenciennes*, could not, it was asserted, be made outside the walls of the city. It was claimed that, if a piece of lace were begun at Valenciennes and finished outside of the walls, that part not made in the city would be visibly less beautiful than the other, though continued by the same hand, with the same thread, upon the same pillow. This was attributed to some peculiarity of the atmosphere. That lace, therefore, which was made in the neighborhood of the city was called *bâtarde* and *gausse*.

The makers of this lace worked in underground cellars from four in the morning till eight at night. Young girls were the chief workers, great delicacy of touch being required, any other kind of work spoiling the hand for this. Many of the women, we are told, became blind before reaching the age of thirty. So great was the labor of making this lace that, while the Lille workers could produce from three to five ells per day, those of Valenciennes could not finish more than an inch and a half in that time. Some took a year to make twenty-four inches, and it took ten months, working fifteen hours a day, to finish a pair of men's ruffles.

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It was considered a recommendation to have a piece of lace made all by one hand.

This old Valenciennes was far superior to any now made under that name. The *réseau* was fine and compact, the flowers resembling cambric in their texture. The fault of the lace was its color, never a pure white, but, being so long under the hand in a damp atmosphere, of a reddish cast. In 1840, an old lady, Mlle. Ursule, gathered the few old lace-makers left in the city, and made the last piece of *vrai Valenciennes* of any importance which has been made in the city. It was a head-dress, and was presented by the city to the Duchesse de Nemours.

In the palmy days of Valenciennes, mothers used to hand these laces down to their children as scarcely less valuable than jewels. Even peasant women would lay by their earnings for a year to purchase a piece of *vrai Valenciennes* for a head-dress.

One of the finest specimens of this old lace known is a lace-bordered alb belonging to the Convent of the Visitation, at Le Puy, in Auvergne. The lace is in three breadths, twenty-eight inches wide, entirely of thread, and very fine, though thick. The ground is a clear *réseau*, the pattern solid, of flowers and scrolls.

There is a story of Le Puy that in 1640 a sumptuary edict was issued by the seneschal, forbidding all persons, without regard to age, sex, or rank, to wear lace of any kind. Lace-making being the chief employment of the women of this province, great distress resulted from the edict. In this time of trial, the beggared people found a comforter in the Jesuit F. Régis. He not only consoled them, but he proved the sincerity of his sympathy by acts. He went to Toulouse, and obtained a revocation of the edict; and at his suggestion the Jesuits opened to the Auvergne laces a market in the New World.

This good friend to the poor is now S. Francis Régis, and is venerated in Auvergne as the patron saint of the lace-makers.

The finest and most elaborate Valenciennes is now made at Ypres, in Flanders. Instead of the close *réseau* of the old lace, it has a clear wire ground, which throws the figure out well. On a piece of this Ypres lace not two inches wide, from 200 to 300 bobbins are employed, and for larger widths as many as 800 or more are used on the same pillow. There are now in Flanders 400 lace-schools, of which 157 are the property of religious communities.

We may say here that lace-makers now use Scotch cotton chiefly, instead of linen, finding it cheaper, more elastic, and brilliant. Only Alençon, some choice pieces of Brussels, and the finer qualities of Mechlin are now made of flax. The difference can scarcely be perceived by the eye, and both wash equally well, but the cotton grows yellow with age, while linen retains its whiteness.

Alençon, the only French lace now made on a pillow, was first made in France by an Italian worker, who, finding herself unable to teach the Alençon women the true Venetian stitch, struck out a new path, and, by assigning to each one a different part of the work, as Brussels did afterward, succeeded in producing the most elaborate point ever made. Early specimens show rich scroll-work connected by *brides*. One piece has portraits of Louis XVI. and Maria Theresa, with the crown and cipher, all entwined with flowers. The patterns were not at first beautiful, scarcely at all imitating nature; but their work was perfect.

Point Alençon is made entirely by the hand, on a parchment pattern, in

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small pieces afterwards united by invisible thread. This art of "fine joining" was formerly a secret confined to France and Belgium, but is now known in England and Ireland.

Each part of this work is given to a different person, who is trained from childhood to that specialty. The number formerly required was eighteen, but is now twelve.

The design, engraved on copper, is printed off in divisions upon pieces of parchment ten inches long, each piece numbered in order. This parchment, which is green, is pricked with the pattern, and sewed to a piece of very coarse linen folded double. The outline of the pattern is then made by guiding two flat threads around the edge with the left thumb, and fixing them by minute stitches passed with another thread and needle through the holes in the parchment. The work is then handed over to another to make the ground, either *bride* or *réseau*. The *réseau* is worked back and forward from the footing, or sewing-on-edge, to the *picot*, or lower pearled edge. The flowers are worked with a fine needle and long thread, in button-hole stitch, from left to right, the thread turned back when the end of the flower is reached, and worked over in the next row, making thus a strong fabric. Then come the open-work fillings and other operations, after which the lace is taken from the parchment by passing a sharp razor between the two folds of linen. The head of the fabric then joins the parts together. When finished, a steel instrument is passed into each flower to polish it.

The manufacture of Alençon was nearly extinct when Napoleon I. restored its prosperity. Among the orders executed for the emperor on his marriage with Marie Louise was a bed furniture of great richness. Tester, coverlet, curtains, and pillow-cases were all of the finest *Alençon à bride*. Again the manufacture languished, though efforts were made to revive it, and, in 1840, two hundred aged women—all who were left of the workers—were gathered. But the old point had been made by an hereditary set of workers, and the lace-makers they were obliged to call to their help from other districts could not learn their stitches, consequently changes crept in. But the manufacture was revived, and some fine specimens were shown in the Exhibition of 1851, among them a flounce valued at 22,000 francs, which had taken thirty-six women eighteen months to complete. This appeared afterwards in the Empress Eugenie's *corbeille de mariage*.

Alençon was chiefly used in the magnificent *layette* prepared for the prince imperial. The cradle-curtains were Mechlin, the coverlet of Alençon lined with satin. The christening robe, mantle, and head-dress were also of Alençon, and Alençon covered the three *corbeille* bearing the imperial arms and cipher, and trimmed the twelve dozen embroidered frocks and the aprons of the imperial nurses.

Remembering all the magnificence which clustered around the birth of this infant, who had

"Queens at his cradle, proud and ministrant,'

one thinks with sadness of that exiled boy who now, weeping bitterly the loss of a tender father, beholds receding from his gaze, like a splendid dream, that throne he once seemed born to fill. Nowhere on the face of the earth is one who has possessed so much and lost so much as that boy; and nowhere are a mother and son around whom cling such a romantic interest and sympathy.

The specimens of Alençon in the Exhibition of 1862 maintained the

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reputation of the ancient fabric. *Bride* is but little made now, and is merely twisted threads, far inferior to the clear hexagon of the last century. This hexagon was a *bride* worked around with *point noué*.

Of late, the reapplication of Alençon flowers has been successfully practised by the peasant lace-workers in the neighborhood of Ostend, who sew them to a fine Valenciennes ground.

The Chantilly lace, which owed its foundation to Catherine de Rohan, Duchesse de Longueville, has always been rather an object of luxury than of commercial value. Being considered a royal fabric, and its production for the nobility alone, the lace-workers became the victims of revolutionary fury in '93, and all perished on the scaffold with their patrons. The manufacture was, however, revived, and prospered greatly during the First Empire. The white blonde was the rage in Paris in 1805. The black was especially admired in Spain and her American colonies. No other manufactories produced such beautiful scarfs, mantillas, and other large pieces. Calvados and Bayeux make a similar lace, but not so well. The real Chantilly has a very fine *réseau*, and the workmanship of the flowers is close, giving the lace great firmness. The so-called Chantilly shawls in the Exhibition of 1862 were made at Bayeux. Chantilly produces only the extra fine shawls, dresses, and scarfs.

Honiton owes its reputation to its sprigs. Like the Brussels, they are made separately. At first they were worked in with the pillow, afterwards *appliqué*, or sewed on a ground of plain pillow-net. This net was very beautiful, but very expensive. It was made of the finest thread procured from Antwerp, the market price of which, in 1790, was £70 per pound. Ninety-five guineas have been paid a pound for this thread, and, in time of war, one hundred guineas. The price of the lace was costly in proportion, the manner of fixing it peculiar. The lace ground was spread out on the counter, and the worker herself desired to cover it with shillings. The number of shillings that found a place on her work was the price of it. A Honiton veil often cost a hundred guineas. But the invention of machine-net changed all that, and destroyed not only the occupation of the makers of hand-net, but was the cause of the lace falling into disrepute.

Desirous to revive the work, Queen Adelaide ordered a dress of Honiton sprigs, on a ground of Brussels-net, the flowers to be copied from nature. The skirt of this dress was encircled with a wreath of elegantly designed sprigs, the initials of the flowers forming her majesty's name: Amaranth, Daphne, Eglantine, Lilac, Auricula, Ivy, Dahlia, Eglantine.

Queen Victoria's wedding lace was made at Honiton, difficulty being found in obtaining workers enough, the manufacture had been so little patronized. The dress, which cost 1,000 pounds, was entirely of Honiton sprigs connected on a pillow. The patterns were destroyed as soon as the lace was made. Several of the princesses have had their bridal dresses of Honiton.

The application of Honiton sprigs upon bobbin-net has of late almost entirely given place to guipure. The sprigs are sewed on a piece of blue paper, and then united by the pillow, by cut-works, or purlings, or else joined with the needle, button-hole stitch being the best of all, or by purling which is made by the yard. But Honiton has fallen in public esteem by neglecting the pattern of

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its lace, which does not well imitate nature.

A new branch of industry has lately risen there—that of restoring or remaking old lace.

When old lace revived, it became a mania. The literary ladies were the first to take this fever in England. Sidney, Lady Morgan, and Lady Stepney made collections, and the Countess of Blessington left at her death several large chests full of fine antique lace.

In Paris, the celebrated dressmaker, Madame Camille, was the first one to bring old laces into fashion.

Much lace is taken from old tombs, cleansed, and sold, usually after having been made over. All over Europe it was the custom to bury the dead in lace-trimmed garments, and in some cases these burial toilets were of immense value. In Bretagne, the bride, after her marriage, laid aside her veil and dress, and never wore it again till it was put on after she was dead. Many of these old tombs have been rifled, and the contents sold to dealers.

In Ireland, lace-making was at one time quite successful. Swift, in the last century, urged the protection of home manufactures of all kinds, and the Dublin Society, composed of a band of patriots organized in 1749, encouraged the making of lace, and passed strong resolutions against the wearing of foreign lace. Lady Arabella Demy, who died in 1792, a daughter of the Earl of Kerry, was especially active in the work, and good imitations of Brussels and Ypres lace were made. In 1829, the manufacture of Limerick lace was established. This is tambour work on Nottingham-net. But the emigration of girls to America, and the effort of the manufacturers to produce a cheap article, thus bringing it into disrepute, have prevented this lace from attaining success.

For half a century, machine-lace has been striving to imitate hand-made lace, and in some instances with such success that the difference can scarcely be perceived. In 1760 a kind of looped lace was made in England on the stocking-frame, and the fabric has been constantly improving. But hand-made lace still maintains its supremacy, and is growing in favor, and old laces are more highly prized even than old jewels, since the former cannot be imitated, or can scarcely be imitated; the latter may be. There is a delicacy and finish in needle and pillow laces which the machine can never give; besides that, the constant tendency of machine-work, when once it has attained excellence, is to deteriorate.

We are glad of this revival of lace-making; for in no other way can the luxury of the rich in dress so well benefit women and children among the poor. Most working-women have to work too hard, and they have to leave their homes to earn money. But lace-making accords admirably with feminine taste and feminine delicacy of organization, and it can be done at any time, and at home, and of every quality. It is refining, too. One can scarcely imagine a very coarse person making a very beautiful lace. It teaches the worker to observe nature and art, in the selection and working of patterns, and it stimulates inventiveness, if there be any. And more than that, by the multitudinous ticking of these little bobbins, and the myriad points of these shining needles, thousands of that tortured and terrible class called "the poor" might be able to keep at bay not only the wolf of hunger, but the lion of crime.

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ANTIQUITIES OF THE LAW.

[WE have received this article from a very distinguished and learned member of the New York bar, with an accompanying letter, in which he writes, among other things, as follows:

"Confined as I am by my infirmities to my house, and wearying of the sameness of the life I have to lead, I sometimes vary my occupation by delving into the 'Antiquities of the Law.'

"I have lately come across an old law book published in 1711, which has been several years in my library, but entirely lost sight of by me until recently.

"From that I have been compiling some articles for one of our law journals, and began the accompanying article for the same publication.

"While writing it, it occurred to me that it might be more useful, if not more interesting, to the readers of such a journal as your CATHOLIC WORLD than to those of a mere law journal; and as I abhor religious intolerance in all forms, and see so much of it in this country, I concluded to send it to you, thinking perhaps you may deem it advisable to use it."]

ABJURATION.—The statute 35 *Eliz. cap.* 2 was made wholly against Popish Recusants convict above 16 Years of Age, enjoining them not to remove above 5 Miles from their Habitation: if they do, and not being covert (married?), nor having Land to the Value of 20 Marks *per Annum* or Goods worth £40, they must abjure the Kingdom. *Hale's Pl. Cr.* 228.

"Likewise upon Persons who absent themselves from Church without just Cause, and refusing to conform within 3 Months after conviction." 35 *Eliz. cap.* 1.

ARMOUR.—(Recusancy was denying the Supremacy of the Queen and adhering to the Pope as Supreme Head of the Church.) "The Armour of Recusants convict shall be taken from them by Warrant from Four Justices of Peace."

"If they conceal their Arms or give any Disturbance in the Delivery, one Justice may commit them for 3 months without Bail." 3 *Jac. cap.* 5.

BAIL: When allowed or denied.—A Minister "depraving" the Common Prayer-Book, as fixed by Statute, was liable, for first offence, to commitment for 6 months; for second offence, for a year; and for third offence, for life.

"Being present at any other Form: First Offence, Commitment for 6 Months; Second Offence, 12 Months; Third Offence, for Life."

Recusants. "Suspected to be a Jesuit, Seminary, or Priest, and being examined refuseth to answer, may be committed till he answer directly."

"Impugning the Queen's Authority in Ecclesiastical causes; perswading others to it or from coming to church; meeting at Conventicles, under Colour of Religion, or perswading others to meet there, commitment till they conform and make an open Submission and Declaration of their conformity."

"Absenting from Church on Sunday, and no Distress to be had, Commitment till Forfeiture is paid."

"Above the Age of 16, and absent-

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ing for a Month: Forfeiture 20*s. per* Month, or be committed till paid." 23 *Eliz. cap.* 1.

Keeping a School Master or "any other Servant in the House, and not coming to Church for a Month, the Master of such House forfeits £10 *per* Month."

BLASPHEMY.—By Statute 9 and 10 *Will.*, "Any Person bred in or professing the Christian Religion, and who shall, by Writing, Printing, Teaching, or advised Speaking deny any one of the Persons in the Trinity; or assert that there are more Gods than one; or deny the Christian Religion to be true, or the Holy Scriptures to be of Divine Authority, "shall be disabled to have any office," and "if convicted a second time, he shall be disabled to sue in any court, or to be a Guardian or Executor or Administrator, and be incapable of any Legacy or Gift, or of any office, and shall be committed for Three Years without Bail."

CHURCH WARDENS.—"By Common Law they are a corporation to take care of the Goods of the Church."

"An Attorney cannot be made a Church Warden." 2 *Roll. Abr.* 272.

"He is to see that the Parishioners come to Church every Sunday and Holiday, and to present the Names of such who are absent to the Ordinary, or to levy 12*d.* for every offence, *per Stat.* 5 and 6 *Ed.*, 1 *Eliz. cap.* 1."

"Arresting a Minister going to or returning from Church may be punished by Indictment or bound to Good Behaviour. The Offence is the same if a Layman be arrested. Quarreling in Church or Church Yard, if a Layman may be suspended *ab ingressio Ecclesiæ;* if a Clergyman, *ab officio.* But if a Weapon be drawn with intent to strike, the Party may be convicted, etc., and Judgment to lose one of his Ears by cutting it off, and if no Ears, to be marked in the Cheek with the Letter F." 5 and 6 *Ed. VI. cap.* 4.

Seats in Church. "The Ordinary may place and displace whom he thinks fit."

"A Man may have a Seat in a Church appendant to his House, and may prescribe for it, etc. But one cannot prescribe to a Seat in the *Body of the Church* generally." *Roll. Abr.*, 2 *Pars.* 288.

"The case is the same in an *Isle of a Church.*" 2 *Cro.* 367.

"*Presentments*" are to be made by the Church Wardens, usually twice a year, but cannot be compelled oftener than once a year, except at the Visitation of the Bishop.

"The Articles commonly exhibited to them to make their Presentments may be reduced thus, viz.:

To Things which concern the Church, the Parson, the Parishioners.

And First, to those Things which concern the Church; as,

Alms, whether a Box for that Purpose; Assessments, whether made for repairs; Bells and Bell Ropes, if in Repair; Bible, whether in Folio; Canons, whether a Book thereof; Carpet; Chest, with three Locks; Church and Chancel in Repair; Creed in fair Letters; Cups and Covers for Bread, etc.; Cushion for Pulpit; Desk for Reader; Lord's Prayer in fair Letters; Marriage, a Table of Degrees; Monuments safely kept; Parsonage House in Repair; Church Yard well Fenced; Commandments in Fair Letters; Common Prayer-Book; Communion Table; Flaggon; Font; Grave Stones well kept; Queen's Arms, set up; Register Book in Parchment; Supplies, whether any; Table-cloth; Tombs well kept.

2. *Those Things which concern the Parson:*

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Articles 39, if read twice a Year; Baptizing with Godfathers; Canons, if read once a Year; Catechising Children; Common Prayer, if read, etc.; Dead, if he bury them; Doctrine, if he preach good; Gown, if he preach in it; *Homilies*, if read or he preach; *January* 30th, if observed; May 29th, if observed; Marrying privately; *November* 5th, if observed; Preaching every *Sunday;* Peace Maker; Perambulation; Sacrament, if celebrated; Sedition, if vented; Sick, if visited; Sober Life; Surplice, if wear it.

3. *Those Things which concern Parishioners:*

Adulterers, if any; Alms Houses, if abused; Ale Houses, and in Divine Service; Answering, according to Rubrick; Baptism, neglected by Parents; Blasphemers; Church, resorting to it; Dead, if brought to be buried; Drunkards, if any; Fornicators, if any; Legacies, if any given to pious Uses; Marrying within prohibited Degrees; Marrying without Banns, Licence, or at unlawful hours; Sacraments received 3 times in a year of all above 16, whereof Easter to be one time; School, if abused; Seats, if Parishioners are placed in them without contention; Standing up; *Sundays*, working therein; Swearers, if any; Women, if come to be Churched."

"A Warrant against one for not coming to Church.

"To the Constable, etc.:

Sussex, ss. Whereas Oath hath been made before me That J. O. of, etc., did not upon the Lord's Day last past resort to any Church, Chapel, or other usual Place appointed by Common Prayers, and there hear Divine Service according to the Form of the Statute in that case made and provided.

"These are therefore to require you, etc., to bring the said J. O. before me to answer the Premises. Given, etc."

"Any Man may build a Church or Chappel, but the Law takes no Notice of it as such till it is consecrated, and therefore, whether Church or Chappel, it must be tried by the Certificate of the Bishop."

CLERGY AND BENEFIT OF CLERGY.—"Before the 20 *Ed. I.*, the Clergy paid no Tenths to the King for their Ecclesiastical Livings, but to the Pope; but in that King's reign, their Livings were valued all over England, and the Tenths paid to the King; and by the Statute 26 *Hen. VIII. cap.* 3, they were annexed to the Crown forever."

Many of their privileges were "confirmed by *Magna Carta*, viz., *Quod Ecclesia sit libera.*"

"As to the Benefit of Clergy, it was introduced by the Canon Law, Exempting their persons from any Temporal Jurisdiction. 'Tis a Privilege on purpose to save the Life of a Criminal in certain cases, if he was a man of learning, as accounted in those Days, for as such he might be useful to the Publick.—At first it was extended to any person who could read, he declaring that he had vowed or was resolved to enter into Orders, and the Reading was to show he was qualified.—But afterwards the reading without a Vow to enter into Orders was held good, and now 'tis become a legal conveyance of Mercy to both Clergy and Laity."

"But tho' the Ordinary usually tenders the Book, the Court are the proper Judges of the Criminal's Reading: Therefore, where the Ordinary answer *Quod legit*, the Court judged otherwise, fined the Ordinary, and hanged the Person."

"Now, if a Man cannot read where Clergy is allowable, and 'tis recorded by the Court *Quod non legit:* if the

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Offender be reprieved, the Book may be tendered to him again because 'tis *in favorem vitæ*, for which Reason he may have it under the Gallows." *Dyer*, 205 *b.*

"In those days, an offender might have his Clergy even for Murder *toties quoties*, but this was restrained by the statute of 4 *Hen. VII. cap.* 13, that he should have it but once. And for the better Observance of that Law, it was then provided That the Criminal should be marked upon the Brawn of the Left Thumb, that he might be known again upon a second Offence"—"which was not intended as any Part of the Judgment"—"It was only a Mark set upon the Offender that he might not have his Clergy a second Time."

By the Common Law, "all Offenders, except in Treason against the Person of the Queen," should have the Benefit of Clergy "and *toties quoties*; but by statute of 25 *Ed. III. cap.* 4, it was prohibited in Treasons; and by that of 4 *Hen. VII.* it is restrained to one Time, so that now (*i.e.* in 1711) there are but very few cases wherein the Common Law denies Clergy, but in many 'tis taken away by several acts of Parliament."

Among those from whom it was thus taken away, were Popish Recusants by act of 35 *Eliz. cap.* 1 and 2, and those who receive Priests being natives of England, and ordained by the See of Rome by act of 27 *Eliz. cap.* 2.

"In Anno 2 *Ed. VI.*, the Reformers, intending to bring the Worship of God under set forms, compiled a Book of Common Prayer, which was established by Act of Parliament in that year."

"But because several things were contained in that Book which showed a compliancy to the superstitious Humours of those times, and some Exceptions being made to it by precise Men at Home and by JOHN CALVIN abroad, therefore two years afterwards it was reviewed, in which *Martin Bucer** was consulted and some Alterations were made, which consisted in adding some Things and leaving out others, as in the former Edition:

The Additions were, viz.:

- A general Confession of sins to the daily service.
- A general Absolution to the truly Penitent.
- The Communion to begin with reading the Commandments, the People kneeling.
- And a Rubrick Concerning the Posture of kneeling, which was afterwards ordered to be left out by the statute of the 1 *Eliz.*, but is now again explained as in 2 *Ed. VI.*

Left out:

- The use of Oil in Confirmation and Extream Unction. Prayers for Souls departed.
- And what tended to a Belief of the Corporeal Presence in the Consecration of the Eucharist."

"Afterwards, *Anno* 5 *Ed. VI.*, a Bill was brought into the House of Lords to enjoin Conformity to this new Book with these Alterations, by which all People were to come to those Common Prayers under pain of Church Censure, which Bill passed into a Law, *Anno* 5 and 6 *Ed. VI.*; but not being observed during the reign of Queen Mary, it was again reviewed by a Committee of Learned Men (naming them), and appointed

* This was a German Reformer who died in 1551. His name was Kuhhorn (Cowshorn), but, after the fashion of that day, he Greekified it into *Bous* (ox) and *Keras* (horn): the same as Melanchthon, another German Reformer, changed his name from Schwarzed (black earth).

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to be used by every Minister, *Anno* 1 *Eliz.*, with some Additions, which were then made, viz:

Certain Lessons for Every Sunday in the Year, some Alterations in the Liturgy, Two Sentences added in the Delivery of the Sacrament, intimating to the Communicants that Christ is not Corporeally present in the Elements, etc. The Form of making Bishops, Priests, and Deacons was likewise added."

"Upon these and other Statutes several Things are to be considered:

1. The Punishment of a Minister for refusing to use or depraving the Book of Common Prayer.

2. The Punishment of any other Person depraving it, and of such who shall hear or be present at any other form.

3. Who are bound to use it.

4. Who must provide it."

The Punishment of the Minister was for 1st offence, loss of a year's Livings and six Months' imprisonment; 2d offence, Deprivation and Imprisonment for a Year; 3d offence, Imprisonment for Life and Deprivation.

Any other Person, for 1st Offence, six months' Imprisonment; 2d Offence, twelve months; and 3d Offence, for Life. 5 and 6 *Ed. VI. cap.* 1.

"No Form of Prayer should be used in any Public Place other than according to the said Book."

By Statute 3 *Jac. cap.* 4, Constables "must once a Year present to the Quarter Sessions those who absent themselves for the space of a Month from Church"; and he must levy certain forfeitures on those who keep or resort to Bowling, Dancing, Ringing, or any sport whatever on the Sabbath; and on a Butcher who shall kill or sell Flesh on that day.

RECUSANTS "are those who refuse or deny Supremacy to the Queen by adhering to the Pope as Supreme Head of the Church."

"*Anno* 24 *Hen. VIII. cap.* 12, Parliament prohibited *Appeals* to *Rome*, etc."

25 *Hen. VIII.* "The King appointed that *Convocations* should be assembled by his Writ, and that no *Canons* or *Constitutions* should be contrary to his Prerogative or the Laws of the Land."

"In the same Year an Act passed to restrain the Payment of *First Fruits* to the Court of *Rome*."

"In the next Year, 26 *Hen. VIII.*, An Act passed by which the First Fruits of all Spiritual Livings were given to the King."

In the same Year, "an Act passed, prohibiting *Investitures* of Archbishops or Bishops by the Pope; but that in a Vacancy the King should send his *Letters-missive* to a Prior or Convent, Dean or Chapter, to choose another."

"Likewise, in the same Year, all *Licenses* and *Dispensations* from the Court of Rome were prohibited, and that all *Religious Houses* should be under the *Visitation of the King*."

And by an Act passed the same Year (viz., 1534), The King was "declared to be *Supream Head of the Church*."

"But he did not exercise any act of that Power till a year afterwards, by appointing Sir Thomas *Cromwell* to be his Vicar General in Ecclesiastical Matters, and Visitor of all the *Monasteries* and other Privileged Places in the Kingdom."

In 27 *Hen. VIII.* (1536) "all the *lesser Monasteries*, under the number of *twelve Persons*, and whose Revenues were not of the Value of £200 *per annum*, were given to the King, his Heirs and Successors; and a Court was erected on purpose for collecting the Revenues belonging to these Monasteries, which was called

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The Court of Augmentation of the King's Revenue, who had full power to dispose of those Lands for the Service of the King."

The officers of this Court had, among its other duties, that of inquiring "into the Number of *Religious* in the House, and what Lives they led; how many would go into other Religious Houses, and how many into the *World*, as they called it."

The whole of the goods thus confiscated were valued at £100,000, and the rents of these small Monasteries came to £32,000 *per annum*.

"This occasioned great Discontents amongst the people," to appease which the King sold some of the Lands "to the Gentry" at low Rates, "obliging them to keep up Hospitality."

"This pleased both them and the ordinary Sort of People for a little time; and, to satisfy others," the King "continued or gave back thirty-one Houses. But these, about two Years afterwards, fell under the Common Fate of the great Monasteries, and were all suppressed with them."

"But notwithstanding he gave back some of these Houses, yet the People were still discontented, and openly rebelled in *Lincolnshire*, which was quieted by a Pardon: There was another Rebellion in *Yorkshire* and the Northern Counties, which ended also in a Pardon, only some of the chief of the Rebels were executed for this last Rebellion."

Most of the Monasteries, "seeing their Dissolution drawing near, made voluntary Surrenders of their Houses in the 29th *year of Hen. VIII.*, in Hopes by this means to obtain Favor of the King; and after the Rebellion, the rest of the Abbots, both great and small, did the like; for some of them had encouraged the Rebels, others were convicted by the Visitors of great Disorders, and most of them had secured all the Plate Jewels and Furniture belonging to their Houses, to make Provision for them and Relations and then surrendered their Monasteries."

"Afterwards, *Anno* 31 *Hen. VIII.*, a Bill was brought into the House of Peers to confirm these surrenders. There were 18 Abbots* present at the first Reading, 20 at the second, and 17 at the third. It soon passed the Commons and the Royal Assent; and by this Act all the Houses, etc., were confirmed to the King."

"'Tis true, the Hospitallers, Colleges and Chanteries, etc., were not yet dissolved. . . . These had large endowments to support themselves and to entertain Pilgrims," etc.

"But notwithstanding the King was declared to be the Supreme Head of the Church, yet these Hospitallers would not submit," etc., "and therefore, Anno 32 *Hen. VIII. cap.* 24, The Parliament gave their lands to the King and dissolved their Corporation."

"The Colleges and Chanteries still remained; but the Doctrine of Purgatory being then grown out of Belief† and some of those Fraternities having resigned in the same manner as the Monasteries, the Endowments of the rest were then thought to be for no purpose, and therefore, *Anno* 37 *Hen. VIII.*, all these Colleges, Free Chapels, Chanteries, etc., were given to the King by Act of Parliament."

"Thus in the Compass of a few years, the Power and Authority of the See of *Rome* was suppressed in this Kingdom. And because frequent Attempts have been made to revive it, therefore, in succeeding

* Abbots were then, as Bishops are now, Members of the House of Lords.

† Some of these "foundations were made up with Secular Priests, who had pensions to say Masses for the souls of the founders.

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Times, several Laws have been made to keep them in subjection."

Among those were the following: Recusant Convict above 16 must go to his place of Abode and not remove 5 miles without license or otherwise abjure the Realm. Not departing within the time limited by the Justices, or returning without license from the Queen, was felony without Benefit of Clergy. 35 *Eliz. cap.* 2.

"To absolve or to be absolved by Bulls from the Bishop of Rome was High Treason." 13 *Eliz. cap.* 2.

"Bringing an *Agnus Dei* hither, or offering it to any Person to be used, both he and the Receiver incurs a *Premunire.** 13 *Eliz. cap.* 2. All Armour shall be taken from Recusants by order of four Justices." 7 *Jac. cap.* 6.

Bringing over Beads or offering them to any person, both he and the Receiver incur a Premunire. 13 *Eliz. cap.* 2.

"Two Justices may search Houses for Books and Relicks, and burn them." 3 *Jac. cap.* 5.

"Every Popish Recusant must be buried in Church or Church yard according to the Ecclesiastical Laws, or his Executor or Administrator forfeits £20." 3 *Jac. cap.* 5.

"Children of Recusants must be baptized by a lawful Minister, or the Parent forfeits £100." 3 *Jac. cap.* 5.

"Popish Recusant, if he sue any person, the Defendant may plead it in Disability."

He "shall not be Executor, Administrator, or Guardian." 3 *Jac. cap.* 5

A married woman, a Popish Recusant convict, "not conforming within 3 months after conviction, may be committed by two Justices until she conform, unless her Husband will pay to the King 10 shillings per month or a third part of his Lands." 7 *Jac. cap.* 6.

"Popish Recusant marrying otherwise than according to the Forms of the Church of England shall forfeit £100. If a woman, not have her Dower or Jointure or Widow's Estate." 3 *Jac. cap.* 5.

"Saying Mass forfeits 200 marks, hearing it 100 Marks."

"Jesuits, Seminary Priests, etc., and other Ecclesiastical Persons born within the Queen's Dominions, coming in or remaining in the said Dominions, is guilty of Treason." 27 *Eliz. cap.* 2.

"Any knowing a Jesuit or Priest to be here and not within 12 days afterwards discovering him to a Justice of Peace shall be committed and fined." 27 *Eliz. cap.* 2.

"Per Stat. 3 *Jac. cap.* 4, to move any one to promise Obedience to the See of Rome or other Prince is High Treason in the Mover and he that promiseth Obedience."

"Recusant Convict must not practice the Art of Apothecary, Civil Law, Common Law, Physick, or be an officer in any Court or amongst Soldiers, or in a Castle, Fortress or Ship." 3 *Jac. cap.* 5.

"Sending Persons beyond Sea to be instructed in Popish Religion forfeits £100, and the Persons sent are incapable to take any Inheritance." 1 *Jac. cap.* 4.

"Children shall not be sent beyond Sea without License from the Queen or six of her Privy Council, whereof the Principal Secretary of State to be one."

"Notwithstanding all these Laws, the Parliament (11 and 12 *Will.*) was of Opinion that Popery increased, and therefore to prevent its growth a Law was made That if any person should take one or more *Popish*

* "Premunire" is a punishment inflicted by Statute, and consists of the offender's being out of the Queen's protection, forfeiting his lands and goods, and imprisoned during the pleasure of the Monarch.

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Bishop, Jesuit or *Priest*, and prosecute him till he is convicted of *saying Mass* or exercising any other part of the Office or Function of a *Popish Bishop* or *Priest*," he shall have a reward of £100.

"If any Popish Bishop, Priest or Jesuit, shall be convicted of saying Mass, etc., or any Papist shall Keep School, etc., he shall be adjudged to perpetual Imprisonment in such place where the Queen by Advice of her Council shall think fit."

"Every Papist, after the 10th of April, 1700, is made incapable of purchasing Lands, etc., either in his own Name or the name of other Person, to his use."

THE SABBATH.—"Shoemaker putting Boots or Shoes to sale forfeits 3*s.* 4*d.* and the goods." 1 *Jac. I. cap.* 11.

"Carriers, Drivers, Waggoners, travelling on that day forfeit 20*s.*" 3 *Car. I. cap.* 1.

"Butchers killing or selling, or causing to be killed or sold or privy or consenting to kill or sell Meat on that day, forfeit 6*s.* 8*d.*" 3 *Car. I. cap.* 1.

By 29 *Car. II. cap.* 7 "Public and private Duties of Piety are enjoined, all worldly business is prohibited, and all above the Age of 14 forfeit 5*s.*"

"Drovers or their servants coming to their Inns on that day forfeit 20*s.*"

"If the Offender is not able to pay the Forfeiture, he shall be put in the Stocks for two Hours."

"Meeting together out of their own Parish for any Sports or Pastimes, forfeit 3*s.* 4*d.*" 1 *Car. I. cap.* 1.

SACRAMENT.—"Depraving or doing any Thing in contempt of the Sacrament must be committed." 1 *Ed. VI. cap.* 1, 1 *Eliz.* 2, 3 *Jac.* 4.

SCHOOLMASTER.—"Not coming to church or not allowed by the Bishop of the Diocese, forever disabled to teach Youth, and shall be committed for a year without bail." 23 *Eliz. cap.* 1.

TYTHES.—"A canon was made *Anno* 1585 for payment of Tythes as founded on the Law of God and the ancient Custom of the Church."

"When Glanville wrote (about 1660), a Freeholder was allowed to make a Will, so as he gave the best Thing he had to the *Lord Paramount*, and the next best to the *Church*."

"They are said to be Ecclesiastical Inheritances collateral to the Estate of the Land, out of which they arise, and are of their own Nature due only to Spiritual Persons."

Certain Lands were, however, exempt. "Most orders of Monks were first exempted; but in time this was restrained to three orders — Cistertians, Hospitallers, Templars."

DISSENTERS.—After the various laws against "Popish Recusants," as they were called, had had the effect of rendering somewhat firm the establishment of the English Protestant Church, and about the time of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a new trouble arose from those who dissented from that church, in its forms and in some of its principles, and government then began to interfere with them.

In the 1st Year of the reign of William and Mary these "Dissenters" were exempted from the statutes of 1 *Eliz. cap.* 2, 23 *Eliz. cap.* 1, 3 *Jac. cap.* 4, above mentioned. "But they must not assemble in Places with Doors locked, barred, or bolted, nor until the place is certified to the Bishop of the Diocese or to the Arch Deacon or to the Justices at the Quarter Sessions, and registered

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there and they have a certificate thereof."

Their Preachers must declare their Approbation, and subscribe the "Articles of Religion," except the 20th, 34th, 35th, and 36th articles, and must take the oaths and subscribe the Declaration prescribed by certain statutes, and that at the Quarter Sessions where they live.

So that, from the reign of Elizabeth, through the reign of James I., and until the the troubles which ended in the civil war and the Protectorate of Cromwell, Dissenters were subject to many of the restrictions which had been imposed on the Roman Catholics; and even when those troubles finally ended in the flight of James II., and the elevation of William and Mary to the throne, freedom of religion was not allowed to the Dissenters, but they were permitted to enjoy their dissent from the forms and ceremonies of the Church of England only by declaring their assent to many of its most important tenets of faith or doctrine.

The oaths of allegiance and supremacy enjoined by the statutes of 1 *Eliz.* and 3 *Jac.* were abrogated by the Statute of 1 *Will. and Mar. cap.* 8, and the following substituted:

"I, A. B., do sincerely promise and swear that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance," etc.

"I, A. B., do swear that I do from my Heart abhor, detest and abjure as Impious and Heretical, that damnable Doctrine and Position that Princes excommunicated or deprived by the Pope or any authority of the See of Rome may be deposed by their subjects or any other whatsoever; and I do declare that no Foreign Prince, Person, Prelate, State or Potentate, hath or ought to have any Jurisdiction, Power, Superiority, Pre-eminence or Authority, Ecclesiastical or Spiritual, within the Realm. So help me God."

JOSEPH IN EGYPT A TYPE OF CHRIST.

Look down, O Lord, holy Father, from thy sanctuary, and from thy high and heavenly dwelling, and behold this all-holy Victim, which thy great High-priest, thy holy Child Jesus, offers thee for the sins of his brethren; and have mercy on the multitude of our iniquities. Lo! the voice of the blood of Jesus our Brother cries to thee from the cross. For what is it, O Lord, that hangs on the cross? Hangs, I say; for past things are as present with thee. Own it, O Father! It is the coat of thy Joseph, thy Son; an evil wild beast hath devoured him, and hath trampled on his garment in its fury, spoiling all the beauty of this his remanent corpse, and, lo! five mournful gaping wounds are left in it. This is the garment which thy innocent holy Child Jesus, for the sins of his brethren, has left in the hands of the Egyptian harlot, thinking the loss of his robe a better thing than the loss of purity; and choosing rather to be despoiled of his coat of flesh and go down to the prison of death than to yield to the voice of the seductress for all the glory of the world.—*S. Anselm.*

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MADAME AGNES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES DUBOIS.

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH WE ARE MADE ACQUAINTED WITH MADAME AGNES.

ABOUT twenty years ago, I lived in a town in France which I may be allowed to call Philopolis. It need not be sought on the map: it will not be found there, at least under the name I think it proper to call it by, in order to avoid all appearance of indiscretion. The story I am about to relate is really a true one.

I had just finished my school-days, and, having carefully thought over the different professions which seemed to accord with my tastes, I felt—and it may be imagined how bitterly—that not one of them was within my means. To embrace any of them would have required a larger sum than I had the least hope of. Under such unfavorable circumstances, I became a tutor in a Lycée.

God preserve my very enemies, if I have any, from so trying an occupation! At the end of three months, worn out with my labors, and overwhelmed with humiliations and sadness, I had fallen into such a state of discouragement, not to say of despair, that I regarded myself as the most unfortunate of men.

To those who wish to be distinguished from the crowd, there is something peculiarly attractive in looking upon themselves as more unhappy than common mortals. I gave myself up to this notion, at first through vanity. But this kind of superiority is by no means cheering, I assure you, so I soon sought consolation. Thank God, I had not far to go. My old friend, Mme. Agnes, was at hand. I sought refuge with her. I speak as if she were advanced in years, but it must be acknowledged she would have seemed a mere child to Methuselah. She was thirty-six years of age; but I was only eighteen, and thought her old.

Mme. Agnes lived on a broad and pleasant quay that gently sloped towards a noble river. Not fifty steps from the house rolled the swift current of the Loire. Beyond was an extensive plain from which rose innumerable spires.

When I arrived, I found my friend in her usual seat near the window. She was in a large arm-chair, with a table before her, on which were all the materials necessary for a painter of miniatures. Mme. Agnes was renowned in Philopolis as an artist. Her uncommon talent enabled her to support her mother and young sister in a comfortable manner. Alas! poor lady, she had been a paralytic for ten years.

According to her custom, she laid aside her work when I entered, and welcomed me with a smile. But this expression of pleasure gave place to one of motherly anxiety when she observed the sad face I wore.

"What is the matter, my poor child?" said she. "You have grown frightfully thin."

"I cannot say I am ill," I replied, "but I am down-hearted, and have so much reason to be, that things cannot continue long in this way: I should die."

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Thus saying, I leaned my head against Mme. Agnes' chair, like a great child as I was, and cried heartily. I had so long restrained my tears! . . .

Mme. Agnes softly placed her hand on my head, and consoled me with a kindness truly maternal. When my explosion of grief had passed away, she made me give her an account of my troubles. I told her, perhaps for the tenth time, what an inclination I had for a literary life, only I was absolutely too poor to embrace it. I added that my duties as a tutor were repugnant; the pupils were insolent and unfeeling; in short, I concealed nothing that afflicted me. At length I ended with these words:

"You now see, Mme. Agnes, that I could not be more wretched than I am. This must end. Give me, I beg, some of the good advice I have so many times received from you. Tell me what I must do."

"Have patience, my child, and wait till God makes the way smoother."

"Wait! when one suffers as I do? . . . When I abhor my position? . . . When I feel how happy I could be elsewhere! . . . Ah! Mme. Agnes, if you knew what I have to endure—if you only comprehended my complete despair!"

"Poor child, your trials are bitter, I acknowledge; but you are young, capable, and industrious, and will get a better position by-and-by."

"To be forced to endure it only a year would be beyond my strength. Neither my disposition, nor tastes, nor health could stand what I have to bear."

"How many others are in a similar position, but without even the hope you have of soon exchanging an employment without results—detestable, if you like—for one more congenial! The task they are pursuing must be that of their whole lives. They know it, and resign themselves to it. You, who have only to bear your trials for a certain time, must imitate their example. Come, come, my friend, every one has his cross here below. Let us bear ours cheerfully, and it will soon seem light."

These consoling words were uttered in a sympathetic tone, as if they came from the heart. I was touched. I began to look at Mme. Agnes more attentively than ever before, and the thought occurred to me like a revelation: "How much this woman must have suffered, and how instructive would be the account of her life!"

"Mme. Agnes," said I, "your advice is excellent, but example would produce a still greater impression on me. I beg you to relate the history of your life. You have evidently gone through much suffering, and with great patience, I am confident. I will endeavor to conform to your example."

"You require a sad task of me," she replied; "but no matter, I will gratify you. My story—and who of us has not one?—will prove useful to you, I think. But you must not be so ready to declare me a saint. I never was one, as you will soon see. Yes, I have suffered, as you suppose—greatly suffered, and have learned that the best means of mitigating our sufferings is to submit to God's will, and to cherish it. The lesson to be derived from my history will be of use to you, I trust, and therefore I yield to your request.

"One word more before commencing. I would observe that the account of my own life is closely interwoven with the lives of several persons whom you will not reproach me for making you acquainted with.

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By a concurrence of circumstances which would appear to me almost inexplicable did I not behold the hand of God therein, my life for many years was identified, so to speak, with theirs. I witnessed the struggles these loved ones had to make; I shared their very thoughts; I sympathized in their sorrows, as they in mine; and I also had the happiness of participating in their joys.

"When, therefore, I invoke these remembrances you wish me to recall, I find all along the pathway of my life these friends now gone. I could not relate my own history without relating theirs. But everything encourages me to go on. The task is pleasant. It is sweet to speak of those we have loved! The faithful picture I am going to draw of their lives will be as full of instruction to you, my friend, as that of my own."

CHAPTER II.

PROVIDENCE SENDS A LODGER.

To begin: my father, a worthy man and a sincere Christian, was a *Chef de Division* at the Préfecture. A sudden illness bereft me of his care when I was barely fifteen years old. My mother, my young sister, and myself were left in quite limited circumstances, being wholly dependent on the rent of this small house, which had belonged to the family many years. Some time after, a pension of five hundred francs was added to our income by the government which my father had faithfully served. Our position was very sad, and the more so because, during my father's life, we had everything in abundance. But our misfortunes offered us a thousand inducements to draw nearer to God. It is only ill-balanced souls—at once proud and weak—that disregard him who chastises them. Poor souls! they are doubly to be pitied, for they suffer and do not have recourse to him who alone can console them! As for us, God granted us the grace to recognize his agency. He sustained us, and we humbly submitted to his divine decrees. Misfortune only rendered us the more pious.

I had had a special taste for painting from my childhood, but still lacked proficiency, notwithstanding the lessons I had taken. I now set to work with ardor, though I had no master. At the end of a year I had made so much progress that an old teacher of mine, the principal of a boarding-school—an excellent person, who took an interest in our affairs—received me as teacher of drawing in her establishment. She also made me give English lessons to beginners. This additional resource restored ease in a measure to our household. Nevertheless, we were obliged to practise the strictest economy. To enable us to get on swimmingly, as my mother said with a smile, we at last resolved to rent the spacious ready-furnished apartments on the ground floor. The first story was occupied by a lodger, who was, at the same time, a friend of ours. As for us, we lived in the second story.

Things went on thus for some years. I was nearly twenty, when one day a young man, whom neither my mother nor myself knew, called to say he had heard our furnished rooms were vacant, and that he would like to occupy them. My mother was greatly pleased with his frank, open manner. She is very social, you know, and made the stranger sit down. They entered into conversation, and I sat listening to them.

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"Am I mistaken, monsieur?" said my mother, after a while; "it seems as if I have already met you somewhere."

"Yes, madame," replied the young man, "I have had the honor of seeing you more than once."

"But where?"

"At M. Comte, the apothecary's. I was the head clerk there."

"That is it! . . . I remember now. . . . And you have left him?"

"Under the most singular circumstances. It seems I am a writer without being aware of it."

"How so?"

"You know the Philopolis *Catholic Journal?*"

"Certainly: an excellent paper. It is a great pity it is not so successful as it deserves to be. But between us, it is partly its own fault: it lacks interest and ability. It has only one able contributor—Victor Barnier, but he does not write often enough."

"The poor fellow cannot help it. His duties at the apothecary's shop have naturally superseded his taste for journalism." . . .

"What! are you Victor Barnier?"

"Yes, madame."

"Ah! well, young man, you do not lack talent."

"Others have said the same, madame. I hope you are not all mistaken, especially for the sake of the *Catholic Journal*, of which I have been appointed the principal editor. I refused the post at first, the responsibility seemed so great. They insisted. The position surpassed my wishes. Without any one's knowing it, I had for many years ardently longed to be a writer. But like so many others, the limited circumstances of my family prevented it. Now, thanks to this unexpected offer, the opportunity of following my natural inclinations is so tempting that I cannot resist it. My good mother tells me it is a perilous career, and that I shall meet with more trouble than success. No matter! I am so fond of literary pursuits that, were they to afford me only one day of happiness in my life, I should still cling to them. And then, I say it without boasting, I love above all things the cause I am to defend, and hope through divine assistance to become its able champion. I have, therefore, left M. Comte's, though not without some regret. I enter upon my duties to-morrow, and—am in want of lodgings."

"Oh! well, that is all settled. You shall come here and be well taken care of."

After this, Victor left us. I have only given you the substance of the conversation in which I more than once took part. I must confess Victor won my esteem and goodwill at this first interview. He merited them. He was at once an excellent and a talented man—that was to be seen at the first glance. The better he was known, the more evident it became that his outward appearance, pleasing as it was, was not deceptive. He was then twenty-five years old, but, though young, he had had many trials, I assure you—trials similar to yours, my young friend, but much more severe.

CHAPTER III.

TRUE LOVE—HAPPY UNION.

THE following day Victor took up his abode with us. Before a fortnight had elapsed, my mother was enchanted with her new lodger. She sounded his praises from morning till night. This may perhaps aston-

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ish you, but you must know that she and I were always in the habit of telling each other our very thoughts. This reciprocal confidence was so perfect that it might be truly said we concealed nothing from each other.

And I must confess Victor showed himself every day more worthy of my mother's admiration. He was the most modest, amiable, industrious, and orderly of young men—a genuine model for Christian men of letters. He rose every morning at an early hour, and worked in his room till about eight o'clock. Then, unless his occupations were too pressing, he heard Mass at a neighboring church. After that, he went to the *Journal* office, where he remained till noon; then he returned to breakfast. He left again at one, came back at three, worked till dinner-time, then studied till ten at night, and often later.

"Why do you work so hard?" said my mother to him one day. "The life of a journalist, according to you, is that of a galley-slave. I never should have thought an editor had so hard a time. You have all the four large pages of the *Journal* to write yourself, then, M. Victor?"

"By no means, dear madame. I write the leading article every day, and in a short time, too, for I have the peculiarity of not writing well when I write slowly. This done, I look over the other articles for the paper. As I am responsible for them, I do not accept them till they are carefully examined. This is my whole task—apparently an easy one, but tedious and difficult in reality."

"Yes; I see you have a great deal to do at the office; but why do you continue to work at home?"

"Two motives oblige me to study—to increase my knowledge, and prevent ennui. Having risen from a mere apothecary's clerk to be the chief editor of an important journal, I have to apply myself to keep apace with my new profession. A journalist must be imprudent or dishonest who discusses any subject on which he has not sufficient information. And think of the multitude of questions connected with politics, political economy, legislation, literature, and religion itself which I have in turn to treat of! In the Paris newspapers, each editor writes on the subjects he understands the best. The work is thus divided, to the great advantage of the paper and its editors. Here, I alone am often responsible for everything. Nevertheless, the care of my health, as well as my indolence, would induce me to rest a few hours a day; but where shall I pass them? —At the café? I go there sometimes to extend my knowledge of human nature; but one cannot go there much without being in danger of contracting injurious habits.—With my friends? I have none, and am in no hurry to make any. The choice of a friend is such a serious thing! One cannot be too cautious about it."

"Come and see us," said my mother, with her habitual cordiality. "When you have nowhere else to go, and your mind is weary, come up and pass an hour in the evening with your neighbors."

Victor came, at first occasionally, then every day. Only a few weeks elapsed before I felt that I loved him. His companionship was so delightful; he had so much delicacy in little things; he was so frank, so devoted to all that is beautiful and good! Did he love me in return? No one could have told, for he was as timid as a young girl.

But this timidity was surmounted when my feast-day arrived. He came in blushing with extreme embarrassment—poor dear friend! I can still

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see him—holding a bouquet in his left hand, which he concealed behind him, while with the other he presented my mother with an open paper. She took it, glanced at it, and, after reading a few words, said:

"But this is not addressed to me. Here, Agnes, these stanzas are for you, my child! And I see a bouquet!"

Victor presented it to me in an agitated manner. I myself was so confused that I longed to run away to hide my embarrassment. I concealed it as well as I could behind the sheet on which the stanzas were written, and read them in a low tone. They gracefully thanked my mother for all her kindness to him, and ended with some wishes for me—wishes that were ardent and touching. In a tremulous tone I expressed my gratitude with a sincerity which was quite natural. Our embarrassment was not of long continuance. It soon passed off, and we spent the evening in delightful conversation. One would have thought we had always lived together, and formed but one family.

The next morning, when I returned from giving my lessons, what was my astonishment to find Victor with my mother!

"Here she is to decide the question," exclaimed the latter joyfully. "M. Victor loves you, and wishes to know if you will be his wife."

"Mother," I replied, "must I be separated from you?"

"Less than ever," cried Victor.

My delightful dream was realized! I was to be united to the man I loved with all my heart—whom I esteemed without any alloy! And this without being obliged to separate from her of whom I was the sole reliance.

I extended my hand to Victor, and threw myself into my mother's arms, thanking her as well as I could, but in accents broken by tears. . . .

A month after, we were married, and happy—as happy, I believe, as people can be here below.

CHAPTER IV.

SAD PRESENTIMENTS.

THENCEFORTH began a life so sweet that I am unable to describe it. Victor and I lived in the most delightful harmony. Our love for each other increased daily. We had but one heart and one soul. Our very tastes accorded.

Oh! how charming and happy is the wedded life of two Christian souls! What mutual sympathy! How they divine each other's thoughts! How readily they make the concessions at times so necessary, for the best matched people in this world do not always agree! A life more simple than ours cannot be imagined, and yet it was so sweet!

I worked beside Victor in the morning and during a part of the afternoon, looking at him from time to time, saying a few words, or listening as he read what he had just composed. He said he first tried the effect of his writings on me. How happy I was when he thus gave me the first taste of one of his spirited articles, in which he defended his principles with an ardor of conviction and a vigor of style which impressed even those who were sceptical.

Before dinner we went to walk together. I persuaded Victor to devote a part of each day to physical exercise as well as mental repose. Our conversation always gave a fresh charm to these walks. And yet we did not talk much, but we

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infused our whole souls into a word or two, or a smile. How often I dreamed of heaven during those delicious hours! It is thus, I said to myself, the angels above hold communion with each other. They have no need of words to make themselves understood.

Among the pleasant features of that period, I must not forget that of Victor's success. Before he was appointed editor, the poor paper vegetated. There were but few subscribers. No one spoke of the obscure sheet which timidly defended sound principles and true doctrines. What a sad figure it made in the presence of its contemporary, *The Independent*—a shameless, arrogant journal which boasted of despising all religious belief, and scoffed at the honest people foolish enough to read it!

Victor had scarcely been chief editor of this despised paper three months before there was a decided change. Every day added to the list of subscribers. The *Catholic Journal* was spoken of on all sides. The sceptical, even, discussed it. As to *The Independent*, it was forced to descend into the arena. In spite of itself, it had to engage in conflict against an adversary as skilled in irony as in logic. I acknowledge I was proud of Victor's success, and, what was more, it made me happy. For a long time, young as I was, I had groaned at seeing Catholic interests so poorly defended. They were now as ably sustained as I could wish, and by the man whom I loved. All my wishes were surpassed!

Nevertheless, there is no perfect happiness in this world. Even those blissful years were not exempt from sorrow. God granted me twice, with an interval of two years, the long-wished-for joy of being a mother, but each time Providence only allowed its continuance a few months. My first child, a boy, died at the end of six months. The second, a daughter, was taken from me before it was a year old. You are young, my friend and cannot understand how afflicting such losses are. A mother's heart, I assure you, is broken when she sees her child taken from her, however young it may be. My husband himself was greatly distressed when our little boy was carried off after an illness of only a few hours. But his grief was still more profound when our little girl died. Dear child! though only nine months old, her face was full of intelligence, her eyes were expressive, and she had a wonderful way of making herself understood. She passed quietly away, softly moaning, and gazing at us with affection. Her father held her in his arms the whole time of her long agony. It seemed as if he thus hoped to retain her. She, too, was sad, I am sure. She seemed to know we were in grief, and to leave us with regret. Her sweet face only resumed its joyful expression after her soul had taken flight for heaven; then a celestial happiness beamed from her features consecrated by death. Victor stood gazing at her a long time as she lay on the bed with a crucifix in her innocent hands. His lips murmured a prayer in a low tone. It seemed to me he was addressing our angel child—begging her to pray that God would speedily call him to dwell for ever with her in his blissful presence. The thought made me shudder. It seemed as if I had at that moment an interior revelation. I knew that was Victor's prayer, and I had a presentiment it would be heard.

From that day, though we had a thousand reasons to consider ourselves happy, we were no longer light-hearted as we once had been.

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There was a something that weighed on our minds and kept us anxious, and empoisoned all our joys. Life seemed unsatisfactory, and we drew nearer to God. We were constantly speaking of him and the angel who had flown from us, and we often approached the sacraments together. It was thus that God was secretly preparing Victor to return to him, and me to endure so terrible a blow.

CHAPTER V.

AN UNEXPECTED ASSAULT.

No man was ever more fond of domestic life than Victor. The happiest hours of the day were those we all spent together—he, my mother, my young sister, and myself—occupied in some useful work, but often stopping to exchange a few words. It was with regret Victor sometimes left us at such hours to mingle with the world. He refused all invitations to dinners, soirées, and balls as often as possible, but he could not always do so. He had taken the first place—a place quite exceptional—in local journalism, and it was impossible for him to decline all the advances made him. Besides, he wished, as was natural to one of his profession, to ascertain for himself public opinion on the question of the day. I cannot tell you how dull the evenings seemed when he was away, or how anxious I was till he returned. There was something dreadful about his profession. In vain he resolved to avoid personalities; they were often discovered when none had been intended. If he was fortunately able to keep within the limits he had marked out for himself, and confined himself to the defence of justice, morality, and religion, he found these three great causes had furious opponents. Whoever defended them incurred the ardent ill-will of the enemies of all good. This is what happened to Victor. Their secret hatred burst forth on an occasion of but little importance.

A renowned preacher of the South, worthy in every respect of his reputation, came to preach at the cathedral during Advent. This man, as eloquent as he was good, attacked the vices of the day with all the ardor of an apostle. Many of the young men of the place who went to hear him were infuriated at the boldness of his zeal. Some supposed themselves to be meant in the portraits he drew of vicious men in a manner so forcible and with such striking imagery as to make his hearers tremble. At the close of one of these sermons, there was some disturbance in the body of the church. Threats were uttered aloud, and women treated with insult. Victor, indignant at such conduct, had the courage to rebuke the corrupt young men of the place. Never had he been more happily inspired, and never had he produced such an effect. The article was everywhere read. It gave offence, and we awaited the consequences.

The next day Victor received an invitation to a large ball given by a wealthy banker. The invitation surprised him, for he knew the banker was a liberal with but little sympathy for the priesthood and its defenders. I begged Victor to decline the invitation politely. I feared it was only a pretext to offer him some affront. He gently reassured me by saying that, though M. Beauvais was a liberal, he had the reputation of being an honorable man. "I am glad," added he, "to become acquainted with

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those who frequent the banker's salon. I shall probably find more than one Christian among them," as, in fact, often happened.

When the night came, Victor went away, leaving me quite uneasy, in spite of all his efforts to reassure me. I made him promise to return at an early hour. I was beginning to be anxious towards eleven, when all at once there was a sound of hasty footsteps. I sprang to the door—I opened it—it was he. As soon as he entered the room, I noticed he was extremely pale. He vainly endeavored to appear calm, but could not conceal the agitation that overpowered him.

"Victor," I cried, "something has happened!"

"Yes, but not much. Somebody tried to frighten me."

"Are you wounded?"

"No, they did not wish to take my life."

"I conjure you to tell me frankly what has happened."

"Well, here are the facts: I had left M. Beauvais' house, where I was politely received, and had gone two streets, when I observed three men walking swiftly after me on the Place. They seemed well dressed, which removed my suspicions. I turned into the little Rue St. Augustine. It is dimly lighted in the evening and almost always deserted."

"How imprudent!"

"That is true. I did wrong. I had scarcely gone a hundred yards, before the three men overtook me."

"'Stop!' exclaimed one of them. I stopped to ascertain what they wished. The same voice continued in these terms: 'How much do those *calotins* give you to defend them?'

"'I have only one word to say in reply to your insulting question—I defend my own principles, above all because I cherish them in the depths of my soul.' So saying, I sought to keep on my way.

"One of them detained me. 'Before going any further,' said he who seemed to be the spokesman, 'swear never to abuse the young men of this town again!'

"'I attack no one individually,' I replied. 'Am I forbidden to defend my own cause because it is not yours?—But this is no time or place for such an interview. It should be at my office and by daylight. Come to see me to-morrow, and I will answer your questions.'

"The three men were so wrapped up in their bernouses and large comforters that I could not tell who they were. I thought it time to disengage myself from the grasp of the one that held me. I made a violent effort. In the struggle, my cloak fell off. As I stooped to pick it up, I received several blows. I then called for assistance. Several windows in the neighborhood opened. The three cowards disappeared. As you see, I am neither killed nor wounded. On the whole, no great harm has been done."

My whole frame trembled during this account. When it was ended, I became somewhat calmer, and, passionately throwing my arms around Victor, I begged him to promise me solemnly never to go out again in the evening. He did so willingly.

CHAPTER VI.

VICTOR AT THE POINT OF DEATH.

THE next morning Victor told me he did not feel any effect from what had occurred. He therefore went to the office as usual, and wrote a

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spirited article, in which he made known and energetically stigmatized the base proceedings of those who had attacked him. The article attracted particular attention, and gave us the pleasant satisfaction of realizing to what a degree Victor had won the good-will of upright men. On all sides they came that very day to express their indignation at the violence used against him. . . .

We should neither overestimate nor decry human nature. There are certainly a multitude of base men with low natures and vile instincts. But even among those who are the farthest from the truth there are some souls that have preserved a certain uprightness and hearts of a certain elevation for whom we cannot help feeling mingled admiration and pity.

That same evening Victor complained of not being well, but kept saying it was nothing serious. Without asking his consent, I sent for a physician, who examined him. Victor was forced to acknowledge he had been chilled the night before. He was very warm when he left M. Beauvais' house, and, to counteract the effect of the keen north wind, he started off swiftly, and was in a complete perspiration when overtaken by his assailants. Stopped in the middle of the street, he was exposed to the cold night air, which was of course injurious. What was still worse, his cloak fell off, and it was several minutes before he recovered it.

I was seized with terror at hearing these details. It seemed as if my poor husband had just pronounced his own death-warrant. At the same time a horrible feeling sprang up in my heart, such as I had never experienced before. I was frantic with rage and hatred against those who were the cause of this fatal chill. I begged, I implored Victor and the physician to promise to take immediate steps for their discovery, that no time might be lost in bringing them to justice in order to receive the penalty they deserved.

"Agnes," said Victor mildly—"Agnes, your affection for me misleads you. I no longer recognize my good Agnes."

But I gave no heed to what he said, and was only diverted from my hatred by the care I was obliged to bestow on him. In twenty-four hours my poor husband's illness had increased to such a degree that I lost all hope. Poor Victor! he suffered terribly, and I added to his sufferings instead of alleviating them! I loved him too much, or rather with too human an affection. I afflicted him with my alternate outbursts of despair and anger.

"Live without you!" I would exclaim—"that is impossible! Oh! the monsters who have killed you, if they could only die in your stead! But they shall be punished and held up to infamy as they deserve! If there is no one else in the world to ferret them out, I will do it myself!"

These fits of excitement caused Victor so much sorrow that the very remembrance of them fills me with the keenest remorse—a remorse I have reason to feel. His confessor, the physician, my mother, and he himself tried in vain to soothe me. One told me how far from Christian my conduct was, and another that I deprived my husband of what he needed the most—repose. I would not listen to them. I was beside myself.

One evening I was sitting alone beside the bed of my poor sick one, and was abandoning myself anew to my unreasonable anger, when Victor took my hand in his, and said, in a tone that went to my very heart:

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"Agnes, I feel very weak. Perhaps I have not long to live. I beg you—I conjure you—to spare me the cruel sorrow of having my last hours embittered by a want of resignation I was far from expecting of you! Of all my sufferings, this is the greatest—and certainly that to which I can resign myself the least. What! my dear Agnes, do you, at the very moment of my leaving you, lay aside the most precious title you have in my eyes—that of a Christian woman, a woman of piety and fortitude—which transcends all others? . . . What! are you unable to submit to the will of God! Because his designs do not accord with your views, you dare say that God no longer loves you—that he is cruel! . . . My dear, do you set up your judgment against that of God? Do you refuse him the sacrifice of my life and of your enmity? . . . Does not my life belong to him? . . . And is not your enmity unchristian? . . . Did they who have reduced me to this condition intend doing me such an injury? . . . I think not. Could they have done me the least harm if God had not permitted them? . . . No matter at what moment the fatal blow falls on us, no matter whence it comes, it only strikes us at the time and in the manner permitted by God.—Agnes, kneel here beside me, and repeat the words I am about to utter. Repeat them with your lips and with your whole heart, whatever it may cost you. It is my wish. It is essential for your own peace of mind, and also for mine. Agnes, my dear love, we have prayed a thousand times together and with hearts so truly united! Now that you see me ill, perhaps dying . . . can you refuse me the supreme joy of once more uniting my soul with yours before God in the same prayer?" . . .

I burst into tears, and obeyed.

"O my God!" he cried, "whatever thou doest is well done. Nothing can tempt me to doubt thy goodness. Is not thy loving-kindness often the greatest when it seems disguised the most? . . . I firmly believe so, and I forgive all those who have tried to injure me. I pray thee to convert them. As for me, I beg thee, O my God, to deal with me as thou judgest most for thy glory and for my good."

Victor uttered these words with so much fervor and emotion that I was stirred to the depths of my soul. A complete change took place within me which I attributed to my dear husband's prayers. My eyes, hitherto tearless, now overflowed. My anger all at once disappeared. A profound sadness alone remained, mingled with resignation. . . .

Victor's life continued in danger some days longer. Then—oh! what happiness!—when I had made the sacrifice and bowed submissively to the divine will, the physician all at once revived my hopes. To comprehend the joy with which my heart overflowed at hearing that perhaps my husband might be restored to life, you must, like me, pass through long hours of bitterness in which you repeat, with your eyes fastened on your loved one: "A few hours, and I shall behold him no more!"

A week after, Louis was convalescent.

CHAPTER VII.

A PROVIDENTIAL EVENT.

VICTOR and I then entered upon a singular life of which I think there are but few instances. I felt from the first that his convalescence was

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deceptive, and the physician secretly told him so. We both felt that God allowed us to pass a few more months together, but no longer. The disease was checked, but it still hung about my dear one. It assumed a new form, and changed into a slow malady that was surely accomplishing its work. As frequently happens in such complaints, Victor was but partially cured of inflammation of the lungs, and now became consumptive.

A great poet says that no language, however perfect, can express all the thoughts, all the emotions, that spring up in the soul.* This is true. I have often felt it, and now realize it more than ever. Ten months elapsed between Victor's amelioration and his death—months memorable for great suffering, but which have left me many delightful, though melancholy, remembrances. I wish I could impart these recollections to you. I hardly dare attempt it, so conscious am I of my inability to do them justice.

How, indeed, could I depict the love, stronger than ever, that bound me to my husband, spared in so unhoped-for a manner, though but for a brief period—so brief that I could almost count the hours? How make you understand how elevated, superhuman, consoling, and yet sorrowful, were our conversations? How many times Victor said to me: "Agnes, how merciful the good God is! See, he could have recalled me to himself at once, but still leaves me with you a few months longer. Oh! how heartily I desire to profit by this time in order to prepare for death, though I fear it not! I do not wish to spend one of these last hours in vain. I wish to do all the good in my power, and love you better and better as the blessed do in heaven. Oh! how sweet it will be to enter upon that perfect love above, which we have imagined, and had a foretaste of, here below—what do I say?—a thousand times sweeter, more perfect. Its enjoyment will be without any alloy of fear or sadness, for in loving, we shall have a right to say: 'It is for ever!'"

But of all the thoughts that occupied Victor's mind at that period, that which was most constantly in his heart he expressed in these simple but significant words: to do all the good possible! Penetrated with this desire, he resumed his duties at the *Journal* office as soon as he was able. His talents had developed under the influence of suffering. Every one remarked it. But controversy fatigued him, and he was not able to go out every day. He was, therefore, provided with an assistant —a young man of ability, to whom he could transfer most of the labor. He took pleasure in training him for the work, saying to himself: "He will be my successor. I shall still live in him, and have some part in the good he will do."

A part of the day, therefore, remained unoccupied. He employed these hours in writing a small work—a simple, touching book, which was published a short time before his death, and is still doing, to my knowledge, much good among the people.

Training his successor and publishing a useful book were two good acts he took pleasure in, but, so great was his ardor for benefiting others, that they did not suffice. He earnestly longed for some new opportunity of testifying to God how desirous he was of making a holy use of the last moments of his life. "And yet," he added, "I acknowledge this work

* "That which is most divine in the heart of man never finds utterance for want of words to express it. The soul is infinite [this is saying too much: it is one thing to be infinite, and another to have a sense of the infinite], and language consists only of a limited number of signs perfected by use as a means of communication among the vulgar."—Lamartine, *Preface des Premieres Meditations.*

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is perhaps presumptuous. It is asking a special grace from God of which I am not worthy." But God granted him this longed-for opportunity of devoting himself to his glory, and he embraced it with a heroism that won universal admiration.

Spring returned, and we fell into the habit of going from time to time to pass a day in the country with Jeanne, my old nurse. Jeanne was one of those friends of a lower condition whom we often love the most. There is no jealousy in such a friendship to disturb the complete union of soul. It is mingled with a sweet sense of protection on one side, and of gratitude on the other—which is still sweeter.

We went there in the morning, walked around awhile, then breakfasted and resumed our walk. Jeanne lived at St. Saturnin, six kilomètres from town. It is a charming place, as you are aware. Near the village flows a stream bordered by poplars and willows that overshadow the deep but limpid waters. One morning we were walking in the broad meadow beneath the shade of these trees, when suddenly we saw a young man on the opposite shore, not six rods off, throw himself into the stream. Victor still retained a part of his natural vigor. Before I thought of preventing him, he sprang forward, and, seeing that the man who had precipitated himself into the water did not rise to the surface, jumped into the river, swam around some time, and finally succeeded in bringing the stranger to shore. I was wild with anxiety and grief. Without allowing him to stop to attend to the person he had rescued, I forced him to return to Jeanne's in order to change his clothing. He gave orders for some one to hasten to the assistance of the poor man for whom he had so courageously exposed his life. Several persons hastily left their work, and in a short time returned with the man who had tried to drown himself. He was still agitated, but had recovered the complete use of his faculties. At the sight of my husband in the garb of a peasant, he at once comprehended to whom he owed his life. He was seized with a strange tremor; he staggered, and seemed on the point of fainting. Victor made every effort to bring him to himself, and at length succeeded. As soon as this young gentleman, who was clad with uncommon elegance, recovered his strength and self-possession, he seized my husband's hand and kissed it with a respect that excited strange suspicions in my mind. Victor appeared to know him, but I did not remember ever having seen him before. Why had he thrown himself into the river? To drown himself, of course. . . . Why, then, did he testify so much gratitude and respect for one who had hindered him from executing his project? . . .

He requested, in a faint, supplicating tone, to be left alone with Victor. The rest of us withdrew into the garden. At our return, Victor whispered to me: "This gentleman is Louis Beauvais, the banker's oldest son. He himself will relate his history to you after our return home."

The carriage was not to come for us till four o'clock. We therefore passed several hours together at Jeanne's. Victor devoted himself to Louis with an attention that touched me inexpressibly. As to Louis, a son could not have shown more affection to the best of fathers than he to Victor.

The hour of our departure came at last. We entered the carriage, and were all three at home in half an hour.

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HOME EDUCATION.

As the family is the type and basis of society, so does it contain, as in a microcosm, all the questions, problems, and difficulties that agitate the larger world. Marriage is first in importance within the family and in society, as representing the principle of creation; education comes next, as representing the principle of development. Given a new and perfect society, made up of individual couples whose union should be absolutely satisfactory, and whose motives, thoughts, and actions absolutely irreproachable, how is it to be perpetuated in this desirable state? If to the perfection of marriage were not added the consequent perfection of education, the new society, for a moment raised up above former standards of approximative goodness, would, in the course of half a generation, be reduced lower than any standard of Christian times. This is so well understood that education has come to be the one cry of all parties, representing with some the conscientious result of their religious belief, with others merely their ambition to make a stir in the political world. Christians look to it as fitting men for heaven; statesmen turn to it as fashioning the law-abiding citizen; atheists see in it the means whereby successfully to blind mankind, and make them swallow the poison hidden under the appearance of superficial cleverness; the devil grasps it as a tool, or recoils from it as from a thunder-bolt; but to no thinking being can it be a matter of indifference.

We do not propose to go into that broader question of public education which, once within the scope of the law, and face to face with established national systems, immediately sets both hemispheres in a ferment; but to discuss that preliminary and more vital training whose silent power shows itself every day in the homes of thousands, neutralizing on the one hand good examples and wholesome teaching, and on the other often redeeming from utter badness its half-corrupted subject. And first taking the literal meaning of the word education, *i.e.* to *lead up*, or *out of* (*e-duco*), we must remark that as education is coeval with the dawn of reason, so it is also continuous. It begins in the cradle, and goes on hand in hand with life to the grave. All experience, good or bad, is education, not only the lessons taught in school-hours, the lectures given in classes, halls, and colleges, not alone the books we read and the examinations we undergo, but, more emphatically, the places we frequent, the people we meet, the misfortunes we go through, the work we perform. Even prosperity is education, though seldom in the highest sense, but it is chiefly in the lower walks of fortune that the more important part of this daily and hourly education is imparted. For this reason specially, and in view of the future in which a chance word heard in the street or a stray visit to some place or person may become of such subtle and paramount gravity, should home education in the Christian sense of the word be encouraged to the utmost. More particularly should this be the case in non-Catholic countries. We have

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no outward atmosphere of religion to trust to; no wayside crosses to remind us of the sufferings which our sins caused our Blessed Saviour; no simple shrines to bid us remember to pray for our invisible brethren in purgatory; no street processions to bring vividly before our minds that our King is more than an earthly lord, and our Mother more than an earthly parent.

We do not breathe Catholicity in our daily life, and there is therefore the greater need of our drinking it in with our mother's milk. This insensible and gradual instilling of religion into our infant minds is the essence of Christian "home education." First among all the influences that go towards it is example. This extends over every detail of the household, and can be and should be kept in view in the poorest as well as the most comfortable home. In the latter, certainly, the duty is more stringent, the incentives to its performance lying so near at hand that it requires an absolutely guilty carelessness to neglect them. In the former, though a thousand excuses might be made for the neglect of this paramount duty, it should still be remembered that God's grace is all-powerful, and never fails those who seek to do his will. Parents sorely tried during a day of toil and anxiety are often found more loving and forbearing towards their helpless children than others who, with no trouble on their minds, yet delegate the "tiresome" office of nurse to a hired attendant; and although it is certainly to be deplored that in so many cases the children of the poor should be nothing but little men and women already weighed down by cares that ought to belong only to a later age, still it may be questioned whether even this is not a lesser evil in the long run than that other sort of neglect which makes the children of the rich, for the most part, only the playthings of their parents.

The poor, on the contrary, though necessity may make their children drudges, yet have in them early friends, while too often among their more fortunate neighbors children count only as the ornaments of the house. So that even out of evil comes good, and God has planted consolations in the path of his poor which go far to soften the miseries of their inevitable lot. We say inevitable, not as denying the immense, unexplored possibilities of alleviating this lot which remain in the power of future philanthropists, but as believing in our Lord's prophecy, "The poor you have *always* with you," which blessed promise we count as a staff vouchsafed in mercy to help us on our way to heaven.

We have said that the duty of good example is incumbent upon every parent, rich or poor. But not only those broad examples which could hardly fail to strike even an idiot, such as abstaining from unseemly brawls, from excesses of language and of self-indulgence—in plain words, from swearing and drinking—or from manifest dishonesty; there are subtler things than these, and which produce indeed greater effect on the child spectator. Gross vice has often that redeeming phase of being its own antidote by disgusting those who come in daily contact with it. The principle on which the Spartans educated their children in temperance by exhibiting before them the drunken helots was (however cruel its application on the persons of their unhappy prisoners) a consummate proof of practical wisdom. That which does not carry such an antidote with it is more to be feared in the education of a child. A spirit of irritability between husband and

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wife; a carelessness on the part of either in entering cordially into the other's little interests; an exhibition of temper over absurd trifles or of unamiability in small questions of self-denial—these tell gravely upon a child's character. Observation and criticism are childhood's natural characteristics, and very logical and very pitiless are childhood's judgments. The old-fashioned code of a "well-behaved" child used to be never to ask questions; we are not so sure that this code was faultlessly wise. We suffer perhaps under a somewhat aggravated form of a very dissimilar one just now, and may be tempted—not unpardonably—to wish for the peace of the good old times back again. As usual, the middle course is the most rational as well as beneficial, and if it were in our power to stop the violent swayings of the social pendulum from one extreme to the other, we would gladly do our part in the work.

It is therefore in the more unheeded and less abnormal occurrences of every day that the greatest force of example lies, and that harm or good may be done beyond recall. Christian gentleness, that daily unobtrusive charity which in rough homes amply makes up for what outward refinement may be lacking, and in more prosperous households alone sets the seal of true worth upon such exterior polish as there is, is the golden secret of a perfect example. And this spirit should extend to every domestic relation, covering the whole field of contingencies which may assume such grave proportions in a child's memory. Your deportment to the poor, if you are rich yourself, has an invaluable force of example; the patience with which you listen to a tale of distress, the delicate courtesy implied in an attentive attitude, the gracefulness of your alms, and the wise but gentle discrimination of your questioning, all have an untold effect upon the little trotter by your side, hardly old enough to reason however dimly, but old enough to bear away a nameless impression of the scene. On the other hand, think of the responsibility incurred by a rude or callous reception; a sneering or lofty air of caution against what you think may be an imposture; above all, perhaps, a careless alms given to be rid of a disagreeable importunity, and a half-expression of relief when the interruption is happily over! The child at your side bears away this impression quite as surely, and in after-years uses its imitative powers quite as skilfully, as if the impression had been one of mercy and kindness; and a very few scenes of this sort are enough to mould for a child a certain standard of behavior.

Among the domestic relations, none is more likely to strike a child's eye than that between master and servant. Here also dangerous seeds of future heartlessness may be easily sown by the example of a careless or haughty parent. Considerate thought for the proper comforts of those whose toil ensures your leisure is one of the foremost Christian duties. A child is naturally tyrannical, and this disposition, if fostered by an injudicious mother, may lead to a shameless persecution of the very persons to whose care children are most often left. This, in turn, will encourage tyranny on the nurse's part, and engender a system of mutual deceit; the child and the servant trying to circumvent each other in carrying tales, and then sheltering themselves by lies from the consequences of having carried them. Now, all this is to the last degree injurious to the future character of the child; it withers the principle of hon-

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or; it kills all manliness and straightforward dealing, and sows the seeds of those two inseparable vices, cruelty and cowardice. In after-life, when the despairing mother sees her darling sink below himself, and earn the unenviable names of bully and sneak, can she blame him for shattering the ideal she blindly worshipped in his person? Not so, for with justice can she look back on her own folly, and with bitterness cry out, "*It was my fault.*"

Very different is the other and the good example shown by so many holy and conscientious women in their relations with their households. Considerateness and forbearance in all things are not incompatible with firmness in some. A sense of your own dignity, were it nothing higher, will dictate a kind bearing towards those in humbler station; for to those who never obtrude their superiority a double homage will ever be accorded. A child can exercise on its attendants some of the noblest virtues of manhood; the household is a little world, a preparatory stage on which to rehearse in miniature the opportunities of after-life. Pleasure given to some, a little gift or a gracious speech vouchsafed to others; consolation afforded to one in grief, attention shown to one in sickness; and, above all, a mindfulness of not making the yoke of servitude too galling by restricting the natural and proper diversions of those whom God has destined to bear it—such are a few of the lessons a child should learn, not in words alone, but in the manner of its parents and the unconscious radiating of an habitual example.

Another class of influences under which a child will necessarily come is that of social relations. For the most part, children are made too much of a show. They are taught —or allowed—certain little mannerisms which, at their age, are called charming, but, if looked at by the light of common sense, are simply as absurd as they are forward. Later on, when they begin to use their reason, they are often listeners to frivolous or scandalous conversations, in which they pick up, if not a half-knowledge of vice, certainly a whole love of gossip. Now, all this is deplorable from a Christian point of view. In a really Christian home—a home such as we aspire to see at least in every Catholic family—the case would be very different. Entertainments and fêtes would be judiciously "few and far between," and in its mother's visitors the child would see only fresh objects of its mother's charitable tact. If anything against charity were said, the hostess would gently check the conversation, either by palliating the fault alluded to, suggesting a better motive than the apparent one concerning any person implicated, or turning the conversation skilfully to some less dangerous topic. Those formal visits, made to kill time or otherwise uselessly, would have no part in her day's programme, and with ever charitable but firm demeanor would she effectually check the frequent demands thus made upon her time by others. The child, quick of perception, as almost all children are, would be unconsciously moulded to habits of orderly and discriminating hospitality, and would soon learn to do something for God in every social pastime which it legitimately enjoyed.

This brings us to the subject of order, an important virtue in the Christian home. Education itself, if given in a desultory fashion, would be next to useless, and some of that strict apportioning of time which gives to our study hours their wholesome monotony is essential also for

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the home training of youth. This may seem at first sight a very arbitrary decision, but, when we come to look deeper into it, we find that it has the same relation to the future moral life as the study of the classics or of mathematics to the intellectual life. A knowledge of the Greek and Latin poets, orators, and historians has perhaps very little influence on the practical and ultimate result of a college education; but the effect of refinement it has on the mind, and the polished tone it imperceptibly gives to thought, manners, and conversation, are benefits simply incalculable. So with mathematics. A boy may not have any aptitude for that science, and may never hope to become proficient in it; still, the habit of application, the facility of concentrating and commanding his thoughts, which is the natural result of the close study demanded by the exact sciences, are things whose influence on his future career cannot be rated too high. They may not unlikely ensure temporal success, and, in these days of feverish competition, this argument should not be overlooked. Still, it is from a higher motive that we say the same of habits of order in the home. This regularity, which, no doubt, may be tedious, just as mathematics may be dry, is not lost on the general impressions of childhood, and, were it only for its own sake, should be looked upon as a seal of likeness to the works of God, which cannot fail to hallow the family circle. We have said that the family is the world in miniature, and as the principle of order was the presiding attribute in creation, so ought we in our daily lives to take it as a means of creating more and more time, more and more opportunities, for the service of God. "Be perfect, even as your heavenly Father is perfect."

In the education given by the constant example of the parents, nothing is more important than family prayer, or, at least, prayer said at the mother's knee. In the most solemn of duties, it is not fitting that parent and child should be separated. If Jesus has said that his Father can refuse nothing to "two or three *gathered* together in his name," how much more invincible must be the joint prayer of those who are linked by such close and sacred ties, those who present to him a faint shadow of his own humble home at Nazareth! Think you that Jesus in his kingdom forgets the simple hearth where his Mother taught him, according to the development of his human nature, those formulæ of prayer and thanksgiving which he himself, in his divine nature, had taught to the Jewish lawgivers? Does he forget the rites of circumcision and presentation, the offerings and ransom paid for him according to the law, the visit to the temple at Jerusalem? He has shown us in his obedience to these religious observances his wish that we should imitate his outward devotion and submission to the church. Family worship is dear to him in remembrance of his own childhood, and as it is one of the most solemn, so it is also one of the sweetest duties of the Christian parent. It tends to give the child a proper spirit of faith and simple reliance, in that it sees its earthly parent, to whom it looks up for everything and considers as the final arbiter of its small world, prostrate before a higher Fatherhood, and taking towards the divine Omnipotence the very attitude of a submissive and expectant child.

Next to prayer itself, pious reading cannot fail to demand our attention as the second great spiritual help in the routine of home education. This

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should be simple and well suited to the understanding of young children, and, above all, should not be a dry and barren formality, but should be explained and amplified by the mother's comments. How, unless questions are freely allowed—nay, encouraged—can the extent of the impression made by spiritual reading be measured? Then, what an inexhaustible resource does not this reading or its equivalent—descriptions by word of mouth—afford to a thoughtful parent! The beautiful narratives of the Old Testament, the stories of the four gospels, the many striking incidents in the lives of the saints, the legends of the faithful middle ages, the histories of the contemporaneous manifestations of God's mercy, all offer mines of wealth to a skilful narrator. If, instead of goblin tales more fit for the entertainment of rational people than for the staple of a child's too credulous meditations, these holy histories became the nursery rhymes of the future generation, it would be well indeed for the spiritual advance of our age. If among the romances of mediæval times more of those were chosen in which religion figures than of those where fairy and elf appear, it would be a better promise for the future health, moral and physical, of our people. Who knows how much of that nervousness which is the characteristic disease of our day is due to those unwholesome terrors of infancy, those threats of bogy and ogre, with which children are frightened into silence or lulled into uneasy sleep! The child who would be, in a manner, the companion of the boy Jesus, of the child Precursor, the infant Samuel, the Holy Innocents, the children of whom our Lord said, "Suffer them to come unto me, and forbid them not," and of the many boy and girl saints—S. Rose of Viterbo, S. Aloysius Gonzaga, S. Stanislaus Kostka—would be a far healthier and more manly subject than the mental companion of deformed sprites and forest goblins. The young mind is so impressionable that it is the greatest possible mistake to let its first exercise of reason spend itself on unrealities; they are apt to take on an influence not readily shaken off, and to cumber the ground long after room is needed for more serious growths of thought. This may seem an exceptional mode of proceeding, perhaps an eccentric one, the contrary having for so many ages held sway, but we take leave to think that it has reason, expediency, and religion on its side.

To this great duty of example, which ramifies itself as often as there are distinct classes of influence, is added the duty of vigilance. Parents need not only the knowledge of what to impart, but the instinct of what to shun. As watchers over a citadel, they have to guard against the masked inroads of the enemy, and carefully to sift their children's surroundings, whether social or domestic, lest any taint should lurk in the association. We have read somewhere in a book of devotion that those who carry great treasures in a frail vessel naturally take the greater care as to their gait and speed; they look well to see if the road is level, or to avoid its irregularities if it is not; they take heed to keep their eyes and mind intent on what they bear, so as to bring it safe to its destination. Even so does the mother carry in her hands the priceless treasure of a human soul, and her solicitude for its perfect preservation from all taint or attack should be little less than that of the child's Guardian Angel himself. If, as we have just hinted, she should choose with such scrupulous care even the companions of his fancy, so

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much the more should this judicious censorship be extended to the real companions of his studies or recreations. Perhaps the influence of childish association is even greater than the mother's own, and what the latter may have laboriously sown will be uprooted in a moment by the former. Children's minds, in indiscriminate contact with each other, are as powder and spark brought together; if each had been kept until the right moment, and applied in the right way, we might have had an illumination; as it is, we have a conflagration. As childhood merges into youth, the choice of a school brings this question of companionship into prominence. In a public institution, it is not possible to admit only children who come, well-taught and docile-minded, from irreproachable homes; the very aim and end of the institution would thus be frustrated. Nor is it possible for its parents, once a child is admitted, to choose absolutely who, among its many schoolfellows, shall be its special friends. Much may be done in that way by advice, tact, and prayer; still, guidance falls far short of absolute choice. It is therefore evident that the greater care should be taken to choose the school which in itself shall have the greatest influence in moulding the character of its scholars, and thereby in transforming into fitter companions for the new-comer those very children who, *nolens volens*, must needs be his everyday acquaintances. But the influence of home does not cease with the first day at school. Letters from home, breathing the old atmosphere, will carry the child back, week by week, to his old associations, be they good or bad; the holidays will bring him again within the fascination of the old circle, and occasional visits from the companions of his early childhood will complete the charm. Thus an infinite amount of good, or a corresponding amount of harm, may yet be done after the home education period has, strictly speaking, passed away.

And here is, perhaps, the best place to touch upon the holy influence which an elder brother or sister may exercise on a younger one. This, one of the most powerful means of good, is only second to that of the parents themselves, and may furnish a very beautiful illustration of true and discerning brotherly love. It is spiritual friendship engrafted upon the stock of natural affection, itself a noble virtue and most sweet tie, which has often, even in heathen times, produced great effects. Under this figure of brotherhood God has typified his union with creatures; he made himself our Brother through the incarnation; and everywhere brotherhood is synonymous with the dearest and purest fellowship. Our brothers and sisters in the flesh, especially if they are younger than ourselves, are as much our care and charge as they are of our parents; and of this we have a striking instance in the very first book of the Pentateuch, and only a few years after the sinless creation of Adam. Cain's defiant plea, "Am I my brother's keeper?" failed to meet with God's endorsement, but brought instead the terrible answer that he should be "a fugitive and a vagabond upon the earth." In the daily companionship of brotherhood, this scene is often re-enacted; souls are slain by their own kindred, and the world smiles and passes blindly on. But God has set a mark upon the murderer by which the devils know him and kill him not, because they know too well whose road he is even now treading, and that in the last day his mark shall be revealed to all. Here is the dark side of that continuous education which is as potently at work in dens of shame and

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places of pleasant danger as it is in Christian homes and schools. Here is that nefarious education which neutralizes or obliterates the happy past, and leads our young men by tortuous paths of gradual vice to the end of many such deceptive panoramas—the gallows or suicide.

False example, insidious promptings, rash indulgences, intoxicating freedom, wily friendship—through these and many kindred forms, subtle may be and proportionately dangerous, the devil, in the person of your brother or your seeming friend, leads you on till the murder of Abel is repeated, and the insolent excuse flung back to heaven: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

The system of rewards and punishments has much to do with the moral training of youth. With regard to this, we may startle our readers by broaching views so different from those time-honored ones that pretend to find their sanction in the Biblical rule, "Spare the rod, and spoil the child," as to seem heretical to good old-fashioned, jog-trot parents.* But what if the Scripture itself were to fail them? What authority have they for understanding "the rod" in its literal instead of its figurative sense? The rod was, with the Hebrews, an emblem of power: witness the miracles of Aaron in Egypt, and the blossoming of his rod when his supreme authority was called in question by the rebellion of Core. "The rod" may therefore very plausibly be taken as meaning parental authority, and the text would thus imply nothing more than a declaration that the *carelessness* of the parent will be responsible for the wrong-headedness of the child. In this sense we prefer to read this passage, and for this reason: physical punishments and rewards will be indissolubly associated in a young child's mind with his good or bad actions, just as they are coupled in the memory and instinct of a dog with the various desirable or undesirable things it has been taught or forbidden to do. This produces a low and degrading standard by which moral actions are henceforward measured by the child, and later on will lead to the impression that the absence of such tangible consequences argues the right to do as he pleases, irrespective of merely moral restraints; whereas, if the rewards and punishments meted out to him are of the moral and intellectual order, his conception of the principle of duty will be abstract and independent. Childhood has a natural leaning towards deception; therefore truth should be made not only prominent, but attractive. To own a fault, and even to confess it unasked, should be an understood palliation of the fault itself; whereas any attempt at concealment should be treated as a far graver offence than the action concealed. In a word, the principle of Christian honor should be the key-note of home education, and any meanness should be condemned as the most contemptible of all faults. Sensitive as children are to the slightest alteration of manner in their regard, they would feel keenly the silence and avoidance which this plan presupposes in their parents' conduct towards them when guilty of a dishonorable action, and, by associating the idea of *wrong* with that of *disgrace*, would very soon be brought to a truer estimate of morals than if wrong with them was only the synonyme of *pain*. Again, the system of physical punishment invariably leads to defiance; it stirs up a spirit of contradiction and sullenness

* As we are not without experience in the management of children, we cannot agree with our contributor in the proposed banishment of the rod from the nursery, however much we may prefer moral suasion when found effectual.—Ed. C. W.

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which gradually encrusts the young mind with the deplorable proof-armor of ultimate indifference. We need give but one example—a personal one—of the immense superiority of moral over physical punishment. As a child, we were stubborn and self-willed, and were frequently treated, not exactly to corporal indignities, but to threadbare schoolroom devices for overcoming temper. Two or three times it happened that, these worn-out means proving as inefficient as "water on a duck's back," fatherly authority had to be invoked. It always took one form—silence. For a week there would be none of the happy familiarities between father and child, but, instead, a cessation of the usual pleasant and indulgent intercourse, and now and then a grave look of displeasure as the culprit would make some spasmodic and despairing advance. This was the only punishment which made the slightest impression, and the keen remembrance of it lasts to this day. Sometimes, when we were older, another variety was tried. Instead of being, according to the old code, starved on bread and water in a dark closet, we were seated alone at a table, while the rest of the family ate together as usual; every dish was ceremoniously brought up and served at our solitary meal, and every servant in the house was perfectly aware of the cause; no one spoke or offered us the least attention beyond the ordinary formalities, and we were treated half like a distinguished prisoner, half like an excommunicated person. The result was admirable, prompt in the extreme, and certain to ensure an unusually long term of subsequent docility.

Rewards are no less important than punishments. Of these, knowledge and religious opportunities should. in our idea, form the staple. They are thus invested with a personal interest to the child; they come before him as things specially concerning his own good behavior and his parents' appreciation of it. For instance, the mother reads him Scripture stories and the legends of the saints; he listens with absorption, and longs to read the book himself, but the road through the alphabet and spelling-book is uninviting. Why not teach him through the book itself? The illuminated capitals will strike him by their beauty, the pictures will lend force to the difficult words, and help his memory to connect them with the illustrated subject. Instead of finding church services an irksome interruption to his games, he might be made to look upon them as the highest rewards he can obtain. For a well-learnt lesson in catechism, he might be taught to chant one of those immortal poems, the Psalms; for proficiency in Bible history, he might be taken to some of the most picturesque of our solemn ceremonies, and hear, on the way, of the typical manner in which it is connected with that history; for an act of childish self-denial, he might be allowed to serve as acolyte at Mass. Even these rewards, however, should not be injudiciously multiplied, for familiarity would beget irreverence,—the worst stumbling-block that could be laid in a child's spiritual path. We think that a Christian education in the early days of childhood could go no further in perfection than this—the thorough identification of all happiness with religion.

We have yet to speak of a detail in household economy, which, in point of interest, is one of the foremost. Personal attention to a child is a part of the mother's duty of vigilance, and the fashionable custom of leaving such attention to domestics

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cannot be reprobated too strongly. This personal care is, first of all, an instinct of nature which it must require a very thick coating of frivolity entirely to supersede; and it is, secondly, a duty of religion from which even great physical sickness cannot conscientiously release the parent. Numberless evils flow from a neglect of this imperious duty. The forsaken child will learn in time to forget its mother, to think of her as a splendid being very far from him—one not to be annoyed by his cries or made nervous by his romps, but to be gazed at from afar, like a grand picture or work of art. Happy child if an affectionate, compassionate nurse takes the vacant place of his own mother, and makes him familiar with those sweet, nameless trivialities that make up the world of a child's heart; but, even so, how sad the necessity for such comfort! How much more sad, then, the position of the unloved child, neglected even by its nurse, or left to the well-meaning but questionable petting of the other servants! They will not be reticent, though they may be obsequious, and the future character of their charge will be warped beyond remedy. Pride, too, will be ridiculously fostered, and will drive tenderness away; a certain recklessness will be infused into the child's habits, and reverence, refinement, sensitiveness, will be petrified within him. He will feel himself of no value, since no one cares for him, and, if no happy influence stops his downward course, he will be a cynic before he is twenty-five.

We have said so much in this strain, and made so much of the gloomy side of the question, that we feel bound to speak a little more fully of the model Christian home, not only as it should be, but—thank God that we can say it!—as it very often is. We know that, according to Father Faber's beautiful expression, "God has many Edens in this world," and surely among our Christian homes many deserve this name.

There are those in which the father is not absorbed in business and the mother by fashion, where the servants are happy and attached members of the family, where daily prayer and cheerful work alternate with each other in order, where recreation does not degenerate into riot, nor work conduce to moroseness. Healthy exercise and early hours keep the doctor from the door, while constant industry repulses the proverbial visitor who always "finds mischief for idle hands to do." The father is the genial companion of his children, and does not lose their respect by gaining their confidence; the mother is the guardian spirit of the household, the wise woman of the Proverbs, "whose children rose up and called her blessed; her husband, and he praised her." Towards each other the husband and wife behave as they would before the angels of God, because they remember that he who scandalizeth "a little one" is accursed, and that the angel of "the little one," who is there continually beside him and in some sort represents him in heaven, "beholds the face of the Lord." The children are submissive, not through fear, but through *reason* and love; for the acknowledged superiority of their elders has a rational force with them, and they think themselves honored in obeying those who are wiser than they. They have Jesus of Nazareth ever before their eyes—the Boy who, as he grew in years, "waxed strong in wisdom and grace," and who, though he was God, "went down, and was subject to them."

This life, peaceful, orderly, religious, the life of the cloister transla-

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ted into the home, is in itself education. Its holy influence is not confined to space or time, but will live in the hearts of the scattered family through youth and manhood to extreme old age. In fancy, they will be able to reconstruct that home; in spirit, to revisit it long after its dearest inmates shall have left it for their heavenly home, long after its material frame shall have passed away to other, perhaps to careless, hands. In their various resting-places, whether a new home, the daughter of that shrine, or only a rock just above the level of the sea of fortune, the hallowed remembrance will come back to them freighted with hope and strength for the future. Even in heaven, the Son of God is called Jesus of *Nazareth*, and can *we* forget the home and the mother that made us what we are?

In all that pertains to this ideal, although man is bound to subserve it to the utmost, woman is more solemnly pledged to its fulfilment. Man has the world for his empire: woman has man—during the years of his pupilage. The mother's education is the child's second birth, and she who, being mother to the body of her child, neglects that more laborious training which accompanies its moral development, practically refuses to be the mother of its soul. To a woman failing in her home duties is attached more reproach than to a neglectful husband and father, because her office is the more sacred, her position the nearer to God. It was a woman who was glorified by the most miraculously close union with God that the universe has ever seen, and by that standard alone should womanhood and motherhood be judged. If it falls short of a faint copy of Mary the mother of Jesus, it is condemned, for the state that has been the most divinely exalted should ever after remain the most humanly perfect.

The mere temporal importance of home education, though secondary to its spiritual aspect, cannot be overlooked. Besides the duty of the angel—training souls for heaven—woman has the duty of the citizen, *i.e.* training patriots for the state. Without faith there is no love of country in the highest sense; without discipline, no love of law. It is woman's task to mould the men who, in the future, will mould the nation. High or low it matters not: the mother of the statesman and the mother of the laborer work alike towards their country's glory. The state needs hands as well as heads, and the mason who cuts the common stones has as much part and should have as much pride in the completed building as the artist who carves the wonderful pinnacles or fashions the marvellous capitals.

We have spoken perhaps too exclusively of the duties and circumstances of the higher classes in this matter of home education. Perhaps it is not altogether unprovidential that we should have been led to do so; for of the various divisions of humanity which our Lord in his parable of the sower represents under the figure of the different accidents that befell the good seed, we know which is, unhappily, the least productive. Jesus himself has explained that the thorns which choked the seed are the "cares, and riches, and pleasures of this life." Mark well, the *cares*; not only the riches and pleasures, for those self-sought and profitless cares have not the blessings on them which the God-given cares of poverty have. The poor and lowly too often shame their more fortunate brethren by their greater self-devotion and generosity. Their homes, so much less prosperous, are yet often so much more edifying, than ours; and let it be remem-

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bered that every act of theirs has, according to the measure of their inferior opportunities, double the merit of any similar act of ours. So with the wholesome reticence which becomes us who have so many opportunities *and neglect them:* we have preferred to point out the beam that is in our own eye, rather than pharisaically to expatiate on the mote that is in our neighbor's. Yet we would not that any class should deem itself exempt from the duties of home education—duties which, with the poor, have all the added merit of absolute heroism. The poor are told, and doubtless truly, by our teachers and superiors, that their condition should be dear to them because it was that of our Lord himself; but we, their brethren and fellow-pilgrims, should labor to supplement this teaching by making that very condition less irksome to them. Who can dream of Jesus on earth as *not* being poor and destitute? But, on the other hand, who would dare, were he now on earth, to be behindhand in ministering to his poverty? Now, the alms we *owe* to his earthly representatives are twofold, *i.e.* spiritual and temporal. Among the former, none are so meritorious as good examples. Have we not in these days a perpetual and most sadly grotesque picture of class aping class, of tawdriness following close on the heels of fashion, of aspiring vanity actually crowding out the legitimate needs of the body? If this system of imitation must be, why not give it a worthy subject to practise upon?

Reform, to be practical, must begin in the higher strata of society; for not only to individuals, but also, in a wider sense, to classes, is the keepership of brotherhood entrusted. We *are* our "brother's keeper," and our "brother" is the mass of men who look up to us for guidance. As long as our fathers and husbands care more for their office than their home, so long will the bulk of the nation be mere animated machines snatching after precarious wealth; as long as our wives and mothers care more for the drawing-room than for the nursery and study, so long will the mass of women be heartless coquettes or abandoned harlots. We speak strongly, because we feel strongly. This is an age of initial struggle, which our faith should turn into an era of better things. If we need any "new departure," let it be the departure from frivolity to domesticity, from contemptible weakness to the manliness of the Gospel. And here let us say one word to the head of the family, to him without whose example even the mother's influence is incomplete. Business is *not* the whole of life; it is *not* even the first earthly good to be sought for. Success often kills happiness, and its exclusive pursuit always kills peace. The father who allows business to isolate him from all the tenderer interests of his home achieves two things: he alienates his children's affection—after having very likely worn out his wife's devotion—and he teaches them betimes the baneful lesson that before Mammon all other interests must bow. This false doctrine his children will teach to theirs by an example equally gloomy with his own, and thus God will be forgotten in the very gifts which one word of his mouth could turn in a moment to dust and ashes.

Shall this be so, or will Christian parents take heed to their duty?

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THE PICTURE OF THE RIVIERE OUELLE.

A CANADIAN LEGEND.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. L'ABBE CASGRAIN.

I.—THE MISSIONARY.

READER, have you ever been in the old church of the Rivière Ouelle? In one of its side-chapels is an *ex-voto* which was placed there many long years ago by a stranger who was miraculously preserved from death. It is a very old picture, full of dust, and of no artistic value, but it recalls a touching story; I learned it when very young, on my mother's knees, and it has remained as fresh and vivid in my memory as when I first heard it.

It was a cold winter evening, long, long ago. The snow was beating against the window-sashes, and the icy north wind howled and shrieked among the naked branches of the great elms in the garden. The whole family had assembled in the *salon*. Our mother, after playing several airs on the piano, allowed her fingers to wander restlessly over the keys—her thoughts were elsewhere. A shade of sadness passed over her brow. "My dear children," said she, after a moment's silence, "see what a fearful night this is; perhaps many poor people will perish before morning from cold and hunger. How thankful we ought to be to God for our good food and warm, comfortable beds! Let us say our rosary for the poor travellers who may be exposed to such dangers during the night." And then she added, "If you say it with devotion, I will tell you all a beautiful story." Oh! how we wished that our rosary was finished! At that age the imagination is so vivid and the soul so impressionable. Childhood possesses all the charms of the golden dawn of life; enveloping every object in shade and mystery, it clothes each in a poetry unknown to any other age.

We gathered around our mother, near the glowing stove, which diffused a delicious warmth throughout the apartment, and listened in a religious sort of silence to her sweet and tender voice. I almost think I hear it now. Listen with me to her story:

Toward the middle of the last century, a missionary, accompanied by several Indians, ascended the south bank of the St. Lawrence River, about thirty leagues below Quebec. The missionary was one of those intrepid pioneers of faith and civilization whose sublime figures are thrown out from the dark background of the past, surrounded by a halo of glory and immortality. Nailed on Golgotha during the days of their bloody pilgrimage, they shine to-day on a new Tabor; and the light which radiates from their faces illuminates the present and throws itself far into the future. At their names alone, the people, seized with wonder and respect, bow low their heads; for these names recall a courage most superhuman, a faith most admirable, and a devotedness most sublime. He whom we are following at this moment was one of those illustrious children of the Socie-

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ty of Jesus, whose entire life was consecrated to the conversion of the savages of Canada. He was not very tall, and stooped slightly; his beard, blanched prematurely by hardships, and his pale and attenuated features, seemed to indicate a want of strength and endurance for so hard a life; but this frail body concealed one of those grand souls which draw from the energy of their will an inexhaustible strength. His large, expansive forehead suggested a proportionate intellect, and his features wore an expression of incomparable sweetness and simplicity; the least shade of a melancholy smile played over his lips—in a word, his whole face seemed filled with that mysterious glory with which sanctity illumines her predestined souls.

The leader of the little band was a few steps in advance. He was an old Indian warrior who a long time before had been converted to Christianity by this holy missionary, and who from that time became the faithful companion of all his adventurous wanderings.

The travellers advanced slowly on their *raquettes* * over a soft, thick snow. It was one of those superb December nights whose marvellous splendor is entirely unknown to the people of the South, with which the old year embellishes its waning hours to greet the advent of the new-comer. Innumerable stars poured their light in silver tears over the blue firmament of heaven—we might say tears of joy which the glory of the Sun of Justice draws from the eyes of the blessed. The moon, ascending through the different constellations, amused itself by contemplating in the snowy mirror its resplendent disk. Toward the north, luminous shafts radiated from a dark cloud which floated along the horizon. The aurora borealis announces itself first by pale, whitish jets of flame which slowly lick the surface of the sky; but soon the scene grows more animated, the colors deepen, and the light grows larger, forming an arch around an opaque cloud. It assumes the most bizarre forms. In turn appear long skeins of white silk, graceful swan-plumes, or bundles of gold and silver thread; then a troop of white phantoms in transparent robes execute a fantastic dance. Now it is a rich satin fan whose summit touches the zenith, and whose edges are fringed with rose and saffron tints; finally, it is an immense organ, with pearl and ivory pipes, which only awaits a celestial musician to intone the sublime hosanna of nature to the Creator. The strange crackling sound which accompanies this brilliant phenomenon completes the illusion; for it is strangely like the sighs which escape from an organ whose pipes are filled with a powerful wind. It is the prelude of the divine concert which mortal ears are not permitted to listen to. The scene which presented itself below was not less fascinating in its savage beauty than that of the sky above.

The cold, dry atmosphere was not agitated by a single breath; nothing was heard but the dull monotonous roaring of the gigantic river, sleeping under a coverlet of floating ice, which dotted its dark waters like the spotted skin of an immense leopard. A light white vapor rose like the breath from the nostrils of a marine monster. Toward the north, the blue crests of the Laurentides were clearly defined, from Cape Tourmente to the mouth of the Saguenay. In a southern direction the last slopes of the Alleghanies stretched along, covered with pines, firs, and maples;

* Canadian snow-shoes.

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almost the entire shore was densely wooded, for at the remote period which we describe those vast clearings along the banks covered with abundant meadows were not to be seen, nor the pretty little whitewashed houses grouped in villages along the shore so coquettishly, a person could easily compare them to bands of swans sleeping on the river-banks. A sea of forest covered these shores. A few scattered houses appeared here and there, but this was all.

II.—THE APPARITION.

The travellers advanced in silence toward the middle of the wood, when suddenly the leader of the party stopped, making at the same time a sign with his hand for his companions to do likewise. "You are mistaken, comrade," said the missionary to him; "the noise that you have just heard was only a tree split by the frost."

The Indian turned slowly toward him, an almost imperceptible smile passing over his face. "My brother," said he, in a low voice, "if you saw me take your holy word,* and try to read in it, you would laugh at me. I do not wish to laugh at you, for you are a black-gown; but I tell you, you do not know the voices of the forest, and the noise which we have just heard is a human voice. Follow me at a distance, while I go on to see what is happening yonder." The travellers walked on for some time without seeing anything. The father began to think he had not been deceived, when they came to an opening in the woods, and saw the Indian stop. What was his astonishment, when, following the direction in which the savage was looking, he saw at the extreme end of the opening a very extraordinary light, apparently detached from the obscurity of the trees. In the midst of this luminous globe appeared a vague, indistinct form, elevated above the ground. Then another spectacle that the brilliancy of the strange vision had prevented him from seeing before, was presented to his gaze.

A young man dressed in military uniform was kneeling at the foot of a tree. His hands were clasped and his eyes turned towards heaven; he seemed absorbed in the contemplation of a mysterious and invisible object. Two corpses, which were easily recognized as an officer and a soldier from their uniforms, were lying by his side in the snow. The officer, an elderly man with gray hair, was lying against a maple; in his hands was a little book, about to slip out of them. His head was leaning on his right shoulder, and his face had that ashy hue which too plainly told that death already claimed him. A bluish circle surrounded his half-closed eyes, and a last tear stood congealed on his livid cheek. A placid smile was on his face, indicating that a supreme hope, which faith alone could inspire, had consoled his last moments. *

The noise made by the travellers' feet in the snow caused the young man, who was still on his knees, to turn suddenly round. "O father! my father!" cried he, rushing toward the missionary, "it is Providence who has sent you here to save me. I was about to share the terrible fate of my unfortunate companions, when —a prodigy!—a miracle!"—suffocated by his tears and sobs, he could say no more, but, throwing himself into the arms of the missionary, he pressed him to his heart.

"Calm yourself, my dear son," said the old man; "for in your feeble and

* Breviary.

* The *ex-voto* spoken of in the beginning of our story represents this scene.

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exhausted state such violent emotion might prove fatal." Scarcely had he finished the words, when he felt the young man's head sink heavily on his shoulder, and his body become a dead weight—he had fainted.

The travellers eagerly bestowed on him every care that his situation required and that lay in their power. His two friends, alas! were beyond reach of human succor. The savages dug their graves in the snow, and the saintly missionary, after reciting some prayers over their bodies, cut with his knife a large cross in the bark of the maple at the foot of which they had breathed their last—a simple but sublime monument of hope and love, destined to guard their earthly remains.

III.—A CANADIAN HOME.

See you yonder, on the slope of the hill, that pretty cottage, so neat and white, with its little thatched barn, so clearly defined against the caressing foliage of that beautiful copse of maples? Well, that is a Canadian home. From its high green pedestal it smiles at the great rolling river, in whose wave is mirrored its trembling image, and which so gently comes to expire at its feet; for the happy proprietor of this pretty dwelling loves his great, beautiful river, and has been careful to establish his home on its banks. Sometimes, when necessity obliges him to go away, he is always homesick, because he must listen to its grand voice, and contemplate its wooded islands and distant shores; he must caress with his eyes its waters, sometimes calm, sometimes foaming and turbulent. A stranger who is not familiar with the *habitant* of our country, and who imagines that there is an affinity to his ancestor—the peasant of old France—is much mistaken. More enlightened, and, above all, more religious, he is far from sharing his precarious condition. The former is, in comparison, a veritable prince; perfectly independent on his sixty or eighty arpents of land, surrounded by a cedar enclosure, he is furnished with everything necessary for an honest and comfortable subsistence.

Let us now peep under this roof, whose exterior is so attractive. I should like to sketch it just as I've seen it so frequently. On entering the *tambour*, or passage-way, two pails of fresh water, standing on a wooden bench, and a tin cup hanging against the wall, hospitably invite you to quench your thirst. In an inner room the mother of the family is quietly spinning near the window, while the soup is boiling on the stove. A calico cape, a blue skirt of domestic manufacture, a *caline** neatly fixed on her head, completes her toilet. The baby sleeps in its cradle at her side; from time to time she smiles at its bright little face, as fresh as a rose, peeping out from the quilt, whose triangular patches of the brightest colors are ingeniously distributed over it. In a corner of the room the eldest daughter sits on a chest, singing merrily, while she works at her loom; quickly and skilfully the shuttle flies between her hands; she makes in a day several measures of cloth, which she will use next year to make into garments. In another corner stands the huge bed, with its white and blue counterpane, and at its head a crucifix surrounded with pictures. That little branch of withered fir above the cross is the blessed palm. Two or three barefooted little urchins are playing on the floor, harnessing up a dog. The father, bending over the stove, gravely lights his pipe with a

* Cap worn by the peasantry.

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firebrand. He is accoutred in a red woollen cap, vest and pants of a grayish material, and rough, heavy boots. After each meal he must "take a smoke" before going out to plough or to thresh in the barn. There is an air of thrift and comfort about the house; the voices of the children, the songs of the young girl, with her spinning-wheel accompaniment, the appearance of health and happiness written on their faces, tell of the peace and serenity of their lives.

If ever, in travelling through this country, you are overtaken by a snow-storm or severe cold, go and knock without fear at the door of the Canadian cottager, and you will be received with that warmth and cordiality which their ancestors have transmitted to them as a souvenir and a relic of the Old Country; for this antique French hospitality, which can scarcely be found now in certain parts of France, seems to have taken refuge under the roof of the Canadian *habitant.* With his language and religion, he has piously preserved many of his old habits and customs. The traveller who rested under his roof a century ago would to-day find the same manners and characteristics.

It is in the parish of the Rivière Ouelle, in the bosom of one of these good Canadian families, that we find again our missionary and his companions. All the family, eager to hear the extraordinary adventures of the young officer, had gathered round him. He was a young man, from twenty to twenty-five years of age, with fine, delicate features; his dark wavy hair fell over and partially shaded his high forehead, and his proud glance revealed the loyalty of the French soldier; but an extreme pallor, consequent on the fatigue and privations he had undergone, had left a touching and melancholy expression on his face, while his refined and finished manners told of an equally finished and careful education.

IV.—THE SILHOUETTE.

"More than a month ago," said the young officer, "I left the country of the Abnakis, accompanied by my father, a soldier, and an Indian guide. We were bearing very important dispatches to the governor of the colony. We travelled along through the forest for several days without any accident, when, one evening, overcome with fatigue, we lit a fire and camped for the night near an Indian cemetery. According to the custom of the savages, every corpse was wrapped in a shroud of coarse bark, and placed high above the ground on four stakes. Bows and arrows, tomahawks, and some ears of maize were hung against these rude graves, and shook and rattled as the wind passed over them. Our own savage was seated just in front of me, on the half-decayed trunk of a pine-tree that had fallen to the ground, and seemed half buried in profound meditation. The fitful flames of the fire threw a weird light over his gigantic frame. An Indian might readily have compared him to one of the superb maples of our forest, had he been able at the same time to have united with it the cunning of the serpent and the agility of the elk. His height was increased by a quantity of black, red, and white feathers tied with his hair on the top of his head. His ferocious features, piercing black eyes, his tomahawk and long knife, half concealed by the trophy of scalps which hung from his belt, gave him a wild and sanguinary appearance. The night was dark and bitter cold. The low and unequal arch formed by the

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interlacing branches of the trees, and illuminated by the flickering light of our pine-wood fire, seemed like a vast cavern, and the old trunks of the rotten trees, which were buried in the snow, looked like the corpses of giants strewn around. The birches, covered with their white bark, seemed like wandering phantoms in the midst of this *débris*, and the dull rumbling of the distant torrent, and the wind moaning and whistling through the leafless branches, completed the weird funereal aspect of the place. Any one slightly superstitious could easily believe he heard the sighing spirits of the Indian warriors who lay buried so near us. In spite of myself, a shiver of horror ran through my veins. Here, in the midst of all this grim rubbish, where every rock and tree was transformed by the shadows into as many spectres watching his movements, our audacious savage appeared as grave and tranquil as if he had been in his own cabin.

"'Comrade,' said I to him, 'do you think we need fear any danger still from those Iroquois whose trail we discovered yesterday?'

"'Has my brother already forgotten that we found it again this morning?'

"'But there were only two,' said I.

"'Yes; but an Iroquois can very quickly communicate with his comrades.'

"'But these were not on the war-path; they were hunting an elk.'

"'Yes; but the snow is deep, and they could soon kill him without much fatigue, and then—'

"'Well!'

"'And then, their hunger once satisfied—'

"'Finish!'

"'I say they might, perhaps, amuse themselves by hunting the white-skins.'

"'But the whites are at peace with the Iroquois.'

"'The Iroquois never bury but half of the war-hatchet; and, besides, they have raised the tomahawk against the warriors of my tribe, and if they discover the track of an Abnakis among yours—'

"'You think, then, that they might pursue us? Perhaps it would be more prudent to extinguish our fire.'

"'Does not my brother hear the howling of the wolves? If he prefers being devoured by them to receiving the arrow of an Iroquois, he can extinguish it.'

"The words of our guide were not very reassuring, but I was so overcome with fatigue that, in spite of the evident danger to which we were exposed, I fell asleep. But my sleep was filled with the wildest dreams. The dark shadow of our guide, that I saw as I went to sleep, seemed to lengthen and rise behind him, black and threatening, like a spectre. The dead in the cemetery, shaking the snow from their shrouds of bark, descended from their sepulchres, and bent towards me. I fancied I heard the gritting of their teeth as the wind rushed through the trees and the dry branches cracked and snapped. I awoke with a start. Our guide, leaning against a post of one of the graves, was still before me, and from his heavy and regular breathing I knew that he slept profoundly. I fancied I saw just above him, peeping over the grave against which he was leaning, a dark form and two fixed and flaming eyes. My imagination is excited by my fantastic dreams, thought I, and tried to compose myself to sleep again. I remained a long time with my eyes half shut, in that state of semi-somnolence, half watching, half sleeping, my stupefied faculties scarcely able to discern the objects around. And yet the dark

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shadow seemed to move slightly, and to lean more and more towards our savage, who was still in a deep sleep. At that moment the fire suddenly blazed up, and I saw distinctly the figure of an Indian. He held a long knife between his teeth, and, with dilated eyes fixed on his enemy, he approached still nearer to assure himself that he slept. Then a diabolical smile lit up his face, and, seizing his knife, he brandished it an instant in aiming a blow at the heart of his victim. The blade flashed in the firelight. At the same moment a terrible cry rang out, and the two savages rolled together in the snow. The flash of the steel, in awakening our guide, had also betrayed his enemy. Thus my horrible nightmare terminated in a more horrible reality. I had hastily seized my gun, but dared not fire, lest I should kill or wound our guide. It was a death-fight between them. The snow, streaked with blood, blew up around them like a cloud of dust. A hatchet glittered in the air, then a dull, heavy sound, followed by the cracking of bones. The victory was decided. A gurgling sound escaped from the victim—it was the death-rattle! Holding in one hand a bloody scalp, the conqueror, with a smile, raised himself proudly. At that instant a shot was heard. A ball struck him in the breast, and our savage, for it was he, fell dead in front of the fire. Taking aim with my gun, and sending a ball in the direction whence the shot had come, and where I saw another shadow gliding among the trees, was for me the work of an instant. The Indian, with a terrible death-cry, described an arch in the air with his body, and fell dead to the ground. The tragedy was finished; our savage was avenged, but we had no longer a guide. I then thought of our conversation that evening, and how his apprehensions of the two savages whom we had tracked in the morning had been so fearfully realized.

V.—DEATH.

"Abandoned, without a guide, in the midst of interminable forests, we were in a state of extreme perplexity. We hesitated a long time whether to proceed on our route or retrace our steps. The danger of falling into the hands of the Iroquois, who infested that part of the country, decided us to continue our journey.

"The only means left of finding our way was a little compass which my father had fortunately brought along. Several days later found us still on our painful march, in the midst of a violent snow-storm. It was a veritable tempest; the snow fell so thick and fast we could scarcely see two feet in advance.

"In every direction we heard the trees splitting and falling to the ground. We were in great danger of being crushed. My father was struck by a branch, which completely buried him under the snow, and we had great difficulty in extricating him. When we raised him up, he found that the chain around his neck which held the compass was broken, and the compass had disappeared. We searched long and carefully, but in vain—it could not be found. In falling, my father received a severe injury on the head. While dressing the wound, which bled freely, I could not restrain my tears on seeing this old man, with his white hair, enduring intense suffering with so much fortitude, and displaying such calmness in the midst of an agony which he tried to conceal from me by an outward show of confidence. 'My son,' said he, when he saw my tears, 'remember that you are a soldier. If death comes, it will find us on the roll of honor. It is well to die a

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martyr to duty; besides, nothing happens except by the will of God. Let us submit at once with courage and resignation to whatever he pleases to send.'

"We marched two days longer in an intense cold, and then my father could go no further. The cold had poisoned the wound in his head, and a violent fever came on. To crown our misfortunes, our little store of matches had become damp, and it was impossible to kindle a fire. Then all hope abandoned me, and, not having been able to kill any game for the past day or two, we had been almost entirely without food; then, in spite of all my warning and advice, the soldier who accompanied us, exhausted by fatigue and hunger, and utterly discouraged, went to sleep in the snow, and, when I found him some time after, he was dead—frozen stiff! Overcome by the most inexpressible grief, I remained on my knees by the side of my dying father. Several times he besought me to abandon him, and escape death. When he felt his last hour approaching, he said, handing me an *Imitation of Christ* which he held in his hand, 'My son, read to me.' I took the book, and opened it at chance, reading between my sobs: 'Make now friends near God, in order that, after leaving this life, they will receive you in the eternal tabernacles.'* 'Conduct yourself on earth as a traveller and a stranger who has no interest in the affairs of the world. Keep your heart free and raised toward God, because here below you have no substantial dwelling-place. You should address to heaven every day your prayers, your sighs, and your tears, in order that, after this life, your soul will be able to pass happily into the bosom of our Lord.'

"I replaced the book in his hand. A smile of immortal hope passed over his countenance, for these lines were a *résumé* of his entire life. After a moment's silence, he said: 'My son, when I shall be no more, take this little gold cross which hangs around my neck, and which was given to me by your mother on the day of your birth'—there was a moment's silence. A shade of profound sadness passed over his face, and, taking my two hands in his, he added, 'Your poor mother!—oh! if you live to see her again, tell her I died thinking of God and of her.' Then, making a supreme effort to put aside this painful thought, at which he feared his courage might fail him, he continued: 'Always wear this little cross in remembrance of your father. It will teach you to be faithful to your God, and to your country. Come nearer, my son, that I may bless you, for I feel that I am dying.' And with his faltering hand he made the sign of the cross on my forehead."

At these words the young man stopped. Large tears rolled down his cheeks as he pressed to his lips the little gold cross which hung on his breast. All around him remained silent, in respect to his noble grief, but their tears flowed with his. Sorrow is so touching in youth! We cannot see, without a pang, the bright flowers which adorn it wither and fade away. The missionary was the first to break the silence. "My son," said he, addressing the young man, "your tears are legitimate, for the cherished being for whom you weep is worthy of them; but do not weep as those who have no hope. He whom you have lost now enjoys on high the recompense promised to a life devoted to sacrifice and duty."

"But, oh! my father, if only you could have been with him to console his last moments!"

* Luke xvi. 9.

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After a pause, he continued: "I pressed my father for the last time in my arms, and imprinted a last kiss on his pale, cold forehead. I thought at this moment he was dying. He remained immovable, his eyes turned towards heaven, when suddenly, as if by inspiration from above, he said, 'I wish you to make a vow that, if you succeed in escaping with your life, you will place a picture in the first church which you reach on the road.' I promised to do as he desired. Some moments after, a few vague and incoherent words escaped his lips, and all was over.

VI.—THE VISION.

"How long I remained on my knees beside my father's corpse I cannot tell. I was so utterly overwhelmed by grief and sorrow that I was plunged in a kind of lethargy which rendered my soul insensible to everything. Death, the loneliness of the forest, terrified me no longer; for solitude dwelt in my heart, where so short a time before all was bright and joyous. Dreams, illusions—those flowers of life that I have seen fall leaf by leaf, to be swept away by the storm; glory, happiness, the future—those angels of the heart who so lately entranced my soul with their mysterious music, had all departed, veiling with their drooping wings their sorrowful faces. All had gone—all. Nothing remained but a void, a horrible nothingness. But one feeble star watched yet in the midst of my night. The faint lamp of the inner sanctuary was not entirely extinguished; there came a ray from its expiring flame. Remembering the vow that my dying father had desired me to make, I invoked with a sort of desperation the Blessed Virgin, Comfortress of the Afflicted; and behold, suddenly—but can I tell what took place within me? Human words are inadequate to unveil the mysteries of God. I cannot explain, human ears cannot comprehend—yes, suddenly, in the midst of my darkness, my soul trembled, and a something seemed to pass through me like an impetuous wind, and my soul was carried over the troubled waters; then, rapid as the lightning that flashes through the storm-cloud, a light appeared in the darkness, in this chaos—a dazzling, superhuman light—and the tempest was appeased within me; a wondrous calm had entered my soul, and the divine light penetrated its most remote recesses and imparted a delicious tranquillity and peace, but such a peace as surpasses all comprehension; and through my closed eyelids I saw that a great light was before me. O my God! dare I tell what happened then? Would it not be profane to weaken thus the marvels of your power! I felt that something extraordinary, something supernatural, was taking place around me, and a mysterious emotion, a holy terror, that every mortal should feel at the approach of a Divine Being seized me. Like Moses, my soul said within me, 'I will go and I will see this grand vision'; and my eyes opened, and I saw—it was not a dream—it was a reality, a miracle, from the right hand of the Most High. No; the eye of man has never seen, nor his ear heard, what was permitted that I should see and hear then. In the midst of a cloud of dazzling light, the Queen of heaven appeared, holding in her arms the divine Child. The ineffable splendor that enveloped her form was so brilliant that in comparison the sun is only a dim star; but this brilliancy, far from fatiguing the sight, refreshed it deliciously. Twelve stars formed her crown, the colors of the rainbow tinged her robes, while under

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her feet were clouds which reflected the colors of aurora and the setting sun, and behind their golden fringing myriads of angels were smiling and singing hymns which have no echo here below. And what I saw and heard was so real that all that I had heard and seen heretofore seemed like a vague, dark dream of night. The divine Virgin looked at me with an immortal smile, which was reflected no doubt from the lips of her divine Child on the day of his birth.

"She said to me: 'Here I am, my son. I come because you called me. The help that I sent you is very near. Remember, my son—' But, oh! what was I going to say! I am only permitted to reveal a few words of this celestial conversation, which relate to my deliverance. The rest is a secret between God and myself —sufficient to say these words have fixed my destiny.

"For a long time she spoke to me, and my soul, ravished, absorbed, transfigured, listened in unspeakable ecstasy to the divine harmony of her voice. It will vibrate eternally in my soul, and the torrents of tears that poured from my eyes were as refreshing as dear to my heart. At last the mysterious vision gradually vanished. Clouds, figures, angels, light, all had disappeared, and yet my soul invoked the celestial vision by ineffable sighs and moans.

"When at last I turned round, the help which had been miraculously promised to me had arrived. 'Twas then, reverend father, that I perceived you near me. You know the rest."

The next day there was great excitement among the little population of the neighborhood. The news of the miracle had spread rapidly, and a pious and devout crowd had gathered in the modest little church to assist at a solemn Mass celebrated by the holy missionary. More than one pitying look was turned during the ceremony toward the young officer, who knelt near the sanctuary, praying with an angelic fervor.

It is said that some time after, in another country, far, far beyond the sea, a young officer who had miraculously escaped death abandoned a brilliant future, and consecrated himself to God in a cloister. Was it he? No one has ever known positively.

If ever you pass by the old church of the Rivière Ouelle, don't forget to stop a moment. You will see hanging in one of the side-chapels the antique *ex-voto* which recalls the souvenir of this miraculous event. The picture has no intrinsic value; but it is an old, old relic, that one loves to see, for it tells a thrilling story. Often travellers who come from distant lands stop before this dusty old picture, struck by the strange scene it represents. Oftentimes pious mothers stand before it with their little ones, and relate to them the wondrous legend; for the souvenir of this thrilling story is still vivid throughout the country.

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THE RECORDS OF A RUIN.

THE Palais Royal derives its chief historical interest from its association with the memory of Cardinal Richelieu. When it first attracted his notice by its situation, at once delightful and convenient, surrounded by richly planted gardens, and close to the Louvre and the then fashionable thoroughfare of the city, it was the property and residence of the Marquis d'Estrée. From this nobleman Richelieu purchased it in 1624. Soon, however, the elegant mansion, which had been abundantly spacious for the lords of d'Estrée with their innumerable retainers and long corteges of valets of every degree in the lengthy domestic hierarchy of those days, became too small for the growing importance of Louis XIII.'s magnificent minister.

Richelieu fell a conquest to the building and decorating mania prevalent at that period amongst princes and princely prelates; he threw down the walls of the Hôtel d'Estrée at the north end, pushed the house into the gardens, drove the gardens further out into the open space beyond, and pierced a way through into the street which was henceforth to be honored by bearing his name. Philippe of Champagne was invited to paint the ceilings and decorate the walls of the stupendous eminence whose cipher gleamed over all the doors, sometimes engrained in gold letters upon marble, sometimes curiously interlaced with emblematic figures, or emblazoned in the Richelieu arms. When all was complete, it was necessary to rechristen the dwelling which had been so enlarged and renovated as to be virtually a new edifice—the mansion which had been metamorphosed into a palace. After much serious consultation, and many times changing his mind, Richelieu decided that it should be called Palais Cardinal. A slab bearing these two words in large gold letters was accordingly placed over the gates of the *ci-devant* Hôtel d'Estrée. The next morning all Paris beheld it, and burst out laughing. The *beaux-esprits* of the sarcastic capital, with Balzac at their head, rushed in a body to the square in front of the new palace, and woke the echoes of the sleeping aristocratic gardens with their uproarious mirth; there they stood, armed with grammars, lexicons of divers tongues, and pens and portfolios, discussing with much solemnity the two inoffensive nouns on the marble slab; every now and then a wag from the crowd raising shouts of laughter by some ludicrous explanation of his own. Presently the gates were swung apart, and out drove the cardinal, and beheld the spectacle, so eminently gratifying to his sensitive pride, of "all Paris laughing at him."

The scoffers gathered round his equipage, books and pen in hand, imploring him to enlighten their ignorance from the depths of his unfathomable erudition; how were they to parse the name of his eminence's house? *Palais* and *Cardinal*—it was most perplexing to their weak intelligence. The conjunction was a turning upside down of all established rules—a topsy-turvy of principles and of all known precedents.

Separately, the two nouns were comprehensible, but joined together, what were they? Was it, mayhap, Greek or Latin construction, or was

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it taken from the legends of old Gaul French, or a specimen of some new and unknown tongue evolved from the universal genius of the minister? Richelieu, writhing under the pitiless hilarity of the tormentors, lent a deaf ear to them, and rode forth in scornful taciturnity; petitions from imaginary savants, who professed to be laboring in the mazes of a new grammar, flowed in the following days upon the unlucky author of the ungrammatical inscription, beseeching him to let the ignorant world into the secret of its proper parsing; the enemies of the cardinal, in fact, made capital out of his vanity to their heart's content, but Richelieu's pride was a match for them. The only answer he condescended to make was to point to the inscription over the Hôtel Dieu. The precedent was no doubt unanswerable; but vanity remained, nevertheless, more prominent in the imitation than either sense or grammar. It held its place, however, in spite of all attempts to laugh it down. The splendors of the Palais Cardinal have been enlarged upon in most of the memoirs and chronicles of that time. Richelieu, while busy making and mending quarrels between the king and the queen-mother, Marie de Médicis, governing France, and pulling the strings of all the governments of Europe, found time to devote to his hobby of enriching and beautifying his palace, overseeing in its most minute details the architectural part of the work, and directing the research after objects of art far and near for its adornment. While he was thus variously occupied, a knot of literary men were in the habit of meeting quietly once a week close to his palace gates, to read aloud their own works, and discuss the state of letters, whose horizon was just then beginning to brighten under the rising sun of the great Corneille. The meetings were held at the house of one of the circle; they were quite unostentatious, and aspired to no notoriety beyond their own circle; the members sought only to encourage each other by honest criticism, and by the emulation that comes of working in common towards a common end. Soon, however, these weekly gatherings became talked about; courtiers heard of them, and begged to be allowed to assist at them. By-and-by Richelieu came to hear of them; his curiosity was excited, first from a political point of view—he feared the so-called *réunions littéraires* might be a covert for something more dangerous; he was not slow, however, to find out his mistake, and to detect in the modest literary club a germ of future greatness; he expressed his desire that the meetings should be held henceforth at the Palais Cardinal, and under his immediate auspices. The members protested; they were not worthy of so distinguished an honor, etc.; but Richelieu assured them that he saw in their modest labors the promised fulfilment of his long-cherished desire "to raise the French language from the ranks of barbarous tongues, and to cleanse it from the impurities which it had contracted in the mouth of the people and on the lips of courtiers." The little band of writers yielded reluctantly to the pompous summons so flatteringly sent forth against their independence, and the Académie Française was founded. Louis XIII. gave it letters-patent, and became its chief patron, while Richelieu was named President. The number of academicians was limited to forty. Amongst the great and gifted men who figure at the birth of this modern Areopagus, destined to be glorified in its after-career by so many brilliant members, Pierre

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Corneille stands out conspicuous. The young poet found in Richelieu a kind and munificent patron, until he had the ill-luck to wound his vanity in one of its most vulnerable points. Not content with being a potentate, a warrior, a financier, and innumerable other things besides, the insatiable cardinal aspired to being a poet—a disastrous form of ambition which gave a cruel handle to his enemies, and furnished them with many a shaft of ridicule wherewith to pierce his thin-skinned susceptibilities. Richelieu, however, pursued his way in serene self-confidence, despising the ignorance and jealousy of the vulgar herd, and periodically bringing forth the offspring of his genius in the shape of plays and poems. One set of verses with which he was particularly satisfied he handed in MS. to Corneille, desiring to secure his approval before launching them on the sea of public criticism, and modestly requesting the young poet to overlook them and make any alteration that he thought advisable. Corneille had not graduated long enough in the school of courtiers to know what this flattering request was worth, so he set about complying with it conscientiously, pruning and altering with his fine critical pen as it ran along the course of the ministerial poem. Richelieu's amazement on beholding his masterpiece thus audaciously overhauled was only equalled by his indignation. Corneille, instead of falling on his knees and crying *peccavi* when he saw his mistake, proceeded with infantine *naïveté* to argue the case with the wrathful poet, and prove to him that every correction had been called for by some glaring fault. This did not mend matters. Such insane honesty met with the fate it deserved—the fate that from time immemorial it has met with in similar circumstances. The scene between Gil Blas and the bishop was enacted in the library of the Palais Cardinal between Corneille and Richelieu, and certainly Gil Blas was not more astonished by the effect of his candid criticism on the bishop's long-winded sermon than was the young academician by the thunderbolt which fell from his patron's brow on perusing his MS. revised and corrected. He was dismissed peremptorily, and withdrew cursing his own stupidity, and vowing that never again would he be entrapped into the folly of believing in the common sense of a patron. Shortly after this mishap, while wandering about in listless pursuit of an object at Rouen, his native place, he fell in accidentally with a gentleman who had read his first poetic efforts, and discerned through their faults and trammels the promise of true genius that lay beneath. "Why do you waste and hamper your talent in the threadbare conventionalities of French art?" inquired M. de Chalan. "You want a higher and a wider scope; read Guillen de Castro, and there you will find a subject worthy of you, and which will bring out your powers with a fire and force unsuspected by yourself."

"Unfortunately, I am not acquainted with Spanish," replied the young man.

"But I am," returned M. de Chalan, "and, if you like, I will teach it to you."

Corneille, having nothing else to do, accepted the proposal, and to this chance circumstance the world apparently owes *The Cid*. That masterly composition came upon the dramatic world of France—hitherto fed on threadbare conventionalities, as de Chalan had well said—like a revelation, and raised such a tempest of senseless vituperation and malig-

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nant opposition as has no parallel in the history of literary cyclones. Richelieu, who was far too good a judge not to see the rare merits of the poem, had not the magnanimity to proclaim his opinion, and thus quell the storm, but fell in with the rioters, and was one of the loudest in crying down the new tragedy. He could not forgive the young poet who, without his patronage, nay, in spite of his own disgrace, had succeeded in climbing to the topmost round of the ladder. Corneille's star rose steady and clear above the stormy waters, and he lived to see it shine out in glorious lustre through the clouds of envy and hostile criticism. His career was one of unparalleled triumph, till the appearance of his last work, *Pertharite*, written in 1653. It was played on the boards of the Palais Cardinal theatre, that had echoed to so many of his previous triumphs, and was received with a coldness that was equivalent to condemnation. Corneille saw in this isolated defeat the ruin of his poetic fame; he became possessed by a morbid despair, flung away his lyre, and gave up the theatre in disgust. During the interval of depression that followed this fancied humiliation, he devoted himself to the translation of Thomas à Kempis' *The Imitation of Christ*, sacrificing, as he said himself, "his own reputation to the glory of a sovereign author."

The Palais Cardinal, during Richelieu's multifarious reign, was the theatre of many boisterous scenes, dark intrigues, and events otherwise important than these literary skirmishes that occasionally engage the thoughts of ambitious statesmen. Its propinquity to the Louvre enabled him to keep his lynx eyes on the busy hive of friends, foes, and tools who gathered round the king; to frustrate the petty plots of courtiers; and forestall the schemes of faction by his ubiquitous presence. Nor are comic chapters lacking in the annals of the Palais Cardinal at this period. One related by the sprightly Duchesse de Chevreuse, in a letter to Mme. de Motteville, is grotesque enough to be worth recording, as characteristic of the cardinal and the court. Richelieu, it was said, had dared to raise his eyes to the queen, then in the full bloom of her youth and beauty. As might be expected, the unwarrantable presumption inspired Anne of Austria with no gentler feeling than contempt, not unmixed with disgust. She gathered up her purple robes, as she might have done at the touch of a viper, and shook them, and passed on with a shudder and a shrug. But her volatile friend, Mme. de Chevreuse, whose *rôle* was fun at any price, thought the cardinal's love too good a joke not to be turned to account. She proposed playing him a trick which would have the double advantage of giving herself and her royal mistress an hour's good fun, and of making Richelieu, whom she hated with a woman's inventive hate, appear thoroughly ridiculous. "Let me tell him from myself," she entreated, "that your majesty is only inexorable because you do not believe in the sincerity of his love; but that, if he can give you proof of it, you are open to conviction. I will propose that he come here by the private way, dressed as a harlequin, and dance the saraband before you one of these evenings, assuring him, if he does this, you will believe in the reality of his protestations." Anne was young, her life had not much sunshine in its splendor, and the demon of frolic which so madly possessed her friend was not without its power over her. She consented that the outrageous joke should be played

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off on her gloomy swain. The duchess accordingly informed him that the queen was passionately fond of the saraband, and had often expressed a desire to see it danced by one whose dignified deportment and elastic figure were so admirably adapted to bring out the peculiar characteristics of the spirited and stately dance, and that nothing would gratify and flatter her more than to see his eminence yield to this fancy. It was necessary, she added, that he should be dressed as a harlequin, in order to bring out in all their perfection the picturesque points of the dance. Richelieu bit at this outlandish bait, and it was agreed on a given night he would roam to the Louvre, and disport himself in the aforesaid manner for the edification of the queen, he being alone in one room, while her majesty looked on at the performance from behind a screen in an adjoining one; a musician, concealed also from view, was to accompany the performance on the violin. The duchess, who had not bargained for her own share in the sport, took care not to be deprived of it, but stood beside the queen, peeping through the screen, while the haughty statesman, bedizened in the variegated costume of harlequin, "with bells on his fingers, and bells on his toes," and jingling from his comical fool's cap, tripped it on the light fantastic toe. Mme. de Chevreuse describes the scene with the mischievous glee of a schoolboy: herself and the queen squeezing each other's hands, and terrified lest one explosive burst should betray them and suddenly cut short the performance; the musician convulsed in another corner, scratching away frantically at his fiddle to drown the irrepressible laughter of the trio; while Richelieu, the proud, the grave, the vindictive and all-powerful Richelieu, capered backwards and forwards on the polished floor, snapping his fingers at each rapid *pirouette*, stamping his heel and pointing his toe as the figures of the saraband demanded. The performance over, he donned his cloak, and made his way back discreetly to the Palais Cardinal. No time was lost in recapitulating the farce to the court, and the merriment that it provoked may be readily imagined. But who might laugh with impunity at Richelieu? The true motive of the unseemly burlesque to which he had lent himself was soon made known to the hero, and terrible was the vengeance that awaited its authors. He bided awhile, and then began that series of calumnies and persecutions that poisoned so many years of the young queen's life. Richelieu had insinuated himself into the confidence of Louis XIII., and his influence over him was boundless. This tremendous weapon he used against the queen with cruel ingenuity. He contrived to implicate her in the odious and diabolical conspiracy of the arch-traitor de Chalais; accused her of having plotted to dethrone and murder the king, with a view to putting Gaston d'Orléans, his brother, on the throne, and marrying him. When Louis XIII. brutally challenged his wife to vindicate herself from the twofold criminal charge, she replied, with *spirituelle* disdain: "I had too little to gain by the exchange." It is more than probable that Louis never seriously suspected Anne of Austria of having had any share in the guilt laid to her charge by Richelieu; but the calumny did its work efficiently in another way: it cut at the root of her affection for her husband and of his trust in her—it chilled and alienated them for years. The Duchesse de Chevreuse, accused, with some show of

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truth, of having conspired with Gaston d'Orléans to dethrone the king, was exiled from France. Richelieu followed up the advantage of his first attack by accusing the queen of keeping up a correspondence with the enemies of the state. Anne, too proud to justify herself, imprudently paraded her contempt for Richelieu's malevolent intrigues by openly and on every occasion showing her love for her own family, at that time at war with France; expressions full of the warmth of natural affection were made a handle of by her enemies, construed into treason against the king and the state. The birth of Louis XIV. (1638) brought about a partial reconciliation between her and the husband who had insulted and treated her with systematic neglect. But Richelieu's sway remained unshaken to the end. It was entirely an intellectual sway; the heart had no share in it on either side. The minister hated the king, and the king hated the minister; their natures were essentially antagonistic, and mutual interest alone held them together. Louis, hearing that he was about to be freed from the bondage under which he had chafed so long—that the summons had come for Richelieu—went in haste to the Palais Cardinal to receive the adieux of the dying minister. The interview between them was short and utterly devoid of pathos; no shade of tenderness had entered into the bond that was about to be dissolved. The breaking up of it was simply a matter of business. The king left the death-chamber of the man to whom he owed all the glory of his reign, without a tear in his eye or a passing emotion in his heart, and paced the adjoining room with a steady step and satisfied air, while a smile, amounting at intervals to a suppressed laugh, was visible on his features. When all was over, and the signal came forth that Richelieu was no more, he exclaimed tranquilly: "*Voilà un grand politique de mort!*" * (1642.) A few months later, he himself had joined the great politician in another world.

Richelieu, whose more than royal munificence of state had roused the jealous susceptibilities of the king, atoned for it by bequeathing his beautiful palace, with its accumulated treasures of art and industry, to his unthankful master. Anne of Austria inaugurated her reign as regent by taking up her abode under the roof of the man who had been to the last day of his life her implacable enemy. Immediately after the death of Louis XIII., she came to the Palais Cardinal with the little king and his brother, the Duc d'Anjou. The theatre on which Richelieu had lavished so much taste and wealth was included in the bequest, though he had often expressed his intention of presenting it to the nation, and endowing it for the benefit of rising dramatic artists.

Notwithstanding that Anne of Austria had good reason to execrate the cardinal for his injustice and malignity to herself personally, she did full honor to his merits as a statesman; and years after his death, when at the zenith of her popularity as regent, she said once, looking up at a portrait of Richelieu which hung in the state-saloon of the Palais Cardinal: "Were that man alive now, he would be more powerful than ever." It was a generous and exhaustive tribute to the memory of those services which had consolidated the monarchy in France, and made her own position what it was.

The name of Palais Cardinal, which, despite its equivocal grammar, was appropriate while Richelieu inhabited it, ceased to be so when it

* "A great politician is dead!"

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passed into the possession of the crown. Anne was advised to change it, but refused to do so, at the solicitation of the Duchesse d'Aiguillon, who besought her to retain a name which so honorably associated Richelieu with the glorious reign of Louis XIII. Public opinion, however, prevailed before long, and the palace was henceforth by common consent designated as the Palais Royal. With its new name began a new era in its annals.

Anne has been compared by some of her admirers and biographers to Blanche of Castille; but, while rendering full justice to the queenly qualities of the Austro-Spanish regent, we own that the comparison strikes us as being suggested rather by their circumstances than by the characters of the two queen-mothers who each played so remarkable a part in the history of their epochs. Blanche of Castille made it her first and paramount ambition to render her son worthy of that imperishable crown which awaited him in the Kingdom that is not of this world: Anne of Austria aimed at securing for hers the supremacy of earthly glory—at making him a great and powerful king. In each case, as it mostly happens, the omnipotent mother's will worked out its own ideal. The minority of the future Grand Monarque opened in troubled times; the elements of the Fronde were fermenting deep down under the apparently smooth surface, and the *fêtes*, and masquerades, and merry-making with which the regent celebrated her tardy accession to sovereign power were soon followed by more exciting events. Mazarin had succeeded to Richelieu—oily, pliant Mazarin, so zealous in his endeavors to keep well with all parties; flattering the ambitious hopes of Gaston d'Orléans, and laying himself out with elaborate zeal to please the regent and secure her confidence; yielding outwardly, with alluring grace, to every caprice of her soft despotic sway; and pulling dexterously the complicated strings of the malcontents, Condé, and Conti, and Longueville, and many other illustrious personages who chafed uneasily under the sceptre of the foreigner; benevolent and outspoken, but irreclaimably despotic. Mazarin, in his desire to please all parties whom it was of use to propitiate, and make money plentiful where it was needed for his purposes, had gone on taxing till he raised the devil in the *then* much enduring people. Everything was ready for an outbreak. The *Te Deum* after the victory of Lens gave the signal for it. It was a burning day in August, in the year 1648. The city had turned out to join in the jubilee, and, amidst the inspiriting chorus of trumpets, and cannons, and bells that sent exulting chimes from many belfries, such small matters as hunger and empty hearths and misery in its multiform moods and tenses were forgotten for a moment. But it needed only a touch to rouse the sleeping furies in the hearts of the hungry, rejoicing crowd. Broussel was seized by the troops, who had just played their part in the gay thanksgiving, and carried off to prison—Broussel, the venerable magistrate, the people's sturdy friend; who had fought their battles over and over again against mighty Mazarin himself; who had stood by them and upheld their rights in the teeth of the foreign queen and her foreign minister; Broussel, whom the people called *notre père*—were they going to see him seized by soldiers, and carried off before their eyes? No; they would stand by him as he had stood by them. The last notes of the *Te Deum* were still ringing over the city, when up leaped the shouts of

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revolution and the cry "To arms!" and chased away their holy echoes. The mob surrounded the carriage in which Broussel was placed, guarded on all sides by armed men; they were beaten back and trodden down; the people returned to the charge undaunted, and finally bore down on the Palais Royal, vociferating unmannerly threats, and demanding Broussel: "Give us Broussel, or we will burn down your house about you!" —pleasant sounds for the queen to hear beneath her windows! Anne of Austria had not foreseen this bursting up of the vulgar depths over which she had hitherto ridden in safe and scornful unconcern; nor, in all probability, had Mazarin. He was with the queen in that sumptuous apartment called the queen's boudoir, whose one broad window, mounted in a frame of massive silver wrought like a brooch, looked out upon the court; the regent paced the room in feverish excitement, her face flushed, her hands, alternately crossed on her breast with an air of stern resolve, moving in the animated and expressive play that was familiar to her; every now and then she would stand in the embrasure of the rich and cunningly carved window, and cast a glance of mingled scorn and defiance on the vociferous rabble below. They catch sight of her, and greet her with ominous signs and gestures. They see in her cool courage a taunt that rouses them to desperation. All unarmed as they are, except with stones and sticks and such like unmilitary weapons, they are ready to give battle to her troops. At this crisis, when the Fronde was born, a young man named Gondi starts to the surface, shooting up from the dark horizon like a glittering rocket. He is endowed with that peculiar kind of alcoholic eloquence which appears to be in all climes and ages the apanage of demagogues. Gondi had already made himself conspicuous as a discontented spirit whom it would be well either to crush or to conciliate; and Mazarin would in all likelihood have adopted the latter plan but for the fact of his jealousy having been aroused by the queen's kindly notice of the young firebrand; he foresaw a possible rival in Gondi's ardor and talents, and forthwith decreed his ruin. Gondi was just now making himself popular by declaiming on the wrongs of the people, and denouncing the seizure of Broussel as iniquitous and tyrannical. There was some talk of sending a despatch to the regent to demand his release; Mazarin caught at this opportunity of lowering Gondi in the estimation of the queen by placing him in the position of a leader of the Fronde, so he sent word to him indirectly to come to the Palais Royal and present the people's petition. Gondi, who saw in the mission an occasion for distinguishing himself with all parties, accepted it. He told the people that he undertook to ask, and pledged himself to obtain, the liberation of Broussel within an hour. They followed him with enthusiastic cheers to the Palais Royal, where he was admitted to the presence of the queen. She received him with flattering promptitude, unconscious of the motive of his visit. Anne was in no mood for compromises or concessions; the rebellious attitude of her subjects had steeled her heart for the moment against the demands of clemency, and when Gondi, announcing himself the bearer of the demands of the people, asked for the liberation of the magistrate, her anger broke out into violence: "Give up Broussel!" she cried, with a sardonic laugh, "I will strangle him first with my own hands!" And clenching those beautiful little hands that have been

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sung by every poet of her day, she went close up to Gondi, and shook them in his face. The deputy, confounded, stood rooted to the spot, and uttered not a word; when Anne, abruptly turning away, said, with a quiet sarcasm the more chilling from its sudden contrast with her foregoing vehemence: "Go and rest, Monsieur de Gondi; you have worked hard."

He left her presence, and carried his perplexity to Mazarin. But Mazarin, who had led him into the dilemma of playing false to the people and vexing the queen, coldly declined interfering, and bowed the unsuccessful diplomatist out. Gondi, betrayed and baffled, left the Palais Royal with an oath that the morrow would see him master of Paris. When a lad of eighteen, he had written an essay on the *Conjuration de Fiesque*, which drew from Richelieu the remark: "*Voilà un esprit dangereux.*" * The day had come when the fiery young author was to fulfil this sagacious prophecy. The future Cardinal de Retz had entered the Palais Royal an ambitious courtier: he left it an infuriated *frondeur*. The next day Paris was bristling with barricades—its traditional mode of expressing its irritated feelings.

This day, famous as *la journée des barricades*, saw Mathieu Molé appear in one of the finest attitudes that have marked his noble and honorable career.

While still young, Molé had risen to the brilliant and perilous position of *Premier Président du Parlement de Paris* by the mere force of talent and rigid integrity of character; he had never courted the patronage of a minister, nor accepted a favor from one; he had lent no base compliance to Richelieu's despotism or to Mazarin's more captivating rule; he had remained the staunch friend of the heterodox Abbé de St. Cyran, holding faster by him in his disgrace and imprisonment than in the days of his transient popularity, persecuting Richelieu to obtain his pardon, dodging the inaccessible minister late and early, waylaying him in all possible and impossible places with the same persistent cry, "Give me back my friend St. Cyran," till at last Richelieu, worn out with his importunity, seized the president by the arm one day, and said: "This M. Molé is a worthy magistrate, but the most obstinate pleader in France," and gave him back his Abbé de St. Cyran. This was the man who was chosen to head a second embassy from the people to the Palais Royal. The regent was aware of his coming, and received him with cold civility; but her high spirit was slightly subdued since the preceding day; she had passed a sleepless night waiting for the events of the morrow, and was disposed to admit the possibility of coming to a compromise with her unruly citizens. Mathieu Molé was not an orator in the classical sense of the word, but he had that sort of eloquence that stirs the hearts of men. It achieved a victory, in the first place, over the angry mob by making them listen to reason and take a dispassionate view of their position, and now it gained an equally important one with the regent, inducing her to yield a reluctant consent to the liberation of Broussel. The barricades were lowered, and Paris gave a joyous welcome to its friend. But the blaze thus rashly kindled was not to be so quickly quenched. Anne of Austria eventually conquered both the Fronde and the less violent but equally dangerous pretensions of Mazarin, who, succumbing with a fairly good grace before the indomitable courage and inflexible firmness of the regent, re-

* "This will be a dangerous spirit."

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nounced the ambition of making her his tool, and was satisfied with being her right hand in governing the state. How high his ambition soared may be guessed from the following trait. Once, when conversing with Anne of Austria, emboldened by that gracious *abandon* of manner which made the haughty Spaniard so charming in her amiable moods, Mazarin alluded to the boyish passion of the king for his niece, Marie Mancini, and observed how deeply he would have deplored it had his majesty, yielding to the infatuation of the hour, committed the chivalrous folly of marrying her. Anne of Austria drew herself up with all the pride of her Castilian blood, and answered: "Had my son been capable of such an unworthiness, I should have placed myself with his brother at the head of the nation against him and against you." The proud daughter of kings, who, by the strength of her solitary will, could govern a nation and cow the daring leaders of the Fronde, was in person as tender and delicate as a child; her health was fragile, and her skin so sensitive that it was difficult to find any cambric soft enough to clothe without hurting her. Mazarin, alluding once to this Sybarite delicacy of temperament, declared to the regent that her purgatory in the next world would be to sleep in Holland sheets. Yet, when Anne was attacked by the cruel malady which ended her days, no Roman matron could have endured it with greater fortitude. Her piety, which had guarded her youth through the alluring temptations of the court, despite the neglect and rudeness of a morose and heartless husband, sustained her in the protracted tortures of her last illness. Shortly before she expired, Louis XIV. was kneeling by the bedside of his mother, weeping bitterly, and covering her hand with his tears; she drew it gently away, and, looking for a moment at that hand which had been her chief woman's vanity, she murmured: "They are beginning to swell; it is time to go!" Some historians have flippantly taxed Anne with having systematically kept her son in the background, and sacrificed him selfishly to the prolongation of her own power; but Louis' passionate grief at her death, and his lifelong gratitude to the memory of his mother, sufficiently repudiate this charge. Louis XIV. never resided at the Palais Royal after her death; when necessity obliged him to remain in Paris, he occupied the Louvre.

The characters and careers of Richelieu and Mazarin furnish one of those points of comparison which history is so fond of. Richelieu was undeniably the more brilliant statesman of the two; he was endowed with greater originality and a larger breadth of view; he left a deeper impress on his time, and his remote action on France was more enduring; but if the achievement of peace be more valuable to a people than the prosecution of war, Mazarin has paramount claims on the gratitude of his country. The Treaty of Westphalia, and the Peace of the Pyrenees, are two monuments raised by Mazarin to his own fame that out-top all the dazzling trophies of his predecessors, and establish a nobler claim to the admiration of the civilized world than all Richelieu's victorious accomplishments in war. Both statesmen were pre-eminently gifted with that power of reading men which is so serviceable an agent in the hands of those who are called to govern. It was this electric instinct which prompted Richelieu to single out Mazarin from the crowd as the man best fitted to be his successor—a choice which the young Italian justified by carrying

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out with unswerving fixity of purpose the vast unfinished designs of the patron whom death had cut short in the midst of his work. Mazarin, on the other hand, gave a striking proof of this same subtle insight when he said of the young king, then a mere boy in his mother's leading-strings, and as yet having done nothing to reveal the future grand monarch: "There is stuff enough in him to make four kings and one honest man." Both ministers set their influence and power above the interest and authority of the sovereign; but both labored with unflinching steadiness of aim to raise the monarchy to a height of splendor it had never before reached, and was not destined long to retain. Both carried their *soutane* with more of martial dignity than priestly gravity—that *soutane* of which Richelieu boasted: "I mow down everything, I upset everything, and then I cover it all with my red *soutane*." Both made it the business of their lives while at the head of the state to humble Austria and Spain, and both succeeded. The marriage of Louis XIV. with the Infanta of Spain was one of Mazarin's most successful diplomatic acts; he foresaw in this union the probable succession of the Bourbons to the crown of Charles Quint. But alongside of his many services to his country, there is one act of his that goes far to annul them—this was his introduction of gambling into France. To this deplorable importation the Abbé St. Pierre traces, not perhaps without a shade of exaggeration, but with palpable logic, the rapid decadence of the national morals and character; he says that Mazarin inoculated the young king with the passion for games of hazard, in order to keep his mind aloof from things in which it became him better to be interested, and thereby to prevent his interference in the affairs of state; the regent, in her turn, became smitten with the novel mania, and would spend whole nights with her court playing cards. Mazarin himself was an incorrigible gambler, and often devoted to this passion the hours he should have given to sleep after his day's arduous task. He was looked upon more as a player of doubtful honesty—"*un joueur plus que suspect*"; but "who allowed others in turn to cheat him, provided they did it cleverly," St. Pierre tells us; and he goes on to say: "The young nobles, first at court, and then all over the country, followed his example, and took to card-playing; they forsook the athletic sports and manly amusements which had delighted their fathers, and gave themselves up to this enervating and ruinous passion; they became weaker, more ignorant, and less polished; women caught the fever, and grew to respect themselves less, and to be less respected." Mazarin's avarice was as insatiable as his ambition; he died colossally rich; but during his last illness, seized with remorse, he made over all his unjust gains to the king, who, of course, refused to accept them, and the cardinal then divided his vast wealth between Louis, the queen, Condé, Turenne, his friend Louis de Haro, and several members of his own family. He bequeathed a large sum for the foundation of a college, which he also endowed with his splendid library, re-collected after its dispersion by the Frondeurs at immense trouble and expense. He wished this college to be called *Collége des quatre nations*, destining it chiefly for the education of young men belonging to the four provinces annexed to France during his ministry—Pignerol, Alsace, Roussillon, and Artois. Le Tellier, who was his executor, punctually obeyed all his instructions except the last-named. By

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desire of the king, it was called Collége Mazarin, which was to become the magnificent Bibliothèque Royale of to-day.

Henrietta Maria of England occupied the Palais Royal in 1644. The marriage of her daughter Henrietta to Philip of Orleans, then Duc d'Anjou, was celebrated here with great pomp, and here the young princess held a brilliant court for a few years, while her mother dwelt in the cloistered retreat of Chaillot. The thread of this bright young life was suddenly snapped asunder. Bossuet's "O night of horror!" came like a thunderbolt from a summer sky, scattering the volatile court, and spreading the news of its loss over the whole of France. Then came the Regency, which was to add a chapter of such dark and lamentable notoriety to the history of the Palais Royal. The nephew of Louis XIV. inherited all the vices and foibles of his race without any of their redeeming qualities. His selfish, easy-going *bonhomie* has been sometimes lauded as clemency; but it may more justly be considered a combination of weakness and cynical contempt for the claims of justice. When the enraged populace gathered before his palace, dragging three naked corpses—the victims of their legitimate but misplaced anger—along with them, the regent looked out at the tempestuous scene, and remarked coolly: "The mob are right; the wonder is they bear so much from us." And truly it was a wonder; and if the Revolution of '93 did not break out under the lawless and exasperating rule of the Regency, it must only have been because, as St. Simon explained it, "three things are necessary to make a revolution: leaders, brains, and funds, none of which were to be found in France at this period." The *petits soupers de la Régence*, which have acquired an infamous celebrity through all the chronicles of the time, can have no place in our sketch.

The visit of Peter the Great broke in on the luxurious and effeminate court of the Palais Royal like a Spartan appearing suddenly in the midst of a banquet of Sybarites. Peter, who had "civilized his people by cutting their heads off," set his heart on visiting France during the preceding reign; but Louis XIV., partly from an insurmountable antipathy to the semi-barbarous autocrat, partly from political motives, had signified to his brother of all the Russias that his absence would be more agreeable than his presence. Peter was compelled, therefore, to wait until the Grand Monarque had rejoined his ancestors before gratifying his desire to visit Paris. The regent, far from making any difficulty about receiving him, made the most sumptuous preparations for the Northern reformer, and invited him to be his guest at the Palais Royal. But the hardy Muscovite could not conceal his contempt for the epicurean habits of his host, and horrified him by declaring that he never slept on anything softer than a camp-stretcher, which he carried with him in all his peregrinations, and used on the field of battle and in his own palace, and which he insisted now on substituting for the luxurious couch prepared for him. Altogether, the ways of Peter bewildered the nephew of Louis XIV. He was up with the birds, and flying over the city to see things and people that the latter would never have dreamed of calling his attention to. He expressed a wish to see Mme. de Maintenon, then living in dignified retreat at St. Cyr. Her Solidity, as Louis XIV. had dubbed her, pleaded ill-health as an excuse for declining the honor and fatigue of an official reception. Peter, therefore, set

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off one morning and scared the learned and sedate ladies of St. Cyr out of their propriety by requesting to be shown at once to Mme. de Maintenon's room. On arriving there, he entered without knocking, walked straight to the bed, pushed aside the curtains, and, sitting down beside the astonished lady, entered brusquely into conversation. The Sorbonne he also honored with one of these unceremonious visitations; perceiving a statue of Richelieu in one of the galleries, he rushed up to it, and, clasping the marble in his arms, exclaimed: "O incomparable man! would that thou wert still alive, and I would give thee one-half of my empire to teach me how to govern the other!"

But with all this rough and somewhat ostentatious disregard of etiquette, Peter had a keen sense of what was due to his imperial mightiness, and, with the caprice of a despot, could assert it trenchantly enough when he thought fit. The regent invited a number of the most illustrious men of the day to meet his eccentric guest at a banquet at the Palais Royal. As they were about to enter the dining-room, little Louis XV. stood back to let the czar pass first; Peter was unwilling to take precedence of the King of France, and equally reluctant to walk behind a child, so he wittily solved the difficulty by catching up the small monarch in his arms and carrying him to his seat.

The regent closed his ignoble life at the Palais Royal in 1723. His son Louis, Duke of Orleans, succeeded him. This prince brought his young bride, Jeanne de Bade, there soon after he took possession of his ancestral home, and lost her after a brief and blissful union. At the time of her death, Louis XV. was lying mortally sick, it was believed, at Metz, and thither, in the frenzy of his grief, the bereaved husband flew, and, going straight to the room of the dying king, demanded admittance; the attendants expostulated, but Louis pushed them aside, and kicked in the door to announce his loss to the kinsman who himself lay battling with death. He survived Jeanne some years, but never recovered her loss; he led a solitary and desolate life, and gave himself up to works of benevolence and the study of oriental languages. He became a perfect adept in the Arabic, Hebrew, and Greek tongues, and never appeared at court as a widower except when the imperious etiquette of Versailles occasionally demanded it. He died in 1752. His son's reign at the Palais Royal is chiefly remarkable by his having inoculated his own children with small-pox; the daring experiment, which was performed by Tronchin, summoned from Geneva for the purpose, was crowned with success. Paris, transported with joy, made bonfires in the Place in front of the palace, and for a time the rash and fortunate father was the hero of toast and song. Another event which signalized his occupation of Richelieu's palace was the destruction of the theatre by fire (1763). The duke rebuilt it on a somewhat larger but infinitely less gorgeous scale as to decoration. He was an enlightened patron of art, and especially kind in assisting young men whose talent was struggling to make head against poverty. He divined the genius of the young poet Le Fèvre, and encouraged him both by personal notice and by liberal gifts. He was so pleased with Le Fèvre's tragedy *Zuma* that immediately on its appearance he bestowed a pension of 1,200 crowns on the poet out of his privy purse; and on the latter's asking what services were ex-

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pected from him in return for this munificence, the duke answered: "It obliges you to work henceforth more ardently for your own fame—nothing more." This prince, though he allowed himself to be drawn, to a certain extent, into the fashionable follies of the court, had inherited from his father many sterling and beautiful qualities. His benevolence was unbounded; but it was only after his death that his real character was revealed, so carefully did he shun everything like ostentation in the exercise of his favorite virtue. It was then discovered that two-thirds of his immense revenue had been spent upon the poor, in the payment of pensions to artists, men of letters, widows, etc.; some granted in his own name, others in the name of one or other of his ancestors. His condescending kindness towards his dependents endeared him to all who approached him. A chamberlain coming one day to announce to him the death of a most inefficient and tiresome valet, who had been twenty years in the duke's service, "Poor fellow!" sighed the duke, "for twenty years he served me, and for twenty years he worried me!" "Why did you keep him, monseigneur?" inquired a bystander. "Why, he would never have found a place if I had turned him away," replied the prince, and then added: "We must see now that his wife and children are provided for." Was it not Sophocles who said, "Only a great soul knows how much glory there is in being kind"? What a germ of true glory there lies buried in this quiet little trait of Louis d'Orléans!

The death of this magnificent patron, forbearing master, and generous father of the poor makes way for another prince of the House of Orleans who has earned a louder but less enviable notoriety on the world-stage of history. Almost immediately on his becoming master of the Palais Royal, the new Duc d'Orléans had the vexation of seeing the theatre so recently rebuilt by his father burnt down again. Discouraged, no doubt, by this precedent, he refused to rebuild it at his own expense, and applied to the city of Paris for the necessary funds; but that body declined to furnish them. The *Comédie Française* was consequently transferred to the Porte St. Martin, where a building was erected in the space of six weeks by Lenoir. It was not till many years later that Richelieu's beautiful temple to dramatic art was rebuilt by a prince of the House of Orleans, to be henceforth hired out on lease to enterprising managers.

We are told that in his early youth Joseph Philippe d'Orléans gave promise of an estimable manhood. How wofully this promise was belied by his after-life and shameful and tragic death we know. He was born at St. Cloud in 1747, and married, in 1769, the only daughter of the Duc de Penthièvre—a creature endowed with every charm of person and mind to make her at once reverenced and loved. Philippe was tall, slight, and well proportioned, his features finely cut and lit up with vivacity and intelligence, his manners gracious and dignified. Such is the portrait handed down to us of him in those early days before the shadow of coming infamy had obscured the picture. He fell soon into habits of unbridled dissipation; but, so long as he confined himself to this, to mad charioteering pranks on the boulevards, and aerial escapades in balloons, with boon companions as mad as himself, the people looked on in contemptuous disapproval. It was necessary, in order to stimulate this passive feeling to one of direct antagonism, that he should interfere with the popular

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pleasure and convenience. This he did by turning his broad and richly planted garden into a huge shop, thus depriving the *bourgeois* and idlers of Paris of their accustomed resort on the sultry days and long mellow evenings of summer. His royal highness had contrived very soon to compromise a fortune more than royal in its extent; and, in order to replenish his coffers, he decided to cut down his ancestral chestnuts, and build up in their place long rows of shops, to be hired out at a high rent to tradespeople. The fashionables and the *bourgeois*, and, more important than all in a Frenchman's eyes, the children, were thus driven to promenade under a stone colonnade, instead of enjoying the green shade of Richelieu's groves, where the buzz of a multifarious bazaar had replaced the cooing of doves and the twitter of singing-birds. By-and-by we see the thermometer rising from resentful dislike to fierce hatred. Philip is smitten with Anglomania, and spends his time and, what is of more consequence to Paris, his money in London. He wears only London-made coats, drives English horses, hires English grooms, altogether affects the ways and manners of *outre-mer*, to the great disgust of Versailles and the boulevards. Wretched Philip! well had it been for him and for Versailles had he dwelt content in these puerile masquerades and self-degrading follies! But under the frivolous surface there lay a substratum of cruel vindictiveness, a bristling self-love, that was quick to see an affront, and implacable in avenging it. Marie Antoinette had the dire ill-luck to offend her disreputable cousin of Orleans. When her brother, the Archduke Maximilian, came to see her at Versailles, the queen, then in her twentieth year, very naturally desired to see as much as possible of this dear companion of her childhood during his short stay; so she dispensed, as far as she could, with court ceremonial, remaining chiefly in her private apartments with her brother. It did not probably occur to her that, in omitting to invite the Duc d'Orléans to share this sisterly intercourse, she was inflicting a wound that would one day distil its deadly poison upon herself and those dearest to her. So it was, however. Philip never forgave what he considered a slight, and bitterly did he make the thoughtless young queen repent having inflicted it.

The gardens of the Palais Royal, which had given rise to his first unpopularity, were destined to be the scene of the upheaving of the revolution. All was ready, only waiting for a bold hand to give a push to the pendulum and set it going. Camille Desmoulins did it. It was the 12th of July, 1789. Yesterday the great crisis had been prepared, and to-day it burst. Necker, the universal genius whose advent to the ministry was hailed as the panacea for all discords, and difficulties, and threatened dangers; Necker, the "Achilles of computation," whose vigorous hand and capacious brain were to seize France, tottering on the brink of some invisible gulf, and steady her; Necker, to whom the timid, apathetic king, and the proud, valiant queen, had all but gone on their knees to induce him to come and redeem the treasury by "swift arithmetic," and save the government and—yes, even at this date they must have included it in the salvations to be accomplished by Necker—the throne; Necker, who had yielded to the royal suppliants with these words: "I yield in obedience to duty, but with the certainty that I am doomed"—Necker had been dismissed. On the 11th of July, Louis XVI. signed the letter imploring the

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minister to leave the kingdom "at once and without *éclat*." When his secretary objected that Necker's extraordinary popularity was a strong presumption against his obeying this last command; that he had only to show himself, and the people would rise *en masse* to prevent his flight, Louis replied: "I know Necker; he will guard us against himself; he will obey me scrupulously, and fly without *éclat*." And he was right. The minister received the letter at three in the afternoon, and quietly put it in his pocket without communicating its contents even to his wife; he dined at the usual hour with some friends already invited; nothing in his appearance or conversation betrayed the slightest emotion during the repast; on leaving the table, he showed the letter of dismissal to Mme. Necker, ordered his carriage, and they went out for a drive; when they were about two hundred yards from the house, he pulled the check-string, and desired the coachman to drive to the nearest post-station. It was not till the following morning that his daughter and his numerous friends knew of his departure. The news electrified everybody. Camille Desmoulins' grand opportunity had arrived. He had already made himself notorious as a leader of malcontents; this afternoon he was drinking with a certain set of them in a *café* at the Palais Royal—of late a favorite rendezvous of patriots of his type—noisy and blustering, believing in copious libations as the most efficacious proof of patriotism. Desmoulins, on hearing the news, rushed out, pistol in hand, and, jumping on an orange-tree tub, proceeded to harangue the assembled multitude. He was afflicted with a painful stuttering in his speech, but this impediment appears to have been no hindrance to the effect of his oratory; on the contrary, it gave it a more vehement character, impelling him to wild and passionate gesticulation, by way of helping out his defective utterance. He spoke with his eyes, his teeth, every member of his body; he would shake out his hair in lion-like fashion, stamp his feet, toss his arms with clenched fists above his head to supply the word his tongue refused to articulate, and the energetic pantomine elicited the sympathy, while it fired the passions, of his hearers. "Citizens!" he cried, "I come from Versailles." (He came from a neighboring *café*, as we have seen, but what of that?) "Necker is dismissed. This dismissal is the tocsin of S. Bartholomew for all patriots. Before the sun has gone down, we shall see the Swiss and German battalions marching from the Champs de Mars to murder us like dogs. One chance yet remains to us. To arms! Let us choose a cockade whereby we may know each other." This exordium was covered with thundering salvos by the patriots. "What color shall we choose?" continued the orator. "Speak, patriots! Select your own flag. Shall it be green, the emblem of hope, or blue—the color of free America, of liberty, and democracy?" A voice from the patriots cried out: "Green, the color of hope!" But the choice was negatived by the voice of popular prejudice. Green, it was said, was unlucky. No; they would not have green.

A scene of indescribable tumult followed while the momentous question of the cockade was being canvassed. Finally, by what train of argument history does not record, blue, white, and red were elected to the honor of representing the patriots. They happened to be the colors of the House of Orleans. From the tub which served as a rostrum to the

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orator the decree was shouted to the serried ranks around, and all through the gardens it was borne along the colonnade rapid as lightning, swelling, as it went, into a deafening peal that soon reverberated from the boulevards and the thoroughfares of Paris to Versailles. It is said, we know not whether or not on authentic testimony, that while this wild uproar, which terminated in the adoption of his House's colors by the popular party, was going on under his windows, Philip of Orleans, henceforth to be known under the title of Egalité, was coolly looking out at the performance, smoking his cigar, and discussing the probable effect of it all at Versailles. By the time the whole city was out-of-doors, it was the hour for the performance to begin in the Palais Royal theatre, close by the scene of Camille's rhetorical triumph; other more interesting pieces, beginning with comedy and ending with tragedy, were now to be performed; a band of patriots, with Camille at their head, burst into the theatre, and, rushing on the stage, summarily reversed the programme of the evening. They flung tricolor cockades right and left, and called the spectators to arms. "The audience rose *en masse*" at the appeal, like a true-born Parisian audience, and, surging from pit and boxes, poured out impetuous and desperate, it knew not well why, at the bidding of Camille Desmoulins. He marched off, with the swelling stream behind him, to the studio of the sculptor Curtius; there the patriots seized a bust of Necker and Philip of Orleans, and carried them in procession through the streets. This was Egalité's official *début*, as a leader of the Red Revolution. It was at the Palais Royal he was arrested. Here, on the site of its first eruption, the wild demon which he had, in the measure of his power, evoked and called up from the smouldering lava depths to the full activity of its satanic life, and flattered and bowed down to, was doomed at the appointed hour of retribution to raise its bloody hand against the regicide, and strike him down. On his way to the guillotine, the car, whether by accident or design, passed under Egalité's old home. He raised his eyes for a moment to the windows, and, surveying them with an unmoved countenance, turned his glance calmly again upon the yelling crowd.

While the Terror lasted, the Palais Royal remained untenanted. After the Restoration it was occupied by Louis Philippe while Duke of Orleans; when the son of Egalité called himself to the throne of his nephew, he forsook it for the Tuileries, and during the remainder of his reign it was open to the public as an historical monument and museum. On the resurrection of the Empire, the Palais Royal became the residence of Prince Jerome Bonaparte, only surviving brother of Napoleon I. When this last venerable twig fell from the old imperial tree, it continued in the possession of his son, Prince Napoleon. Hither, in March, 1859, he brought his young bride, the Princess Clothilde, daughter of Victor Emmanuel, and there he resided until the memorable summer of 1870, when the disastrous war with Prussia came like a cyclone, and tore up the old tree by the roots, and sent the branches flying hither and thither over the astonished face of Europe.

The Commune closes our retrospect of Richelieu's palace. The Tuileries and the Palais Royal sent up their petroleum flames together to the soft summer skies where the bright May sun was shining down, serenely sad, upon the awful spectacle of Paris on fire—a funeral pile where-

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on were consumed, let us hope never again to rise from their ashes, the Commune itself, and the delusions of the few honest fools, if such there were, who believed in its insane theories. Surely as they fled, scared from their old historic haunts by the blaze and stench of the devilish modern fluid, the ghosts of Richelieu, and Mazarin, and Anne of Austria, and all that band of majestic figures from the unburied past, must have laughed a bitter laugh, wherein horror was not without a note of triumph, as they looked back upon the ghastly scene. "Our little systems had their day," the dead legislators may have said, one to another, as they stood in the lurid light of the conflagration that illuminated, to the eyes of their disembodied spirit, the far-stretching vistas of the present and the past; "they were all faulty, how faulty we know now with unavailing knowledge, but, compared to this, were they not the Millennium, Eutopia, the ideal of the reign of justice upon the earth?"

AN ABUSE OF DIPLOMATIC AUTHORITY.

THE tendency, to which we have heretofore alluded, to ostracize Catholics, and to take it for granted that this is a Protestant country, to be ruled exclusively by anti-Catholics, has had even a more dangerous and far-reaching effect beyond our borders, and that, too, apparently with official sanction. The popular prejudice has not unnaturally reached and infected the authorities at Washington. We do not allude especially to the present Administration or Congress, for the evil is of long standing; but we have no hesitation in saying that our diplomatic and consular systems as at present conducted are unjust to a very respectable minority of the American people, and are likely to mislead and deceive the nations with which we are on terms of peace and amity. The foreign appointees are, almost without exception, taken from the ranks of non-Catholics and without regard either to the feelings of a large class of our own citizens or the wishes of the people to whom they are sent. The ministers plenipotentiary to the great powers of Europe have been invariably selected from the ultra Protestant class like Motley; while the numerous consuls, with a few honorable exceptions, have been men of the same way of thinking, according to their limited understanding. When the Holy Father was yet in possession of his dominions, we used to delight in sending him now and then a specimen of a genuine Know-Nothing; and when Spain —Catholic and conservative Spain— began to feel the Gem of the Antilles slipping from her grasp, we despatched an atheistical *filibustero*, Soulé, to assure her of our friendship and goodwill. With Catholic countries generally we have acted in the same spirit of contradiction, as if our object were to excite hostility rather than to perpetuate kindness and harmony, as among them, particularly in South America, each legation and consulate habitually formed the nucleus of anti-Catholic society. As long as this

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blundering—we will not call it by a harsher name—was confined to our European appointments, it mattered little; for the relative condition of Catholics and the sects in this country is there pretty well known, and, the faith of the people being well fixed, prejudice and bigotry, even when protected by the stars and stripes, could do little harm.

It is of the character of our representatives in Turkey, Africa, India, China, and other places *in partibus infidelium* that we have most reason to complain. These American envoys and consuls seem to become volunteer lay evangelizers; and if, like our friends of the Methodist and Presbyterian missionary societies of this city, they do not succeed in converting the benighted heathen from the error of their ways, they endeavor, by the exercise of all their delegated authority, to thwart and depreciate the labors of those who can—the Catholic missionaries from other countries. Take, for example, India and China, the great missionary fields of the world, containing as they do at least one-half of the whole human race in a comparative state of civilization. The former being a province of Great Britain, it is natural that sectarian missions should receive at least a semi-official recognition and protection from the appointees of the head of the Protestant Church "as by law established"; but even in this respect the English officials have been outdone in zeal and officiousness by our own agents in the Indian Peninsula, as we learn from a late work on that country.* But in China, with its four or five hundred millions of idolaters, the case is different. There the Catholic priest and the devoted Sister of Charity, unsupported by the temporal arm, and unawed by threats, torture, and death, have been most active and most successful in advancing the standard of the cross and winning souls to Christ. Their converts are numbered by tens of thousands, and their churches, schools, and orphanages dot the southern and western coasts; while the sectarian missionaries, lacking the sustaining power of the state, have practically done nothing. This has long been a source of much chagrin to the various dissenting proselytizing societies in England and the United States, as it also seems to have been the cause of exasperation to our Minister at Peking, Mr. Frederick F. Low.

That gentleman's mission to China appears to have embraced but three objects, if we except his attempt and absurd failure to bring the Coreans into communication with the outside world. The first of these was the protection of American Protestant missionaries, and them only; the second, to convince the Chinese officials that the United States have nothing to do with Catholics, or, as he is pleased to style them on all occasions, "Romanists"; and the third, to send home false despatches and mistranslated documents.

In looking over the foreign correspondence of our government for 1871, as presented to Congress with the President's Message,* we find that, in October, 1870, Mr. Low, without any authority whatever from Washington, ordered a United States war-vessel from Chefoo to Tungchow, for the sole purpose of returning some Protestant missionaries to the latter place, who, with their usual regard for the first law of nature, had fled from it upon the slightest

* *Land of the Veda.* By Rev. Dr. Butler.

* *Papers relating to the Foreign Relations of the United States*, transmitted to Congress with the Annual Message of the President, December 4, 1871.

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rumor of danger. The ship was the *Benecia*, and her precious cargo consisted of "the missionaries (number not stated), their teachers and servants, also *their children*, amounting to a total of twenty-four persons." Of the reverend gentlemen at whose disposal a public vessel had been so obsequiously placed by the accommodating Mr. Low, Commander Kimberly, in his report, bluntly says:

"The missionaries expressed themselves perfectly satisfied with everything that had been done in regard to returning them to their homes, and wished me to visit the shore and walk about the city with the officers of the ship in full uniform, which I declined to do, as, after the promises made by the Chinese officials, I considered it unnecessary, and the Chinese being perfectly willing and pleased, as far as I could judge, that they had returned. From my interview, I came to the conclusion that there never existed any real danger at Tungchow-foo, but the missionaries were frightened by the threats of some Chinese not in authority. Mischievous persons are found in every community, and Tungchow-foo is not free from this infliction. The massacre of Tientsin capped the climax, and the missionaries left in consequence."

The cowardly conduct of the missionaries, who were thus so honorably reconducted to their homes, is even partially admitted by the minister in his explanatory despatch, for he says: "In this connection, I desire to say that I have had no information from the missionaries, except a short note from one of them saying that they had all reached Tungchow. Without expressing any opinion as to the real peril they were in, or whether there was or was not cause for the step they took, I am of the opinion that their removal and the manner of their return will, on the whole, result in good."

We admit that it is the duty of every envoy, consul, or other foreign agent of our government to succor and protect our citizens abroad in all things lawful; but here, in this respect, their duty ends. They have no shadow of right to employ the public vessels of the country, paid for by the public at large, and destined for far other purposes, in any other business, much less for the transportation of runaway missionaries, "their teachers, servants, and children." This is not a Protestant country *de facto* or *de jure*, and, as far as the national government is concerned, no religion whatever is recognized. If it were an equal number of merchants or traders who had fled in terror from imaginary danger, is it likely that Mr. Low would have depleted our small squadron in the Chinese seas by putting at their service, and that of their "teachers, servants, and children," one of the best vessels in the fleet? Or does any one suppose that, if those persons had been Catholic missionaries, he would have been guilty of a similar abuse of authority? But he apologetically says, "The manner of their return will, on the whole, result in good." Just so. Good to Mr. Low, though we have not yet heard of a vote of thanks having been presented to him by any of our numerous foreign missionary societies, or that they have sent on to Washington deputations for his retention or promotion. That his conduct deserves such commendation from these bodies no one can doubt who reads further his despatches to the State Department.

In 1858, a treaty was formed between China, on the one part, and the leading Western powers, on the other, whereby, among other things, it was stipulated that the Christian converts in the former country should practise their religion without molestation, and also enjoy certain immunities; and that in the free or open ports and districts the ministers of religion

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should be guaranteed the full exercise of their functions, etc. In 1870, as previously agreed upon, this treaty came up for revision, and France, ever foremost in the work of civilization and conversion, proposed five amendments to the treaty, all relating directly or indirectly to commerce. The second of these reads as follows:

"You have expressed a desire to know the demands which I have engaged my government to make from the Chinese government when the treaty of 1858 is revised. I have no objection to satisfy you, for I believe that the alterations are indispensable, and I shall be happy to learn that the other governments allied with China have decided also to demand them. . . . Second, I demand that we shall have the right to place salaried consuls wherever we judge proper, and that those cities where consuls reside shall also be opened to foreign trade."

These demands seemed rational enough, and have since, we understand, been substantially complied with; but our clear-sighted minister immediately detected the danger that lurked beneath them, particularly the one just quoted, and hastened to advise his government not to second the propositions of the French ambassador. Here is one of his reasons:

"I see so many objections to such a treaty provision, and so many chances of its proving a delusion and a snare, that, unless the proposition can be more definitely defined, I should not be inclined to favor it. If the exact truth could be ascertained, it would be found, I expect, that the whole idea of the French *chargé* in this scheme is the better protection of the French missionaries; and were it possible to obtain the concession asked for, these additional consuls would be, to all intents and purposes, agents of Roman Catholic missionaries. Their official positions and influence would be used to sustain missionary claims and assumptions, some of which have been described in a former despatch. So far as trade is concerned, it may well be questioned whether the presence of French consuls in the interior would not prove a damage instead of a benefit."

And this is the representative of a free and commercial people who desire to be considered Christian! Rather than see Catholic missions extended, and paganism eradicated from the hearts of millions of human beings, he would be willing to keep some of the most populous and fertile portions of the Celestial Empire closed for ever against civilization and commerce. But let us follow this model minister a little further.

In February, 1871, the Chinese Foreign Office submitted to the foreign representatives at the capital, for consideration and approval, the draft of a minute, and eight rules for the guidance and government of missionaries in the entire empire. They were drawn up with true Tartar cunning and ingenuity, and were intended, if adopted, to baffle the straightforward demands of France. In terms they were plausible enough, but in reality exceedingly restrictive, and evidently aimed at the Sisters of Charity, whose schools and orphan asylums were rapidly increasing, and at those zealous and enterprising missionaries who, under various disguises, and despite the vigilance of the local authorities, are in the habit, at imminent personal danger, of penetrating into the very heart of the country, and preaching the Word of God where his name has never before been heard. This was a chance for Mr. Low to exhibit his sectarian bigotry before the mandarins, and he eagerly availed himself of it. Answering their communication in his official capacity, and while dissenting generally from their views, he takes occasion, we think very gratuitously, to say:

"It is a noticeable fact that, among all the cases cited, there does not appear to

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be one in which Protestant missionaries are charged with violating treaty, law, or custom. So far as I can ascertain, your complaints are chiefly against the action and attitude of the missionaries of the Roman Catholic faith, and, as these are under the exclusive protection and control of the government of France, I might with great propriety decline to discuss *a matter with which the government of the United States has no direct interest or concern*, for the reason that none of its citizens are charged with violating treaty or local law, and thus causing trouble."

And again, with equal truthfulness and appositeness, he adds:

"Whenever cases occur in which the missionaries overstep the bounds of decorum, or interfere in matters with which they have no proper concern, let each case be reported promptly to the minister of the country to which it belongs. Such isolated instances should not produce prejudice or engender hatred against those who observe their obligations, nor should sweeping complaints be made against all on this account. Those from the United States sincerely desire the reformation of those whom they teach, and to do this they urge the examination of the Holy Scriptures, wherein the great doctrines of the present and a future state, and also the resurrection of the soul, are set forth, with the obligation of repentance, belief in the Saviour, and the duties of man to himself and others. It is owing, in a great degree, to the prevalence of a belief in the truth of the Scriptures that Western nations have attained their power and prosperity."

Having thus, as he thought, directed the prejudice and hostility of the authorities against the Catholics exclusively, and put in a good word for the evangelizers; and assured them that, as far as the former were concerned, the United States had no concern whatever, and by inference that they might maltreat and murder as many of them as they pleased without let or hindrance from us, Mr. Low next proceeds to mislead his government in a manner which may be diplomatic, but is certainly far from honorable.

In transmitting to the Department of State a translation of the rules alluded to, he remarks:

"A careful reading of the memorandum clearly proves that the great, if not only, cause of complaint against the missionaries comes from the action of the Roman Catholic priests and the native Christians of that faith; although the rules proposed for the government of missionaries apply equally to Protestants and Catholics."

"A careful reading" of the document as translated under his auspices would indeed seem to bear out Mr. Low's views, for it is filled with complaints and denunciations of "Romanists," and the derivative adjective "Romish" is used with a freedom that would delight the heart of the most virulent *colporteur*. But, unfortunately, there was another translation of the same document in England, and in it, behold, all the "Romanists" are turned into "Christians"!* Even Mr. Davis, of the State Department, could not help noticing this discrepancy between the two papers, and in a letter dated Oct. 19, 1871, calls upon the Peking minister for an explanation, which, of course, was never given, for the good reason that the deception was intentional. If, as according to Blackstone, forgery consists in the material alteration of the body of a written instrument, as well as in the imitation or alteration of a signature, we fear our respected representative has been guilty of a very serious legal mistake. The assistant secretary writes:

"Two versions of these regulations have found their way to the Department —the translation enclosed in your No. 56, and a translation apparently made from a French version presented to the houses of Parliament in Great Britain in June or July last, and printed in *Bri-*

* *British Blue-Book.* China, No. 3, 1871.

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tish Blue-Book, entitled "China, No. 3, 1871." These versions differ widely in form and expression, and, to some extent, in sense.

"The version presented to Parliament has been or will be made the subject of instructions by her Majesty's government to Mr. Wade. A copy of these proposed instructions was communicated to this Department by her Majesty's *chargé* at Washington in August last. A copy is herewith enclosed, and also a copy of the version to which they relate.

"The most material variance between the two versions is in the designation of the missionaries against whom the Chinese Foreign Office complains. Your version limits the complaints to missionaries of the Roman Church. The British translation, following the French version, represents the complaints against 'Christians.' For instance, the British version renders the beginning of the first article or rule as follows: 'The Christians, when they found an orphanage, give no notice to the authorities, and appear to act with mystery.' Your translation of the same sentence reads: "The establishment of asylums for training up children by the Romanists has hitherto not been reported to the authorities, and as these institutions are carefully kept private,' etc., etc. From the English version of the accompanying note from the Yamên, it is evident that the Chinese Foreign Office recognizes that there are in China Christian missionaries of different faiths; for they say that 'the people in general, unaware of the difference which exists between Protestantism and Catholicism, confound these two religions under this latter denomination.'"

The sectarian views of the minister in Peking were ably seconded by his subordinate, the consul-general at Shanghai. That official, Mr. G. F. Seward, under date August 22, 1871, sends to the Assistant-Secretary of State a cursory review of the general condition of China, and a detailed account of the horrible massacre of Tientsin, June 21, 1870; with a report of the trial and execution of some of the miscreants engaged in it. His communication, as might be expected, is, whenever possible, thoroughly anti-Catholic, filled with inuendoes, insinuations, and even broad statements against the missionaries of that faith, and the Sisters of Charity; the usual elegant phrases "Romish" and "Romanist" being used at every opportunity. As a sample of this *commercial* agent's style and skill in the art of hinting a fault and hesitating dislike, we quote the following passages from his letter:

"Various allegations have been made against Roman Catholic missionaries. It has been alleged that the bishop of one of the western provinces resides in a palace which vies with that of the viceroy; that he uses a palanquin decorated in a way allowed only to the highest officials of the empire; and that his progresses from one part of his diocese to another are made in a regal way. It has been asserted that the priests claim the right to correspond with the officials on terms of equality; that they combine with and arrange combinations among their converts to defeat the objects of the government; that they claim for their converts various unusual and objectionable immunities; that, in fact, they are building up a rule within the territorial rule which is very dangerous to the state. One who has studied the history of the Roman Church cannot be surprised when he hears that China is seriously alarmed; but we can estimate the actual danger more perfectly than she. Any exposition of her fears which she is likely to make will exhibit many puerilities. Yet we must admit that her statesmen would be unwise if they should fail to study the problems which the presence of the church presents."

So much for some of our diplomats in Asia. If they had been sent out by the Methodist missionary body or any other fanatical society, they could not have shown more narrow-minded bigotry or less regard for the advancement of religion and true civilization; but as representatives of this republic, where all are regarded as equal, and where the general government is supposed to

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represent the interests of every class and creed alike, it is not too much to say that they have been sadly recreant to the trust reposed in them.

Turning over the pages of this voluminous collection of foreign correspondence from all parts of the world with the Department of State, we came upon the following curious despatch. It is dated Mexico, April 29, 1871, signed by our minister, Mr. Thomas H. Nelson, and referred to in the index as "The Spread of Protestantism":

"The Protestant movement in Mexico has for the past year been making considerable progress, chiefly owing to the efforts of the American clergyman, Rev. H. Chauncey Reilly, a letter from whom upon this subject was forwarded by me, forming an enclosure to my No. 38, of August 9, 1869. There are now about fifty congregations or assemblies of Mexican Protestants in this city and vicinity, and an equal or greater number scattered throughout the country. Most of these assemblies still meet in private houses, though in some small places of the interior they form a numerical majority, and have, therefore, acquired possession of the parish churches. In this city, through the efforts and personal liberality of Mr. Reilly, the Protestants have acquired two fine churches of those which were secularized and sold by the government some years since; one of these is the former convent of San Francisco, the most magnificent as well as the first one erected in Mexico. It is now being repaired for its new use. The other is the commodious church of San José de Garcia, which, having been thoroughly repaired, was dedicated to the Protestant service on Sunday, the 23d instant, in the presence of an immense multitude. Two or three Catholic priests of some prominence have, within the past two or three months, joined the Protestant communion, and two of them have ventured upon the decisive step of matrimony. One of the recent converts, Father Manuel Auguas, formerly an eloquent preacher of the Dominican Order, has become the pastor of the new church. This event has caused a vigorous polemic in the newspapers of this city; the two papers considered especially Catholic have been filled with attacks upon the new religious movement, while most of the other papers have exhibited a commendable spirit of tolerance or even of good-will toward the Protestants. I enclose an interesting article upon this subject from the *Two Republics* of to-day, translated from the *Federalista*, and written by M. Ignacio M. Altamirano, who is considered as the chief of the Mexican literary writers of the present day. Yours, etc."

This is the entire communication, no other subjects being touched upon; but the matter seems of so much importance and of so great national interest as to warrant the sapient Mr. Nelson in making it the basis of a special official despatch. Is this gentleman the envoy of the United States, or a commissioner appointed by some Bible or tract society to report on the "spread of Protestantism" in the neighboring republic, or does he unite the two characters in his own person? Does he receive the public money for puffing the Rev. H. Chauncey Reilly, and transmitting his diatribes and the effusions of a certain M. Altamirano for preservation in the archives of the nation? If so, it is time the public should know it. Mr. Nelson's letter, however, explains an incident that occurred in Washington a few years since. It was this: the mission to Mexico was vacant, and it was applied for by a gentleman every way qualified for the post. He was thoroughly educated, knew the Spanish language well, and had served with high rank and marked distinction during the late war. He was appointed by the President, and his nomination by the Senate was urged by several influential citizens, including the then Secretary of State, the late Mr. Seward. The committee of the Senate refused to report his name favorably, and, in reply to the query of the writer what objection could be

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urged against the applicant, a leading senator replied that "he understood him to be a very violent (meaning practical) Catholic!" The policy of this gentleman, like that of many others at the national capital, was not to send a Catholic to a Catholic country, but one who would report on the "spread of Protestantism," and doubtless, find materials for his despatches.

Nor must we blame the government too severely for their injudicious sectarian appointments. Its views are but the reflex of popular opinion, and, as long as we tolerate bigotry and proscription in our popular elections, we must expect that those who are supposed to represent us will follow the bad example thus set them. The fault hitherto has been partly ours, and the remedy is in our own hands. This remedy consists in discountenancing all subsidized newspaper writers and demagogues whose abuse and slanders prevent good men from filling the national and state councils; in trampling under foot all party and religious prejudices, and invariably voting against those who would maintain them; and by supporting for offices, both at home and abroad, only those who will attend to the public business, and let sectarian missionaries and the "spread of Protestantism" alone.

A LEGEND OF S. MARTIN.

AFTER many strifes and battles, and after having been for years Administrator of Thrace, Asia, and Egypt, with Dacia and Macedonia, to which the dethroned and executed Emperor of the West, Gratian, had appointed him, Theodosius I., the Roman emperor, returned from Thessalonica, his former headquarters, to Constantinople.

The day was cold and stormy, and many a one of the emperor's suite wrapped his cloak closer around his shivering body, as the snowflakes fell thicker and faster, covering the road quickly in the white mantle of winter.

The troop had just entered a small village, when the emperor's horse was stopped by a man miserably clad and trembling with cold.

Impatient of the detention, Theodosius pressed his spurs into the sides of his steed, and flew past the wretched beggar.

But a knight called Martin, from Pannonia, who followed next, halted and looked pityingly upon the poor trembling form. Willingly would he have given him money or clothing, but a soldier seldom has much to give, and, except his hat and coat, the knight possessed nothing. One moment only he reflected, and the next he drew forth his sword, and cut in two the large cloak hanging over his shoulders. Handing the one half to the beggar, and wrapping himself closely in the other, he followed the emperor with lightning speed, without listening to the words of blessing which fell from the lips of the mendicant.

After the sun had set, the emperor and his followers took quarters for the night.

All had gone to rest, and Knight Martin also had laid himself down, and soon was fast asleep. Shortly, however, he felt as if his eyes were

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forced open by a most brilliant and dazzling light. He sat up, and perceived at his feet a man upon whose head was a crown of thorns. Shining angels surrounded him, and the mantle which Martin had given to the beggar hung around his shoulders. Pointing to it, he asked S. Peter (who stood by his side) in sweet and gentle voice: "Do you see this mantle?"

"From whom did you receive it?" S. Peter questioned.

"From Martin here," was the reply, given in a heavenly voice, his finger pointing at the same time to the astonished soldier. "Rise, my son," he then continued—and his angelic smile was ravishing to the eyes of Martin—"I have chosen thee henceforth to be my servant. Until now thou hast been a blind heathen: thou shalt now become a shining light in my army. Put up thy sword; thou shalt be a soldier of God." And then Martin knew that it was the Lord himself who spake to him.

An angel kissed the mantle's border—and Martin awoke.

The morning broke. He rose quickly, and left the place, never resting, never stopping, until he had reached the portal of a cloister; there he knocked and entered.

Soon he became famous for his goodness and piety, and, as bishop, served his Master with spiritual rather than material weapons.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MY CLERICAL FRIENDS, AND THEIR RELATION TO MODERN THOUGHT. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1873.

We are glad to announce the publication of the American edition of this work, our previous notice having been based upon the advance sheets of the English edition.

The Catholic Publication Society has done good service to religion by its handsome edition of this most important book. It is divided into four chapters, which treat of "The Vocation of the Clergy," "The Clergy at Home," "The Clergy Abroad," and "The Clergy and Modern Thought." Under these divisions, the distinguished author has grouped together a most interesting series of facts and arguments which cannot fail to carry conviction to any honest mind. He deals principally with what may be called the advanced clergy of the Anglican Church, shows their real position in the present state of controversy, and the utter absurdity of their claims. If there is anything properly called ridiculous, it is the aspect of a small portion of a sect pretending to be that which every one else in the world denies them to be, and flaunting their professions to the entire denial of history, tradition, and even common sense. Our Ritualistic friends have no regard for anything in the past, present, or future but themselves, and, therefore, they cannot be reasoned with. Their half-way house may be a stopping-place for a time for honest hearts, but no sincere mind can rest there, for Almighty God never leaves the true in mind without the assistance of his grace or the use of their natural faculties. We commend this book to all in the Anglican communion who desire to look facts in the face or to save their souls. And we beg in all charity to tell them that they cannot save their souls without sacrifice. If they prefer to keep this world, they will lose the next. There may be in our author's clear and bright presentation of truth something that may seem to them harsh or severe. We can assure them that there is no kinder heart than that of our distinguished friend, the author; but he has such keen perceptions of right and wrong that he cannot fail to put,

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with telling effect, the absurdity of their religious position. And deny it as they may, and perhaps will, the whole world appreciates the inconsistency of their actions with their professions. Kind people pity them, while worldly people laugh at them.

Beginning with the theory that the *one* church of God can be divided, which is a contradiction in terms, they claim to be a *branch* of something that confessedly can have no branches. Then, they are not simply a branch, but a *branch of a branch*. And the branch of which they form part renounces them, and casts them out, but they will not be cast out. Their mother, the Church of England, does not know herself as these her children do. Then, there is one thing they can hang on to the last, even if everything else fails. They were admitted to apostolical ordination by *Barlow*, whom they will have a bishop, though there is no proof whatever that he was one, and while he himself denied the necessity or the virtue of the sacrament of order. "If schism," as Dr. Newman says, "depends on the mere retention of the Episcopal order, there never was and there never will be a schism," for bishops are as likely to be corrupted as priests. But the truth is, nobody ever pretended to any apostolical succession in the English Church until the Dissenters became so strong that, out of opposition to them, "a few Anglican prelates began to talk of pretensions which, during several generations, they had treated as a jest and a fable." "According to Barlow, an English bishop could dispense with orders; and, according to Cranmer, with grace." There was no pretence of any doctrine of priesthood on the part of the *founders* of the Church of England, and surely these intelligent men ought to have known what they intended to do. Hooker is one of their greatest defenders, and he expressly denies the necessity of Episcopal ordination. "Being about to appear before God, he sent—not for an Anglican minister—but for his friend Saravia, and accepted from his unconsecrated hands those quasi-sacramental rites which, according to Ritualistic views, he had no power to dispense." These divines were the faithful interpreters of the mind of their church.

"'It is quite clear,' observes Bishop Tomline, expounding the 25th Article, 'that the words of the Article do not maintain the necessity of episcopal ordination.' Bishop Hall, again, though he wrote a well-known book in defence of episcopacy, gave up the whole question when he said: 'Blessed be God, *there is no difference*, in any essential matter, betwixt the Church of England and *her sisters of the Reformation*.' And this was the language even of men who had written the most earnest apologies for episcopal government. They never attempted to maintain that the apostolical succession was necessary to the integrity of a church. Thus Bramhall said, with easy composure: 'The ordination of our first Protestant bishops was *legal*,' *i.e.* it had the royal sanction; 'and for the *validity* of it, we crave no man's favor.' Andrewes is a more important witness. Though Ritualists may not approve his subservience to that robust theologian, James I., he is still held in honor among them as almost a High-Church prelate, and is regarded as the most imposing figure of his time. Yet Andrewes, on their own principles, was as flagrant a betrayer of the doctrine of the Christian priesthood, if he ever held it, as Hooker himself, or even as Barlow or Whittaker. He not only gave the Anglican sacrament to a Swiss Protestant, Isaac Casaubon, but related afterwards, with impassioned and approving eloquence, that his friend died loudly professing with his latest breath the strictest tenets of the Calvinists of Geneva."

There are many other points that will attract the attention of the reader, and which we cannot speak of in this short notice. The last chapter, upon "The Clergy and Modern Thought," is particularly adapted to the superficial age in which we live, and answers all the objections which are made by the really shallow thinkers who, according to the language of the apostle, "professing themselves to be wise, have become fools."

We bespeak for this most interesting and instructive book a large circulation and many attentive readers, who will unite with us in thanking the accomplished author for the pleasure and profit they have received from him. May God grant him yet many years to live in which to do good with his able pen!

The following letter of the author, correcting a mistake into which he had fallen, appeared in the London *Tablet* of February 8:

"MR. LECKY AND 'MY CLERICAL FRIENDS.'

"*To the Editor of the Tablet:*

"SIR: I am assured by friends of Mr. Lecky, the well-known author of the histories of *Rationalism in Europe* and of *European Morals*, that I have misunderstood a passage in the latter work, and attributed to the distinguished writer sentiments which he disavows. Mr. Lecky has displayed in his remarkable writings such unusual candor, and even, in spite of much that is painful to a Christian, such elevation of thought, that to do him wilful injustice is a fault of which no Catholic ought to be capable. I ask your permission, therefore, to make the following explanation.

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"The passage which I am said to have misunderstood is this: 'Had the Irish peasants been less chaste, they would have been more prosperous. Had that fearful famine, which in the present century desolated the land, fallen upon a people who thought more of accumulating subsistence than of avoiding sin, multitudes might now be living who perished by literal starvation.' Interpreting these words by the light of other statements of the same author, and especially by his announcement that '*utility* is perhaps the highest motive to which reason can attain,' they seemed to me, as they seemed to all whom I have been able to consult, to bear only one meaning. I was mistaken. They really meant, I now learn, 'that the habit of early marriages in a nation is detrimental to its economical prosperity.' I am further reminded that Mr. Lecky has written admirably on the grace of chastity which adorns the Irish nation, and could not, therefore, have wished to say that sin is a less evil than famine and destitution.

"I am too familiar with the writings of Mr. Lecky, which I have read more than once, and always with extreme interest, not to recognize his great moral superiority over the contemporary school of Rationalists. The study of his books has even created in me a strong personal sympathy for the writer. In quoting him frequently, I think I have manifested this feeling. But if I have done him injustice in the case referred to, I regret that he did not more carefully guard himself from a misapprehension which was purely involuntary, and into which others fell who share my admiration of his candor and ability. I have only to add that, if the opportunity should occur, I will suppress the passage to which Mr. Lecky's friends have called my attention. Yours faithfully,

"THE AUTHOR OF 'MY CLERICAL FRIENDS.'"

SERMONS ON ECCLESIASTICAL SUBJECTS. By Henry Edward, Archbishop of Westminster. American Edition. Vol. II. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1873.

This dauntless champion of the faith is once more in the field. In the present volume, the great Archbishop of England presents himself in that which is his special character and vocation, to wit, as the defender of the rights and doctrines maintained and promulgated by Pius IX. in the face of his enemies and of some timid or misguided persons among his friends. The sermons are not all new ones, since they range in time from 1866 to 1872; but as now collected they make a new whole out of previously separate parts belonging to one great theme, the rights of the Holy See and the church as opposed to the nefarious system of modern liberalism. The masterpiece of the volume is, however, the Introduction, a most able and eloquent analysis and confutation of the principles of the revolutionary party in Europe which aims at the overthrow of the Catholic Church and of the Christian religion. Archbishop Manning has done immense service to religion, and his power seems to have been continually and steadily increasing since he first entered the lists as a champion of the true church. Before the Council of the Vatican, he was one of those who contributed most efficaciously to the preparation of the greatest event of this age, the definition of the dogma of Papal Infallibility, by which Gallicanism, the mother error of that brood of false doctrines condemned in the Syllabus of 1864, was destroyed. During and since the Council he has combated these errors with equal ability and courage, and seconded the great Pope, who now fills the place of Christ on the earth, by re-echoing the divine harmonies of his doctrine through the English-speaking world. It is most important that all our educated laity should be thoroughly imbued with this pure and saving doctrine, in which alone is contained, not only the salvation of the soul, but of sound science, of nations, of society, and of all human interests. We know of no such thorough and perfect interpreter of Pius IX., the infallible teacher of the nations, in the English language, as the Archbishop of Westminster. His writings are those which ought especially to be circulated and read among the educated laity, as the exposition of that truth which is the special antidote to the fatal errors of the times. They are especially suitable for this purpose, because they are the writings of a bishop; and it is to the priests of the church, and especially to the chief priests and pastors, to whom is committed the office not only of teaching the faithful personally, but of giving to the writings of the subordinate clergy and of learned laymen the only canonical sanction which they possess, that the laity are to look for instruction in sound doctrine under the supreme authority of the Holy See. The private opinions of a bishop have, indeed, no more weight than is given them by their argumentative value. This is always very great in the writings of Archbishop Manning, who is accustomed to sustain his positions by a very great force of evidence and reasoning. But a still greater merit of his writings is found in the fact, that he never obtrudes his private opinions as Catholic doctrine, or goes beyond the mark placed by the authority of the church or the common teaching of approved theologians. Not

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only does he avoid extenuating, but he equally avoids exaggerating statements respecting Catholic doctrine. And, moreover, although of uncompromising strictness in his orthodoxy, and apostolic severity in his language respecting contumacious heretics and rebels against divine authority, he is considerate and gentle towards those whose errors may, in charity, be regarded as excusable. In this respect, his writings are a model for those who undertake the advocacy of the great Catholic truths which are opposed to the errors of the day. May God preserve the worthy successor of the great English cardinal to see the triumph of the church in the land of S. Edward and S. Thomas of Canterbury!

LENTEN THOUGHTS: Drawn from the Gospel for Each Day of Lent. By the Bishop of Northampton. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1873.

We recommend this little book to all who wish to spend the season of Lent in conformity with the spirit and intention of the church. The style is simple and chaste; the thoughts are elevated and suggestive. There is, too, an air of serenity and even cheerfulness about the book which we cannot but consider as in perfect accord with the true nature of penance as understood by the church:

> "Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
> Thrill the deepest notes of woe."

"When you fast, be not as the hypocrites, sad," says the church to her children on Ash-Wednesday, re-echoing through the ages the words of her divine Spouse.

MEDITATIONS FOR THE USE OF THE CLERGY, for Every Day in the Year, on the Gospels for the Sundays. From the Italian of Mgr. Scotti, Archbishop of Thessalonica. Revised and Edited by the Oblates of S. Charles. With a Preface by His Grace the Archbishop of Westminster. Vol. I. From the First Sunday in Advent to the Sixth Saturday after the Epiphany. London: Burns & Oates. 1872. (New York: Sold by The Catholic Publication Society.)

The remaining three volumes of this work, we are told, may be looked for in the course of the present year. The whole will form a manual of meditations for priests to which we have seen nothing comparable. That such a work is needed who will deny? For if any one ought to meditate, it is a priest; and how few books of meditation in our language are at all what he wants! Of the present compilation, then, his grace the Archbishop of Westminster, in his prefatorial letter to his clergy, says: "In dedicating to you this first part of Scotti's *Meditations for the Clergy*, I need only add that it is a book held in high esteem at Rome. Having found by the experience of many years its singular excellence, its practical piety, its abundance of Scripture, of the fathers, and of ecclesiastical writers, I have thought that it would be an acceptable and valuable addition to your books of devotion."

After this recommendation, let us simply express a wish that the work may become known to every priest who speaks the English language. And again let us thank the good Oblate Fathers for one of the most estimable services they have ever done for religion.

S. ANSELM'S BOOK OF MEDITATIONS AND PRAYERS. Translated from the Latin by M. R. With a Preface by His Grace the Archbishop of Westminster. London: Burns & Oates. 1872. (New York: Sold by The Catholic Publication Society.)

These meditations differ very much from ordinary compositions with that name. They are divided into brief sections, a single one of which will suffice the devout soul for a whole day's food. There is nothing stiff and formal, nothing meagre, nothing dry. While, together with honeyed colloquies—now with ourself, now with God or the saints—there is a deep philosophy in a very simple guise. We are, therefore, most grateful for such an addition to our devotional literature.

THE 'OLD CATHOLICS' AT COLOGNE. New York: J. A. McGee. 1873

This clever *jeu d'esprit* is by the brother of Dr. T. W. M. Marshall, who was one of the joint authors of the *Comedy of Convocation*. It is a little coarse in some parts, too much so for our taste, and in this respect inferior to the famous *Comedy*, which was unexceptionable in that respect. Nevertheless, it has a great likeness in some of its salient points to that remarkable piece of logical sarcasm. The argument is unanswerable, and very cleverly put; and terrible as the ridicule

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is which is heaped on the Janus clique, whose final fiasco was made at Cologne, they deserve it richly; for never was there a more absurd as well as detestable little generation of vipers among the whole of the noxious brood of heretics who in various ages have hissed against the decrees of the Œcumenical Councils. We can assure all readers that they will be amused and instructed by this brochure.

SŒUR EUGENIE: The Life and Letters of a Sister of Charity. Baltimore: J. Murphy & Co. 1873.

The subject of this memoir was a French lady of rank, brought up a Protestant, but converted in early life to the Catholic faith. It is an interesting, edifying, and well-written, as well as beautifully printed, little book, not at all commonplace, but with the freshness of unusual incidents told in the charming style which belongs to modern English literature of the best class.

There is something very attractive in the French character when unperverted by scepticism and frivolity. The energy, zeal, and enthusiasm they throw into their work for God are very captivating to colder natures. And the higher one ascends in the social scale, the more decided, apparently, do these traits become. Whereas, in other nationalities, prosperity and position frequently have a deleterious effect; they often bring a Frenchman's better qualities into higher relief. In the religious orders, many illustrious examples of this remark may be found —of men brought up in ease and affluence who have adopted the mortified life of missionaries, braved every danger, and courted death itself, if thereby they could win some souls for Christ. The French nuns and Sisters of Charity have also been pre-eminent, as the unwritten history of the late war alone would demonstrate. The charitable spirit which lies at the foundation of that suavity and grace too often characterized as surface politeness, peculiarly fits them for the delicate and trying duties they assume.

In the subject of this memoir we recognize the same winning characteristics to which we have adverted. Of high birth, she left all which usually attracts youthful ambition for a life of self-abnegation and charity. The name Eugénie, already endeared to thoughtful readers through the *Letters* and *Journal of Mlle. de Guérin* (for we learn to appreciate a character full as much through the productions of the subject as by the portrayal of others), will receive new lustre from the memoirs of another saintly wearer. Such a record, though simple, is full of beauty and edification to those who follow in the same path, as well as those whose sphere of duty, though lying in the world, is yet elevated above it.

TRUTH AND ERROR. By the Rev. H. A. Brann, D.D. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1873.

This book is of small size, but on an important subject, viz., the nature and sources of certitude. It is clear, logical, sound, and written in a good style. As an antidote to the wretched, poisonous trash sold under the name of philosophy, which is nothing but methodical scepticism and materialism, this little book must do good if it is read and understood by those who have need of it. The unhappy intellectual vagrants of our day are afflicted with the two great miseries which poor "Jo" complained of: "Not knowing nothink, and starwation." Jo often sadly muttered to himself, "I don't know *nothink!*" Mr. Bain and all that set are so many Joes, repeating for ever, "I don't know nothink, you don't know nothink, nobody don't and nobody can't know nothink." The sophist of Königsberg was a Jo of genius, nothing more. Dr. Brann will give a substantial breakfast to any one of these hungry Joes who will read his book.

AUNT JO'S SCRAP-BOOK. Vol. II. Shawl-Straps. By Louisa M. Alcott, author of *Little Women*, *An Old-fashioned Girl*, *Little Men*, *Hospital Sketches*. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1872.

This book is written in a light, trifling, flippant style, which may be very pleasant and appropriate when used to describe certain things, but when applied indiscriminately to all that one sees abroad, it certainly is not agreeable, to say the least of it. Neither is it pleasant, in a book of travels, to find that nothing is considered true, or even worthy of respect, unless the *author* believes in it. A Mass at S. Mark's, Venice, is described in this way: "The patriarch was a fat old soul in red silk, even to his shoes and holy pocket-handkerchief; and the service appeared to consist in six purple priests dressing and undressing him like

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an old doll, while a dozen white-gowned boys droned up in a gold cockloft, and many beggars whined on the floor below." A visit to the Carthusian Convent, Pavia, calls forth the following comment: "A nice way for lazy men to spend their lives, when there is so much work to be done for the Lord and his poor! Wanted to shake them all round," etc. In the description of the inundation of parts of the city of Rome we read: "Livy indulged the sinful hope that the pope would get his pontifical petticoats very wet, be a little drowned and terribly scared by the flood, because he spoiled the Christmas festivities," etc. Victor Emmanuel is spoken of as "the honest man," with the remark that "that is high praise for a king." Such expressions as "sullen old gentleman in the Vatican," "silly Madonna," and others of the same character, enliven the pages in various places.

We can scarcely believe that this book is from the same pen as *Little Women*, and we think it would be far better, when one is only willing to see things through their ignorance and prejudices, not to attempt to make others see with their eyes.

God our Father. By a Father of the Society of Jesus, author of *The Happiness of Heaven*. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1873.

After reading this little book, we felt an ardent desire to tell everybody we had found a treasure. Its title, a rather unusual thing nowadays, is the true exponent of its contents. That God is our Father—our kind, indulgent, beneficent, merciful, loving Father—it proves as we have never seen proved before. We do think, if Voltaire had seen this little treatise, he would not have called God a "tyrant and the father of tyrants," and he, Voltaire, would not have been a fool and the father of a generation of fools. Some Christians other than Calvinists are accustomed to regard God as a stern judge or an exacting master, ignoring altogether his parental relationship. This way of regarding God not unfrequently produces a morbid spirituality, if not worse. Under its baneful influence, the soul is parched up and rendered incapable of any other sentiment than that of fear It is true that "fear is the beginning of wisdom"; but it is no less true that "love is the fulfilment of the law" and the sublime summary of the new dispensation. And who can love a being whom he sees only in the light of a stern judge, an exacting master? God, as he is represented in this work, is a being whom you cannot but love. In very truth, the author himself must love much, or he could never write so eloquently of divine love.

To all Catholics who look with a filial confidence to God, and love him as their Father, we recommend this book as a means of strengthening their confidence and increasing their love. To those Catholics, happily few, who see in God only a rigid master, we prescribe the perusal of this work as the best remedy for their dangerous disease. To our separated brethren, who want to get a Christian idea of our common Father, we would respectfully suggest the careful study of this treatise; they will find it sufficiently scriptural and sufficiently simple for their tastes.

We cannot, perhaps, pay the publishers a higher compliment than by saying that the setting is in every way worthy of the gem.

Lectures on the Principal Doctrines and Practices of the Catholic Church. By Cardinal Wiseman. New York: P. O'Shea.

These two volumes belong to the uniform series of Cardinal Wiseman's works now being issued by Mr. O'Shea, and, as we understand, are printed from the same plates as the one-volume edition heretofore issued by Kelly, Piet & Co.

It is a strong evidence of the permanent interest which attaches to Catholic doctrine—the faith ever ancient, ever new—that these lectures are read now with almost equal avidity with that which greeted their appearance almost forty years ago, while as many weeks suffice to lay on the shelf the productions of many a popular preacher of the day.

This course constituted the *Lent* at S. Mary's, Moorfields, in 1836, when the Oxford movement had already acquired considerable headway, and the public mind was alive to the subjects discussed. In view of the audience which he addressed, they were doubtless prepared with great care, and may therefore be considered most favorable specimens of the distinguished author's style.

One is struck, in looking over Cardinal Wiseman's works, by the fact of the singular diversity of his gifts, and his pre

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eminence in the varied fields of research and discussion—as if he had made each a specialty. His *Lectures on the Connection of Science and Religion*, delivered the preceding year, has maintained a position in the front rank of works devoted to that subject, and may be said to have become obsolete only in so far as science has presented new phenomena and discoveries for elucidation; while the present work has remained, to our thinking, the most exhaustive popular exposition of Catholic doctrine in the language. His more elaborate historical and critical essays have attracted marked attention, and been thought worthy of publication in separate volumes, while his distinctively belles-lettres works have enjoyed almost universal favor. His *Fabiola* confessedly stands at the head of Christian fiction. It is a little remarkable that *The Hidden Gem*, and one of the most acute critiques of the day upon Shakespeare, should have been the production of one who it is fair to infer scarcely ever witnessed an acted drama.

The same house has brought out in similar style the *Four Lectures on the Offices and Ceremonies of Holy Week* by the same author, which we hope will prove a valuable aid to the intelligent participation in the devotions of the present season. The interest in the Lectures is enhanced by the fact that they were delivered at Rome, and relate to the ceremonies in the Papal chapels.

THE Catholic Publication Society will publish in a few days, from advance sheets, a new work by the author of *My Clerical Friends*, entitled *Church Defence: Report on the Present Dangers of the Church.*

AN ERROR RECTIFIED.

Card of the Editor of The Catholic World.

AN error in respect to a matter of Catholic faith into which the author of an article in our last number inadvertently fell, and which escaped my notice until it was too late to make any earlier correction, requires me to make the present explanation. I do it for the sake of the reverend gentleman who first animadverted upon this erroneous statement, and for others at a distance who are not in a position to know personally the utter impossibility of any statement bordering on "Gallicanism" being admitted into THE CATHOLIC WORLD with the knowledge of the editor. The passage in question is as follows, and is found on p. 784: "Who can wonder if the Church, in this dire emergency, *delegates to one man* the power she can no longer collectively exercise in peace?" The mistake of the writer, who is a lay Catholic and not a theologian, is very excusable. The responsibility for the doctrine of the articles published rests exclusively with me, as the editor in the absence of the Very Rev. F. Hecker. If any statement which is contrary to Catholic doctrine or sound theology is allowed to pass in any article, it is by accident, and any reverend gentleman or layman who notices anything of the kind will oblige me by sending a communication to me directly, pointing out the error. Any such communication will receive due attention from myself or from the editor-in-chief, when he is in town and able to attend personally to the duties of his office. In this connection, I take occasion to remark that another worthy clergyman, entirely unknown to me, who has recently expressed himself as aggrieved by the remarks of THE CATHOLIC WORLD upon Italy, has wholly misapprehended their intention. The articles on this subject which have appeared have been generally written by myself, or prepared under my direction. I have no hostility except against the wicked party which tyrannizes over the Catholic people of Italy, and would with pleasure have admitted the letter of the Italian missionary, pleading the cause of his country, to the columns of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. It is the aim of the editors of THE CATHOLIC WORLD to make it Catholic in its spirit and tone of charity and courtesy, as well as orthodox in doctrine, and to remember that it becomes those who profess a special loyalty to the Holy Father to pay attention to *all* his admonitions, especially to that one in which he gave such an emphatic warning against the violation of charity by those who are very zealous for his authority.

AUGUSTINE F. HEWIT, C.S.P.

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XVII., No. 98.—MAY, 1873.

THE EVOLUTION OF LIFE.*

THE question of the origin of species—the question, namely, whether the vegetable and animal species now on the earth, and those which from the study of its strata we know to be extinct, were in the beginning called into existence by the direct creative *fiat*, and substantially with the forms they now have; or whether they have been developed from other and pre-existing beings with forms essentially different from their own, in obedience to natural law—is one upon which, since Charles Darwin published the first edition of his book upon the subject, now about twelve years ago, much has been said. We may add that the answer given to it by Mr. Darwin has been much misunderstood. It has been misunderstood in *itself* by those who would not take the trouble to inquire in what its precise merits consisted: how much of certainty, and how much of mere theory, it contained; what facts or series of facts, if admitted, it was incompetent to throw light upon; and whether there were any facts, botanical or zoological, in conflict and irreconcilable with it. It has been misunderstood, too, *in its bearings on revelation*, and that by two classes of men: on the one hand, by mere scientists, for the reason that they knew nothing of theology, and were therefore not in a way to decide whether the Bible and the theory of development are compatible with each other; and, on the other, by well-intentioned advocates of Christianity, because frequently they knew nothing of science in general—little of this question, and the precise meaning and worth of Darwin's answer to it in particular. The former have been at fault in asserting that a science—theology, Catholic theology, we mean, is a science—of which they knew nothing did not harmonize with a hypothesis of which they knew perhaps all that is to be known; the latter, in not acknowledging dis-

* *Evolution of Life.* By Henry C. Chapman, M.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1873.

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tinctly the grain of truth or of certainty contained in the speculations of Darwin.

The question is an interesting one, and has accordingly called forth a large literature in England, Germany, France, and Italy. Mr. Chapman's book is, we believe, the only one written in this country, and professedly devoted to the advocacy of the theory that, to use the author's own words, "the development of the higher forms of life from the lower has been brought about by natural selection, and that man has descended from a lower extinct form of which the gorilla and chimpanzee are the nearest living representatives"—which is Darwinism pure and simple, and which ought to be distinguished from the more general theory of "evolution." That Mr. Chapman's book has been published in America, and that we wish to say a few words on the question which it treats, and especially on the bearings of that question on revealed religion, constitute its only claims on our attention; for neither the style of the writer nor the lucidity of his argument, much less its originality, entitles it to any particular notice. The work is a mere compilation, which, however, may be of service to those who desire to possess in a convenient shape the facts, and to examine the nature of the reasoning, by which the Darwinian hypothesis is supported.

When we have said this, and that Mr. Chapman devotes a chapter of his book to the argument from zoology, geology, embryology, etc., respectively, in favor of Darwinism; that these arguments are neither as elegant, scholarly, or cogent as they might be made; that he has followed the materialists of Germany in their version of the theory, and further than there is even the shadow of a warrant to follow it, we have said all that we wish to say about his book, and bestowed upon it the highest praise it is in our power to bestow consistently with truth.

What our views on the Darwinian theory are will appear in the sequel. Here we wish simply to say a few words on certain doctrines drawn from it by Mr. Chapman, or, if not drawn from it, associated with it both by him and others—doctrines which, in our view, are not part and parcel of it because mere assumptions in no way countenanced by facts. Thus, Mr. Chapman desires us expressly to understand that "natural selection," the meaning of which we will explain in a moment, does not imply the existence of a "natural selector"; and this, without any forced interpretation, may be construed into a profession of atheism. Now, as we will see a little further on, the admission of the Darwinian theory does not necessarily lead to any such conclusion. Again, he informs us, p. 14, that life is only a "physical phenomenon," and that the nervous system produces ideas and all the acts of intelligence"—which is rank materialism. That Mr. Chapman advocates fatalism is no less plain, for he assures us that morality is necessarily progressive. On the last page of his book, he defines morals to be "duty to one's self." We confess that we do not understand how he reconciles his assertion that morality is necessarily progressive with his definition of morals. It seems to us that, if necessarily moral, men will necessarily do their duty; or rather, they will have no duty to do, since necessity and duty exclude each other. According to this theory, there can be no distinction between good and evil, and all the crimes that are committed are the necessary consequences of man's origin. Indeed, the author tells us, p. 180: "Crimes and out-

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rages are committed even among the most civilized, simply, in the words of Mr. Spencer, because man 'partially retains the characteristics that adapted him for an antecedent state. The respects in which he is not fitted to society are the respects in which he is fitted for his original predatory life. His primitive circumstances required that he should sacrifice the welfare of other beings to his own; his present circumstances require that he should not do so; and in as far as his old attribute still clings to him, in so far he is unfit for the social state. All sins of men against each other, from the cannibalism of the Carib to the crimes and venalities we see around us, have their causes comprehended under this generalization.'"

Now, if all this be so, we cannot see why murder, or robbery, or any other crime, is not perfectly legitimate. If to the exercise of his "old attributes" in the struggle for existence" man owes his "survival" and his place among the fittest, in any degree, however small; and if there be nothing in man not produced by natural selection, we cannot see why he should not even now continue the exercise of these "attributes"; in other words, we do not see why any propensity, passion, or inclination originated by the agency of "natural selection," to the exclusion of all other agencies, cannot legitimately be exercised to the full extent to which "natural selection" has developed it. If man exercises these "attributes" simply in obedience to a law of nature, we should not if we could, nor could we if we would, resist them. If, indeed, these views of morality be correct, then might is right, the Decalogue a code against nature, civilization an abnormal condition for man, and barbarism his only true state.

So much for the atheism, materialism, and fatalism, we do not say of Darwin—for we have reason to believe that that gentleman himself is none of these—but of Mr. Chapman's version of evolution. There is one very important point, however, on which Mr. Darwin, the man of science, and the compiler, Mr. Chapman, are at one—a point of very great consideration because of its bearings on revelation—the doctrine that the difference between man and the lower animals is not one of "kind," but of "degree." We do not wish to argue this point here in full. What we wish to say is that men of the school of Darwin, etc., should be the very last persons in the world to make an assertion of this character, for the reason that they confine our knowledge to appearances, to phenomena. The question, however, whether man and the lower animals differ in "kind" or only in "degree" is not a question of phenomena or appearances: it is a question of *noumena*, of essence, of reality. We do not grant that even appearances warrant the assertion that man differs from the lower animals in nothing essential. There are appearances which forbid any such conclusion. But we maintain that, whether they so differ or not, Darwin and his school are, by the principles of their philosophy, estopped from asserting that they do or do not. They cannot say that the same phenomena imply the same noumena, the same accidents, the same essence, the same appearances, the same reality, because, to assert the identity of nature of two things, both must be known in what constitutes their essence, whereas these men expressly say that of noumena, reality, or essence nothing can be known.

Mr. Chapman is more a disciple of Haeckel than of Darwin, and follows that gentleman in all his vaga-

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ries—a course well calculated to increase rather than decrease the amount of prejudice against what there may be of truth in Darwinism. Among the advocates of this, as of almost all theories, there are extremists. Our author seems to have gone to school to all of them, and swallowed all they told him, no matter how paradoxical, no matter how little proof to substantiate it. On the other hand, of all that has been said against pure Darwinism, not a word has been recorded by Mr. Chapman; and of those who, like Prof. Agassiz, do not agree with Mr. Darwin, or who, like St. George Mivart, have, as we think, dealt his theory blows from which it will not recover, he does not make the smallest mention. Yet it cannot be that Agassiz and Mivart are too small to be noticed by Mr. Chapman. Agassiz is too venerable a name in science to need any demonstration that his opinion on scientific matters is entitled to consideration. Mivart is, we take it, a younger man; yet, if he has not made himself an abiding reputation by what he has the modesty to call his "little book," the *Genesis of Species*, he has made a name which must live, if Darwin's, and Lyell's, and Huxley's do; since all these men have found in him a foe worthy of their steel—and the latter of the vials of his wrath.

We would not consider this article complete without a condensed history of the controversy between Mr. Huxley and Mr. Mivart, occasioned by the publication by the latter of his admirable work, the *Genesis of Species*. We give it here for this, as well as for the reason that it will serve as the best general answer it is in our power to give to Mr. Chapman and other writers of his character.

But first a few remarks on Darwin's theory. It is only a theory, a mere hypothesis. Mr. Darwin does not pretend to have proved it himself; nor does his advocate, Mr. Huxley, who seems to have taken Mr. Darwin and the Darwinian theory under his special protection, pretend that it is proved.

Bearing in mind that the Darwinian theory is only a hypothesis, we must estimate its value as we estimate that of other hypotheses, viz., by its ability to account for all the facts of which it pretends to be the solution.

The Copernican system of astronomy, for instance, is only a hypothesis; yet, as there is no known astronomical fact absolutely contradictory to it, we accept it as true. If there were only one fact which it did not explain and could not explain; above all, if there were one fact at variance with the hypothesis, the hypothesis must give way, and the fact stand; for one fact is worth a thousand hypotheses, and one fact in cases of this kind, as Mr. Huxley says, as good as five hundred.

Are there, then, any facts which the Darwinian theory of development by natural selection should explain and does not? Mr. Huxley himself says there is one set of such facts—the facts of hybridism; and, as we will presently see, there are a great many others.

To St. George Mivart, a scientist, but more than a scientist, a philosopher in a degree, somewhat of a theologian as well, and therefore a man of greater intellectual grasp than either Darwin or Huxley, we are indebted for the fullest presentation of the facts inexplicable by natural selection that has yet been given to the reading world. This that gentleman has done in his book before referred to, *The Genesis of Species*.

One of Mr. Mivart's great merits

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is that he accords to Mr. Darwin's theory its full meed of praise. He is a scientific man, and as such a good judge of its merits and demerits, therefore competent to acknowledge the one and point out the other.

We are not at all prejudiced against Mr. Darwin or his theory. We agree entirely with Mr. Mivart that it "is perhaps the most interesting theory, in relation to natural science, which has been promulgated during the present century." Before pointing out, however, why it is the most interesting theory of the kind, let us see in brief what the Darwinian theory of natural selection is.

In the words of Mr. Mivart it may be stated thus:

1. "Every kind of animal and plant tends to increase in numbers in a geometrical proportion.

2. "Every kind of animal and plant transmits a general likeness with individual differences to its offspring.

3. "Every individual may present minute variations of any kind in any direction.

4. "Past time has been practically infinite

5. "Every individual has to endure a very severe struggle for existence, owing to the tendency to geometrical increase of all kinds of animals and plants, while the total animal and vegetable population (man and his agency excepted) remains almost stationary.

6. "Thus, every variation of a kind tending to save the life of the individual possessing it, or to enable it more surely to propagate its kind, will in the long run be preserved, and will transmit its favorable peculiarity to some of its offspring, which peculiarity will thus become intensified till it reaches the maximum degree of utility. On the other hand, individuals presenting unfavorable peculiarities will be ruthlessly destroyed. The action of this law of 'natural selection" may thus be well represented by the convenient expression, 'survival of the fittest.'"

Now as to the series of facts which this theory throws light upon. Here they are as enumerated by Mr. Mivart. It explains:

1. Some singular facts "relating to the geographical distribution of animals and plants; as, for example, on the resemblance between the past and present inhabitants of different parts of the earth's surface.

2. "That often, in adjacent islands, we find animals closely resembling and appearing to represent each other; while, if certain of these islands show signs of more ancient separation, the animals inhabiting them exhibit a corresponding divergence."

3. That "'rudimentary structures' also receive an explanation by means of this theory.

4. "That the singular facts of 'homology' are capable of a similar explanation."

5. That "that remarkable series of changes which animals undergo before they attain their adult condition, which is called their process of development, and during which they more or less closely resemble other animals during the early stages of the same process, has also great light thrown on it from the same source."

6. That "by this theory, and as yet by this alone, can any explanation be given of that extraordinary phenomenon which is metaphorically termed 'mimicry.'"

To explain in detail the exact import of each of these heads would carry us beyond the limits of a magazine article; and the reader who wishes for more minute and definite information on them we must refer to Mivart's own book, or to Darwin's *Origin of Species.*

Pass we now to those facts which

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Darwin's theory is incompetent to explain, and to the arguments against it. Mr. Mivart enumerates them thus:

1. "That 'natural' selection is incompetent to account for the incipient stages of useful structures.

2. "That it does not harmonize with the coexistence of closely similar structures of diverse origin.

3. "That there are grounds for thinking that specific differences may be developed suddenly instead of gradually.

4. "That the opinion that species have definite though very different limits to their variability is still tenable.

5. "That certain fossil transitional forms are absent which might have been expected to be present.

6. "That some facts of geographical distribution supplement other difficulties.

7. "That the objection drawn from the physiological difference between 'species' and 'races' still exists unrefuted."

Our readers will readily understand that, if species, or rather individual animals, were originated by natural law, and if that law be "natural selection," the action of "natural selection" must be able to explain not only the production of the animal as a whole, but of its several organs, both when they have reached the point of maximum utility, and at all stages previous thereto.

Mr. Mivart shows that it does not accomplish this; that it does not account for "the incipient stages of useful structures, *e. g.* the heads of flatfishes, the baleen of whales, vertebrate limbs, the laryngeal structures of the new-born kangaroo, the pedicellariæ of echinoderms"; and thus he established his first charge on purely scientific grounds, as a scientist writing for scientists. The other charges are equally well sustained. It would, however, require the rewriting of Mr. Mivart's book to follow him through all his facts and arguments, and we must beg again to refer the reader who would study the matter in detail, to the book itself.

Another series of objections brought forward by Mr. Mivart against the same theory is equally well sustained —objections that go to show that "it cannot be applied at least to the soul of man," as Mr. Darwin has applied it.

Here, again, every one will see that, if the human soul is not created by God, it, too, must have been gradually evolved from what, for lack of a more convenient term, though not without protest, we must call an animal soul, by the process of natural selection; and therefore there is nothing in man's soul which was not in the ape's —the same faculties, moral and intellectual, in kind, different only in degree. This question Mr. Mivart discusses in a separate chapter on "Evolution and Ethics."

The result of the discussion he thus sums up:

1. "Natural selection could not have produced, from the sensations of pleasure and pain experienced in brutes, a higher degree of morality than was useful; therefore it could have produced any amount of 'beneficial habits,' but not an abhorrence of certain acts as impure and sinful.

2. "It could not have developed that high esteem for acts of care and tenderness to the aged and infirm which actually exists, but would rather have perpetuated certain low social conditions which obtain in some savage localities.

3. "It could not have evolved from ape sensations the noble virtues of a Marcus Aurelius, or the loving but manly devotion of a S. Louis.

4. "That it alone could not have

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given rise to the maxim, *Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum.*

5. "That the interval between material and formal morality is one altogether beyond its power to traverse."

Mr. Mivart further shows "that the anticipatory character of moral principles is a fatal bar to that explanation of their origin which is offered to us by Mr. Herbert Spencer"; and "that the solution of that origin proposed recently by Sir John Lubbock is a mere version of simple utilitarianism, appealing to the pleasure or safety of the individual, and therefore utterly incapable of solving the riddle it attacks."

It is hardly necessary that we should dwell on these points. Our Christian readers need no demonstration of them. Knowing, on the one hand, what Christian morality is, and, on the other, what mere animal behavior, they must know the difference between them, and, knowing this difference, that by no possibility could the one be developed from the other, there being no oneness of kind in them.

Just here we would remark that, in addition to his other arguments, Mr. Mivart might have added that from philology against Darwinism, and with good effect. There are those who, from that science, argue the other way. But, in a series of able articles on "Darwinism and the Science of Language," the Rev. J. Knabenbauer, S.J., has shown that philology points to a diversity of origin for man and the lower animals.

He argues that the ultimate elements, the roots of all language, are expressive of general ideas. Now, general ideas are the products of the intellectual processes known as abstraction and generalization. Hence, before the formation of roots, before the beginnings of language, man was man. since he could abstract and generalize. Hence, also, language is not a development of animal cries, nor man of the brute, since the brute can neither abstract nor generalize.

Finally, Mr. Mivart shows in his chapter on "Evolution and Theology" that evolution and creation by no means exclude one another; and that a Catholic—Mr. Mivart is a Catholic—may accept the theory of evolution, ancient writers of authority in the church having "asserted abstract *principles* such as can perfectly *harmonize* with the requirements of modern science," and, "as it were, provided for the reception of its most advanced speculations."

In support of this view, Mr. Mivart quotes from S. Augustine, S. Thomas, Cornelius à Lapide, and refers to the Jesuit Suarez, with the doctrines of all of whom it is perfectly consistent to hold that animal species were created only potentially, *potentialiter tantum.*

By that we do not mean to insinuate that the naked Darwinian theory is compatible with Catholic faith; but of this more hereafter.

It was not to be expected that Mr. Mivart, in his criticism on Darwinism, would meet with no opponents. He must have expected to be attacked from two quarters, and by two different classes of men: by those committed to the Darwinian hypothesis, in the first place; and, again, by those who value that hypothesis less for its scientific merit than for—as they suppose—its incompatibility with Christian doctrine, and the service they think it might render in the disintegration of the Christian societies. Among the latter we are compelled to class Mr. Huxley, who, if a very good scientist, is, notwithstanding, one of the most arrogant of men.

He replied to Mr. Mivart, and in his reply does neither more nor less

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than constitute himself the infallible teacher of all mankind, the supreme pontiff of science, empowered to speak with authority on all matters pertaining to religion and philosophy, as well as to anatomy. He has the commendable modesty, even, to tell Catholics what they may believe, and what they must reject. He interprets the Bible for them, expounds the teachings of the Fathers of the church, comments on the schoolmen, all for their benefit; in fact, entirely forgets the good old maxim, "Let the cobbler stick to his last," and imagines that, because he has learned a considerable amount about brains and stomachs—dead brains and stomachs, for the most part—he can legislate for the Christian world; that anything in heaven or on earth which he cannot weigh or measure, upon which he cannot bring the knife, or the blowpipe, or the spectroscope to bear, does not exist, or exist otherwise than as it takes form in his own by no means humble mind.

In his reply to Mr. Mivart, he virtually passes over all of the latter gentleman's scientific objections, and fastens on his assertion that evolution is at all *compatible* with Catholic doctrine.

Mr. Mivart had, as we have seen, referred to Suarez, and that, Mr. Mivart assures us, because, in Mr. Huxley's words, "the popular repute of that learned theologian and subtle casuist was not such as to make his works a likely place of refuge for liberality of thought."

Of course Mr. Mivart did not intend to represent Suarez or the other writers we have mentioned above as advocating the very modern doctrine of evolution, but only abstract principles harmonizing with it; and, if anything, broader than it, inasmuch as they are broad enough not only to take in the recent theory of evolution, but any other theory of development which may be yet advocated; yet Mr. Huxley assumed that Mr. Mivart meant to convey the impression that F. Suarez was a Darwinian or a disciple of Herbert Spencer, which he could not well be, having lived some centuries too early to enjoy any such good-fortune. Having erected this theory, Mr. Huxley went, in his "More Criticisms on Darwin," deliberately to work to demolish it, in doing which he left his way considerably, raising questions on which Mr. Mivart had said nothing whatever, and which in the discussion are wholly irrelevant; as, for instance, the meaning of the word "day" in the first chapter of Genesis, as advocated by some authorities.

Mr. Mivart retorted through the pages of the *Contemporary Review*, and demonstrated that Suarez was "an opponent of the theory of a perpetual direct creation of organisms," and "that the principles of scholastic theology are such as *not to exclude* the theory of development, but rather to favor it." He quoted again from Suarez, to show that that writer, treating of the opinion that individuals of kinds like the mule, leopard, lynx, etc., must have been created from the beginning, expressed the view that the contrary seemed to him more probable, thus asserting *the principle* that those kinds of animals which are *potentially* contained in nature need not be supposed to be directly and immediately created. More than this, Mr. Mivart shows that the same authority recognizes the possibility that certain organisms may be originated directly from the inorganic world by cosmical influences.

Our readers already know what were the views of S. Augustine on this matter. Mr. Mivart shows that other theologians besides S. Thomas, such as S. Bonaventure, Albertus Magnus,

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Denis the Carthusian, Cardinal Cajetan, Melchior Canus, Bannes, Vincentius Contenson, Macedo and Cardinal Noris, Tosti, Serri, "and others down to the present day," agree with S. Augustine in his views on the question we are considering.

The great result—the only result in which we feel especially interested—of this controversy was the bringing into clearer light the fact that the kernel of truth contained in Darwinism or in evolution is not at variance with revelation, as indeed it cannot be and be true. This is what Mr. Huxley has done for the church.

Of Mr. Huxley's treatment of his opponent's objections on the score of morality we have nothing to say which would be of the least service to our readers.

Remains the question: How far may a Catholic accept the special Darwinian theory or the doctrine of evolution? Mr. Mivart asserts that a miraculous origin of the body of man is not necessary; that it might have been evolved from that of some lower being by natural law. Darwinians and evolutionists generally maintain an analogous origin for the human soul. Is there anything in this contrary to revelation?

We have not space, if we had the ability, to go into a lengthy examination of this question. Nor is there any reason that we should. It has already received the attention of able Catholic writers, and we can do no better than give the results of their investigation. They have shown* that, with respect to all organisms lower than man, the doctrine of the fathers is that Catholic faith "does not prevent any one from holding the opinion that life, both vegetable and animal, was in the world in germ at its creation, and afterwards developed by regular process into all the various species now on the earth"; therefore, that "all living things up to man exclusively were evolved by natural law out of minute life-germs primarily created, or even out of inorganic matter," is an opinion which a Catholic may consistently hold if he thinks fit so to do.

As to the question of the *body* of man, the same writers have shown, and we take it to be the safer opinion—in which, perhaps, we differ from Mr. Mivart—"that to question the immediate and instantaneous (or quasi-instantaneous) formation by God of the bodies of Adam and Eve—the former out of inorganic matter, the latter out of the rib of Adam—is at least rash, and probably proximate to heresy."

That the human soul was specially and separately created is an article of Catholic faith.

There is not a fact in science at variance with these views of the origin of the body of man and of the human soul. Even Mr. Wallace—to whom the credit of pointing out the influence of "natural selection" in modifying organic beings belongs by right of a title not less valid than that of Mr. Darwin—believes, and he has reason to believe, in the action of an overruling Intelligence in the production of "the human form divine"; and that, in view of man's special attributes, "he is, indeed, a being apart"—not, therefore, evolved, either as to his body or his soul, from any inferior organism. When a man like Mr. Wallace holds such a view, we may rest assured that the facts in the case do not require any one to hold the contrary. Let us now endeavor to sum up the results in relation to the Darwinian theory and the bearings thus far obtained:

1. The tendency of every kind of animal and plant to increase in geo-

* See *Dublin Review*, July, 1871.

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metrical progression, and to transmit a general likeness with individual differences, as well as to present minute variations of any kind in any direction, the great length of past time, the struggle of animals and plants for existence, and the preservation and intensification of favorable variations, are facts on which the theory is based.

We accept these facts.

2. We do not accept the theory, because, although it throws light on some facts, there are others with which it is not compatible; and because those even on which it does throw light do not require us to accept it.

3. There is nothing in the Darwinian theory, or in the more general theory of evolution countenanced by facts bearing on the development of life, which a Catholic may not accept, if he wishes so to do.

4. The teaching of Darwinism as to the origin of man's body is probably next to heretical. At all events, the only safe opinion is that it was not evolved from the body of a lower being, but was directly and quasi-instantaneously created by God.

5. Its teaching concerning the origin of the human soul is in direct and irreconcilable contradiction with an article of Catholic faith.

6. There is—apart from revealed doctrine—an absolute scientific certainty of the truth of that same doctrine respecting the creation of the human soul, and the highest probability of the immediate creation of the human body.

So much for the facts, so much for the theory, so much for its bearings on revelation.

In all we have said, we do not wish to be understood as advocating the Darwinian theory, even in so far as it does not conflict with Catholic faith, nor as committing ourselves to the general doctrine of evolution. The fact is, we do not care as Catholics to pledge ourselves hastily to any hypothesis whatever. We know some little of the history of hypotheses, and we know that it has been a history of failures.

When the Darwinian hypothesis or the theory of evolution shall have stood the test of years and facts, and the most searching investigations, let the Catholics who will be then alive accept them. There is no special reason why we should profess our faith in them. We do not need them to account for the phenomena about us.

On the other hand, we can readily understand why a certain class of minds should subscribe to it.

The human mind naturally seeks for an explanation of the origin of things. Intelligent men know the human race has not always been on the earth, that the phenomena about us are not eternal, that animal and vegetable life must have had a beginning here. Catholics know the same, and knew it before science had demonstrated it or discovered its minutiæ.

Men who wish to get rid of God welcome any hypothesis which seems to remove him to a greater distance from them, even before that hypothesis has more in its favor than against it. Catholics, who believe in God, have no such anxiety. They are willing to wait, since they have already an explanation of the origin of things in their belief in God, and in the teachings of his revelation that he in the beginning created the heavens and the earth, and all that they contain. The minutiæ, the How of that creation, they leave it to science to discover. When discovered and proved, they will accept it. But science can never give them anything not contained in the first article

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of the Creed: "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth." All it can do is to explicate and confirm this.

If it be objected that scientists accept the theory, and that we therefore should, we reply, *mere* scientists do; and of all men, the least safe of guides is the mere scientist. No other man is more apt to become a blind worshipper of the idols of the Cave. He confines himself within the narrow limits of his laboratory, among instruments of death, and then would excogitate a solution to the problems of life and of the universe; as if with bolts and screws he could wring from nature the secret it will not yield.

Goethe well knew that from such men we need not expect the answer to the riddle of the universe; that one glance at the world as a whole as it lies bathed in the sun on a summer's day tells us more than all the tomes of philosophers.

"Ah me! this dungeon still I see,
This drear, accursed masonry,
Where even the welcome daylight strains
But darkly through the painted panes,
Hemmed in by many a toppling heap
Of books worm-eaten, gray with dust,
Which to the vaulted ceiling creep,
Against the smoky paper thrust,
With glasses, boxes, round me stocked,
And instruments together hurled,
Ancestral lumber stuffed and packed:
Such is my world: and what a world!
And do I ask wherefore my heart
Falters, oppressed with unknown needs?
With some inexplicable smart
All movement of my life impedes?
Alas! in living nature's stead,
Where God his human creature set
In smoke and mould, the fleshless dead
And bones and beasts surround me yet!"

And although we can see some force in the general theory of evolution, we cannot accept it till it settles its account with the principle on which the whole inductive method is raised—the constancy of the laws of nature.

The theory of evolution strikes, it seems to us, at the very root of this principle. It proclaims that there is not and has never been any constancy in nature. It devours all other law, or rather destroys it. It means simply change. Permanency, constancy, and their synonymes are opposed to it; and thus the theory of evolution must invalidate all the sciences which are founded on the assumption that nature is constant; in other words, that it does not change, does not evolve. The definition of evolution given by Mr. Spencer makes it simply a change. True, he states the method or law of that change. But the method is discovered by induction. Induction is in turn annihilated by evolution. The fabric as it rises loses its foundation, and floats in the air, a baseless vision.

But if we are in no haste to yield assent to Darwinism or evolution in general; as applied to man's soul by advocates like Spencer or Chapman, we reject it *in toto*. It is incompetent to account for the facts, nay, in glaring contradiction to them.

We take our stand against man's relation to the ape on facts as undeniable as any the zoologist or anatomist advances in its favor. These compare man's body and the ape, and *find* no very great superiority of the one over the other as they lie recently dead on the anatomist's table. Let the two lie there only a little longer, and none at all will be discoverable. A little duct which the winds of heaven will soon scatter to the four points of the compass is all that will be left of either. Shall we therefore infer their oneness of kind? By no means.

We know that man is in some respects not unlike the ape in form; but we know, too, that there are Godlike faculties in man which are not in the ape. We know this, and we know, moreover, that the philosopher through whose brain roll vast choruses of thought; who stands on the

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heights of Christian philosophy and human speculation, and discourses on death and immortality; who, from the eminence to which Christianity has raised him, looks down, not with indifference and not with contempt, but with deep serenity, on the little loves and little hates of the world, because conscious of his eternal destiny—we know, we have an intuition, which we trust more than we trust Darwin and Huxley, that this philosopher is more than a developed ape.

And when the anatomist tells us there is little anatomical difference between man and the ape, therefore between man as man and the ape as ape there is little difference or a difference only of degree, we reply: Between man and the ape, between a Newton or even a savage and a monkey, there is, in the intellectual order, a vast difference, an infinite difference. *This* we take as the fact, and draw the conclusion that the amount of anatomical difference between a monkey and a man is no criterion or measure of the real difference.

We treat the argument from embryology in the same way. Because at a certain stage in its development the human embryo cannot be distinguished from that of certain of the lower animals, we are assured that man differs from these only in degree. We grant the fact, we reject the inference; and we reason: notwithstanding you can detect no difference at certain stages between the two, time develops one so great that the one may become a Shakespeare, the other becomes only a Shakespeare's dog. What follows? Simply this: that there is a something in the human embryo which is not in the other —a something which the sense cannot detect, but the existence of which the mind may infer; that there is more of life than the embryologist can find out by his methods, as there is more of the rose than is found in its ashes—more of life than we would be apt to see in a dissecting-room or a charnel-house.

No; whatever force the special Darwinian theory may have to the student of animal life, to the student of man as an animal, it can have very little to him who views man in his higher manifestations. Whatever else it may account for, it never can throw any light on the facts of man's moral nature. It never can explain the origin of a being who believes in purity or pity.

Let the Darwinian, indeed, explain, if he can, how, if man owes his existence and his development, physical, moral, and mental, to success in the struggle for existence—in other words, to natural selection—and this success, in turn, to the exercise of the selfish or combative faculties, or to both combined—faculties which, according to this theory, he must have exercised, his present and previous states taken together, for ages unnumbered—so long, indeed, that they ought to have grown into uncontrollable instincts—and which are the only ones he can have exercised from the beginning, to which, therefore, as the most imperious, all others should be subordinate —let him, we say, explain who can how this tendency to battle, inherited through infinite ages, has not taken complete possession of man, nor caused his life to be a continual strife with his fellows; let him explain how, instead of all this, there *are* men who have learned, not to hate, but to love their enemies, to compassionate the weak, the poor, and the lowly, to nurse the sick and the dying, to care even for the dead; nay, how it comes that there are men who are guided by the sublime command: "Love them that hate you, bless them that curse you, pray for them that perse-

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cute and calumniate you"; or, further yet, how, in spite of the exercise of the selfish and combative faculties, in the struggle for existence, the tendency of which must have been to strengthen by use the organs of destruction, the same organs should gradually disappear, and that in man not one of them should be left.

Let him explain, again, how out of mere animality, by "natural selection," out of the mere brute, in a "struggle for existence," beings should come—men to whom this would be a law: Be pure; for "he that looketh after a woman to lust after her hath already committed adultery with her in his heart." There are such men—men to whom this is a law, and who obey it. Will a Vogt or a Büchner believe it? Will a Darwin account for it by "natural selection"?

Finally, let him explain how, if man has always been only growing out of some lower condition, he has yet learned, in a measure, to go beyond himself, to harbor an ideal which he has never reached, but towards which he ever strives, inasmuch as he endeavors to fulfil the command of the Son of God: "Be ye perfect, as my heavenly Father also is perfect."

PEACE.

THIS supplication of the Suffering was that also of the Militant Church, which daily offered it as now with sighs and tears, and, by the light which this reflection casts on history, we can catch a glimpse for an instant at the immense multitude of the pacific men who in the middle ages were existing upon earth; for as many as were joined in spirit to the church, were united with her in this ardent, insatiable desire of peace. How do we know that the Catholic Church, which the holy Fathers call the house of peace, was so profoundly attached to peace? From a simple review of her liturgy: for in the first place, her great daily sacrifice itself was nothing else but the mystery of peace, the pledge of future and eternal, the diffusion of present peace to man. At this holy and tremendous celebration in which God hath given peace reconciling the lowest with the highest in himself, the good of temporal peace was also formally invoked, at the *Gloria*, at the *Te igitur*, at the spreading of the hands before the consecration, at the *Libera nos* at the salutation of the people, at the *Agnus Dei*, at the three prayers which follow it, and in the prayer for the king; for as the apostle assigns the reason for the latter, *that we may lead a secure and peaceable life*, so with that intention the holy church prays for all rulers, even for such as are transgressors of the divine law;* which intention is formally expressed in her solemn litany, where she prays that kings and Christian princes may have peace and true concord, and all the people peace and unity. The innumerable priests, who celebrated throughout the earth, knew that the inestimable price of the world, and the great Victim for the salvation of men, could only be immolated in a spirit of peace, and with a contrite heart; and that, as Peter of Blois says, it is never lawful to offer it without that preparation.†—DIGBY, *Mores Catholici.*

* Hugonis Floriacensis *de Regia Potestate* lib. i. 4 ap. Baluze *Miscell.* ii.

† Petr. Blesens, *Epist.* lxxxvi.

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DANTE'S PURGATORIO.

CANTO EIGHTH.

In this Canto, Dante introduces the souls of Nino Visconti, judge of Gallura in Sardinia; and of Conrad Malaspina, who predicts to the poet his banishment.

'Twas now the hour that brings to men at sea,
Who in the morn have bid sweet friends farewell,
Fond thoughts and longing back with them to be;
And thrills the pilgrim with a tender spell
Of love, if haply, new upon his way,
He faintly hear a chime from some far bell,
That seems to mourn the dying of the day;
When I forbore my listening faculty
To mark one spirit uprisen amid the band
Who joined both palms and lifted them on high
(First having claimed attention with his hand)
And towards the Orient bent so fixed an eye
As 'twere he said, "My God! on thee alone
My longing rests." Then from his lips there came
Te lucis ante, so devout of tone,
So sweet, my mind was ravished by the same
The others next, full sweetly and devout,
Fixing their gaze on the supernal wheels,
Followed him chanting the whole Psalm throughout.

Now, reader, to the truth my verse conceals
Make sharp thy vision; subtle is the veil
So fine 'twere easily passed through unseen.
I saw that gentle army, meek and pale,
Silently gazing upward with a mien
As of expectancy, and from on high
Beheld two angels with two swords descend
Which flamed with fire, but, as I could descry,
They bare no points, being broken at the end.
Green robes, in hue more delicate than spring's
Tender new leaves, they trailed behind and fanned
With gentle beating of their verdant wings.
One, coming near, just over us took stand,
Down to th' opponent bank the other sped,
So that the spirits were between them grouped
Full well could I discern each flaxen head;
But in their faces mine eyes' virtue drooped,
As 'twere confounded by excess and dead.
"From Mary's bosom they have both come here,"
Sordello said—"this valley to protect

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Against the serpent that will soon appear: "
Whence I, unknowing which way to expect
This object, turned me, almost froze with fear,
And to those trusty shoulders closely clung.
Again Sordello: "Go we down and see
These mighty shades, and let them hear our tongue:
Thy presence will to them right gracious be."
Only three steps I think brought me below
Where one I noticed solely eyeing me
As if who I might be he fain would know.
'Twas dusk, yet not so but the dusky air,
Between his eyes and mine, within the dell,
Showed what before it did not quite declare.
Towards me he moved, and I towards him as well:
Gentle Judge Nino, when I saw thee there
What joy was mine to find thee not in hell!
We left unsaid no form of fair salute:
Then he inquired: "How long since thou didst come
O'er the far waters to the mountain's foot?"
"O but this morn," said I, "the realms of gloom
I passed: in the first life I am, but fain
Would find the next by following on this track."
Like to men suddenly amazed, the twain,
He and Sordello, hearing this, drew back.
One looked at Virgil, one into the face
Of a companion sitting there, and cried,
"Up, Conrad! see what God hath of his grace
Bestowed," then turning unto me replied:

NINO VISCONTI.

"By that especial reverence, I beseech,
Which thou ow'st him whose primal way is hid
So that none sound it, if soe'er thou reach
The shore beyond the vasty waters, bid
My child Giovanna for my peace implore
There where the cry of innocents heaven heeds.
Her mother I am sure loves me no more
Since she put off her widow's paly weeds,
But in her misery fain would wear this day.
From her full readily may one be taught
How soon love's flame in woman dies away
If sight or touch full oft relume it not.
The chanticleer upon Gallura's shield
Had graced her sepulchre with fairer show
Than will that viper, which to battle-field
Marshals the men of Milan." With such glow
He uttered this as in his face revealed
The heart's just passion smouldering yet below.

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Still that sole part of heaven I fondly eyed
Where the stars move, even as a wheel doth move
More slowly next the axle. Said my Guide:
"Son, what dost thou so gaze at there above?"
"Up there! at yon three torches," I replied,
"Whose splendor makes this pole here all ablaze."
And he to me: "The four clear stars that rose
This morn before thee have abased their rays,
And these have mounted in the place of those."
While thus he spake, Sordello to his side
Drew Virgil, and exclaimed: "Behold our Foe!"
And pointed to the thing which he descried.
And where that small vale's barrier sinks most low
A serpent suddenly was seen to glide,
Such as gave Eve, perchance, the fruit of woe.
Through flowers and herbage came that evil streak,
To lick its back oft turning round its head,
As with his tongue a beast his fur doth sleek.
I was not looking, so must leave unsaid
When first they fluttered, but full well I saw
Both heavenly falcons had their plumage spread.
Soon as the serpent felt the withering flaw
Of those green wings, it vanished, and they sped
Up to their posts again with even flight.
The shade who had approached the judge when he
Accosted him, had never moved his sight
Through this encounter, looking fixed on me.

CONRAD MALASPINA.

"So may that light," the spirit began to say,
"Which leads thee up, find in thine own free will
Sufficient wax to last thee all the way,
Even to th' enamelled summit of the Hill.
If thou true news of Val di Magra know'st,
Or of those parts, inform me of the same,
For I was mighty once upon that coast,
And Conrad Malaspina was my name.
Not the old lord, but his descendant, I:
The love which once I to my kindred bore
Is here refined." "O," thus I made reply,
"That realm of yours I never travelled o'er;
But where throughout all Europe is the place
That knows it not? The honor Fame accords
Your house illustrates not alone the race,
But makes the land renowned as are its lords;
He knows that country who was never there:
Still the free purse they bear, and still bright swords:
So mount my soul as this to thee I swear!

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Custom and nature privilege them so,
That, if through guilt the world's guide lead astray,
They in the path of right straightforward go
Sole of all men, and scorn the evil way."
To these my words, "Now go," the spirit said,
For the sun shall not enter seven times more
That part of heaven where Aries o'er his bed
Stretches and spreads his forked feet all four,
Ere this thy courtesy's belief shall be
Nailed in the middle of thy head with nails
Of greater force than men's reports to thee
If, unimpeded, Judgment's course prevails.

THE RUSSIAN IDEA.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CONRAD VON BOLANDEN.

CONCLUDED.

III.

RUSSIAN VICTIMS.

THE following morning, Rasumowski sat with his guests at a sumptuous breakfast in his elegant summer-house, the roof of which rested upon beautifully ornamented pillars. Adolph von Sempach appeared very sad; for he had again received evidences of Alexandra's indomitable pride and want of feeling. Beck remarked the disposition of his friend, and he thought with satisfaction of the deeply afflicted mother in her lonely palace at Posen.

"Some years ago, the emperor emancipated the serfs—did he act prudently?" asked the high official of Berlin.

"Whatever the czar does, is well done," answered the governor; "and if the future czar again introduces the former system of servitude, that also will be right. But you must not understand the abolition of servitude in a literal sense. The serfs were freed only from servitude to the nobility; the Russian nobility have lost by it. But both peasant and noble will always remain slaves of the emperor. Consequently servitude still exists in Russia, the same kind that you desire to establish in the new German Empire. Ah! there comes the Roman Catholic pastor!" exclaimed the governor, his features assuming at once their accustomed look of ferocity. "Now, gentlemen, see how I shall deal with this hero of liberty, who preaches rebellion to the people!"

The pastor timidly approached the Russian dignitary, and allowed himself to be treated in a manner unworthy of his priestly dignity.

But the priest had seen may thousands of his Catholic brethren put to death and transported to Siberia. He knew that, by a stroke of the pen, Rasumowski could doom him to the same fate; and to this must also be added the fact that in Poland Catholic clergyman are educated by professors appointed by the Russian government. These professors very naturally train and discipline the

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seminarians according to the commands of a government hostile to the Roman Catholic religion. Solid theological learning and a proper appreciation of the dignity of the priesthood are not sufficiently esteemed, for which reason we must make allowances for the cringing deportment of the village pastor.

After having made a low reverence before the governor, the latter rudely accosted him by saying, "Have you your sermon with you?"

"It is at your service, your honor," replied the priest, taking with trembling hands from his pocket a written sheet of paper, which he handed to the governor.

Rasumowski began to read, while now and then a sign of contempt or a shade of anger would spread itself over his face.

"By the heavens above me! pastor, this is incredible; in your sermon there is not one word said about his most high majesty the emperor! What is the meaning of this? Do you wish to go to Siberia?"

The priest shook like an aspen-leaf.

"Pardon me, your honor, pardon me!" stammered the priest. "I preached, as your honor may condescend to see, not about the most high emperor, but concerning Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world, who has redeemed men through his death upon the cross, and has freed them from the servitude of Satan."

"Bah!—Saviour of the world—nonsense!" interrupted the governor. "You must always preach about the most high the emperor. Your remarks about the Saviour of the world are altogether superfluous. And then," he continued, with a threatening frown, "in your sermon you repeatedly use words not approved of by the government; that is, *freedom* and *servitude*. You must never again use such expressions, for, if you do—remember Siberia!"

"Pardon, your honor! My intention was to show the people that we must obey God from motives of gratitude."

"That, again, is nonsense!" exclaimed the governor. "If God wishes the people to obey him, let him march his soldiers against the disobedient. Our first duty is to the emperor; this you must preach to your parishioners!"

He rang the bell, which was immediately answered by a Cossack.

"Bring me a sheet of official paper, and the pen and ink!" said Rasumowski to the servant. "Now, listen, pastor, to what I say! If you again preach upon *liberty* or *servitude*, you will be sent to Siberia; for in the holy Russian Empire there is neither *freedom* nor *servitude*; and, in order that you may become a practical preacher, you must preach for a whole year on nothing else but on the *kindness*, *mildness*, *glory*, *wisdom*, *power*, and *benevolence* of the emperor, but, above all, on the strict obligation of unconditional obedience due to him. Will you do this?"

"At your honor's command," replied the intimidated priest.

Rasumowski wrote upon a sheet of paper which bore the printed superscription: "Police Notice." He then read aloud what he had written: "In this church the only topic to be preached upon for a whole year is on the high qualities of the emperor, and on the obligations of his subjects to him."

He then folded the paper, and gave it to the priest.

"That your congregation may be informed of my command," said he, "you must nail this police notice upon the church door. Now go!"

Before the priest had left the gar-

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den, the Berlin official burst into a loud laugh.

"Oh! this is sublime!" he exclaimed. "I must confess that you have these priests under splendid subjection. The Russian method is admirable, and must be introduced into the new German Empire."

"My opinion," said the professor, in a tone of indescribable sarcasm, "is that this Russian method is even excelled by the Prussian. The governor has not forbidden the pastor to preach, he has simply given him matter for his sermons; but upon the doors of several churches in certain cities of Prussia *police notices* are placed, which forbid preaching altogether; and not only preaching, but even the hearing of confessions and the celebration of Mass. I think, therefore, that we have surpassed the Russians."

"That is so," replied Herr Schulze; "but the order of which you speak is unfortunately directed only against the Jesuits."

"It is all the same," answered Beck. "Catholic preaching, the holy Mass, and confession were forbidden. The war of destruction is not made solely against the Jesuits, but against the church."

"You are correct, professor!" answered Schulze. "Do you know Dr. Friedberg, of Leipzig?"

"Not personally," replied Beck; "but I am familiar with some of his writings."

"Well," continued Schulze, "Dr. Friedberg is Bismarck's most faithful adviser and assistant in the combat against the ultramontanes, who are so hostile to the empire. Friedberg has lately published a work in which he expressly says that war is to be made not on the Jesuits alone, but on the whole Catholic Church, and that this war must be energetically carried out"

"Without reference to Dr. Friedberg's pamphlet," said Beck, "it is clearly evident to every man of judgment, that the destruction of the Catholic Church is the one thing aimed at. It is really amusing to see how opinions change. Some years ago, the liberal press spoke of the Catholic religion with the greatest disrespect and contempt. The Pope was a feeble old man, and Catholicity tottering to its fall; it was, in fact, not only lifeless, but even unfit to live. To-day, however, this same liberal press proclaims the very reverse. The Pope is now so dangerous that Bismarck is already using every effort to secure at the next election of a pope a man who has what is popularly called *extended views*, and who will make very little use of the extraordinary powers of his office. It has become evident to the liberals that Catholicity is by no means a worn-out, dead thing, but that it is to be feared and is strong enough even to overthrow the new German Empire."

"You make the newspapers of too much consequence," replied Schulze. "Our journalists write under great restrictions, of course; but they are well paid for their work, and cost us a great deal of money. Bismarck's organ, *The North-German General Gazette*, alone costs the empire every year over twenty thousand dollars. Bismarck, nevertheless, has a very low opinion of newspaper-writers; he calls them, as is well known, *his swineherds*. You cannot, however, deny the fact, professor, that the Catholic Church is hostile to the empire."

"If you ask me as an historian, Herr Schulze, I must contradict some of your assertions," said Beck. "The Catholic Church is a spiritual power, but is not hostile to the empire, as far as the new empire aspires after the liberal development of noble

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ideas. Culture, freedom, civilization, true humanity, are children of the Catholic Church. As you know, Herder, our great writer, has said: 'Without the Catholic Church, Europe would have become in all probability the prey of despots, the theatre of perpetual discord and strife, or else a vast desert.' If, however, the new German Empire intends to introduce a Russian form of government, and with it servitude and the knout, then, of course, the Catholic Church will fearlessly manifest her displeasure."

The governor and Herr Schulze opened their eyes, and gazed with astonishment and suspicion upon the daring speaker.

"Do not forget," remarked Von Sempach, "that my friend speaks only from a historical standpoint."

"On the whole you are right, Herr Beck!" exclaimed the governor. "The Catholic Church confuses the minds of the people by preaching about *liberty, about being the children of God*, about *the dignity of man*, and all such absurdities. The Pope and his priests make their people proud, obstinate, and rebellious, and difficult to manage. Mark my prediction, Herr Schulze: you cannot introduce the Russian form of government into Germany until Catholicity is exterminated."

"We will rid ourselves of it," said Schulze confidently. "The Jesuits are already expelled, and now we are using stringent measures to suppress their kith and kin—that is, all the orders and convents—so that we shall gradually have the Catholic Church under the same subjection as it is in Russia. And have you noticed, gentlemen, how quietly all has been effected? The Jesuits were sent away without the least opposition on the part of the Catholics; the riot at Essen was only the demonstration of a few workmen."

"There was, however, great excitement among the liberals," replied Von Sempach; "for, when the German religious were innocently proscribed and forcibly driven from their homes, the national liberals applauded and cried out 'Bravo!'"

"If you imagine, Herr Schulze," said Beck, "that the patient endurance of Catholics in witnessing the expulsion of their priests is not dangerous, you deceive yourself. Their manner of combat, however, is a very singular one. Recourse to arms, or rebellion against authority, is forbidden them by their religion; but history teaches that the weapons employed by the Catholic Church have proved most disastrous to all her enemies. And it is to me as clear as the sun at noon-day that, in consequence of this persecution of the church, the German Empire will succumb."

"You speak in riddles, Herr Beck!" said Schulze. "What do you mean when you speak of the Catholic manner of combat?"

"That which is, in fact, the very essence of Catholicity," answered the professor. "Catholics believe that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is the founder of their church; they know that God will never abandon his church, because he has promised to abide always with her. Since they are forbidden to conspire and rebel, they have recourse to prayer, and they pray to Almighty God to keep his word—in my opinion, a very dangerous mode of combat; for no power, not even that of the new German Empire, can stand against the Lord. And it is a remarkable truth that the Catholics, for over 1,800 years, have conquered all their oppressors. If Bismarck should commence to boil and roast Catholics, as did Nero and other cruel tyrants who persecuted them for three hundred years, he

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would meet with the same fate that befell the pagan emperors of Rome."

"What you say, professor, is no doubt incontrovertible, for the facts are historical," replied Schulze. "We do not, however, intend, for the present, to either boil or roast Catholics, and it is not even necessary to adopt such severe measures. If the liberal government once gets undisputed control of all the academies and public schools, Catholicity must naturally die out."

"Another deception, Herr Schulze," replied Beck. "The apostate Emperor Julian, fifteen hundred years ago, adopted this very plan of exterminating Catholics. He established infidel instead of Christian schools; but the Emperor Julian perished, together with his empire, while the Catholic Church still exists, and is the terror of her enemies."

"We have heard enough!" exclaimed the governor. "We will not deny the assertion of our learned friend. The Catholics in the new German Empire can suffer and pray, and look for assistance from above, until they say their dying prayer, as they do in Poland."

From the eyes of the professor there shone a brilliant ray of light.

"You are mistaken, Governor Rasumowski," said he; "not Catholic Poland, but the Russian Empire, is saying its dying prayer."

If lightning had come down from heaven, it would not have made a greater impression upon the Russian when he heard Beck's remark.

"You seem astonished, governor," said the professor. "Are you really ignorant of what a volcano the Russian Empire is standing upon? I have made diligent inquiries upon the subject, and know something of the interior dissensions that prevail in Russia. The present emperor is also aware of it; for his father, when dying, admonished him, saying: 'Soucha (that is, Alexander), take care, lest thou become the Louis XVI. of Russia!' Excuse my candor, and permit me to wish you good-morning, as I intend to accompany my friend to the city."

The two young men walked through the garden, followed by the angry looks of the Prussian and the Russian.

Severe weather prevailed for some days. Excursions into the country were out of the question. Schulze visited the public institutions of the city, which were managed according to the Russian system.

One day, Von Sempach found the professor busily writing in his room.

"Are you taking notes, Edward?"

"I am collecting important Russian items to send to Bolanden, that he may use them for the good of the German people, and for the benefit of other nations, who do not desire to be governed according to the Russian mode."

"I protest against it," replied Von Sempach. "I have no desire to figure in a novel."

"Do not excite yourself, my dear Adolph! Bolanden will change our names, and perhaps call the gentleman from Berlin *Schulze*. How is Alexandra?"

The young man sighed heavily, and seemed greatly distressed.

"I wish that I had never known her!" said he; "for I can tell you, in confidence, that a deformed soul dwells in her beautiful body. Her pride is insufferable, her want of feeling repulsive; in fact, she is utterly devoid of those amiable qualities of heart and mind which a woman must possess in order to make a happy home."

"She is the child of a Russian governor, who, by means of the pleti and Siberia, keeps in subjection the

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serfs of the divine emperor," replied Beck. "I told Schulze and the governor my real opinion in regard to the decayed condition of the empire of the czar, and yet I was very temperate in my language; I should have added that Almighty God also is the arbiter of nations, and suffers the continuance of Russian barbarities only to show how deeply empires can sink, and how wicked men can become, when an emperor has unlimited command in church and state. The same result will take place in Germany, if she takes Russia as her model."

"I hope you will not use such expressions before Rasumowski," said Adolph warningly.

"No; we must not cast the pearls of truth before swine, for they would perhaps attack us with their Cossacks and the pleti!"

"Why do you jest?" said Adolph. "The discoveries I have made concerning Alexandra's real nature have made me very sad. Why must I bind myself for ever to such a creature?"

"Reason and the desire for true happiness forbid it!" answered the professor. "You are free, and not a Russian serf. Act like a man; destroy the magic charm which her fatal beauty has woven around you. My travelling-bag is ready, let us go back to your dear mother Olga. I am disgusted with everything in this corrupt, stupid Russian Empire."

The servant of Von Sempach now announced dinner. As the two friends entered the dining-room, Schulze, with an air of triumph, held out a newspaper.

"Herr Beck, you cannot say now that the Germans are unwilling to adopt the Russian form of government," he exclaimed. "Here, read *The Cross Gazette*. You remember what trouble we had with reference to the village of huts which some miserable and poverty-stricken wretches had built outside the gates of Berlin. Well, these huts have been all removed, according to the Russian method."

"So I understand!" said the professor, who had read the article. "*The Cross Gazette* announces that the President of Police, Herr von Madai, had given orders to several hundred policemen and soldiers to take down, in the night from Monday to Tuesday, the collection of huts outside of the Landsberg-gate; the poor settlers, who were roused from their sleep, were driven away without difficulty, although the men murmured, and the women and children wept; but there was otherwise no disturbance or resistance. What a fine contribution to the history of the new German Empire!" added Beck.

"Is it not also stated," asked Adolph, whose face was glowing with indignation, "that the humanity on which they pride themselves held the torch while the sorrowing women and children were driven from their wretched homes into the cold, dark night?"

"Why, Von Sempach, do not be so sentimental!" exclaimed the governor. "Be like a Russian, who wastes very little time or sympathy on such occasions."

Dinner was served. Alexandra had never appeared more lovely; her toilet was exquisite. She had remarked the serious deportment of her betrothed; for she made use of every species of blandishment in order to regain possession of his heart.

But something happened which brought matters to a crisis.

The dessert had just been laid, when a servant of the governor handed him an official paper. He had only read a few lines, when a grim smile diffused itself over his face.

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"I have a surprise for you, gentlemen!" said he. "The nearest Prussian police-station has had the kindness to deliver up to me the Jesuit F. Indura, so that I may forward him to his native place, Kosow."

"A Jesuit? Oh! that's imperial!" exclaimed Alexandra, filled with curiosity. "I have heard so much of the Jesuits, and wish to see one. Papa, will you not have him brought here?"

"If it gives you pleasure, why not? That is, if our honored guests have no objection."

"None at all, governor!" replied Adolph von Sempach, with stern formality. "You alone have to decide."

"And I think that it is always praiseworthy to be willing to see and hear a Jesuit," said Beck.

"Tell the commissioner of police," commanded Rasumowski, "to bring before me without delay the Jesuit of Kosow!"

"Oh! that will be interesting!" exclaimed Alexandra. "I am so anxious to see a man who belongs to that terrible order which has sold itself to the devil, and labors only in the interest of hell."

"Do you really believe what you say, mademoiselle?" asked Von Sempach, in astonishment.

"Certainly! I have often read in the newspapers shocking things about the Jesuits. They are said to possess in an extraordinary degree the power of deceiving people, and they owe this spiritual power to Satan, with whom they are in league."

"You have derived your information from the Vienna *New Free Press*, is it not so?"

"It may be, I do not know exactly. The new German Empire, in its fear of God and love of morality, acts very prudently in expelling these diabolical Jesuits."

"But suppose these diabolical Jesuits come to Russia?"

"Oh! we are not afraid of them; we will send them to Siberia!"

"Here comes the Jesuit," said Rasumowski, when he heard the clattering sound made by the guards' sabres.

Deep silence reigned in the dining-room. All sat with their eyes intently fixed upon the door. In the hall were heard heavy, weary steps, as though an aged or sick man was moving forward with great difficulty. Then a hand appeared, grasping the side of the door, and finally the Jesuit father, a tall, thin man, very much bent, and leaning on a cane.

"Come in, quick!" cried out Rasumowski roughly.

F. Indura staggered into the room. The door was closed after him.

Those who were present gazed in silence at the suffering priest, who could hardly stand on his feet, and who leaned exhausted against the wall. Although still young, the incredible hardships that he had undergone of fatigue as well as of hunger and thirst seemed to have entirely destroyed the bodily strength of the Jesuit. His face was deathly pale, and the hand which held his wide-brimmed hat trembled from excessive weakness. His black habit was covered with dust, as if he had been driven like a prisoner on the highway. Upon his breast there hung an honorable sign of distinction, bestowed by the new German Empire—the iron cross. After having saluted those present, this victim of modern humanity and liberal justice silently awaited the command of the Russian governor.

"Your name is Indura, and you come from Kosow?" commenced the governor.

"Yes, your honor!" answered the priest, in a feeble voice.

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"You have been expelled by the Prussian government, and in the holy Russian Empire you can find an abiding-place, and perhaps secure for yourself a splendid position, if you will renounce the Society of Jesus, and embrace the Russian state religion. Are you determined to do this?" asked the governor.

"No, your honor! I prefer death to apostasy!"

"Well, we will not hang you yet awhile!" brutally exclaimed the governor. "But we can send you to the mines of Siberia."

"That will be impossible, sir!" replied the Jesuit, with a faint smile. "for my strength is too far gone ever to reach Siberia."

Von Sempach had until now been a quiet spectator of the scene; alternate feelings of compassion and indignation filled his breast whenever he looked at the priest. He turned to Alexandra, in whose impassive features not a vestige of sympathy was visible.

"Mademoiselle," said he in a subdued voice, "a work of mercy is necessary in this case. This poor clergyman is dying from exhaustion. Will you have any objection if I offer him my seat?"

The Russian lady turned fiercely around, like a serpent that had been trodden upon.

"What do you mean, sir?" she answered, with a proud disdain. "Do you think that I will grant such a disgraceful request?"

An angry flush overspread the face of the young man; his eyes gleamed with a new light, and a proud, contemptuous smile wreathed his lips. Alexandra at this moment had for ever forfeited the love of a heart of which she was unworthy.

The governor meantime continued his questions.

"As you still wish to remain a Jesuit," said he, "that is, a man dangerous to the empire, an enemy of modern civilization, you will be sent to Siberia!"

"Will your honor not procure me a passport to India?"

"What do you want to do in India?"

"We have missions there," replied the priest. "As it is my vocation to work for the salvation of souls, I wish to preach there the doctrine of Christ according to my humble capacity."

"I must reflect upon your petition," replied the governor. "The government may not wish the Jesuits to continue their activity even in India. For the present, you must go to prison!"

The priest made a motion to leave, but his strength failed him, and a cold sweat appeared in large drops upon his forehead. Then Adolph von Sempach rose.

"Governor Rasumowski," said he, "I do not believe that I shall appeal in vain to your feelings as a man. I therefore urgently beseech you to allow me to offer some refreshment to this exhausted gentleman from your hospitable table."

Von Sempach spoke in such an earnest tone of voice that it seemed impossible to refuse him.

"If you wish to assume the character of the good Samaritan, Von Sempach, I do not object," answered the Russian, making a great effort to conceal his real displeasure.

Adolph approached the weak and feeble priest, and, giving him the support of his arm, led him to his seat.

"Allow me, reverend sir, to serve you."

The Jesuit looked at him with gratitude, and Adolph commenced to fill his plate. The half-starved owner of the iron cross began to eat, and like a lamp whose dying flame

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is revived when oil is poured upon it, so also was it with the proscribed priest, who soon felt the benefit of Adolph's tender care.

Alexandra had left the room when she saw that her father would grant the request of Von Sempach. With an expression of unutterable scorn and disgust, she gathered up the train of her rich silk dress, and retired to her own apartment.

"Will the new German Empire send us any more of such guests?" asked the governor, who was filled with suppressed wrath at seeing a Jesuit at his table.

"Hardly!" replied Schulze. "The majority of the Jesuits are Germans or Swiss; there are only a few Poles among them."

"Are only the foreigners expelled, and not the Germans?" asked the Russian.

"No Jesuit, even if he be a German, can remain in the new German Empire, and discharge any sacerdotal or educational functions," replied Schulze.

"It has made a very strange impression upon me," said the professor, "to see men condemned and treated like criminals, against whom not the least fault can be proved. Even the bitterest enemies of the Jesuits confessed this at the Diet, saying, 'We find no fault in them!' An old proverb asserts that 'Justice is the foundation of kingdoms.' The conduct of Russia against Poland excepted, there is not a similar example in modern history."

"Is your remark intended as a reproach, Professor Beck?" asked the Russian.

"I refer only to historical facts," replied the professor. "My personal opinion has nothing to do with it."

"And I must openly acknowledge to you my belief that Germany acts very prudently in imitating the Russian method in treating defiant Catholics!" retorted the governor.

"Then, we shall have violence done to conscience, and the destruction of human liberty in the highest sense of the word," said the professor. "From this tyranny of conscience would result, as a natural consequence, a state of slavery and a demoralized condition of affairs. Religion would cease to ennoble man, because her enemies would misrepresent her doctrines in such a way that she would cease to be the revelation of God; she would become a machine of the state, and this machine would be called a National Church—a hideous thing that would prove to be the grave of all liberty. Finally, an abyss would open, and swallow up the whole; for Almighty God will not suffer the wickedness of man to go beyond a certain length. History records his punishments; as, for example, the Deluge, the destruction of the kingdoms belonging to the Babylonians and Persians, the destruction of Jerusalem and of the Jewish nation."

Rasumowski was about to answer, when the Jesuit father rose from his chair.

"Sir!" said he to Adolph von Sempach, "you have, in truth, performed a work of mercy. May the Lord in heaven reward you!"

"He has already done so, your reverence!" replied Von Sempach, with a look at Alexandra's vacant seat.

"Accept my grateful thanks, your honor!" said Indura to the Russian.

"That will do!" interrupted the governor. "The commissioner is waiting for you."

Adolph left the room with the priest.

"All learned gentlemen do not seem to approve of the war of extermination against the Catholic

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Church," said Schulze, in a slightly ironical tone.

"At least, not those who have preserved some sense of justice," replied Beck. "I cannot understand how so many millions of Catholics can submit to be insulted and threatened in a way that should excite the indignation of Christendom."

"It is all very clear," explained Schulze. "A national church is to be established in Germany, just as it is in Russia. Protestantism sees the necessity of the change, and makes no resistance; but it is not so with Catholicity."

"I agree to the last assertion, Herr Schulze," said Beck. "From the very earliest ages there have been cowardly bishops and cowardly priests; but the Catholic Church has never made concessions in matters of faith, and will never do so in all time to come."

"For this very reason she must be exterminated, even if we have to resort to extreme measures," answered the great official of Berlin, in a transport of passion.

"And do you believe in the possibility of extermination?" asked Beck.

"Why not? The educated portion of the world has long since repudiated all belief in the nursery tales of religion."

"I most solemnly protest against your remarks," said the professor. "Religion is as much a nursery tale as is the existence of God, who manifests himself in his works; the most wonderful work of whose hands is the Catholic Church, particularly her miraculous preservation. While everything else in the course of time falls into decay; while the proudest nations disappear from the face of the earth, leaving scarce a trace behind them; while sceptres are constantly passing from the hands of rulers, the chair of Peter stands immovable. No intelligent man can refuse to reepect and admire the Catholic religion. On the other hand, I do not deny that liberalism in its spiritually rotten condition, devoid as it is of every high aspiration, is ripe for the establishment of a national church, which is to be fashioned after the Russian model. The new German Emperor-pope will be able, without opposition from the liberals, to introduce the Russian catechism. Liberalism will not object to the introduction of the pleti and to a Siberia; for it is servile, without principle, and utterly demoralized. Those Germans, however, who have preserved their holy faith, their dignity as men, and their self-respect, are no slaves, and will never wear the yoke of Russian servitude."

"Sir, you insult me!" vociferated the Russian governor.

"In what manner do I insult you?" said Beck. "You yourself maintained a few days ago that the Russians were all serfs of the czar."

"Yes, they are; but I will not allow you to speak of it with such contempt," responded the irritated dignitary.

"Since we are not as yet serfs in the new German Empire," said the professor earnestly, "you will permit a free man to express his views."

"No, I will not allow you to do so!" cried Rasumowski, with a loud voice. "If you were not, unfortunately, the friend of my future son-in-law, I would send you to Siberia as a man dangerous to the empire."

The professor rose.

"Governor!" he exclaimed, in a tone of unmistakable self-restraint, "your rudeness makes it impossible for me to stay one moment longer under your roof. The very thought of having received your hospitality is painful to me."

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At this moment, Adolph von Sempach appeared.

"Governor Rasumowski," said he, "I have come to say farewell. Your daughter, whom I have seen, will communicate to you the reasons of my departure."

The Russian, with widely distended eyes, looked with astonishment at the young nobleman, who bowed and disappeared with his friend the professor.

At the entrance of the palace, the servant of Von Sempach held open the door of a carriage. The friends entered, and drove to the depot.

"But, Adolph, how do you feel? Tell me what has happened!" asked Beck.

"That which had to be done, unless I chose to make myself unhappy for my whole life," replied Von Sempach. "I have broken my engagement with Alexandra."

"I congratulate you from my whole heart!" said Beck, warmly pressing the hand of his friend.

The next morning, the Baroness Olga welcomed the returned travellers; and when Adolph related what had happened, joy and happiness illuminated the face of the good mother, who embraced and kissed her son. The professor stood smiling at her side.

"You see, most gracious lady," said he, "that the study of Russian affairs is very apt to convince every good German of the impossibility of obtaining real happiness and prosperity from the land of the knout."

A few days later the poor people exclaimed: "Our mother Olga is well again; her eyes have lost their sad expression, and the kind smile has returned to her lips."

MY COUSIN'S INTRODUCTION.

THE only fault we could possibly find with the Gastons was that they were Roman Catholics.

True, they were our own cousins, quite as well off as ourselves, and as well educated and respectable as any family in the country; but then, being Romanists, you know, they associated with such queer people, had such singular notions, and attended a church filled every Sunday with families that you and I would never think of speaking to, you know.

Aunt Mildred went to Mass with them one Sabbath, just out of curiosity, and declared there wasn't a decent bonnet in the whole congregation outside of Cousin Mary's pew; and father, who looked in at the chapel on Christmas Day, told us he didn't see a single carriage at the entrance—nothing but a lot of farmers' and workingmen's wagons.

Nevertheless, the Gastons were charming people. Our affection for them went to the full extent of our cousinly relationship, and I in particular—by the way, I forgot to introduce myself—George Willoughby, at your service, just twenty-one—nice age, isn't it? Graduated at—but I won't mention what college in New England, lest you might expect too much of me. Well, as I was saying—and I in particular had conceived quite an attachment for my Cousin

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Richard Gaston. He was three years my senior, had received his education in some out-of-the-way Catholic college situated on the top or at the foot—I really forget which—of some mountain among the Alleghanies. We had frequently met and exchanged visits during our vacations, and the only objection I had to Cousin Dick was that on these occasions he made no end of fun of my Protestant Latin pronunciation, asking me to read a page of Virgil, and then rolling over in his chair, splitting his sides with laughter. What he found so comical in my recitation I could not imagine. I saw nothing in it to laugh at. This was several years ago. I now know the cause of his mirth.

But even if Dick did make fun of my Latin, and call it barbarous, he was a good fellow, although I must say that at times he presumed a little upon his seniority so as to be a trifle mentorish. Indeed, I loved him as a friend, independently of my affection for him as a relative. He was considerate, too, and never troubled me with any of his Romanish notions, except when I sometimes asked him a question about the church, or touching some point in Catholic history, and then I generally received more information than I either expected or desired. One of these occasions I well remember, for the conversation eventually led to serious results for me. I had gone down to spend a week with the Gastons. One rainy afternoon—too wet to drive over to the village, as we had intended—I had just waded through the strange, eventful story of that gay and festive American citizen, Mr. St. Elmo, and, as usual when at a loss for something to do, I began to look around for Dick.

I soon found him in the library, but so entirely engrossed with a book that he did not notice my entrance.

"What are you reading?" I asked.

"Oh!" said he, "nothing that would interest you."

"Let me see?" I took the book, and read the title-page: *Introduction to a Devout Life. From the French of S. Francis of Sales.* "Why, Dick," said I, "this is Thursday, not Sunday."

"What do you mean?"

"Why," said I, "on Sunday you get out the Bible, or some pious book, and read a spell—needn't read very long, you know, about enough to keep your face straight for the rest of the day. It's the thing to do—good young man, and all that sort of thing, you know—*Cela vous pose*, as the French say; but as to pious reading, except for that or to fight a rainy Sabbath with—never heard of such a thing. But what's your book about? Who is your Sales man? Some old 'stick-in-the-mud' of a stupid hermit, eh?"

"Your phrase is not of the politest," replied Dick, "but I will answer your question. S. Francis of Sales was not what you describe, but an elegant, accomplished gentleman, a graduate of the Sorbonne at Paris, and of the University of Padua, where, after a brilliant examination, he took the degree of doctor of laws with great distinction."

"That might all be," I answered, for I was determined not to accept Dick's saint without a fight, as was indeed my duty, being a staunch Protestant—a *rôle* no one need ever have any trouble in filling, for, as I understand it, you have nothing to do but deny everything the Romanists assert—"that might all be. I suppose he took refuge in orders and sanctimony because he had a game-leg, like your Loyola man there—what do you call him? yes, S. Ignatius—brave fellow, by the way, and a good soldier—or else he was jilted by some handsome girl."

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"Nothing of the kind. His early years, his youth, his student life, and his advent in the world were all marked by a modesty, a purity, and a piety that seemed to be the sure precursor of a saintly life."

"Oh," said I, "I have it now. He must have been a hard-featured fellow, so ugly, most probably, that, piety being his only resource, he became a regular old square-toes of a monk in advance of the mail."

My cousin took a new book off the table, and said, "How ugly he was you shall hear from his Protestant biographer.* Listen:

"'A commanding stature, a peculiar though unstudied dignity of manner, he habitually moved somewhat slowly, as though to check the natural impetuosity of a vigorous, healthy frame; regular though marked features, to which a singularly sweet smile, large blue eyes, and pencilled eyebrows gave great beauty; a complexion of almost feminine delicacy, in spite of ceaseless exposure to all weathers. His voice was deep and rich in tone; and, according to one who knew him, he was in appearance at once so bright and serious that it was impossible to conceive a more imposing presence.'"

"That's all very well," I answered, determined not to give it up yet; "but that work of his you were reading, that *Devout life*, is nothing but a string of prayers anyhow, isn't it?—a sort of a down-on-your-marrowbones manual?"

"Quite the reverse, my dear George. When the book was first published, it was seized upon with avidity, and became immensely popular, precisely because its author, not content with prescribing rules for exterior acts of devotion, sought also to lead souls into the interior life of piety. But judge for yourself. Let me read now a short extract from the very first chapter, and you will at once see that, in the opinion of S. Francis of Sales, the mere down-on-your-marrowbones performance, as you not very elegantly phrase it, will not, of itself, take you to heaven."

"Well," said I, "Dick, this is getting to be rather more than I bargained for; but I'll fight it out on this line if it takes me till tea-time. So go on." And he read:

"As Aurelius painted all the faces of his pictures in the air and resemblance of the woman he loved, so every one paints devotion according to his own passion and fancy. He that is addicted to fasting, thinks himself very devout if he fasts, though his heart be at the same time filled with rancor; and, scrupling to moisten his tongue with wine, or even with water, through sobriety, he hesitates not to drink deep of his neighbor's blood by detraction and calumny. *Another considers himself devout because he recites daily a multiplicity of prayers*, though immediately afterwards he utters disagreeable, arrogant, and injurious words amongst his domestics and neighbors. Another cheerfully draws alms out of his purse to relieve the poor, but cannot draw meekness out of his heart to forgive his enemies. Another readily forgives enemies, but never satisfies his creditors but by constraint. These by some are esteemed devout, while, in reality, they are by no means so."

"That's pretty plain talk," was my comment—"a good deal plainer than they give it to us down at our meeting-house. It sets a fellow to thinking, too." And here I was about to make a damaging admission, when I fortunately recollected that I was in line of battle, with my enemy in front. So I charged again with: "Oh! it's easy enough to write or preach the most pious precepts, and, at the same time, not be at all remarkable for their practice. If your Sales man was such a fine gentleman as you describe, I strongly suspect that that very fact kept him pretty closely tied to the world, and that he

* *S. Francis de Sales*, Bishop and Prince of Geneva. Rivingtons: London, Oxford, and Cambridge.

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may have been, after all, a mere ornamental guide-post to point out to others the road he had no idea of travelling himself."

"George, you are incorrigible, and I doubt that you really believe the half of what you are saying. But I shall not ask you to accept my opinion of S. Francis of Sales' personal piety. Here is a Protestant estimate of it: 'There is a beauty, a symmetry, an exquisite grace of holiness, in all that concerns the venerable Bishop of Geneva which fascinates the imagination and fills the heart. Beauty, harmony, refinement, simplicity, utter unself-consciousness, love of God and man, welling up and bursting forth as a clear fountain that never can be stayed or staunched—such are the images and thoughts that fill the mind as we dwell upon his memory.'

"It was in 1592," continued my cousin, "that Francis of Sales returned to the paternal mansion, after having been for twelve years a scholar at the universities, and a student of the great world. His father had ambitious projects for the advancement of his only son. By agreement of the parents on both sides, he was to marry a rich heiress, the daughter of the Seigneur de Vegy; and the reigning Duke of Savoy tendered him the high position of senator; yet, notwithstanding the most energetic remonstrances and prayers of his father and many friends, he calmly but resolutely declined both the marriage and the senatorial dignity, and in 1593 was received in minor orders by the Bishop of Geneva, and ordained priest in December of the same year."

"After which," I interposed, "he, of course, had an easy time of it."

"Listen, and you shall hear. The duchy of Chablais, adjoining the Genevese territory, had in previous years been conquered and occupied by the Bernese, and, as one of the results, Calvinism became predominant. Restored to the Duke of Savoy in 1593 as the result of treaties, it was important to provide for the spiritual wants of the few scattered Catholics who remained. A learned and pious priest named Bouchut was sent to one of the towns of the Chablais, but was compelled to leave it, on account of the fierce and hostile attitude of the inhabitants. It was soon understood that any Catholic priest who undertook to minister there publicly would do so at his peril. There was an absolute necessity that some one should go, but the Bishop of Geneva naturally hesitated to order any of his priests to so dangerous a mission. He would gladly have sent Francis of Sales, for he saw that he possessed all the qualities desirable in so critical an emergency—bravery, firmness, prudence, and gentleness, besides a name and family position which commanded respect throughout the country. Sorely embarrassed, the good bishop convened a chapter, and all his ecclesiastics were summoned to be present. He laid the matter before them, together with the letters of the reigning duke, spoke plainly of the difficulties and perils of the mission, and asked their counsel as to what should be done. As in the case of an overwhelming peril at sea, or a desperate charge on a fortified place, where the captain or commander hesitates to order men to certain death, and calls for volunteers, so the good bishop in this manner really asked, 'Who will undertake this dangerous duty?'

"As the head of the chapter, it was for Francis of Sales to speak first. No one present knew as well as he the most serious dangers of the proposed mission.

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"Amid profound and discouraging silence, he arose, and said, 'Monseigneur, if you hold me capable of the work, and bid me undertake it, I am ready'—few words, but to the point. Information of what had taken place soon reached Chateau de Sales, and in spite of his seventy-two years, the father instantly ordered his horse, and rode to Annecy, where he imploringly remonstrated with his son, and begged him to withdraw his offer

"From the son the old man went to the bishop, and protested in tears against the step about to be taken. 'I give up,' he exclaimed, 'my first-born, the pride and hope of my life, the stay of my old age, to the church; I consent to his being a confessor; but I cannot give him to be a martyr.' The father's remonstrance was so powerful, his grief so violent, that the good bishop was deeply moved, and gave signs of wavering, when Francis, perceiving it, cried out: 'Monseigneur, be firm, I implore you; would you have me prove myself unworthy of the kingdom of God? I have put my hand to the plough; would you have me look back, and yield to worldly considerations?'

"But the father held out as well as the son. 'As to this undertaking,' he said to Francis, in parting, 'nothing can ever make me either sanction or bless it.' At the last moment, several priests offered the brave volunteer to accompany him, but he would take no one but his cousin, the Canon Louis de Sales. It would be a long but most interesting history to go into the details of the Chablais mission. Under other circumstances, the people of that province might have run the risk of being dragooned into Catholicity as they had been into Protestantism. But the mild counsels of its noble apostle prevailed. After trials, labors, and dangers most formidable, his holy life and winning words of peace and reconciliation shamed persecution, transformed hatred into respect and admiration, and the conversion of the Chablais was the result of his holy daring. It was during this period that he even penetrated into the camp of the enemy, going to Geneva several times to visit Calvin's successor, Theodore Beza, then seventy-eight years of age.

"The Apostle of the Chablais, as Francis de Sales was henceforth called by the reigning duke, was now urged by the aged Bishop of Geneva to become his coadjutor, and with great difficulty was almost forced to accept the position. He was soon after sent to Rome, to ask the good offices of the sovereign pontiff in arranging a serious dispute between Savoy and France, as to whether Geneva was included in the provisions of the treaty of Vervins. Having transacted the business of his mission, he was notified by Clement VIII. to prepare for a public examination in his presence within a few days. It is related, as characteristic of his strong sense of justice and independence, that, with all his reverence for pontifical authority, and his well-known personal humility, the first impulse of Francis was to resist this order as an infringement upon his ecclesiastical rights. He laid the matter before the ambassador of Savoy, who immediately sought an audience of his holiness. Clement VIII. at once recognized the validity of the objection, and promised that the case should not be treated as a precedent. He had heard so much, he said, of the ability and talent of De Sales, that he was desirous of an opportunity of judging of it himself, as was also the College of Cardinals. The order, it was then agreed, should stand, and the exami-

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nation go on. The only preparation of Francis for this formidable trial was—prayer. Indeed, there was no time for any other, for there were but three days between the order and the ordeal.

"Among the cardinals before whom he appeared were Baronius, Federigo Borromeo, Borghese, and, among their assistants, the great Bellarmine. Added to these was a crowd of archbishops, bishops, generals of religious orders, and many eminent ecclesiastics of lesser dignity. A Spanish priest of distinguished learning, who was to have presented himself with Francis for examination before this body, was so overpowered on entering the hall that he fainted. The scope of the examination included civil law, canon law, and theology, but it was confined to the last-named branch. Thirty-five questions were proposed, and every possible objection was raised by the examiners to all the answers. The examination over, his holiness expressed his supreme satisfaction, went to Francis, and embraced him in presence of the assembly, repeating the verse: 'Bibe, fili mi, aquam de cisterna tua, et fluenta putei tui; deriventur fontes tui foras, et in plateis aquas tuas divide.'*

"In January, 1602, Francis was sent to Paris, charged with the arrangement of certain ecclesiastical difficulties which had arisen in consequence of the late transfer of the small territory of Gex from Savoy to France. Negotiations with royal ministers are proverbially slow, and a matter that Francis supposed might be terminated in six days retained him at Paris six months. But for him this was not lost time. He gave the course of Lenten sermons at the Royal Chapel, preached constantly in various churches and communities, and was so tireless in his spiritual labors that during these six months he is said to have delivered one hundred sermons. It was during this visit that he suggested to Pierre de Berulle (afterwards cardinal) the foundation in France of an order for the education of the clergy, on the model of the Oratory established in Italy by S. Philip Neri. The project was carried out, and in 1611, when the Oratory was established in France, its founder asked Francis of Sales to be its first superior.

"The reigning King of France was then Henry IV. He so highly prized and admired De Sales that he offered him every inducement to remain in France. He recognized in Francis the possession of all the qualities and virtues belonging to the model ecclesiastic, and best calculated to make religion respected and loved in a community scarcely recovered from the evil effects of religious wars. The learned Cardinal du Perron also appeared to be of the same opinion, for he said: 'God has certainly given him (De Sales) the key of hearts. If you want merely to convince men, bring me all the heretics, and I will undertake to do it; but if you want to convert them, take them to Mgr. de Genève.'" *

"Richard, cousin of mine," said I, "your measure is Scriptural, heaped up and running over. I ask you a question about that little book there on the table, and you give me the entire biography of your Saint of Sales. It's all very edifying, certainly, but I want to know about the work."

"Oh! *The Devout Life?*" he replied. "I will tell you. In the first

* "Drink water out of thy own cistern, and the streams of thy own well; let thy fountains be conveyed abroad, and in the streets divide thy waters."—*Proverbs* v. 15, 16.

* The title of his bishopric, by which Francis de Sales was then generally known in Paris.

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place, a singular fact connected with it is that the work was completed before S. Francis was aware that he had written a book. It happened thus: A young, beautiful, and wealthy lady of the fashionable Parisian world was so impressed by a sermon preached by the Bishop of Geneva that she resolved to lead a new life, and solicited his spiritual advice. His counsels of enlightened piety soon taught her that it was possible to serve God with zeal without absolutely leaving the world. Seeing her but seldom, he wrote from time to time such instructions as he wished to convey, and also answered her letters asking for further advice. On a visit to Chambéry, Mme. de Charmoisy—for that was the lady's name—showed these papers to the learned and pious Père Forrier, rector of the College of Jesuits at that place. He was so much struck with their contents that he had them copied, and wrote to Francis of Sales, now Bishop of Geneva, urging him to publish them. The bishop did not at first understand what he meant, and replied that he had no talent for authorship, and no time to write. When the matter was explained, and he ascertained that Père Forrier had studied and written out what he called his 'few miserable notes,' he exclaimed: 'Truly, it is a wonderful thing that, according to these good people, I have composed a book without knowing it.' Very opportunely there reached him at this juncture a letter from the secretary of Henry IV. of France, expressing his majesty's earnest wish that Mgr. de Genève would write a work setting forth the beauty of religion, and showing worldly people that a life of piety was not incompatible with a busy, active career. 'No one,' said the king, 'could write such a book but Mgr. de Genève.'

"Thus pressed on all sides, the bishop set to work, made some changes and additions * in the manuscript, and published it under the now familiar title of *Introduction to a Devout Life.*

"The work had no model in French literature. It was neither apologetic nor controversial, but purely moral and advisory; and this was much in a period torn by religious dissensions and wars. Its success was enormous. Praises of the book and its author poured in upon all sides. Exaggerated encomiums disturbed the good bishop. 'What!' he said, 'cannot God make fresh-water springs to come forth from the jaw-bone of an ass? These good friends of mine think of nothing but me and my glory, as though we might desire any glory for ourselves, and not rather refer it all to God, who alone works any good which may be in us.'

"Meantime, the *Introduction* was translated into all languages, and so widely read † that it was called at the time the *breviary* of people of the world.

"The imagery and symbolism of the book are full of grace and attraction. It draws illustrations from pictures and flowers, and its style is rife with similes and images which light up the essential solemnity of the subject. As Sainte-Beuve says, 'He puts plenty of sugar and honey on the edge of the vase.' ‡

"But this grace of language and of style is not obtained at the sacrifice of strength or of principle. The work has many passages full of sombre energy, and, in particular, a meditation on death (first book), which displays something of the pe-

* "*J'ai ajouté beaucoup de petites chosettes*," he said. "*Petites chosettes*" is almost untranslatable in its deprecating modesty.

† In 1656, forty editions had already appeared.

‡ "Il met force sucre et force miel au bord du vase."

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culiar vigor of a similar chapter (twenty-third of the first book) in *Thomas à Kempis.*

"Then, there is a sharpness of penetration and a delicacy of insight surprising to those who have not closely watched the springs of human action and the workings of the human heart in themselves as well as in others. Distinguished moralists, such as Montaigne and Franklin, have discoursed eloquently and effectively on the morals and motives of men, but you will find in none of them the elevation and purity of S. Francis of Sales. Take, for instance, the thirty-sixth chapter of the third book, in which he points out the almost imperceptible motives of partiality and injustice which prompt us in every-day life to the most selfish acts, consulting only interest and passion, while we pretend to ourselves and others to be totally unconscious of anything in our conduct that is not entirely praiseworthy. Listen and see how admirably he introduces the subject: 'It is reason alone that makes us men, and yet it is a rare thing to find men truly reasonable; because self-love ordinarily puts us out of the path of reason, leading us insensibly to a thousand small yet dangerous injustices and partialities, which, like the little foxes spoken of in the *Canticle* destroy the vines; for, because they are little, we take no notice of them; but, being great in number, they fail not to injure us considerably.'

"Now, remark how unerringly he places his finger on spots and blemishes that to our eyes are apparently as white as snow:

"'Are not the things of which I am about to speak unjust and unreasonable? We condemn every trifle in our neighbors, and excuse ourselves in things of importance; we want to sell very dearly, and to buy very cheaply; we desire that justice should be executed in another man's house, but mercy and connivance in our own; we would have everything we say taken in good part, but we are delicate and touchy with regard to what others say of us; we would insist on our neighbor parting with his goods, and taking our money; but is it not more reasonable that he should keep his goods, and leave us our money? We take it ill that he will not accommodate us; but has he not more reason to be offended that we should desire to incommode him? . . . On all occasions, we prefer the rich before the poor, although they be neither of better condition, nor more virtuous; we even prefer those who are best clad. We rigorously exact our own dues, but we desire that others should be gentle in demanding theirs: we keep our own rank with precision, but would have others humble and condescending; we complain easily of our neighbors, but none must complain of us; what we do for others seems always very considerable, but what others do for us seems as nothing. We have two balances: one to weigh to our own advantage, and the other to weigh in to the detriment of our neighbor. *Deceitful lips*, says the Scripture, *have spoken with a double heart;* and to have two weights, the one greater, with which we receive, and the other less, with which we deliver, is an abominable thing in the sight of God.'"

"The book must be interesting," said I. "You must lend it to me."

"Candidly, George," my cousin answered, somewhat to my surprise, "you had better select something else for your reading; for, if you wish merely to pass away the time in its perusal, it will most certainly disappoint you, and you will find it dry and dull. If, indeed, you desire to read it with a motive corresponding to the author's aim in writing it, that's quite another affair. The book is for the heart and the soul, not for the calculating head and worldly mind. There's nothing about it of what your admired Carlyle calls *dilettanteism*, and its object is your welfare

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—not in this world, but in the next."

"In what language," I inquired, "was this work written?"

"In French, of course."

"But Francis of Sales was, you say, a Savoyard?"

"True," replied Dick; "what then?"

"Why, perhaps he didn't write pure French?"

"Perhaps not. You are an American, are you not, George?"

"Of course I am; what then?"

"Why, then, perhaps you don't speak the English language correctly. And that," continued Dick, "reminds me, as our late President used to say, of a little story. You know that queer old original Major Eustace, who lives just beyond the lake. I heard him relate that, when a young man, he was travelling in Europe, and found himself one fine day at Moscow without funds or tidings from home, except a letter advising him of the failure of his father's house. This was at a time when travelling facilities were far inferior to those of the present day. He could not get away, and so sat down and studied the Moscow advertisements. One of them demanded an English tutor for the two sons (aged respectively fourteen and sixteen years) of a Russian nobleman residing at a well-known chateau near the city. Eustace was a college graduate. He felt himself abundantly qualified for the position, and made instant application. He was cordially received for the chances of obtaining an English tutor at Moscow were very slim. The Russian questioned Eustace very closely as to his acquirements—this conversation being, of course, in French—and things went on swimmingly until he asked our American cousin from what part of England he came. Eustace replied that he was an American. The Russian's face fell. 'And what language do they speak in America?'

"'In the United States we speak English,' replied Eustace.

"'But it must be a *patois*,' objected the Russian.

"'Not at all,' said Eustace. 'We have no dialects, and, taken as a body, the American people speak better English than the people of England.'

"The Russian could not comprehend it. The result was that Eustace was not engaged. Our nobleman went all the way to St. Petersburg for what he wanted, and returned home triumphant with his born-English tutor. Meantime, Eustace found something else to do, and remained at Moscow long enough to acquire the Russian language, and make many pleasant acquaintances. Being in London five years afterwards, he found the Russian colony there in a fit of Homeric laughter over the strange mishap of two young noblemen recently arrived from Moscow. Eustace at once recognized the name of the Russian who insisted that Americans speak a *patois*. His sons had been taught English by the tutor picked up in St. Petersburg, and, fortified with plenty of money and excellent letters of introduction, had been sent over to acquire the polish of a London season in the best English society. In this society, then, they made their *début* speaking English fluently in *the broadest Yorkshire dialect!*

"Now, to return to your Savoyard objection," continued my cousin. "You must know, my dear George, that Savoy is essentially French in tongue and general characteristics of race. The French language is both spoken and written there in all its purity; and many authors of world-wide reputation as French writers are, in reality, Savoyards. There is, for instance, Vaugelas the grammarian,

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Saint-Réal the historian, Ducis the poet, the great Joseph de Maistre, his brother Xavier de Maistre, whose *Voyage autour de ma Chambre* I know you have read; and, in our own day, Cherbuliez, whose success as a novelist has made the Parisian romancers look sharply to their laurels. I have reserved mention of S. Francis of Sales for a special reason. He wrote at a period when the French language under the influence of Malherbe was soon to settle down into its modern form; and so pure is his language and phraseology, even tried by the highest French standard, that he is one of the model authors adopted by the French Academy when its celebrated *Dictionary* of the language was undertaken. The list of prose writers included, among others, the names of Amyot, Montaigne, Charron, Arnauld, S. Francis of Sales, Duplessis-Mornay, Cardinal du Perron, etc., etc.* S. Francis of Sales is thus, you perceive, a French classic. The English translations we have of his works," continued my cousin, "fail to do him justice."

"Oh!" said I, "the old story—*traduttore—traditore*†—as the Italians say."

"Precisely so, for the sense and substance; and then, for the form and setting, a period of nearly three hundred years has so modified shades of signification and value in words which to-day apparently have the same general meaning, that in our modern rendering the subtle aroma and the more delicate beauties of thought and language appear to evaporate in the process of translation.

"There is a certain charming simplicity and quaintness in the original to which our grand modern style refuses to bend; and it appears to me that we might have had an English version of the *Devout Life* really redolent of its author's spirit if it could possibly have been done by one of that noble band of young Jesuit martyrs judicially murdered by Queen Elizabeth—say Campion or Southwell, for instance, who wrote in the English of Shakespeare's day—a period exactly corresponding with that of S. Francis de Sales."

"To sum it all up, then," said I, "you ask me to accept this work as perfection, and yet refuse me an opportunity of judging for myself."

"On the contrary, George; for, although I contend that it is admirable and, indeed, unsurpassed for its purpose, I have already said that a reader seeking in it purely literary gratification would most certainly be disappointed. I will say more, for I will not allow you to monopolize the functions of *advocatus diaboli:* the book, to our nineteenth century eyes, has several defects."

"What do you mean by calling me the devil's advocate?"

"Well, merely this, Cousin George. In our church, whenever it is proposed to canonize as a saint a person of holy life, there is a member of the commission appointed to examine the case, whose duty it is rigidly to scrutinize all the testimony presented as to the holy life of the deceased, to require the strictest proof, and to present and urge every valid objection to its saintliness, such as charges of any irregularity or lapse in conduct, morals, or faith. This official, in short, is a sort of infernal prosecuting attorney, and has hence received the descriptive nickname of *advoca-*

* See *Dictionnaire de l'Académie Française. Préface de M. Villemain.* He says: "En 1637, l'Académie avait discuté longtemps sur la méthode à suivre pour dresser un Dictionnaire qui fût comme le trésor et le magasin des termes simples et des phrases reçues. Puis, elle s'était occupée du choix des auteurs qui avaient écrit le plus purement notre langue, et dont les passages seraient insérés dans le Dictionnaire. C'étaient pour la prose"—and he then gives a list of authors, as above indicated.

† A translator—a traitor.

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tus diaboli. Now, it appears to me, Cousin George, that, from the moment our conversation on the *Devout Life* began, you have been plying his vocation pretty vigorously."

I could not deny it, so I said nothing, and allowed Gaston to go on.

"No; so far from claiming perfection for the work, I will volunteer a criticism or two upon it. In the first place, there is an excess of symbolism, and the multitude of comparisons and images becomes fatiguing. Many of these images are full of grace and simplicity, especially those drawn from the writer's observation of nature; for S. Francis of Sales, as we gather from this book, had a quick and sympathetic appreciation of the charm of landscapes, the song of birds, the fascination of flowers, and the thousand beauties of nature visible only to one who truly loves nature, and sincerely worships nature's God. But there is an excess of all this; and when he gets beyond the line of personal sympathy and observation, the comparisons become stiff, and frequently violate good taste. Those drawn from natural history, for instance, are strained and incongruous. The writer must have found his Paphlagonian partridges with two hearts in Pliny. There are many things, too, which to us appear to be in excessively bad taste; but that is a defect not chargeable to the author individually, but to the prevalent style of the age in which he lived. After all, there are 'spots on the sun.' S. Francis of Sales did not write for fame as an author, nor, indeed, from any worldly motive. A 'classic style' and 'the French Academy' were inducements which never engaged his attention. There is nothing of the rhetorician in his phrase, for it is almost familiar in its ease and simplicity. But there's the tea-bell, my dear George, probably a happy release for one of us, for I fear I have bored you dreadfully."

"On the contrary, my dear Dick, for I have been as much edified as interested in the saintly life you have revealed to me."

"Why, my dear boy, I haven't told you the half of it; nor, indeed, do I know it thoroughly. But if it at all interests you, here it is."

I read it, and have since read the lives and some few of the works of several other saints, with what result it does not interest the public to know. I can only say that I am going to fight it out on my present line if it takes till doomsday. Cousin Dick and I are firmer friends than ever, and Aunt Mildred from time to time asks me, with a slight tone of sarcasm, if I saw any fashionable bonnets at our church last Sabbath?

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MADAME AGNES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES DUBOIS.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONFESSION.

AT our return, we found my mother had prepared the dinner as usual on the days we went into the country. We joyfully seated ourselves at the table. What is more delightful than a family dinner? And we were all united. Louis was also in our midst. Victor was uncommonly lively that evening. His face, so open, intelligent, and kind, was radiant. I had never seen him so social and witty. His animation enlivened us all—we loved him so much! Excellent man! what made him so happy was the remembrance of the good deed he had done at the peril of his life. I asked him more than twenty times that evening if he felt any worse, and if it were not advisable to send for a physician. He invariably replied that he felt as well as the day before, and even better. But his cough grew worse from that time, and caused me serious alarm. During dinner we conversed on general subjects, and afterwards went to the *salon*. Victor installed himself beside the blazing fire which I always had made for him in the evening. My mother and sister went up to their own apartments. We were thus left alone with M. Louis Beauvais. He turned towards Victor with a look full of respect and affection, and I observed with astonishment that tears were streaming from his eyes.

"Madame," said he to me, "I must appear strangely to you. Ah! that is not the worst of it. I am a great sinner."

Victor tried to stop him.

"No," said he; "I will not keep silence. Mme. Barnier must know everything, as well as you, noble-hearted man, whom I dare not call my friend: I feel too unworthy."

He seated himself, and, sadly gazing into the fire, began his story in a tone as grave and sorrowful as if he were making a solemn avowal of his faults before dying:

Ten years ago, said he, I was a Christian, not only in name, but in heart and soul. My mother, a pious, energetic woman, such as we do not see in our day, brought me up with extreme care, and I did my utmost to correspond to her efforts. It is so easy and delightful to practise one's religion when one has faith, and feels that his endeavors are at once pleasing to a mother and to God! My other studies over, I became a candidate for the Polytechnic School, but was not successful in my application. I then entered another, in order to learn civil engineering. By the end of a year, I had given up all my pious habits through want of moral courage. My principles, however, remained firm enough to condemn me and fill me with remorse, but they were incapable of restraining one who had imbibed a taste for error. Even my mother's death and her last words, though they affected me, did not bring me to a sense of duty. A short time after I completed my studies in civil engineering, my father gave me possession of what I inherited from my mother, and asked what course I intended to pursue.

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"Remain at home," I replied, "and work under the direction of M. C——," an architect of the department, and a friend of the family. My father gave his consent to this.

Left to myself, and master of my time and property, I made no delay in commencing a life of dissipation and pleasure. My father was, above all things, a man of forethought and calculation, and my conduct disgusted him. We had several painful disputes, and at last he declared, to use his own expressive language, he would give up the reins, and cease to reproach me, but I must not thenceforth expect of him the least advice or even aid, if I needed it. He then centred all his affections on my brother and sister. As for me, I had begun by being idle and extravagant: I soon became openly irreligious. My religious principles were a restraint, and I determined to throw them aside. I thought this would be easy. And I did prove myself uncommonly impious when the preacher we had some months ago told us so many plain, wholesome truths. I was not one of those guilty of disorderly conduct, whom all respectable people must condemn; but—the acknowledgment is due you—I approved of it, contemptible and wicked as it was. My conscience was now roused, and remorse filled my soul with secret anger.

My mother being dead, there was no longer any one at home to speak to me of religious things. My father is an honorable, upright man, and attentive to his business, but as regardless of another world as if there were none. My young brother is pious to a certain degree, I suppose, but he is timid and reserved. Only my sister remains. Aline left boarding-school about six months ago. She is nearly ten years younger than I, and bears a striking resemblance to my mother. She has the same kindness of heart and the same tone of piety, at once fervent and rational, which I always loved and admired in my mother. I had been separated from my sister many years, and when I met her again, I was struck, with this resemblance, and at once conceived so much affection and respect for her as to astonish myself.

As soon as Aline returned home, the appearance of everything changed: the house became more attractive. I certainly do not wish to impute any blame to my father—I love and respect him too much for that—but you know as well as I that a house is not what it should be that has no woman to preside over it. An Arabian poet says the mistress of a house is its soul, and he is right. After my mother's death, the house became gloomy, but there was a marked change when Aline returned. It seemed as if my mother had come back after a long absence to diffuse once more around her cheerfulness, order, and piety.

But the superintendence of the household affairs, and her obligations to society, did not wholly fill up Aline's time. Like her whose living image she was, she was eager to extend her knowledge. Before her return, my father had subscribed for that wretched journal which is the delight of the unbeliever, or those who wish to pass as such. Aline sometimes read it, but she disliked it, as you may suppose. She imparted her impressions to me, but I did not conceal from her my sympathy with its irreligious views.

"Well, I do not agree with it in the least," said she; "and, as I like to know what is going on, I wish I could subscribe for M. Barnier's paper. Mme. C—— has lent it to me for some time. It is an able, thoughtful journal, and edited by a sincere Ca-

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tholic. That is the kind of a newspaper that suits me."

"Then, order it to be sent you."

"That would be ridiculous. A young girl cannot subscribe for a newspaper."

"I see no other way of having it."

"Excuse me, there is. If you were obliging, you would see the way at once."

"And subscribe for you! . . . I subscribe for a *journal de sacristie?* . . . That would be going rather too far; I should be laughed at."

"You must have publicly compromised yourself, then, to fear making people talk by subscribing for a respectable paper." . . .

The cut was well aimed. I reddened, but made no reply, and went away. That night I subscribed for your paper, and received my first number. Of course I opened it at once, out of perverse curiosity. I should have been overjoyed to find a single flaw in it.

A short time after this, the incident at the cathedral occurred. As I have already told you, I was not among those who made a disturbance at the church door, but I was with them in heart. Père Laurent was repulsive to me, as well as to most of those who displayed their anger in so reprehensible a manner. He was everywhere the topic of conversation. At home, my sister, who never lost one of his sermons, annoyed me with his praises. Above all, she irritated me by repeating his very words—words that seemed chosen expressly to disturb me and force me to reflect.

The day after that atrocious manifestation, I eagerly opened your journal. I was sure you would speak of the outbreak of the previous day, and wished to see how far you would condemn it. The article surpassed my expectations. You showed yourself more courageous than ever. Never had you written anything that so directly hit my case. You made use of certain phrases that reminded me of my shameful course, my base inclinations, and my secret remorse, and in so forcible a manner that the very perusal made me tremble with anger. That night, at our club—that well-known circle of young men devoid of reason, and so many men of riper years even more thoughtless—we had a great deal to say about the occurrence of the previous day, and your article of that morning. There was a general indignation against the preacher, and that excited by what you had written was still stronger.

One of the *habitués* of the club—one of those men who assume the right of imposing their opinions on others about every subject—seriously declared he had made a very important discovery: the clerical party wished to overrule the city, and assert its adverse authority as in the fearful times of the middle ages; but, however well contrived the plot might be, it had not escaped the sagacious eye of the speaker. The Conference of S. Vincent de Paul, more flourishing than ever; the new development given to the journal you edit; the arrival of an eloquent preacher—were they not all so many signs that ought to arouse us to the imminence and extent of the danger?

The simplest and worst members of the club allowed themselves to be influenced by this absurd declamation. I was, I confess, of the number. Others shrugged their shoulders. The orator perceived it.

"Ah! you smile, messieurs; you think I exaggerate! In a year you will confess I was right, but then it will be too late! Your wives will have become devotees, the very thought of whose bigotry is enough to make anybody shudder; your

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daughters will only aspire to the happiness of entering a convent; the theatres will be closed for want of patronage; and, if any one wishes an office, it will only be obtained by presenting a certificate of confession. *Allez! allez!* when that black-robed tribe undertakes any scheme, it knows how to bring it about. Instead of shrugging your shoulders when I reveal what is going on, you would do better to take proper precautions. It is high time."

A young fop in the assembly, the head clerk of a notary, notorious for his volubility, his shallowness, and his assurance, rose and took up the thread of discourse in his turn:

"I agree with what M. Simon has just said. We must consider the means of utterly routing this dark race. The shortest course would be to attack their leader. I will take that on myself. Barnier shall hear from me."

"No rashness!" was the exclamation on all sides. "We must beware of making a martyr of him!"

"What course shall we take, then?" asked some of the party.

"Intimidate him," said a voice. "Write him a letter of warning of so serious a character as to make him desist."

"That is also a bad plan," objected M. Simon. "Anonymous letters are treated with contempt, or are laid before the public. In either case, the effect would be unfavorable to us."

The young fop who had begun the subject now resumed:

"M. Simon, who has so clairvoyant an eye with respect to danger, ought himself to suggest some way of bringing Barnier to reason."

M. Simon assumed a solemn air: "I only know of one way, but that is a good one. We must bribe him, not to withdraw from the paper—that would be a false step, for another would take his place, and continue to annoy us—but to induce him, in consideration of a certain sum, to wage henceforth only an apparent war on us. That is the best thing to do."

"Well," replied the young fop, "it is hardly worth while to criticise others, and then propose something not half so good. Barnier is not to be bribed."

"Why not?" asked M. Simon.

"Because a man whose opinions are the result of conviction can never be bought. He fights for his flag, and is not much concerned about anything else."

"Convictions! — flag! — disinterestedness, indeed!" retorted M. Simon, with a gesture of supreme contempt.

It was in vain to say that most of us had carefully observed you, and were not mistaken as to your character. We were nearly all of the clerk's opinion. For once in his life, the fellow had a correct notion. We then separated without coming to any decision, but each one promised to think of some means of bringing you to reason, as we expressed it. I dwelt on the subject the whole evening, and was still thinking of it the next day when I took my place among the family at the dinner-table.

Aline was at that time greatly interested in the *soirée* to which you were afterwards invited, and the preliminaries were discussed at table. To my great astonishment, she proposed to place your name on the list of invitations. This proposition made me angry, and I flatly declared it absurd. I was sure my father would make a similar reply. I had no idea he would open the doors of his *salon* to you, for I knew there was no similarity of opinion between you. The result was precisely contrary to my expectations. Was my

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father desirous of gratifying Aline? Or did he wish to seize an opportunity of showing how little value he attached to my opinion? I know not. But he allowed me to finish what I had to say, and then said, in a dry tone:

"Aline, send M. Barnier an invitation. It is my wish."

I was confounded. In my fury, I inwardly swore to be revenged. The means of intimidating you, which the members of the club had not been able to find without compromising themselves, I thought I had discovered myself the night before. I communicated my plan to two of my friends whose names I will not give. They declared it excellent, and promised to second me.

What took place you know, but I will give you some details impossible for you to have ascertained. I did not attend the *soirée*, but one of my accomplices was there to keep me informed of your movements. When you were ready to leave, he came to my room to notify me. It took only a moment to disguise ourselves. We went out by a private door, and dogged your steps. Ah! my dear friend, what infamous behavior! What had you done to me that I should thus dare violate in your person the laws of hospitality which even savages respect?

At this revelation, I turned pale. M. Louis Beauvais perceived it.

"Is not such an act unpardonable, madame?" said he. "And do you not look upon me as worthy only of your contempt and hatred?"

"I have forgiven those who committed this wrong, whoever they might be," I replied. "Now I know it was you, and see how fully you repent of it, I forgive you even more willingly."

Thank you, madame, said he; but let me ssaure you that, culpable as my intentions were, they were less so than they must have seemed to you. We were desirous of intimidating M. Barnier, and making him believe he exposed himself to constant serious danger by the boldness of the course he had taken. We did not—I mistake—I did not intend to show any physical violence, for that I considered base and criminal. I was indignant when I saw one of our number strike him. I have ever since regarded that young man with profound contempt. I had more than one fit of remorse that night. The next morning, Aline, after accosting me, said:

"You know what happened to M. Barnier last night after leaving us. It is infamous! It must have been a plot. I am sure you know the guilty authors! Who are they? They ought to be punished."

"How should I know them?" I exclaimed angrily.

"You know them only too well," said Aline, regarding me with an air of severity; . . . "but you are not willing to betray your friends. . . . What friends!"

I endeavored to appear unconcerned. She continued looking at me with a steadiness that made me shiver.

"Do not add to my distress," said she. "Do not lay aside the only virtue you have left, my poor brother—your customary frankness! I understand it all, and know what I ought to say to you, but words fail me. Ah! if our poor mother were still alive!" . . .

Aline went away without another word. As for me, I remained motionless and silent for some moments, by turns filled with shame, remorse, and anger. . . . It would seem as if so grave an occurrence should have led me to serious reflection. I felt inclined to it at first, but resisted the

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inclination. I found excuses for myself, and soon thought no more of it.

I continued, therefore, to live as I had for five years, one pleasure succeeding another, and spending my property without reflecting what I should do hereafter. But the day was at hand when I found myself in a critical position in consequence of my prodigality.

When my father, in order to avert cause for contention, put me in possession of my mother's property, I at once took my papers to a man in whom I placed entire confidence. I did this in order to throw off all care. He had been for a long time my father's cashier. He was and is honesty itself.

"F. Martin," said I, "here is all I possess. It will be a care for me to keep these papers and collect my income. Do me the favor to take charge of my property."

F. Martin was confused and gratified at such a proof of confidence. But his pleasure was somewhat modified when I added the following words:

"F. Martin, I attach one condition to this arrangement: you are not to take advantage of it to sermonize me. I now tell you, with a frankness that will preclude all surprise, I wish to amuse myself. . . . To what degree, or how long, I cannot say, but such is my present intention, that is certain."

"O M. Louis, if your mother could only hear you!"

"F. Martin," said I, with a gesture, as if to take back my portfolio, "if you are going to begin to preach to me, take care! . . . I shall give my papers to some one who may rob me. Then, instead of merely curtailing my property a little, I shall spend it all in two years, or four at the furthest; or rather, we shall spend it between us."

"Dreadful boy! I always said you had the faculty of making everybody yield to you. Well, I will do as you wish."

"Ah! that is right. One word more. When I have but twenty thousand francs left, you may warn me—not before!"

Things went on thus till a few days ago. I spent my property with a rapidity that frightened me when I thought of it. My father perceived it. My extravagance excited his indignation, but, faithful to his resolution to avoid all contention, he forebore saying anything. Not quite a fortnight ago, I met with a sad disappointment. An old aunt of mine died. I had calculated on being her heir, but she left all she had to my sister and other relatives, and gave me nothing. My unwise conduct had for some time prejudiced her against me. This disappointment made me quite thoughtful. I wrote F. Martin that I wished to know the exact state of my affairs. The next day Martin arrived at the appointed hour. He was pale and agitated—pitifully so.

"M. Louis," said he, "you anticipated me. I was going to request an interview with you. You have now only twenty thousand francs!"

I made a strong effort to control myself, and replied, with a smiling air: "Well done! that is rather fast work!"

"So fast that I can hardly believe you have come to this. But it is really so!"

"Where are the twenty thousand francs, Martin?"

"Why, I have not got them, M. Louis! I have only five thousand left besides what you took."

At this, my strength almost failed me. I at once realized I was completely ruined. Fifteen months before, I had withdrawn twenty thou-

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sand francs from Martin's hands under the pretext of investing them in a particularly advantageous manner. A trip to Germany, play, and some pressing debts absorbed this sum without Martin's knowing it. I quietly dismissed him, saying I would see him again the next day. Left alone, I balanced my accounts. Alas! my affairs were desperate! The five thousand francs in Martin's possession were all I had left, and my debts amounted to four times that sum!

All day yesterday I remained stupefied, as it were, at so unexpected a disclosure. My father had gone to Paris. I resolved to take refuge in the country, and come to some decision. I went, scarcely knowing what I was about, angry with myself, with everybody else, and desperate. All night I sought some way of escape from the terrible blow that had befallen me. I walked to and fro. From anger I sank into the most profound dejection. The very thought of applying myself to any occupation whatever appeared, above all, intolerable.

When morning came, I mechanically went to walk beside the river that runs about a hundred yards from our house, and fell into a gloomy reverie. The sleepless nights, the rioting, the habits to which I had successively given myself up for years, the painful anxiety of the previous night, had excited and weakened my nervous system. I was, as it were, deprived of my reason.

While I was thus lingering on the shore, it seemed as if a mysterious voice invited me to bury myself in the current before me. A terrible struggle took place between my reason, the instinct that restrained me, and the hallucination that kept drawing me nearer the bank. Reason failed me. In a fit of despair, I cast myself into the stream. As soon as I felt the cold water, my reason, my faith, awoke as ardent as in the days of my boyhood. A cry issued from the very depths of my soul: "O Mary, save me!" It would be impossible to tell you with what fervor, what terror, I uttered this short prayer—impossible, also, to express the immense joy that filled my heart when I realized I was saved. But what confusion mingled with this joy—what gratitude, too, what admiration of the designs of God, when I saw it was you who had rescued me at the peril of your life!

CHAPTER IX.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

M. Louis Beauvais had finished his story.

"And now," said Victor, in the cheering, confidential tone of one friend who wishes to encourage another, "what are you going to do?"

"That is precisely the question that preoccupies me. In fact, I see no way of solving it. Were you to ask me what I am not going to do, oh! then I should not be embarrassed for a reply. At all events, had I even the means, I should not wish to continue the life I have led. Nor do I any longer desire to escape from the trying position I am in by having recourse to the cowardly, criminal means I took in a moment of madness. Suicide fills me with horror! One must behold death face to face, as I have to-day, to realize how easily a man can deceive himself. I had really arrived at such a state of indifference and insensibility that it seemed as if I had never had any religion; but the terrible thought no sooner sprang up in my soul that I was

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about to appear before God, than I found myself as sincere a believer as on the day of my first communion. My whole life passed in review before me, and I condemned myself without awaiting the divine sentence. When I recall the inexpressible terror of that moment; when I remember if God had not sent you to my assistance, and that, had it not been for your heroism, I should have been for ever lost, there springs up in my heart a continually increasing gratitude to my heavenly Father, and to you who were the agent of his mercy."

"Then, my friend," replied Victor gravely, "you will allow me to make one request."

"Consider whatever you would ask of me granted in advance."

"Then, forget the past six or eight years of your life, and become again what you were under your mother's influence."

"I pledge you my word to do so, and hope by the divine assistance never to break my promise—a promise I make with inexpressible joy. But that is not all. What course do you advise me to take?"

"If I may form an opinion of your sister from what you say, she must be a person of intelligence, kind feelings, and decision. In your place, I would go to her, make known my exact situation, and ask her advice."

"Yes; that is the best course to take. The idea pleases me. I will put it in execution this very evening. My father is to be absent a day or two longer. I shall have a good opportunity of talking freely with Aline. I will go directly to her when I leave you. To-morrow morning I will return and give you an account of our interview."

Louis left us a few moments after. We commended him to God with all our hearts at our evening devotions. It was so impressive a spectacle to behold a soul break loose from past habits, and return to God humiliated and conscious of his weakness—repentant, and burning with ardor to enter upon a new life.

During the night, Victor was seriously ill. Fearing he was going to die, I exclaimed, in a moment of anguish:

"Oh! that unfortunate adventure! That wretched young man will be the death of you!"

"Take that back, dear," said Victor; "it pains me. Instead of deploring this occurrence, and calling it unfortunate, you should thank God. He has thus granted my dearest wish. From the time I found my days numbered, I prayed God to grant me every possible opportunity of showing how earnestly I wished to serve him during the short time left me on earth. He has now granted my desire. If my going into the water to-day leads to my death, I shall have the infinite joy of being in a certain sense a martyr, for I fully realized the danger. But an interior voice whispered: 'There is a soul to save,' and I plunged into the river. . . . Others would have done the same, but God does not give every one such an opportunity. I thank him for having granted it to me."

By degrees Victor's alarming symptoms wore off. When he awoke the next morning, he was much better than I had dared hope. He recalled with a lively joy the events of the previous day, and expressed an eager desire to know what Louis and his sister had decided upon.

We were not kept in suspense long. Louis arrived about nine o'clock. Seeing his face was calm and happy, my poor husband manifested a livelier satisfaction than I had ever known him to express.

"Sit down there," said he, pointing to an arm-chair beside his bed, "and

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give us the details of all you have done."

As we agreed upon last evening, replied Louis, I went directly home after leaving you, and inquired if my sister was in. They told me she was. I went to her room. It was vacant. A servant informed me that she had given up her old chamber some weeks before, and now occupied my mother's. I found Aline sitting in the middle of the room beside a stand, in the same arm-chair my mother made use of to the last. I cannot express the emotion that overpowered me when I entered. The aspect of the room, the sight of the well-known furniture, Aline's grave air, and her resemblance to my mother, all carried me back ten years. It seemed as if I were once more in the presence of her whom I loved so much, but whose counsels I had followed so poorly. My agitation increased when Aline sprang towards me, clasped me in her arms, and covered my face with her tears.

"Wicked, wicked boy, she cried; you wished to put an end to your life! How sinful in you! and what sorrow for us! Oh! conceal nothing from me. . . . You are very unhappy, then? . . . You have no confidence in me? . . . Come, tell me all. Leave me no longer in a state of uncertainty. And, first, have you renounced your horrible project?"

Her voice betrayed such profound emotion, her eyes such tender affection and deep anxiety, that I was affected to tears. I began by begging pardon for all the anxiety I had caused her. I pledged my word to enter upon a new life. When we were both somewhat calmer, I told her all I had related to you. At the end of the account, she looked at me as a mother would at her son, and said:

"Louis, the hand of God has visibly interposed in your behalf. Everything shows you would have been drowned. And what a horrible end! —in that river where so few people go, especially the spot you chose, had not Providence, at the very moment you plunged into the water, sent a man, a noble-hearted man, to save you at the peril of his life. That is not all. When you were able to thank your deliverer, you found it was —the very man who had already been brought to death's door through your fault. If I am not deceived, this is a wonderful interposition of Providence. You have been a great sinner, my poor boy, and your conversion had to be effected by a great sacrifice. This sacrifice has been offered by M. Barnier in risking his life in order to restore you to existence, which you wished to deprive yourself of. I believe—pardon my great frankness—God wished, I believe, to inspire you with thorough repentance by showing you your victim under the form of your deliverer. Oh! if this repentance is not lasting, I shall tremble at the thought of the chastisement that the justice of God, weary of pardoning you, has in reserve. But, no!—there is no fear of that. And now, what are you going to do?"

"Put an end to my idle life."

"Very well. It was idleness especially that caused your ruin. But what occupation will suit you? No imprudent heroism! You must do something that will be congenial."

"I am an engineer. It is time to remember it. I am going to Paris. Either there or elsewhere I can easily find a place in some manufactory."

"Very well. Father is to return to-morrow evening. What has occurred cannot be concealed from him. I am even of the opinion it would be best to tell him the whole truth. Only . . . you will allow

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me to speak with the frankness of a sister who loves you, will you not?"

"Oh! yes. Speak to me as our mother would."

"Well, then, I must acknowledge father is extremely offended with you. He is kind, very kind, as you know, but he cannot endure want of calculation, especially in money matters, and your manner of conducting has excited his indignation. I fear, therefore, he will at first be greatly irritated at learning what has taken place. Public rumor will at once inform him of it, so that, when he sees you for the first time, you will not be able to induce him to listen to you. With your consent, I will talk with him first. To prevent a premature explanation with him, I propose you should go and pass two or three days with Aunt Mary. She is now at her country-seat in M——. It is not far off. I can easily send you word when it is time for you to return."

I need not say with what gratitude I accepted this proposal, which revealed the kindness of a sister, the delicacy of a woman, and the prudence of a mother.

Aline continued: "I have two more requests to make. If you were a different person, I might hesitate. But you were once pious. You are better instructed in our religion than most of the poor young men of our day. In a word, you have never lost your faith. Do not delay having recourse to the remedy. Go to confession as soon as possible. Confession develops repentance, puts a seal on our good resolutions, and confers a special grace to keep them. I speak as I think. A repentance that remains purely human cannot be lasting."

I promised to go to confession to Father ——, and shall keep my promise.

"One favor more," resumed Aline "It is a somewhat delicate matter, but let us talk with the same freedom and simplicity that we did in our childhood. That is the shortest way to come to an understanding. You say you are fifteen thousand francs in debt. Knowing my father's disposition as I do, I am sure this will cause trouble if he knows it. He is a man who would forgive your spending a hundred thousand francs, but a debt of five hundred would make him extremely angry. This is strange, but it is so. And you may be sure as soon as your creditors hear of your ruin, they will come upon you. We must, therefore, hasten to forestall them. We must settle with them where they are. Will you permit me to render you a little service? . . . Sit down here, and draw up, as papa would say, a schedule of your debts. I will give it to our head clerk to-morrow, bind him to secrecy, and before noon you will be free from debt."

I was profoundly moved by so much generosity, and so profuse in my thanks as to greatly touch Aline herself. But she concealed her emotion under a lively, playful manner. I had to make out a list at once. I did so, and gave it to Aline. She took it with a smile, and folded it up without looking at it. There were two small sheets, one of which was nearly blank.

"Why two papers?" she asked mechanically.

"One contains the list—the sad list; the other is a note which" . . .

"Ah! that is too much! Louis, my poor Louis, you are only half converted! You do not really love me! You are unwilling to receive anything from me. You would deprive me of the pleasure of giving this to you. Ah! that is wrong. Oh! the contemptible *rôle* you wish me to play! I lend it to you! Fie, fie!" . . .

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So saying, Aline tore up the unfortunate note.

The night was far advanced before we separated. I had already bidden my sister good-night. She retained my hand in hers, and, looking at me with a caressing air, said:

"Louis, one favor more! Let us say our night-prayers together at the foot of that bed where our dear mother made us say them so often. We will pray for her. She watches over us. What has happened to you is a proof of it."

We sank on our knees beside each other. Aline said the prayers aloud. I repeated them with my lips and in my heart, and with so much joy and emotion that I melted into tears.

This morning I took leave of Aline. She means to come here herself, in order to express her gratitude. My mother could not feel more. Oh! how she loves you! As for me, I am going away ruined, but happier than if my fortune were increased tenfold. Pray for me. And you, my dear friend, take care of yourself. I trembled yesterday at the thought of the danger to which you had exposed yourself in order to save my life. I trembled as I came here, fearing your heroic imprudence might have led to fatal results! Thank God! there is nothing serious. But redouble your precautions; I shall need you for a long while. You will be my best guide in the new way upon which I have now entered.

Louis then departed, leaving us exceedingly happy at the favorable turn in his affairs.

CHAPTER X.

ALINE'S HOPES.

The second day after Louis' departure, we had in the afternoon an agreeable surprise: Aline called to see us. All that Louis had told about us about her prepossessed us in her favor. The sight of her only increased our disposition to love her.

Aline was at the time I am speaking of—and still is—a fine-looking woman, tall, well-formed, and with a pleasing, intelligent face. Her manner is a little cold at first, but her reserve is not unpleasing, for it indicates a thoughtful mind. When she came into the room, my husband and I were reading. She went directly to Victor, and with emotion, but without any embarrassment, said:

"Monsieur, I am late in expressing my gratitude. Pardon this delay. It has not been without good reasons. I was expecting my father every moment, and was greatly preoccupied with all I had to communicate, as well as about the reply he would make." . . .

"Mademoiselle," replied Victor gently, "there is no need of excusing yourself. I am happy, very happy, to see you, but had no right to expect your visit."

"No right, monsieur? . . . What! did you not save my brother's life? . . . And was it not you the unhappy fellow had before" . . .

"O mademoiselle! do me the favor never to mention that circumstance!"

"You are generous, monsieur! But that is no reason why we should show ourselves ungrateful—rather the contrary. Louis and I can never forget that, before you saved his life, he had injured you to such a degree that he can never be sufficiently repentant. As to my father, I have not dared inform him of these details too painful to be acknowledged. My father, alas! is not religious. Louis'

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fault would seem so enormous to him that he would never forgive him."

"It is, however, of but little account. If harm has resulted from it, Louis was only the involuntary cause. Let us adore the divine decrees, and forgive our poor friend. He had not, after all, any very criminal intentions."

Aline looked at Victor with a sadness she could not wholly conceal. His wasted features, his eyes hollowed by suffering, his air of languor, nothing escaped her observation.

"I wish I could think so," murmured she, as if speaking to herself. "Ah! poor Louis, what remorse he must feel!"

This allusion to Victor's sad condition brought tears to my eyes. Victor suspected my emotion, and at once changed the subject.

"M. Louis has become my friend," said he to Aline; "therefore pardon my curiosity, mademoiselle, if it is indiscreet. May we hope to see him again soon? Is M. Beauvais greatly offended with him?"

Everything is arranged for the best, though not without difficulty. My father was not originally wealthy. It has only been by dint of order, economy, and industry, that he has attained the position he now occupies. When he learned that Louis had lost, or rather squandered, his maternal inheritance, his anger was fearful. But by degrees I made him comprehend that Louis, though ruined, had shown new resolution—that he was willing to work; he wished to become useful, and regain all he had lost. My father then grew calm. And yet all my fears were not allayed. I had to tell him of Louis' sad attempt at suicide, of which he was still ignorant, but which he could not fail to learn. I told him of it, dwelling on your devotedness, which struck him most of all.

"Has Victor shown himself duly grateful to M. Barnier for the service?" he asked. I replied that he had.

"So much the better. Such a sentiment does him honor. This circumstance may lead to a friendship between them which cannot be too intimate, in my opinion. And you say our prodigal son is willing to work? What is he going to do?"

"Anything you wish, father."

"That is easily said, but a poor reply. Nothing is well done that we do not like to do. Has he manifested an inclination for any special occupation?"

"Louis is a civil engineer. He would like to find a place somewhere in that capacity."

"Ah! he at length remembers he is a civil engineer! . . . He wishes to turn his acquirements to some account? . . . It is a wonder! He need not exile himself for that. You know Mr. Smithson?"

"Is not he the cold, ceremonious gentleman who came to see us Sunday?"

"The very one. Mr. Smithson is a wealthy Englishman who has been in France these twenty years. He came on account of his health. He settled at first in Paris, where he married a charming woman—a Catholic of no property, but of a good family. This excellent Mr. Smithson was so foolish as to speculate too much at the Bourse some years since, and his losses were considerable. To withdraw himself from such a temptation, he established his residence at St. M —— six months ago. The situation pleased him, and there was another inducement: a large paper manufactory there was offered for sale. He bought it, hoping not only to find occupation, and feed his incessant activity, but to repair the losses of the last few years. The mill is well situ-

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ated and well patronized. Everything would prove advantageous if Mr. Smithson were better versed in the knowledge of machinery. But though an Englishman, he has not been through the studies necessary to enable him to superintend his industrial project as he ought. Besides this, he is subject to frequent attacks of the gout. He has therefore besought me to find him a man capable of superintending the mill under his direction, and even of taking the whole charge if necessary."

So much for Louis' affairs. What do you think of the arrangement? I approved of it without any restriction. And you, monsieur?

"I think, mademoiselle," replied Victor, "that Providence continues to treat Louis with parental kindness."

"Oh! yes; truly parental! He will now remain under your influence. Even in the house he is to enter, everything will encourage him, I hope, to persist in his good resolutions. Mme. Smithson is said to be a woman of lovely character. She has a daughter who must be a prodigy, unless I have been misinformed. My father, who is very practical, and but little given to exaggeration, is enthusiastic in her praise."

Victor knowingly smiled at this last communication.

"You have divined my thoughts," said Aline, blushing a little. "Well, yes: this thought at once occurred to my mind. I said to myself, if Louis can find at Mr. Smithson's not only an occupation that will enable him to forget the past, but an affection that will continue to sustain him in a better course, I shall consider him the most fortunate of men. But it is too soon to speak of that. This dear brother must first return home, and be accepted by Mr. Smithson, to whom my father wrote to-day."

The next day both these things took place. Louis returned. Mr. Smithson at once accepted him as his assistant. After calling on us with his father, he left for St. M——.

While M. Beauvais was speaking to me, Louis said to Victor, in a low tone:

"Everything is done. The bonds of iniquity are completely broken. I have been to confession and to Holy Communion, and a new life has begun!"

The air of satisfaction with which he uttered these words, the calmness and unaffected gravity he manifested, all announced he had indeed become a new man.

"In a year he will be an eminent Christian!" said Victor, as Louis disappeared.

He was not mistaken.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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CONCILIAR DECREES ON THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

FROM THE ETUDES RELIGIEUSES.

THE church has been commissioned to teach all mankind. It is by preaching she fulfils this great work. But to aid her in this divine mission, her Founder has furnished her with books written under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, which contain the very word of God graven in ineffaceable characters. So precious a treasure has always been preserved by the church with the respect it merits. Her doctors have carefully weighed every word of these holy books; they have taken pleasure in developing the different significations; and their commentaries form the finest monuments of Christian literature. There, as in a well-furnished arsenal, they have sought spiritual arms in their warfare against the enemies of the faith, and they have defended the Bible with unequalled zeal against all attacks and alterations by heretics. The Scriptures have been the object of the fury of persecutors, and more than one hero has shed his blood to defend them from the insults of the unbeliever, and thereby had his name inscribed on the glorious roll of the martyrology.

Protestantism, at its very birth, was desirous of profiting by this respect of the Christian world. It affected an ardent zeal for the sacred books, and, carrying its veneration beyond reasonable limits, maintained that the Bible is the only rule of faith. But its very exaggerations, by a law of Providence, have led it to the opposite extreme. Three centuries have hardly elapsed, and the followers of those who acknowledged no other rule of faith than the Bible, gradually led to the verge of rationalism, accord a merely human authority to the sacred volume.

Even from the very dawn of the Reformation, the pernicious influence of free examination gave a deadly blow to the canon of Scripture. Luther was the foremost. Everything in Holy Writ that conflicted with his doctrines of wholly imputative justification, of free-will, and the sacraments was boldly consigned among the apocryphal books. The canon of Scripture, thus at the option of individuals, no longer had any stability. Individual caprice led to the admission or rejection of books that had been regarded as inspired from all antiquity. The authenticity of the Scriptures was not only questioned, but also their legitimate meaning. Luther denied the doctrinal authority of the church, and was obliged to make the Bible the ground of faith; that is, the Bible interpreted according to the particular notions of each believer. In reality, Luther wished to subject his followers to his own interpretation. Like rebels of every age, he arrogated an authority he refused to legitimate power. But logic has its inevitable laws. The Lutheran theory claimed absolute independence. It made all Christians, even the most ignorant, even those the farthest from the knowledge of the truth, judges of the real signification of the Scriptures.

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It promised each believer the interior illumination of the Holy Spirit in ascertaining the true meaning of the sacred text beneath all its obscurities. But, as the divine Spirit is not pledged to fulfil the promises of the Reformer, each Protestant interprets the Bible according to his own views, and the various sects sprung from the Reform have, in the name of the Scriptures, maintained the most contradictory opinions.

Besides the change in the canon, and the false interpretation of the holy books, there was another abuse—that of unfaithful translations. Protestantism rejected the authority of the church, therefore it would not receive her version of the Scriptures. It had no regard for the Vulgate. The innovators, with Luther at their head, undertook new translations. In their boldness, they did not shrink from attempting to surpass the work of S. Jerome. They were not well versed in the knowledge of the original idioms; they had access to but few manuscripts; the copies they had were not the choicest; and yet they imagined they could excel the great doctor who spent so large a part of his life in Palestine, absorbed in the profound study of the ancient languages; who took pains to collate the best manuscripts, and was aided by the ancient rabbis the most versed in the knowledge of Hebrew antiquities and in the languages of the East. Every day a new translation appeared, which, under the pretext of adapting God's own Word to the common mind, diffused heretical novelties by means of insidious falsifications.

The Reform was equally unscrupulous as to the correctness of the text. The Bible was left to the arbitrariness of its editors and the carelessness of printers. Through unscrupulousness or negligence, many incorrect expressions crept into the versions sold to the public. The new heresy was not wholly responsible for the numerous faults in the various editions of the Bible. The sacred book had for ages been subjected to all the hazards of individual transcription. The distractions of the copyist had, in many instances, caused the substitution of one word for another, the omission of a part of a verse, or the transferring of the marginal gloss to the text. Hence so many copies alike in the main, but full of discrepancies.

II

Such was the state of the Bible question at the opening of the Council of Trent. Its importance could not escape the bishops who composed that assembly, and the theologians who assisted them with their acquirements, consequently it was the first proposed for consideration. On the 8th of February, 1546, the fathers being assembled in general congregation, Cardinal del Monte, the chief legate of the Holy See, proposed the council should first consider the subject of the Holy Scriptures, and make a recension of the canon, in order to determine the arms to be used in the struggle against heresy, and also to thereby show Catholics whereon their faith was grounded, many of whom lived in deplorable ignorance on this point, seeing the same book accepted by some as dictated by the Holy Spirit, and rejected by others as spurious.* The president of the council afterwards determined the principal points to be submitted to the consideration of the Fathers.

But this is not the place to review the account of this interesting discussion. We will only state the results.

In the fourth session, held April 8,

* Pallavicini, *History of the Council of Trent*, b. vi. ch. xi. No. 4.

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1546, the council promulgated its celebrated decree respecting the Holy Scriptures, which comprehended two very distinct parts: the first, dogmatic; the second, disciplinary.

The dogmatic part established the authority of the sacred books in matters of faith and morals, their divine origin, the canon, the authenticity of the Vulgate, and the rules for interpreting the inspired text.

The disciplinary prescriptions had reference to the use of the Vulgate in the lessons, sermons, controversies, and commentaries; the obligation of interpreting the Scriptures according to the unanimous teachings of the Fathers; the respect to be paid to the divine Word, and, consequently, the crime of those who apply it to profane, light, or superstitious uses. The council likewise enacted severe laws against publishers who issue the holy books, or commentaries on them, without a written authorization of the ordinary, and against the vendors or holders of prohibited editions; finally, it ordained that the Holy Scriptures, especially the Vulgate, be henceforth printed with all possible correctness.

To these prescriptions of the fourth session we will add the first chapter of the decree of reform, continued in the fifth session, ordering the institution of a course of Holy Scripture in certain churches, in order that the Christian community might not be ignorant of the salutary truths contained in the sacred volume. Such was the reply to Protestant calumnies which accused the church of withholding the sacred treasure of God's Word from the faithful.

Such, briefly, were the labors of the Council of Trent with regard to the Holy Scriptures. The importance of the decree of the fourth session must not be estimated according to the brief place it occupies in the canons, for, brief as it is, it has had an incalculable influence on sacred science. This decree, in fact, gave rise to those admirable works of criticism that have defended the authentic canon against the attacks of heresy, and reduced the pretended discoveries of Protestantism respecting the true canon of holy books to their proper value; thence the number of excellent commentaries that for three centuries have been enriching Catholic theology; and thence so many apologetic works which have defended the truth of the Biblical narrative against the false pretensions of rationalistic history. To this same decree we owe the many learned researches concerning the original text, the primitive versions regarded as genuine in the ancient churches, and, above all, the incomparable edition of the Vulgate—the result of thirty years' labor by those most versed in the study of sacred literature.

It would seem as if there were no necessity of reconsidering a question so fully weighed by the Council of Trent. And yet the Fathers of the Vatican also deemed it proper to take up the subject of the Holy Scriptures, in order to reaffirm what had been defined by the Council of Trent, to give greater prominence to points that the council had left obscure, and to clear up some difficulties of interpretation that had arisen within three centuries even among Catholic schools. The dogmatic part of the decree of Trent alone was renewed and completed by the Fathers of the Vatican. The exclusively doctrinal character of the decree *Dei Filius* admitted no reconsideration of the disciplinary laws relating to the publishing of the holy books, or their commentaries, and the abuses that might be made of the sacred text. Besides, the penalties decreed by the Council of Trent were such as in our

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day could not be put in execution, as they consisted not only of spiritual censures, but pecuniary fines. The ecclesiastical authority, deprived of its ancient tribunals, and living in the midst of a society whose leading maxim is liberty of the press and liberty of conscience, could not revive the old penalties. The Fathers of the Vatican also omitted everything respecting the authenticity of the Vulgate. Many of them, however, requested the council to ratify the decree of the fourth session of Trent on this point, but the greater part of the bishops did not deem it advisable to accede to the request. What, indeed, could they add to that which had been so wisely defined by the Fathers of Trent? Besides, is not the Vulgate received without protest by the whole Catholic world as the only version recognized by the church as authentic? As to the rationalists, it is not the translation of the sacred books they attack, but the books themselves, their canonicity and supernatural origin.

Laying aside, therefore, all these questions so important in themselves, but which are not now points of controversy, the Council of the Vatican only dwelt on the authority of the Scriptures, their divine origin, the canon, and the rule of interpretation. On all these points it had to oppose modern rationalism, and banish false and dangerous theories from Catholic schools of theology

III.

First, in opposition to rationalism, the council teaches that divine revelation is comprised in the Scriptures and tradition. This was declared in the same terms by the Council of Trent, but it was by no means useless in these times to renew so fundamental a definition. Modern science rejects revelation: to be consistent, it ought also to reject its monuments. It regards the Holy Scriptures as merely of human authority. It does not, it is true, imitate the cynicism of the philosophers of the XVIIIth century: it does not make our holy books the butt of their foolish railleries. On the contrary, it affects a profound respect for them, though it refuses to accept them as the organ of divine communications. It regards them as it would the discourses of Socrates—as books full of admirable wisdom which every philosopher ought to know and study, but which do not owe their origin to inspiration, properly so-called, or to revelation.

Discussion as to such an error was impossible. The council had merely to pass its judgment, and repeat what the church had taught its members for eighteen centuries, as a fresh proof that the Christian faith does not falter in encountering the many new forms of incredulity. Having affirmed the truth of revelation, it was necessary to point out what it was contained in, that the Christian might know where to study the science of salvation. It says: "This supernatural revelation, according to the belief of the universal church, as declared by the holy Council of Trent, is contained in the written books and in the unwritten traditions that have come down to us."

But what books contain this revelation? Pursuing the subject, the council defined anew the canon of Scripture, which the state of the times made, if not necessary, at least very opportune. Protestant critics have not ceased since the Reformation to attack the canon sanctioned by the authority of the church. Rationalism has come to the support of Protestant criticism, and sometimes flatters itself it has, by its his-

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torical discoveries, blotted out the entire list of the holy books. The unadulterated traditions preserved by the church have no scientific value in the eyes of rationalism, which only admits the canonicity of those books that can trace the proofs of their origin back to the very time of the apostles. Tertullian took a wrong stand in asserting that the dogmas of faith should have prescriptive proof. In vain the Catholic points out the wholly exceptional circumstances that surround the Scriptural canon—the impossibility from the very first of admitting books of doubtful origin as coming from the apostles, or that these books could have been changed in any respect under the jealous guardianship of a church and hierarchy spread over the face of the earth, and charged with the conservation of the sacred deposit. The incredulous critic refuses to receive proofs which the most common mind perceives the full value of as well as the good sense. What does he substitute for them? Theories founded on mere conjecture, and constantly changing, but which are welcomed as the final conclusions of science. Have we not seen the school of Tübingen found on some obscure words of Papias a whole system tending to establish the more recent composition of the Gospels? These new doctors regard the books of divine truth as some of those legends that are embellished as they pass from mouth to mouth till they are collected in a definite form by some unknown writer. And has not this strange theory met with ardent panegyrists in France, as if it were the definite solution of the great controversy on the origin of the Gospels?*

*See Renan's *Vie de Jésus*, Introduction; also, Albert Réville, *Revue des Deux Mondes*, for May and June, 1866.

Whoever attentively examines these strange theories will soon perceive their weak point. But where are the men in the present generation who read with sufficient care to see the hollowness of such solutions? Their authors have seats in our academies; they occupy the most important professorships; there is not an honorary distinction that does not add its recommendation to their apparent knowledge. Skilled in praising one another, the journals and reviews regarded as authorities, even by certain Catholics, extol their labors. One would think they had a monopoly of science. Has not all this been a source of real danger to the faith of Christians?

The church had to counteract the influence of a criticism as bold as it was easy, by her immutable decrees. It must once more affirm the ancient canon of Scripture. This catalogue of the sacred books had been solemnly approved at the end of the IVth century, in a celebrated decree of the Councils of Hippo and Carthage, in which the Fathers declared they received this canon from their ancestors in the faith. A little later, Pope S. Innocent I. sent this same canon of Scripture to S. Exuperius, the illustrious Bishop of Toulouse. S. Gelasius, in 494, included it in his synodical decree. Finally, the Council of Florence, in its decree relating to the Jacobites, and, at a later period, the Council of Trent, sanctioned it by their supreme authority. Several of the Fathers of Trent proposed to subject it to a re-examination; not in order to retrench anything, but to satisfy the heretical, and convince them by such a discussion that the Church of Rome had not lightly decided on the list of the inspired books. But a large majority of the Fathers thought, and with reason, that such a discussion was appropriate to schools

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of Catholic theology, but to a council it belonged to pronounce authoritatively. The canon of Scripture, being a dogma of faith, formally defined by popes and councils, and consequently unchangeable, could only be proclaimed anew and without discussion.* The Council of the Vatican came to a like decision, and, in declaring its acceptance of the canon of the Council of Trent, with each of its books, in all the parts, it strengthened the faith of Christians against the shameful pretensions of false science.

This course has shocked the Protestant historian of the council. M. de Pressensé is indignant at so summary a procedure. "The council," he says, "has fallen into a profound and dangerous error on two important points. In the first place, it proclaims the indisputable canonicity of all the books of the Vulgate, including the Apocrypha † of the Old Testament, thus showing it regards the immense labors of the critics of the XIXth century as of no account, and acknowledging that it is not permitted, for example, to question the origin of the Gospel of Matthew, or the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, by referring to such and such an expression of a Father of the IId and IIId centuries. ‡The Catholic Church is thus prevented anew from taking any part in the great work of Christian science of our day, which consists in establishing a safeguard to the true canon of Holy Scripture by free and conscientious research. What confidence can we have in Catholic theology, on those points disputed by rationalism, like the authenticity of the fourth Gospel? Examination, even, is forbidden. Everything must be accepted in a lump. How much valuable co-operation is thus lost or made fruitless through the council!" *

The church, then, at the bidding of this Protestant theologian, should renounce her right to decide on the true Scriptures, and give up the canon to the researches of rationalistic science, and this in order to provide a safeguard for this same canon. An amusing idea, to give up the catalogue of holy books to the caprice of incredulous critics in order to preserve it intact! And besides, what new documents can rationalistic science bring to light not perfectly known and considered by the Catholic theologians of the last three centuries? Catholic doctors have seen and weighed these difficulties as fully, to say the least, as Protestant critics, but they have not thought a few obscurities ought, scientifically, to outweigh immemorial prescription, or,

* Pallavicini, *History of the Council of Trent*, b. vi. ch. xi. Leplat, *Monum. Conc. Trid.*, vol. iii. p. 386 *et seq.*

† M. de Pressensé means the *deutero-canonical* books of the Old Testament. *Deutero-canonical* and *apocryphal* are by no means synonymous. The authenticity of the deutero-canonical books has been demonstrated sufficiently often within three centuries to prevent a writer, with any respect for himself, from alluding to them as apocryphal.

‡ We wish M. de Pressensé would be kind enough to inform us what Fathers of the IId and IIId centuries have questioned the origin of the Gospel according to S. Matthew. We are well aware that French rationalists have borrowed the German idea of a primitive Gospel, which, perhaps, served as a basis for the other abridgments. The promoters of this system are Eichorn, Eckermann, Gieseler, Credner, and Ewald, in Germany; in France, Messrs. Réville and Renan have lent to it the support of their names. They have endeavored to support it by one or two words of Papias, which by no means prove so strange an assertion. Where are the Fathers of the IId and IIId centuries who had any doubt as to the authenticity of the first Gospel? As to the Epistle to the Hebrews, we wish M. de Pressensé would read a few pages on this question by the Rev. Père Franzelin, in his able treatise, *De Traditione et Scriptura*. He would see how little doubt the Fathers of the first ages had respecting this epistle. Some, on account of the absence of S. Paul's name, and the difference of style, have doubted it was by the doctor of nations, but all the Fathers, unless we except two or three of the least known, invariably asserted its canonicity. For it is one thing to doubt whether S. Paul was the author of this epistle and another that it is of the number of inspired books.

* *Histoire du Concile du Vatican*, p. 283.

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dogmatically, the perpetual usage of the church and the decrees of councils.

Rationalism, on the contrary, appeals to obscure passages, or hasty conclusions sometimes to be met with in the Fathers, in order to exclude books from the Scriptural canon that have been venerated from time immemorial as inspired. On which side is the real scientific method? If historical records merit any confidence in spite of difficulties of detail, no person of sincerity would hesitate to give the preference to the theological rather than the rationalistic method.

As to the reproach made against the church for confining criticism within such narrow limits as to stifle it, nothing is more contrary to experience. The Council of Trent likewise decided on the canon of Scripture, and yet what extensive labors, how many learned works, have been published within three centuries in reply to the attacks of Protestantism, and in order to establish the authenticity of the books rejected by the Reformer! No, indeed; the church, in defining the canon of Scripture, does not discourage the researches of the learned respecting the Bible. The love of sacred literature, in the first place, and also the necessity of defending Catholic belief against the constantly renewed attacks of heterodox criticism, will keep Catholic apologists constantly at work. The church, in maintaining its canon, directs their labors, but without putting any restraint on their abilities.

IV.

Besides reaffirming the ancient decrees relating to the canon of Scripture, the Council of the Vatican has completed and explained more clearly what faith requires us to believe respecting the origin of the holy books. This point had not been fully decided. The wants of the times had not before required it. But the attacks of rationalism, and the misinterpretations of semi-rationalism, required a more definite decision in order to put an end to dangerous teachings even in Catholic schools.

Christians have from the beginning believed God to be the author of the Holy Scriptures. The Fathers of the fourth Council of Carthage, in the profession of faith required of the new bishops, expressly made mention of this truth. The same profession of faith is made in our day by those who are promoted to the episcopate. Pope S. Leo IX., in the profession of faith to which he required Peter of Antioch to subscribe, declared God to be the author of the Old and New Testaments, including the law, the prophets, and the apostolic books. The Council of Florence inserted this same article in the decree about the Jacobites: The most holy Roman Church "confesses that it is one and the same God who is the author of the Old and the New Testament; that is to say, the law, the prophets, and the Gospel; the saints of both Testaments having spoken under the inspiration of the same Holy Spirit." Finally, the Council of Trent, renewing the decree of Florence, accepted all the canonical books of the two Testaments, God being the author of them both: *Cum utriusque unus Deus sit auctor.* Besides, all these decrees were only an expansion of the words of the Nicene Creed: *Qui locutus est per prophetas.*

The Catholic dogma is explicit: "God is the author of the books of the Old and the New Testament." The definitions of the ancient councils had for their direct object the condemnation of the errors of the Manichees, who made a distinction between the two Testaments, attri-

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buting the first to the evil principle, the second to the true God. But, secondarily, these definitions, referring to the actual origin of the Holy Scriptures, declare they have God for their author. The Council of Florence gave this explanation: "Because the saints of both Testaments wrote under the inspiration of the same Holy Spirit."

But what is meant by inspiration? An important question, on which not only Protestants differ from Catholics, but on which even orthodox writers are not agreed.

To say what Protestantism understands by the inspiration of the Scriptures would be difficult, or, to speak more correctly, impossible. In a system where all belief is founded on free examination, there must be an infinite variety of doctrinal opinions. The first Reformers understood the inspiration of the holy books in the strictest sense—every word of Scripture was sacred. Now, Protestantism, even the most orthodox, allows greater latitude. Constrained to make more or less concession to the encroaching spirit of rationalism, it takes refuge in vague expressions that leave one in doubt as to the part God had in the composition of the sacred books. Here is a pastor who considers himself orthodox, and boasts of remaining faithful to the principles of Luther and Calvin; he enters upon the subject of the Scriptures, and speaks at length on the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. Nevertheless, in these holy books inspired by God, he admits the possibility of complete error when there is any question of history or science which does not touch directly on religious dogmas or precepts. Even in what relates to religious truth, inspiration, to him, is reduced to I know not what particular assistance granted those who had witnessed the life of Christ, in relating what they had seen and heard.*

According to this theory, every way so vague, we ask ourselves, What was the nature of the inspiration imparted to the Evangelists SS. Mark and Luke, who were not witnesses of our Saviour's deeds, but merely related what they had heard from others; what was the nature of that imparted to S. Paul, who had never seen Christ, and took something very different for the subject of his epistles from the acts and discourses of the Redeemer?

The incertitudes of Protestantism had pervaded more than one Catholic school, especially in Germany. Jahn, in his introduction to the books of the Old Testament, confounds inspiration with assistance. A book composed by the mere light of reason and pure human industry might be placed on the catalogue of Holy Writ, if the church declared God had preserved the writer from all error in the composition of the work. Who does not see the falseness of a system which would include all the dogmatic decrees of the popes and councils in the canon of Scripture? Others confound inspiration with revealed truth. Every book written according to the precise spirit of divine revelation could be placed in the canon. According to this, not only the definitions of popes and councils, but many ascetic works, sermons, and catechisms, might be reckoned among the Holy Scriptures.

Finally, others, desirous of explaining the difference to be seen in the various books of the Bible, think several kinds of inspiration are to be distinguished. Sometimes the truths the sacred writer had to record were above human comprehension, or at least unknown to him, and could

* Pressensé, *Histoire du Concile du Vatican*, ch. xi.

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only be learned by actual revelation. The inspiration God accords for this class of truths supersedes all effort on the part of the writer. It is a suggestive inspiration, or, as it is called, *antecedent.*

If the sacred writer was himself aware of the facts he related, and the philosophical maxims he proposed to insert in his book, or if he had drawn from any other source the truths he undertook to record, he had no need of suggestive inspiration. His book, however, is to be regarded as the work of God if he received special assistance to guide him in the choice of the truths he recorded, and prevent him from making any mistake in expressing himself. This is what is called *concomitant* inspiration.

Finally, suppose a work composed by mere human wisdom, without any other participation on the part of God than general assistance, and it comes to pass that God, by the testimony of his prophets, or the voice of the church, declares this book exempt from error, it is thereby endowed with infallible authority, and may be reckoned among the Scriptures. This kind of approval has been styled, though very improperly, *subsequent* inspiration.

These three distinct kinds of inspiration have been taught by eminent theologians, such as Sixtus of Sienna (*Biblioth. Sac.* l. viii. Hæres, 12 ad. obj. sept.), Bonfrère (*Proloq.* c. viii.), Lessius and Hamel (*Hist. Congreg. de Auxiliis*, a Livino de Meyere, l. i. c. ix.) But these doctors never actually applied this distinction to the books that compose the canon of Scripture. It was for them a mere question of possibility: could books thus authentically approved have a place in the Scriptural canon? They replied in the affirmative. But are there actually any of our holy books that are wholly due to human industry, and which God has declared sacred by subsequent approval? We give Lessius' opinion: "Though I do not believe this kind of inspiration produced any of our canonical books, I do not think it impossible" (*loc. cit.*)

But the wise reserve of these great theologians has not been imitated by all. A learned German professor, who is likewise a highly esteemed author, has not hesitated to apply the distinction of these three kinds of inspiration to the existing books: "The kind of inspiration," he says, "that produced such and such a book, or such and such a passage, it is almost impossible to determine in particular. We can only say that the parts where we read, *Thus saith the Lord*, or a similar formula, probably belong to the first kind of inspiration; the historical narrations that came under the writer's observation belong to the third (subsequent inspiration); the poetical books seem to come under the second (concomitant inspiration)."*

These systems, it is manifest, weaken one's idea of the inspiration of the sacred volume as always understood by the church. We want an inspiration by virtue of which the book is really the work of God, and not of man—the truths it contains of divine, and not of human, origin: man is the instrument, he who dictates is the Holy Ghost: man lends his hand and pen, the Spirit of truth puts them in action. But in the systems referred to, it is not really God who speaks: it is man. Supernatural testimony gives indeed a divine authority to a book, but it could not make God the author of what was really composed by man. And though these writings should contain the exact truths of revelation, they

* *Hist. Revelat. Bibl.*, Auct. D. Haneberg, p. 774.

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wc uld be as much the result of human wisdom as sermons, catechisms, ascetic books, and even the creeds and decrees of councils which clearly state the doctrines of the church.

It was the duty of the council to put an end to interpretations which, depriving the sacred books of the prestige of divine origin, diminished their authority among the faithful. It has therefore defined what every Catholic must believe concerning the degree of inspiration accorded to the sacred writers. This definition is first stated in a negative form: "The church holds them (the Holy Scriptures) as sacred and canonical, not for the reason that they have been compiled by mere human industry, and afterwards approved by her authority; nor only because they contain revelation without error." To this definition in a negative form succeeds a positive one, in which the council declares the essential condition of a book's being placed in the canon of Scripture—"because, having been written under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, they have God for their author": *propterea quod Spiritu Sancto inspirante conscripti, Deum habent auctorem.*

The council, therefore, by this dogmatic definition, has excluded any other meaning to the inspiration of the Scriptures that does not ascribe them to the special agency of God. The schools are still free to discuss what this divine operation consists in, and the conditions on which a book may be said to have God for its author. But they must first reject every explanation that reduces the agency of God to mere assistance, and, still more, to subsequent approbation. It is in this sense we must understand the fourth canon of the second series: "If any one shall refuse to receive for sacred and canonical the books of the Holy Scriptures in their integrity, with all their parts, according as they were enumerated by the Holy Council of Trent, or shall deny that they are inspired by God, let him be anathema." It is the same anathema pronounced by the Council of Trent, to which the Council of the Vatican has added the express mention of the inspiration of the Holy Ghost.

There are other important observations to be made concerning this definition. Though by no means favorable to the system of Sixtus of Sienna, Bonfrère, and Lessius, it does not, however, condemn them in formal terms. These theologians, as we have said, only considered the subject *in abstracto:* Would subsequent inspiration or approbation give a book a right to be placed in the canon?—a verbal question rather than one of doctrine. It is certain that such a book would have a sacred authority, but it is also certain that it could not be called the work of God in the same sense as the holy books now in our possession. The council, in its definition, only considered the actual point; it declared all the books of our canon have God for their author, because the Holy Ghost was the chief agent in their composition. But the opinion of the modern exegete who applies the doctrine of subsequent approbation to the books contained in our actual canon appears to us really condemned by the new definition.

Now, the decree of the Vatican does not forbid the division of the holy books into several classes according as the truths they contain are recorded by the writer as a special revelation, or from knowledge acquired by his natural faculties. But this distinction does not infringe on the overruling agency of God in the composition of the book.

Finally, the question of verbal

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inspiration, so often discussed by theologians, remains as free since the council as before. It is not necessary for a ruler who issues a decree to dictate every expression, but merely the substance of the new law: the secretary clothes it in his own style. The latter is not a mere copyist: he, too, is the author of the decree, but in a secondary sense. It is the same with regard to the Holy Scriptures. The Holy Spirit suggests the truths to be recorded in the prophecy, and directs the writer, but David and Isaias clothe them in their own royal style, Amos in his rustic language.

V.

We come now to the question of the interpretation of the holy books. On this point, also, the Council of the Vatican has renewed and completed the decree of the Council of Trent, which, in its fourth session, endeavored to check the boldness, or, to make use of its own expression, the restlessness of the free-thinkers of the age. Protestants are constantly appealing to the Scriptures, but to the Scriptures according to private interpretation. Agreed merely in their opposition to the church and its doctrines, they are divided infinitely as to the signification of the simplest texts. The strangest interpretations are daily astonishing the faith of the believer, and giving rise to scandals among Christians. To obviate this abuse, the Council of Trent made the following decree: "In order to restrain restless spirits, the council decrees that no one, relying on his own wisdom in matters of faith and morals pertaining to the edification of the Christian doctrine, shall wrest the Holy Scripture according to his own private notions, and have the boldness to interpret it contrary to the true sense in which it has been and is held by our holy mother, the church, to whom it belongs to judge of the interpretation of the Holy Scriptures, or contrary to the unanimous consent of the Fathers."

This decree, as to its form, is chiefly disciplinary: it prohibits interpreting the Scriptures contrary to the definition of the church and the unanimous opinion of the Fathers in all that relates to faith and morals.

This disciplinary prescription is based on a dogmatic principle which the Council of Trent did not define, but which it referred to as an incontestable truth: to wit, that to the church it belongs to judge of the true meaning of the Scriptures: *cujus est judicare de vero sensu et interpretatione Scripturarum sanctarum.* This truth is the necessary consequence of the supreme magistracy of the faith. All Catholics venerate the church as the depository of revealed truth, and consequently of the Scriptures. But the deposit is not merely a material one. The Christian receives the Scriptures from her, first, because it is by her testimony he is assured of the true canon, that they have God for their author, and that he is enabled to distinguish the real text from the inaccuracies that have, in the course of time, been introduced by the carelessness of copyists, as well as the unscrupulousness of heretics. Moreover, he receives them from the church, because through her he is made aware of their true meaning. What would it avail him to possess the inspired volume, if, like the book in the Apocalypse, it were sealed with seven seals? And who has the power to break these seals but the church—bride of the Lamb?

In vain Protestantism repeats that the Scriptures are plain in themselves, or, at least, that the interior illumination of the Holy Spirit ren-

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ders them intelligible to all. If this is really the case, why, whenever the voice of the church is unheeded, the infinite number of ways of interpreting the same passages? How was it that Calvin plainly saw a mere figure of the Presence in the passage relating to the Eucharist, when Luther clearly understood it to mean the Real Presence? Would the Holy Spirit speak to Luther in one way, and to Calvin in another entirely opposite? Whatever the Reformers may say, the Scriptures are full of obscurity. The truths of salvation they contain are not expressed in the didactic manner of a theological treatise. The truths are there, but veiled in mystery, expressed in a language now dead, and full of allusions to a history and to customs widely differing from ours, as well as to the institutions and local circumstances of a nation no longer existing. Private research would, no doubt, enable a small number of men of intelligence and learning to comprehend many parts of our holy books; but this means is not accessible to the masses, who would remain for ever deprived of the truths contained in the Scriptures if there were not on earth an authorized interpreter of the divine text. What certitude would the learned themselves have on this point without the help of the church? How many divergent opinions would not liberty of interpretation produce! It was, therefore, necessary that the church, when entrusted with the Scriptures, should at the same time receive power to interpret them authentically. This is why the Council of Trent forbids interpreting them contrary to the defined meaning of the church.

Now, the church acquits itself of its duties as interpreter in two ways: by solemn definitions, and by the ordinary teachings of its doctors. The definitions of the church are not, in fact, restricted to the declaration of dogmatic decisions: they often decide the real meaning of the Scriptures. Thus we see the Council of Trent is not satisfied with defining the divine institution and existence of the sacrament of Extreme Unction: it also declares that the well-known words of the Apostle S. James refer to this sacrament, and designate its ministry, its matter, its form, and its effects.* In like manner, with regard to the sacrament of Penance, not content with defining its existence, it declares, in the first chapter of the fourteenth session, that our Lord referred to this sacrament when, addressing his disciples, he said: *Quorum remiseritis peccata.* We could point out many other passages of Scripture of a similar nature which the Council of Trent and other councils have authentically defined the meaning of.

But the interpretation of the sacred text is more frequently shown by the usage of the church, especially in its liturgy, and by the unanimous or almost unanimous teachings of the Fathers and doctors. It was thus the meaning of the passages concerning the Eucharist were clearly determined by the liturgy, the writings of the Fathers, the teachings of the schools, and the general sentiment of the Christian world a long time before it was expressly defined by the Council of Trent. In the same way, the church did not wait for the definition of the Council of the Vatican to regard the promises of Christ to S. Peter as made to the See of Rome, and including the essential prerogatives of the Pontifical power.

Such was the twofold manner of defining the meaning of the Scrip-

* Sess. XIV. *De Extr. Unct.*, c. i. can. 1.

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tures the Council of Trent had in view when it forbade their interpretation on points of faith and morals contrary to the sense in which they are held by holy church and the unanimous consent of the Fathers.

This decree appears sufficiently explicit. And yet semi-rationalism found two ways of eluding its bearing. The first was to regard this part of the decree of the fourth session as purely disciplinary, doubtless necessary in the condition of Christendom at the time of the Council of Trent, but susceptible of being afterwards modified. Now, in our day, the Catholic faith is no longer attacked as it once was through the authority of the Scriptures. Knowledge has increased. The commentator is forced to be mindful of the progress of human intelligence, and to reconcile the meaning of the Scriptures with the discoveries of the age. If one persists in asserting that the decree of the council relates to faith as well as discipline, semi-rationalism has recourse to another evasion: it understands this decree merely in a negative sense; namely, that it is not lawful to interpret the Scriptures contrary to the Catholic belief, which does not imply any obligation to regard the meaning the church attaches to a passage of Scripture as an article of faith. According to this rule, the Catholic theologian could not interpret any text in opposition to the existence of the sacrament of Extreme Unction, but, notwithstanding the declarations of the Council of Trent, he would remain within the bounds of orthodoxy, even if he denied that the words of S. James had any reference to this sacrament.

Such is the half-way manner in which unsubmissive souls flatter themselves they can remain true to the faith without accepting the teachings of the church. For a long time this doctrine was practically followed, though not formally stated. We will give an example. In the XVIIth century, the Oratorian, Richard Simon, carried the boldness of his criticisms to such an extreme that he openly acknowledged he made no account of traditional interpretation, the authority of the Fathers, and the teachings of the church; pretending to correct, according to the Hebrew or Greek text, the meaning constantly followed by the doctors of the church. Our readers are well aware with what vigor Bossuet attacked a system so thoroughly Protestant.*

But this way of understanding the decree of the Council of Trent was in direct opposition to the terms in which it is conceived. The form doubtless is disciplinary, but the foundation of this law is expressly stated, and is wholly dogmatic: *Cujus (ecclesiæ) est judicare de vero sensu et interpretatione Scripturarum sanctarum.* This was not a mere disciplinary prescript made for the first time by the council, but the reminder of an obligation imposed on all Christians by the very nature of revelation and the authority of the church.

If it is not true that this decree is purely disciplinary, it is still less so that it should be understood in a mere negative sense, as if the council only intended forbidding the interpretation of the Scriptures contrary to the express dogmas or even the definitions of the church and the unanimous opinion of the Fathers. The principle on which this decree is founded goes still further: "It is to the church it belongs to judge of the true sense and interpretation of the Holy Scriptures." Consequently, we ought not only to refrain from contradicting her authentic interpretation,

* *Défense de la Tradition des SS. Pères.—Instruction sur la Version de Trévoux.*

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but should regard her as our guide, and her decision in matters of interpretation as binding on every Christian, so that he would fall into heresy who should refuse to accept the meaning of a passage of Scripture as defined by holy church. Such is the evident meaning of the decree of the Council of Trent.

This truth is so manifest that the profession of faith by Pius IV. substitutes the positive and general form for the negative and restrictive terms of the decree: "I also admit the Holy Scriptures according to that sense which our Holy Mother the church hath held and doth hold, to whom it belongeth to judge of the true sense and interpretation of the Scriptures; neither will I ever take and interpret them otherwise than according to the unanimous consent of the Fathers." Here the teachings of the church and the opinions of the Fathers are plainly made the positive and authentic rule of interpretation.

There could be no doubt as to the meaning of the Fathers of Trent. But a controversy having arisen on a point of so much importance, the Fathers of the Vatican were forced to explain this decree in such a way as to prevent any ambiguity. They did so in these terms: "And since those things which the Council of Trent has declared by wholesome decree concerning the interpretation of the Holy Scriptures, in order to restrain restless spirits, are explained by some in a wrong sense; we, renewing the same decree, declare this to be the mind of the synod: that, in matters of faith and morals which pertain to the edification of Christian doctrine, that is to be held as the true sense of the sacred Scripture which Holy Mother Church, to whom it belongs to judge of the true sense and interpretation of the sacred Scriptures, has held and holds: and therefore that no one may interpret the sacred Scripture contrary to this sense or contrary to the unanimous consent of the Fathers."

It follows from the definition of the Vatican that the decree of the Council of Trent was not purely disciplinary, but likewise dogmatic: that consequently it was not intended for a particular epoch and exceptional circumstances, but was the expression of a divine law applicable to every age, and as lasting as the church and the world; that this decree not only forbids understanding the Scriptures contrary to the belief and interpretation of the church, but makes it a positive obligation to accept the meaning the church attaches to the sacred text; in short, that the disciplinary law is founded on a dogmatic truth which makes the authentic interpretation of the church a rule of faith to which every mind should submit in the study of Holy Writ.

It is thus the Council of the Vatican has renewed, explained, and completed the definitions of the Council of Trent touching the great question of the Scriptures. The second chapter of the Constitution *Dei Filius*, in addition to the decree of the fourth session of the Council of Trent, henceforth forms the basis of theological teachings in everything relating to Biblical science.

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MYTHS AND MYTH-MONGERS.*

This bald, unjointed chat of his, my lord, I answered indirectly—*Shakespeare, Henry IV.*

AUTHORS are proverbially not the best judges of their own works. It is as rare, therefore, as it is gratifying to meet with one whose verdict on his own production exactly coincides with that of the critic. Such a fortunate concurrence of opinion between the writer and the person to whose lot it has fallen to pass sentence on a work for a certain portion of the public, relieves the latter gentleman of a vast amount of responsibility, and renders his difficult task infinitely lighter and more pleasant than such a task generally proves to be.

When, then, Mr. Fiske, the author of *Myths and Myth-Makers*, is kind enough gratuitously to inform us in his preface that the "series of papers" of which his book is composed is "somewhat rambling and unsystematic," it can be considered no injustice to him, and no presumption on our part, to say that we cordially agree with him. And when he further informs us that, "in order to avoid confusing the reader with intricate discussions, he has sometimes cut the matter short by expressing himself with dogmatic definiteness where a sceptical vagueness might perhaps have been more becoming," we find nothing whatever to object to in this statement, with the solitary exception of the word "perhaps," which, if suppressed, would bring it nearer the exact truth.

However, Mr. Fiske has here furnished us with a very fair idea, of what the reader is to expect from his *Myths*. He himself has passed sentence on himself. He tells us practically that we must not expect too much from his "rambling" papers; he forestalls, if he does not deprecate, criticism by assuring us at the outstart that his fault has not been on the side of modesty of opinion and judicial weighing of what he set forth. What, then, is left for the critic to do but to confirm the self-condemnation of the author?

But we cannot allow Mr. Fiske to escape us in this fashion. Mr. Fiske is an M.A., and Mr. Fiske is an LL.B., and a professor, and a professor of philosophy—at Harvard, too. So that, although the dates so carefully affixed to the end of each of his "rambling and unsystematic" papers indicate that Mr. Fiske knocked this book off in three months, still three months of philosophic chaff from a Harvard professor ought surely to contain some grains of wheat.

The book in itself is not an uninteresting one. It is chock-full of mythical stories, or folk-lore, or whatever people may please to call what in our younger days we should have comprised under the one delicious head of fairy-tales. To be sure, the stories were all told before and by somebody else; but then, Mr. Fiske gives everybody due credit, and confines his own portion of the work to a running commentary with an undercurrent of foot-notes, and all sorts of quotations, from the Rig-Veda down to Jack and Jill. We cannot in justice say that Mr. Fiske's portion is as in-

* *Myths and Myth-Makers*: Old Tales and Superstitions Interpreted by Comparative Mythology. By John Fiske, M.A., LL.B., Assistant Librarian and Late Lecturer on Philosophy at Harvard University.

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teresting as the myths themselves, though partaking considerably of their character.

But to come to the point—what does Mr. Fiske mean by his book? What idea would he convey to us? What would he have us infer from it? "A book's a book, although there's nothing in't."

If it is suggestive of anything at all, it is this: all or the chief portion of the great myths of antiquity refer to the struggle between darkness and light. It was the phenomenon of night and day which puzzled people in the dawn of the world, ages before men possessed the great blessing of this XIXth century, which blessing is, according to Mr. Fiske, *via* M. Littré, "scientific faith," seemingly the only sure thing in this enlightened age.

Some people might require a definition of this wonderful faith of modern invention; but then, some people always will ask disagreeable questions. For their benefit, it may be said to mean taking nothing for fact or truth except what you can arrive at, or prove, or demonstrate by a scientific process: in plain English, no faith at all.

Mr. Fiske then takes up this theory: that all men, being puzzled by this daily phenomenon of light and darkness, day and night, and having no "scientific faith" to guide them, and nothing better (Mr. Fiske will pardon us this little bit of heresy against the XIXth century) to supply its place, set to thinking and endeavoring to solve this tremendous problem. They were all a dreadful sort of people all the world over: they "knew nothing about laws of nature, nothing about physical forces, nothing about the relations of cause and effect, nothing about the necessary regularity of things." As a set-off against all these "nothings," they possessed a something in the shape of "an unlimited capacity for believing and fancying, because fancy and belief had not yet been checked and headed off in various directions by established rules of experience." To all of which, and a great deal more of the same nature, we feel very much inclined to append that awkward *Q. E. D.* of the geometry which somebody would tag on to the end of those beautiful propositions at school, and which our professor terrified us by translating, "Which must be proved."

Mr. Fiske, then, having set this profound and eternal conundrum before the crazed intellects of the human race, which were gifted, according to him, with nothing but this "unlimited capacity for believing and fancying"—one would imagine that there might have been room for Revelation here; but Revelation, of course, clashes with "scientific faith," and is therefore a myth in Mr. Fiske's eyes—what were the poor beings to do but endow everything, particularly the sun, with the "volition" which they felt within themselves? How or why this *must* have been so Mr. Fiske fails to explain, or indeed that it was so at all. However, just for argument's sake, let us take his word for it, though by so doing we are false to scientific faith. Mr. Fiske's proposition, then, runs thus: Given the sun, and given the people with eyes to gaze at the sun, the people must necessarily have endowed the sun with "volition," and worshipped the sun as a god. Once more, *Q E. D.*

Hence Mr. Fiske proceeds to argue: "The conception of infallible skill in archery, which underlies such a great variety of myths and popular fairy-tales, is originally derived from the inevitable victory of the sun over his enemies, the demons of night,

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winter, and tempest. Arrows and spears which never miss their mark, swords from whose blow no armor can protect, are invariably the weapons of solar divinities or heroes." Consequently, Mr. Fiske is cruel enough to knock on the head a considerable number of fictitious characters who were much better known and loved by us years ago than many real characters to-day. He levels his shaft tipped with scientific faith, whiz!—and down drop William Tell, William of Cloudeslee, Beth-Gellert, Jack and the Beanstalk, Roland, Sir Bedivere, Ulysses, Achilles, Balder the Beautiful, Hercules, and a whole host of other famous heroes—or rather they mount, for one and all represented the sun, and were types and figures of his solar majesty.

Well, though we grieve to say it, it may be so; but the consolation is still left us that, even if it be so, "it's of no consequence," as our old friend Mr. Toots was wont sagaciously to remark. There is so much of reality around us, and so much real sham, to speak a paradox, to wing with our arrows, to shoot at all our lifelong and make no visible impression on, that we have neither time, nor inclination, nor patience to bother our brains with wire-drawn theories as to whether Tell was Tell or the sun; whether a man ever performed the impossible feat of piercing an apple, which happened to be on his boy's head, with a shaft or not, or whether a dog was killed by its master in mistake. Such things may serve to amuse children or people who can find nothing better to occupy their time. So far there is nothing to object to in it. But when a man takes every imaginable story, collects them all as he would old fossils, and tickets each off with a bad explanation, or throws them together into a bag, as it were, and, charlatan-like, shakes them all up in order to see if by any chance they might tumble out in a shape antagonistic to Christianity, a work which, in view of the many realities around us, is rubbish at the best, becomes in Mr. Fiske's hands rubbish at the worst.

For he does not hold to his tether; he will go out of his way to drag religion into a place where, if it must enter, it shows itself, as always, full of majesty, and beauty, and sublime truth, but not a thing of ridicule, as this writer, by hint, and inuendo, and insinuating little foot-note, and sly little chuckle, and weak little laugh, and wit of the very smallest, would make it.

"The religious myths of antiquity, and the fireside legends of ancient and modern times, have their common roots in the mental habits of primeval humanity. They are the earliest recorded utterances of men concerning the visible phenomena of the world into which they were born."

Now, there is nothing particularly startling in this passage; it is just such an one as the reader might or might not assent to, being really utterly careless on the subject. He would scarcely stop to inquire how far Mr. Fiske's "religious myths of antiquity" extended. There is a seemingly unconscious vagueness about the phrase that allows it to pass without question. And Mr. Fiske's theories, if we may dignify them by such a title, run on smoothly enough in killing Beth-Gellert for the thousandth time, and bringing his powerful mind and the infallible test of his "scientific faith" to bear on old nursery jingles—such, for instance, as:

"Jack and Jill went up the hill
To get a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after."

"This may read like mere non-

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sense," says Mr. Fiske. Again we agree with him it may; but the rising smile fades on the lip when met by the solemn assurance immediately following: "But there is a point of view from which it may be safely said that there is very little absolute nonsense in the world."

We grieve to say that the thought which struck us immediately on reading this aphorism of Mr. Fiske's was that, if one thing more than another could tend to make us dubious as to its truth, it would be the perusal of his own book. But *revenons:* "The story is a venerable one," he proceeds *in re* "Jack and Jill." "They —the children—fall away from one another as the moon wanes, and their water-pail symbolizes the supposed connection of the moon with rainstorms."

Leaving our readers to ponder over this profound mystery so solemnly set forth by the author, dazzled and bewildered, doubtless, by this latest exhibition of moonshine, we pass from it to other things. It is of a piece with all the author's deductions, and as fair a sample as any other of the ingenuity of his argument and the profundity of his conclusions. We do not attempt to refute them; that task is above us; we leave such questions to be argued out in their more fitting sphere, where the characters in the story are best known and believed in—the nursery.

To all this sort of thing we do not object; it is very harmless, and though scarcely the style of study and method of deduction one might expect from a professor of philosophy at what is esteemed the leading university in the United States, we can only arrive, however regretfully, at the conclusion that we had perhaps made a false estimate of the intellectual standing of that university, and of the calibre, mental and moral, of its professors. Still, Mr. Fiske may argue all his life-long in this fashion, and we can only wish him better employment. But unfortunately he does not stop here.

All the unravelling of these worthless myths has one aim and tendency: the connecting with them true religion, Judaism first, and afterwards Christianity, the belief in Christ, the Christian sacraments, Christian observances, Christian practices; not as the one truth of which all these myths formed so many broken and distorted fragments, but — hear it, Christian fathers who send your sons to Harvard to learn wisdom and truth from such men as the one under our notice—a MYTH with the rest of them!

Ulysses, Achilles, Ormutz, Thor, Tell, William of Cloudeslee, the sun, Jesus Christ—"These be thy gods, O Israel!"

A mad world, my masters! We are all wrong; living in a myth, worshipping a myth, teaching a myth, our social and political state to-day built upon a myth. "We may learn anew the lesson, taught with fresh emphasis by modern scholarship, that in the deepest sense there is nothing new under the sun." So says Mr. Fiske. There is nothing sure but scientific faith as expounded by M. Littré and—Mr. Fiske. All the rest is myth.

It would be no surprise to us if Mr. Fiske were indignantly to reject the construction which the Catholic, or the Christian reader of whatever denomination, who possesses any knowledge of Christianity, must put upon his words. Apparently he himself is not sufficiently acquainted with Christianity to understand the meaning of those words; and yet he is a "professor of philosophy" at a presumably Christian university. He is, to judge him by this book, of that school of would-be atheists so fashionable to-

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day, who talk mild infidelity over their tea, and take it down with their muffins—a toast-and-water infidelity, nice to take hob-and-nob with and to the admiration of some antiquated Blue-Stocking. Mr. Fiske, like his class, might be considered an atheist did he only possess the faintest conception of what Christianity meant. An atheist is not a man who does not, but who *will* not, know God—a rebellious spirit who, like the fallen archangel who has seduced him, rejects God, flings back his offering, and cries out: "I will not serve!"

Such is atheism—negation, not unconsciousness; denial, not lack of knowledge. Mr. Fiske's toast-and-water stuff partakes of the latter character. It is so very weak, so very thin, so supremely unconscious of its feebleness, so full of self-sufficiency, so sublimely ignorant of the fact that the poor little hobby-horse which it rides astride of, and on which it pranks out, with "all the pomp and circumstance" of mimic warfare, to have a tilt with the church, has been long ago ridden to death by far doughtier champions than Mr. Fiske, but with a like result—a tumble in the dust. Like the carpet-knight, who, "but for those vile guns, might himself have been a soldier," but for the vile faith, these carpet-atheists might themselves have become Christian. Did we not recollect that they possess immortal souls destined for one of two eternities, we might almost congratulate ourselves on their defection.

But not to lay so very serious a charge at Mr. Fiske's door without just grounds, we proceed to give a few instances of that gentleman's mythical contortions, which will sufficiently vindicate the severe strictures we feel compelled to pass upon his book—a book, indeed, which should have passed unnoticed, only that it is typical of the tone and tendency of the class of writers remarked upon above.

Mr. Fiske would seem to have received some sort of a Christian education, if we may so call it, in his youth; for he tells us "of that burning Calvinistic hell with which his childish imagination had been unwisely terrified." Calvinism probably drove him into revolt against Christianity, as it has driven so many others, and, instead of returning, and examining, and searching for truth, he has adopted the easier course of saying that it was all a sham—the devil was only a bogy conjured up by nurses to frighten children and make them good. Christianity was an excellent religion for children and timid old maids; but for MEN, men of the XIXth century, it was a little too much. On reading the fables of the pagans, he found that they had their bogies to frighten their children, as the heathen possesses them still. All the same, all the same, all the way down to the cradle, if there be such, of the race.

> "Black spirits and white,
> Red spirits and gray,
> Mingle, mingle, mingle,
> You that mingle may."

Such, if put into a coherent shape, would be, we think, Mr. Fiske's mode of explaining his belief. To him all mystery is myth, and the one true guide is scientific faith.

There is no mention of Revelation from beginning to end of the book: the author evidently does not believe in it. But though he is careful not to say so in express words, the meaning of all his deductions is very clear; and passages from the sacred Scriptures are contorted to suit his purpose.

Thus, we are told * that "the very

* Page 122.

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idea of an archfiend, Satan, which Christianity received from Judaism, seems to have been suggested by the Persian Ahriman, or at least to have derived its principal characteristics from that source. There is no evidence that the Jews, previous to the Babylonish captivity, possessed the conception of a devil as the author of all evil. In the earlier books of the Old Testament, Jehovah is represented as dispensing with his own hand the good and the evil, like the Zeus of the *Iliad*."

Of course, to a man of Mr. Fiske's vast knowledge and profound erudition, it would be an impertinence to suggest that, as the name—the mere name, apart from all belief in it—Jehovah is the more ancient of the two, it might have been more in order to invert its position, so that it would run: "The Zeus of the *Iliad*, like the Jehovah of the Old Testament, was the dispenser of good and evil." But Mr. Fiske studiously sets Jehovah first in place, though second in time, giving one to understand thereby that Zeus was his precursor. This may have been done inadvertently, but, if so, there is a strange method in Mr. Fiske's carelessness. He is clearly a believer in that

> "Divinity which doth shape our ends,
> Rough hew them as we may."

Then, again, Mr. Fiske is correct enough in the passages which he cites as showing that the Jehovah of the Old Testament dispenses "with his own hand the good and the evil." There is nothing startling in this: it is the soundest Catholic as well as Jewish doctrine. We believe that God does dispense the good and the evil alike; but the "dispensing of the good and the evil" is a very different thing from the phrase which concludes the preceding sentence: "The author of *all* evil." Mr. Fiske plumes himself on his philological knowledge; he is great in word-science, if we may so call it; does he, then, recognize no distinction between "a dispenser" and "an author," or again, between evil and evil, or still further, between "evil" and "*all* evil"?

"Evil is natural and moral," says the dictionary. In the first sense, it means what we generally comprehend by the word "misfortune"; as, evil tidings, evil news, evil accident. In this sense, God is said to be the dispenser of evil; that is, of trials which he sets his children, as a father sets his son a hard task, to prepare them, to test them, to educate them, to lift them up to the fulness of manhood, which is in God. "Whom the Lord loveth, he chastiseth." But "moral evil" or what Mr. Fiske calls "all evil," is a very different thing. It is that which is evil naturally, *in se* and *per se*, which is in the will of the devil, and which it is blasphemy to attribute to God. Evil in the first sense may be, is generally, good in itself: the latter, never. It may not be blasphemy in Mr. Fiske, for, as we said, he does not, from insufficient acquaintance with the subject, know the meaning of his own words. But observe how carefully all these words are placed in connection and juxtaposition one with another, and how easily each slides into its wrong place. Again, there is a singular method in Mr. Fiske's glaring—for a milder term in the face of what we have just pointed out would be impossible—inaccuracies.

He goes on: "The story of the serpent in Eden—an Aryan story in every particular, which has crept into the Pentateuch—is not once alluded to in the Old Testament." To this he adds a note: "Nor is there any ground for believing that the serpent in the *Eden-myth* is intended for Satan?" Though Mr. Fiske is overrunning our space far more than we

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intended he should do at the beginning, the next sentence is too good to omit, as replete with a piece of criticism unique in its simplicity and loftiness of tone: "The identification (of the serpent in the Eden-myth with Satan) is entirely the work of modern dogmatic theology, and is due, naturally enough, to the habit, so common alike among theologians and laymen, of reasoning about the Bible as if it were a single book (!), and not a collection of writings of different ages and of very different degrees of historic authenticity."

To all his readers the question will naturally suggest itself: Has Mr. Fiske ever been outside the walls of Harvard? But there—we leave the matter: it suggests its own comment; and, moreover, Mr. Fiske promises us, "in a future work entitled (start not, ye publishers!) *Aryana Vaedjo*, to examine, at considerable length, *this interesting myth* of the Garden of Eden." We hope to see it.

Well, here we have in plain English the whole story of the fall of man, the origin of good and evil in this world, and the cause of all the consequences which followed therefrom; the whole story of the Creation in fact, as in another place that of the Deluge, set aside quietly and easily, without a word of doubt, or difficulty, or hesitation, as a myth. It would be interesting to know what Mr. Fiske does believe on these points—but his book is to come. We trust he will take the pains to set us right on the subject of the origin of man and of the Creation generally. Of man we should judge him to have as high an opinion as Mr. Darwin, when he explains his present condition as being brought about by "that stupendous process of breeding which we call civilization; which has strengthened the feelings by which we are chiefly distinguished from the brutes, leaving *our primitive bestial impulses* to die for want of exercise, or checking in every possible way their further expansion by legislative enactments. (Draw this to its legitimate conclusion, and there is no such thing as morality, it being merely synonymous with law or education.) But this process which is transforming us from savages into civilized men is a very slow one; and now and then there occur cases of what physiologists call atavism, or *reversion to an ancestral type of character*. . . . Now and then persons are born possessed of the bestial appetite and cravings of primitive man, his fiendish cruelty, and his liking for human flesh."

This is a Harvard professor who thus explains what people generally accredit to the maxims of the Gospel and the teachings of Jesus Christ. Morality is simply education or force, and evil is inherent in the naturally brutal being, man, who, like Topsy, gradually "growed" up to what he is.

It were easy to go on thus multiplying instances of the truth of our observation, that Mr. Fiske reduces Christianity to a myth; but we think there is enough proof already. We pass by many things, therefore, where the author's display of shallow learning is only equalled by his flimsy remarks. In a note (p. 48), he would have us infer that the Jews believed in a plurality of gods just as did the pagans, because Elohim—God—is plural—a common use of the word even in the English Version, as when God says, "Let us go down and confound their tongue," etc.; but the Jews certainly never interpreted it as meaning anything else than the one God, whom they adored. It was merely a foreshadowing of the doctrine of the Trinity. In another place, he informs us that S. Ursula is

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Artemis and Aphrodite, S. Gertrude the heathen Holda. He is evidently unaware that one of the most popular books of Catholic devotion is written by the "heathen Holda." Stupid inaccuracies of this description are unaccountable. In any other person they would indicate a mind inflated with that dangerous "little learning" which Pope warns us against; in a Harvard "professor of philosophy," they doubtless take the form of Shakespeare's sins against grammar and good taste, and go down as "beauties." "Angels—women with large wings" (*sic*)—are kinsfolk of the werewolf family, and Christianity has "*degraded* the beneficent lightning-god, Thor," into the "grotesque mediæval devil." Odin and other glorious divinities undergo a similar hideous transformation under the "degrading" influence of Christianity. In fact, Christianity is but a system of plagiarizing, and plagiarizing which by no means improves on the old pagan superstitions. The devil is really a good-natured sort of being, or was till Christianity came and spoiled his temper and himself generally. Of course such a being never existed except in the brain of superstitious people unendowed with scientific faith, who were racking their brains to find out the meaning of that eternal puzzle, darkness and light, so that they at length came to embody darkness in the form of the devil, and light in the person of God, or Jupiter, or Apollo, or William Tell. That is the plain English of Mr. Fiske's book.

Mr. Fiske seems to think that he has struck a new vein, and opened up to the world a golden ore long hidden. His theory is as old as any other; and he has only given us a poor rehash of what much cleverer men than he have oversurfeited us with ages ago. Before attempting to handle the subjects he has touched upon, it would be advisable to go to school again, and he might thus be saved a lamentable display of childish ignorance on points known to all the world, save apparently to Mr. Fiske. In a very weak review of a most interesting and clever book, *Juventus Mundi*, written by a scholar and a thinker, neither of which titles we feel justified in applying to Mr. Fiske, this latter gentleman remarks, with astonishment, that Mr. Gladstone draws an analogy between the gods of heathendom and the God of Christianity; in other words, between distorted truth and its first original. This, again, is as old as the hills. *Prometheus*, for instance, has struck all readers as a wonderful type of the Saviour; and so with other gods and heroes of antiquity. Scholars are pleased to draw likenesses between the characters of the fables of pagan antiquity and those of the sacred Scriptures; such connection is by no means necessary to prove the truth of Christianity and of the docrines of Revelation. Christianity is here, around us, living, real: we are in it. It is clear, well defined, unchanging, distinct, a solemn and awful fact: deal with *it*, study it, destroy it, if you can. It has no connection, claims no connection, needs no connection, with paganism. It stands alone, self-sufficient, for God is its centre. It embraces the world; it rules nations; and the better the governments, the nearer they approach to the observance of its codes. History hallows it; scientific discovery only tends to confirm our faith in it. It is superseding all things, as its Founder meant it should; and people have the impudence, for it is nothing else, to come and tell us to-day, in out-of-the-way notes in silly books, that this stupendous fact is a myth! We can only say to them, *tolle, lege!*

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It is easy for a man to sit down in his chair, and spin out a theory, connecting the most distant objects together in his own mind. Thus Mr. Fiske drives Tell back to the sun, or Ulysses, or Odusseus, as he prefers to call him, for he takes kindly to what we may be pardoned calling the *Grotesque* etymology; and even in this, like all poor imitators, goes beyond his master. Homer tells us Ulysses was a man, a great traveller, who had seen many lands. Oh! no, says Mr. Fiske; Homer made a great mistake; he did not know what he was talking about; Ulysses was meant for the sun. And yet Mr. Fiske tells us that the "minds of primitive men worked like our own, and, when they spoke of the far-darting sun-god, they meant just what they said." Why should not this reasoning hold good for Ulysses, as well as for Apollo?

Why, we might take up the story of Mr. Stanley's discovery of Livingstone, and concoct a far better myth out of it than Mr. Fiske has out of many of his materials. Livingstone, like Ulysses, is a man who had seen many lands; he is hurried away and lost to the world in a dark and fiery country—a land of demons and impenetrable burning deserts. The world laments his loss, and Stanley, the youthful, the Dawn, goes out to seek him, and, after the usual obstacles, finds him in the dark land, clothed in rags, with a blue cap on his head, adorned with a gold band, a long beard falling gray over his breast, surrounded by the dark children of the desert. When that fabulous New Zealander sits on the ruins of London Bridge, some future Professor Fiske will probably take up this story of to-day, and weave a myth out of it as the present one has done with Ulysses; but Mr. Fiske may remember that the prophet who foretold the New Zealander in his incongruous position only did so to serve as an example of the indestructibility of God's church.

If he must refer everything back to light, why not go a little beyond the sun to the *Lux Mundi*—the light which shineth in the darkness, but which the darkness comprehended not? Light and fire run from the beginning to the end of the New and Old Testaments, as typical of God. The first thing God made was light; he spoke to Moses in a burning bush; his angel accompanied his people in a cloud and a pillar of light. Man cannot look upon his face and live, for the glory of it. Is it possible that Mr. Fiske, who is so keen at connections, could miss such palpable indications of the connection between the traditions he has mentioned and Revelation, without being struck by it, unless he did so intentionally?

Had we space, we could show by comparison that the very words he has quoted from Indian and other traditions of the Michabo, the great white One, of the origin of the world and the history of the Deluge, are almost identical in phrase even with the Scriptures. From F. De Smet's interesting Indian sketches, appearing in the *Catholic Review*, we find that the Indians adore the Great Medicine, who is, above all, the All-powerful, and sacrifice to him through the sun and the thunder, because the sun is his great servitor.

And as for the devil, whom Mr. Fiske finds such an amusing character (happy man! may he never be undeceived!), it may make him laugh at us, but, for our part, we have a very decided belief in his existence and power to do harm; in fact, did we only discern a spice of something stronger and more powerful than Mr. Fiske presents us in his book, just the faintest flavor of the genuine article—

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real brimstone and fire—we should have been led to refer its authorship to the very personage whom Mr. Fiske so despises. As it is, the work is unworthy of his Satanic majesty. He inspired the idea which animates it long ago, but the present execution is by too weak a hand for his. In this we find an indication that the idea is used up and gone beyond working order—driven to death, in fact.

Superstition undoubtedly did exist in the middle ages; perhaps—for we are not too ready to believe this age so very far superior in many points to those days as is generally conceded; at all events, the world, as the world, is materially even very little better off than it then was, notwithstanding all our boasted science, and the rest, and the days allotted to man are not lengthened—perhaps, then, superstition did flourish at that time to a greater extent than it does today; but what does that prove? Simply that Christianity, "that stupendous process of breeding," did not convert the world in a day.

Did superstition prevail to a greater or less degree than it did prior to the introduction of Christianity, before the old Jewish order passed away, and gave place to the new—to the religion which was no longer to be restricted to a single nation, but which was to spread abroad, to become Catholic, and embrace the world, the family of God's human creatures, within its bosom? Was it, so much of it as did exist, more or less hideous in the supernatural figures with which it peoples the universe? Were the Norse gods of blood and bestiality, Thor, and Odin, and Friga, "degraded"? Could they be degraded? Was Venus degraded, or Jupiter, or Bacchus, or the multitude of others, by being replaced by the truth, by the light which was so long coming and expected of the nations—by the Sun of Justice?

It was this bursting of the light of the world upon nations which dispelled for ever the dark mists of superstition that had so long hidden the creation from its Creator; this was the Sun the nations dimly saw and adored; this was the victorious Conqueror who overcame all obstacles by his own sufferings, and death, and sacrifice; who, like Prometheus, "came to cast fire upon the earth," and who died in agony to save his fellows, and destroy the false Jove with his heaven of immorality—Jesus Christ! at whose name "every knee shall bow."

And the darkness was this very devil, the author of all evil, who fell, freely and consciously, in eternal rebellion against God; who cannot be destroyed, for God created him immortal; who uses the power still left him, which was once heavenly, in order to lead into rebellion all creation against the God he hates with an eternal hatred; who is permitted by God to tempt man, for man is a free agent—God not having endowed a mere machine with the breath of life, the breathing of his spirit—and, if man falls, he falls freely and consciously as did Satan.

Here lay the puzzle of darkness and light, good and evil, right and wrong. The world saw itself bounded everywhere by the impassable; by its wickedness it had lost the clear knowledge of its God; it would overleap those barriers, and reach him again. The craving of its heart was eternal; it saw the marks of its God around it: "The heavens declared the glory of God, and the firmament displayed the wonders of his works." Men felt the supernatural, and worshipped; but their eyes were blinded, and, groping in the darkness for their God, they mistook his enemy, and worshipped him.

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Paganism was and is the worship of the devil. The evil one allows men to worship him under whatever form they please, provided only they rebel against God. Impurity, bestiality, drunkenness, intellectual pride, all things that lead astray, are for him good; but the law of God is one and unchangeable, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; and, therefore, though it is hard to kick against the goad, the free-will of man whispers rebellion to him ever, for he finds God everywhere.

What, then, dealt the death-blow to superstition? Was it scientific faith, or the coming of Christ?

In order completely to fill a void, you must have something adequate. The world through all the ages had this yearning for a something wanting, this searching after a something lost. It felt the supernatural, the beyond—it felt, but did not see. So each one made him a religion of his own. To fill that eternal void, to make all one, to satisfy the craving of the world, that void must be filled. But what can fill it, save the supernatural? An infinite want can only be filled by infinity. Jesus Christ came in form and with surroundings the very reverse of what those who had waited most anxiously for him expected. Consequently, their pride revolted, and they refused to accept the Messiah. Nevertheless, no sooner was his doctrine made known, than the world outside, the gropers in the darkness, felt the Sun; the scales dropped from their eyes, the void was at length filled, the craving satisfied; they saw their God, and knew him. Then superstition ended, for they found a reason for every mystery in the all-powerful, all-pervading God.

Had the world to wait for scientific faith to clear up its doubts and give a reason for its longings and beliefs, superstition would still reign paramount among men. What is scientific faith? What can it do? That science has advanced since the days when men built the pyramids, constructed cities whose ruins are the wonders of to-day, converted the Eastern deserts into gardens, constructed the alphabet, built the Parthenon, devised the geometrical figure, organized the sciences of numbers, philosophy, the heavens, and set up leaning towers, we concede; but the men who performed those wonders can scarcely be set down as "knowing nothing of the laws of nature, nothing about physical forces, nothing about the relations of cause and effect." This age has made an advance on them, it is true; but an advance utterly disproportionate to the centuries which have rolled between; nay, in some things it has retrograded.

Did people wait, then, for scientific faith to lift the veil from their eyes, or was it the teachings of Christianity and the appearance of Jesus Christ which lifted it? How much more has scientific faith taught us than it taught the men who centuries ago, by their intimate and accurate knowledge of natural causes, wrought those wonders touched upon above? The supernatural still confronts us as it did them. Science ends with the scientist. Can it tell him who he is, or why he is? Can it touch the lightning, weigh the sun, reveal the mystery of life and death? It can tell us we live and we die; that, when such or such a circumstance occurs, what we call life is over. But can it tell us what is life, whence it came, whither it goes? what the world is, who made it, why it was made? what the seed is, why it grows up into a tree, why the leaves sprout from the hard wood, who set all this principle of life going, and why? Here lies the mystery that puzzled men; here science stops, and God reveals himself: it is

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awed into silence, and listens for his voice.

On reading this article once more, the thought has occurred to the writer that objection may be taken to its tone as not exactly in accordance with that myth of myths which goes by the name of "amenities of literature." Catholics very rarely come across this pleasing illusion in the columns of adverse writers. But even should this charge be well grounded, it is idle for Catholics to wrap what they have to say in wadding, lest it fall too roughly on the delicate sensibilities of people who undertake to insult a religion of which they know nothing. Mr. Fiske is only a type of a class to whom is entrusted the sacred mission of educating the youth of this country, those particularly whose means admit of the highest education, and from whom, therefore, much should be expected. Men wonder at the immorality of our youth—the young man of society of to-day. Why wonder, when his professors teach him that morality is a name, Christianity a fable, and all religion a sham? We cannot affect to toy when the stakes played for are so high. The morality of the coming race depends on the education it receives. When, therefore, we find men, set in high places in our foremost universities, abusing their position, and striving by every means in their power to sap and undermine Christian education, we think studious phrases idle and polished courtesy thrown away. Insult and evil must be met with other weapons. If Mr. Fiske wishes to know whether Christianity is a myth or not, let him sit down and study before pronouncing. When he has sought and inquired earnestly, he will find plenty to furnish him with the right answer.

HEAVEN.

WHAT man that is journeying abroad, doth not hasten backward to his native land? Who that is speeding a voyage toward them he loves, longs not with more ardor for a prosperous wind, that so he may embrace his friends the sooner? . . . It is a large and loving company who expect us there: parents, brothers, children, a manifold and numerous assemblage longing after us, who, having security of their own immortality, still feel anxious for our salvation. . . . Ah! perfect and perpetual bliss! There is the glorious company of the apostles; there is the assembly of prophets exulting; there is the innumerable multitude of martyrs, crowned after their victory of strife and passion; there are virgins triumphant, who have overcome, by vigor of continency, the concupiscence of the flesh and body. . . . To these, dearest brethren, let us with eager longings hasten: let it be the portion which we desire, speedily to be among them, speedily to be gone to Christ. God behold this thought of ours! This purpose of our mind and faith may the Lord Christ witness!—who will make the recompenses of his glory the larger according as man's longings after him have been the stronger. — *S. Cyprian.*

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DIES IRÆ.

Day of Doom! O day of terror!
Prophet's word, and Sibyl's finger
Point to one dread day of anger,

When the skies shall warp and wither,
Ocean shrink and dry together,
Solid earth consume to cinder.

Day of nature's dissolution,
Day of final retribution—
Some to joy, and some to sorrow.

Hark! the trumpet-blast terrific.
How the dead, in mingled panic,
Gather to the dread assizes!

Death shall stand aghast, and Nature,
When from dust the summoned creature
Rises trembling to make answer.

Ah, the wonder! oh, the wailing!
When the heavens above unveiling,
Show the Judge of all descending.

Now begins the awful session.
Sinner, make thy full confession;
Naught avails the least evasion.

Lo, the Book of Doom! each action,
Secret sin, or bold transgression,
Idle word, foul thought, is noted.

Strictest justice is accorded;
Grace to gracious deed afforded,
Death to deadly sin awarded.

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Oh! where saints must fear and tremble,
Could I stand the test, thus sinful?
Could I find a plea for pardon?

Could an advocate avail me?
Pleas and advocates all fail me.
Jesus! thou alone canst save me.

Mighty Monarch! oh, remember
That blest day of blest December—
'Twas for me the Virgin bore thee.

Seeking me, beside the fountain
Thou didst rest thee; to the mountain,
For my sake, thou didst betake thee;

On that dear cross, to redeem me,
Thou didst hang. Lord! is it seemly,
So much costing, I should perish?

Thou didst smile on Mary's unction,
Tearful love, and deep compunction,
On the dying thief's confession.

Like them guilty, like them grieving,
Like them loving, and believing,
Lord! show me a like compassion.

To thy mercy I confide me;
From thy justice, Saviour, hide me,
Ere that day of dread accounting.

Oh, that day of strange uprising!
Oh, that solemn criticising!
Oh, that sentence past reversal!

—

Peace to thee! departed brother,
Tenant once of this cold clay!
Jesus! give him rest alway. Amen.

C. W.

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WOMAN AS A BREAD-WINNER.

In all things that are not of precept, we must needs, if we wish to influence the world, take the world as it is. We may deplore that the stream has passed the romantic scenery through which its course once flowed, but we are powerless to turn the current back. Indeed, its oncoming strength is so ominous that no wise man can stand long on its banks without seeing the urgent need of providing fresh outlets for its impetuosity, lest it should come upon him unawares, and sweep him away in a roaring inundation. The mental ferment of our age is this stream which demands of us new channels whereon to spend its exuberant activity; and it perhaps depends upon Catholic action whether the new development shall be a blessing or a curse. The church knows that her place is in the van of humanity, and to each young century she turns her speedy encouragement, bidding it go forth and do its allotted work under her banner. She hallows all discoveries, and knits them to herself by the services she causes them to render to the truth, and, a bolder innovator than the veriest sceptic, she opens her arms to every development whose capabilities may be turned to a divine account. We may depend upon this: that no new thing or idea which does not at once draw upon itself the church's approving notice, is worth more than a passing thought. She lets the ephemeral go by, and fixes her eyes only on the stable and the solid. More than that, all that is claimed as new and good is contained or foreshadowed somewhere within her pale, either in the hidden achievements of her sons, or in the written record of her attitude towards human progress.

Now, the position of woman is a topic universally discussed, and one which it has become the fashion to look upon as the pet offspring of this particular century. There are two questions involved in the discussion: one theoretical, upon which we have already touched, and one practical. The former treats of the abstract right of equality between man and woman, the latter (more sensibly) of the employment of women, and of their fitness for bread-winning purposes. Woman has so many spheres that it is difficult to mass her duties and rights in one sweeping code; and, though her peculiar gift of home ministry is the one which renders her most amiable in the eyes of the opposite sex, it should be remembered that it is this very domesticity which often obliges her to take to self-supporting labor. In this, how far superior is womanhood to manhood! For whereas a man's chief thought when entering a profession or learning a trade is for his own advancement and pecuniary success in life, a woman's intention when working for her bread is almost invariably the support of one weaker than herself, or the lightening of the burden already borne by the other. In this sense, we may say that woman is more heroic than man, constrained as she is by the very nobility of her nature to ennoble the lowest things with which necessity brings her in contact. Work in itself, simply as occupation and discipline, is a noble thing and the fulfilment of the divine

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law, but when undertaken with a motive such as the support of aged parents and of sick children, or the reparation of an act of dishonesty committed by a dishonorable member of the family, it rises even to sublimity. Women are not exempt from the law of labor, though it has been an immemorial custom that their fathers, brothers, and husbands should shield them from its heaviest penalties. Work, in a mitigated sense, has always been the lot of woman, but among Christians it is so hallowed as to be rather a privilege than a yoke. In heathen nations, woman's work was merely that of a female animal, necessarily not quite so hard as man's, but only lighter in consideration of her physical powers, and certainly not in reverence for her rightful dignity. It was not the wife and mother who was thought of then: it was the female beast of burden, at most the favorite of the hour. Judaism, the dawn of a broader and holier dispensation, naturally betrayed its divine origin by protecting the person and property and regulating the labor of woman, thereby elevating drudgery into home duties, and raising to the dignity of a contracting party one who had been hitherto but a servile tool. Christianity went a step further, and threw open the doors of the temple to woman, suffering her to assume every position her mental or moral ambition led her to desire, save the office of the priesthood. Judaism had sanctified and glorified marriage by looking upon every union as a possible link in the future genealogy of the Messiah; and the perfection of the Hebrew ideal culminated in Mary, the veritable human mother of the Eternal Word. But Christianity had an additional crown to bestow on womanhood, and, unlike Judaism, instead of leading up to this new perfection, it first reared its ideal, and then called upon all unborn generations to follow it as closely as might be. Thus the two systems, marriage and virginity, converged for one miraculous moment in the stainless person of the Blessed Virgin Mary; and since after that unique motherhood there could be no aspiring to become an earthly ancestor of the Promised One, a new relationship with God—that of Spouse—came to be the highest honor attainable by womanhood. Step by step, God had brought about woman's enfranchisement, had united in his law the dignity with which the Jews had invested her, and a new, mysterious, unearthly dignity which he alone can understand, and had, in one word, made perfection easy of attainment by her. Her work, too, necessarily came under this ennobling process, and she can look back with pride to the example of the typical woman—the last perfect Jewish matron, the first perfect Christian virgin—and see the daughter of kings and the Mother of God stooping to lowly household duties.

The Old and New Testament are full of circumstances or sayings with reference to the subject of woman's work. Although it is not expressly mentioned in the curse pronounced on Adam after the Fall, there can be little doubt that it is included in it. The race of man was there doomed to earn its bread by the sweat of its brow, and though a special punishment was also awarded the offending "mother of all the living," still she seems to have been included in the general curse of labor. Events have proved this, and so long and regular a succession of events must needs have had a deeper reason than mere temporal expediency. In the history of Jacob and his two wives, we see a plain reference to the importance of woman in a question of wages and

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inheritance. Jacob, after serving his father-in-law Laban for twenty years, departs secretly, but before doing so takes counsel with his wives, and puts his case before them, calling them to witness that Laban has overreached him and striven to do him harm. Their answer is as practical as could be wished for: they complain of their father having wasted their lawful inheritance and having counted them as strangers, while they commend Jacob for championing their rights by taking, as the Lord had commanded, all that was otherwise denied them.

In the history of the infant Moses, Pharaoh's daughter makes a regular engagement with the child's unknown mother "to nurse him for her, and she would give her *her wages*." It was a fair contract, by which the Hebrew woman earned an equivalent for her services as nurse.

Then, again, we have Anna, the wife of Tobias, a genuine bread-winner, though perhaps a lesser example of patience than she is of energy. "Now, Anna his wife went daily to weaving work, and she brought home what she could get for their living by the labor of her hands."* The picture of her domestic trials is pathetic, and her husband seems to have had but a poor opinion of her discretion, for he asked her one day, when she had brought home a young kid, whether she were sure that it was not stolen? Her answer was certainly petulant, and consisted of what many modern wives would say under the same provocation, but it was ungrateful towards God. Human nature was much the same then as it is now; and one charm of the old Bible narratives lies just in this, that they *are* so naïvely human. In the Book of Ecclesiasticus we read: "He created of him [man] a helpmate like to himself: he gave *them* counsel and a tongue, and eyes, and ears, and a heart to devise. . . ."* The woman is here expressly included in the intellectual benefits heaped upon man, and it is contrary to the whole spirit of the Scriptures to suppose that these gifts were in her merely ornamental. Matters of foresight, discretion, and business evidently come under the head of things to be "devised." Again, a little further on we find that "a good wife is a *good portion*," and "the grace of a *diligent* woman shall delight her husband and shall *fat his bones*."† By this is meant "increase his substance," which a woman can do in two ways—by husbanding her means, or earning something herself. Even if the "diligent woman" gave her husband nothing but counsel, that in itself would be a material help: "A *prudent* wife is from the Lord."‡

To guard against the abuses of unremunerated labor, to which through poverty or improvidence the Hebrews might be subjected, Moses provided the law of the seventh year of remission and the fiftieth of jubilee. "Thou shalt not oppress him with the service of bond-servants, but he shall be as a *hireling* and a *sojourner*," and "*his wages* being allowed for which he served before."§ With regard to women, the laws were the same. "When thy brother a Hebrew man or Hebrew *woman* is sold to thee and hath served thee six years, in the seventh year thou shalt let him go free. And when thou sendest him out free, *thou shalt not let him go away empty*; but shalt give him for his way out of thy flocks, and out of thy barn-floor and thy wine-press,"‖ and it is specially re-

* Tob. ii. 19.

* Eccl. xvii. 5. † Ibid. xxvi. 3, 16.
‡ Prov. xix. 15. § Levit. xxv. 39, 40, 53.
‖ Numb. xxx. 10.

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commended that bondmen and bondwomen should not be of the chosen race, but of the "nations around" the Hebrews. As to the responsibility of women concerning vows, we read that a woman under the power of her father or husband shall be bound to fulfil a vow contingently on the consent of her superior, but an independent woman is bound like a man: "The widow, and she that is divorced, *shall fulfil whatsoever* they vow." * This argues at least a recognition of woman's full powers of reasoning, choice, and accountability, all of which are involved in the serious matter of a vow. In the Gospel of S. Luke, there is a passing allusion to female manual labor in the parable that foretells Christ's second coming: "*Two women* shall be *grinding* together, the one shall be taken and the other left"— which allusion is not meaningless. All through the New Testament, additional light is thrown on the figurative expressions by the common customs of the country during our Lord's human life in Judea, and so we may infer that in those days women frequently helped their husbands in various agricultural pursuits.

Martha, the sister of Lazarus, has always been looked upon as a type of active, busy life, according to our Lord's words, "Thou art troubled about many things." But this was not wholly meant as a rebuke, for there is a great difference between being *troubled* and being *absorbed* by worldly matters. Some among us must bear the domestic burden, in order that others may have the leisure needed for contemplation. Their place in the world is none the less holy because it is not the most perfect, for if there were no rungs to the ladder but the topmost one, how would it be possible to reach heaven? The workers of this world have a mission as well as the seers, and Martha holds almost as high a place in heaven as her sister who chose "the better part." In the Acts of the Apostles, it is related that S. Paul, going out of the gates of Philippi and seeing there some women assembled, spoke to them, where upon "a certain woman named Lydia, *a seller of purple* of the city of Thyatira . . did hear . . and when she was baptized, *and her household*, she besought us, saying: . . . come into my *house* and abide there. And she constrained us." * This woman must doubtless have been sufficiently well-off, and was most likely a widow or an unmarried woman. Her business, which she probably conducted herself, since she is distinguished by the epithet "a seller of purple," must have brought her affluence, for her house and household are specially mentioned, and it strikes us also as a proof of her self-supporting and successful operations, that, being of the city of Thyatira, she had travelled to Philippi and established a home for herself within its walls. S. Paul and Silas are put in prison and freed again while in Philippi, and as soon as they leave their confinement, it is to Lydia's house that they again repair. "And they went out of the prison, and entered into the house of Lydia; and having seen the brethren, they comforted them and departed." † The natural inference is that the house of the generous "seller of purple" was the centre, for the time being, of the little Christian community; that here were the assemblies held and religious ceremonies performed; and that Lydia, in fact, gave up her dwelling to be

* Deut. xv. 12-14 * Acts. xvi. 14, 15. † Ibid. xvi. 40.

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practically a school and church. Her riches were her own; legitimately accumulated by an ordinary trade. We are told nothing of her origin, her education, her social position; she appears only as a "seller of purple" and a docile recipient of God's Word. There was probably nothing at all wonderful about her—she was the ordinary business woman of her day: thrifty, since she had worked to so successful a purpose—simple-minded, since she so quickly believed the Word of God—generous, since she "constrained" the Apostles to dwell with her. S. Paul, who found in women such powerful auxiliaries, speaks in his Epistle to the Romans of "Phœbe, our sister in the ministry of the church [a deaconess] . . . that you assist her in whatsoever *business* she shall have need of you: for she also *hath assisted many*."* Now, this clearly points to her having, or having had, either great possessions, which must have entailed many cares of management, or great zeal in stirring up others who were wealthier, which zeal also proves a capability for affairs. But let us turn back to yet more emphatic Scriptural proof that woman is noways debarred from a certain share in even great enterprises, so long as her modesty is not endangered by it. Judith, the queenly widow, occupied a position of this kind. "And her husband left her great riches, and very many servants, and large possessions of herds and oxen."† The sequel of Judith's history showed that she was as wise as she was rich, and that prudence and discretion were her most conspicuous gifts. She must have had great powers of government, and an eye for ruling the many subordinates whom she probably employed in the management of her possessions. She was no doubt a mother and a guardian to her servants, and, although young and beautiful, as the Scripture tells us she was, yet possessed a gravity and dignity beyond her years. Her mind was not set upon the frivolities of social life, and she gave herself much to prayer and fasting, abiding "shut up with her maids" in an upper chamber of her house. It is a great mistake to suppose that piety interferes with business habits in either man or woman. The legitimate cares of life are perfectly compatible with an unusual degree of spirituality, indeed, in many cases such cares become absolute duties. The spiritual life reacts upon the outer sphere of business relations, and while eliminating from it all tendency to mere selfish aggrandizement, enhances and hallows the worldly qualities requisite to its successful development. The world needs holy and grave influences to leaven its pursuits in every field, whether artistic, literary, or commercial, and while women can impart to every lawful calling into which they enter that natural grace and refinement which is their birthright, they should also strive to infuse into it a supernatural influence. In the Book of Proverbs,* we read the memorable description of the "wise woman," and nothing is further removed than this Scripture ideal from the various types of modern womanhood which, in the clamor of the present questions as to woman's place and proper employment, have terrified the sight and darkened the understanding of observers. Of her devotion to her husband, it is said that "his heart trusteth in her, *and he shall have no need of spoils*." She is not of that aggressive, self-protecting type with

* Rom. xvi. 1, 2. † Judith viii. 7. * Prov. xxxi. 10-31.

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which we are (for our sins) familiar; she is not of those to whom a husband is an appendage, insignificant at all times, removable at any; she is not of the independent sisterhood who take their passions for inspirarations and their caprices for rules. Her influence must mightily serve her husband's lawful interests, for we are told that "he is honorable in the gates when he sitteth among the senators of the land." This points to the wise woman's high social position, no doubt more due to her efforts, her industry, and her prudence, than simply to her noble birth. She might—like many of her modern sisters—have been born in the more fortunate walks of life, she might have been educated with care and assiduity, she might have been taught that perfect command of domestic details which secures an orderly and attractive household, she might even have acquired that unconscious good-breeding that marks the well-born and gently nurtured all over the civilized world; and yet with all these advantages she might still have failed to take a place in life—she might still have remained a social nonentity. How many such worthy and estimable blanks are there not in this world, in all ranks and shades of social standing! But the model woman of the Scripture has risen above this level of neglected or barren opportunities, and bears away the first honors of the race of life, simply because she is *wise*. The prudence of her counsels, shown in the ordering of her well-appointed household, her bargains and her forethought, her stores of bread, linen, and wool, redound to her husband's honor; and when he "sitteth among the senators" he is known as possessing a treasure that doubles all his wealth, and is herself worth all his riches thrice doubled. But she is not entirely dependent on him in her transactions, for we see that "she hath considered a field and bought it; with the fruit of her hands she hath planted a vineyard." This bears very closely on our subject, and proves how far the Scriptures hold a woman competent to think, speculate, work, and achieve, unassisted by man. "She hath tasted and seen that her traffic is good: . . . she made fine linen and sold it, . . . and hath not eaten her bread idle." Now, all this points to more than mere domestic thrift. Here we see woman, not as a divorced wife, not as an aggressive spinster, not as a frivolous social ornament, not as a mere household drudge, but woman as a responsible being, with grave duties and a wide field of action, taking a place in the world fully equal to and yet utterly distinct from that of a man. She considers, she buys, she sells, she rules, yet all the while she is solicitous for her "maidens," charitable and gentle to the poor, beloved by her husband, and blessed by her children. She appears here as judged by the real standard of her real worth. "Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; the woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her works praise her in the gates."

So that she is not only to earn, but to enjoy. She is to have a stake in the world, and a voice in matters of importance—she "opens her mouth in wisdom, and the law of clemency is on her tongue." Her opinion is to be sought, considered, followed; her example is to be looked upon with reverence, and criticism is to merge into admiration. Her position is to be that of an arbiter and referee, neither sinking to that of a petted child nor drifting into that of an unmated, unloved, and defiant waif. It is not from a band of social

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outlaws, whose common exile links them in common defence, that she is to seek support; but in the circle of her own home, in the centre where God and nature have placed her, she is to take the helm and gracefully mount the throne. No violence and no straining after impossible immunities are to disfigure her calm attitude of secure headship, and, even if her advice be disregarded, time and not she herself must vindicate its wisdom.

It may be objected that all this is very well in theory, and would work admirably if all women were *wise*, and all men worthy of them. But who does not know that ideals will never become healthful influences unless translated into facts, and that theories will never succeed in bettering the world unless exemplified here and there in trial cases? Would the *theory* of Christianity be worth anything to the outside world unless realized in the daily life of its Founder and in the model existences of thousands of saints? It is impossible that anything should take hold of the human mind and mould it to new perfections before it has been put into tangible shape, and it is equally impossible in our fallen state that *all* the world should be converted at once into so many perfect entities. Yet because all men will not become saints, because all cannot write like Shakespeare, paint like Raphael, or compose like Beethoven, are religion, poetry, and art to be eschewed by lower aspirants, and relegated to the barren region of things to be admired but not imitated? If, because absolute perfection was never attainable by man, every man had therefore resigned himself to a hopeless contemplation of the fine possibilities of Christianity, we should have had no Anthony, no Jerome, no Augustine. If, later on, because it was impossible to reform the *whole* world and strike at the root of *every* abuse, the pontiffs had calmly looked on while Christendom crumbled away, we should have had no Gregory the Great, no Hildebrand, no Innocent III., no Sixtus V. Again, if an inflexible adherence to rule were the only point worth aiming at, should we have had a Dominic, a Teresa, a Francis Xavier, a Philip Neri, a Vincent of Paul? In this world there are many experiments—tentative steps leading to higher things, and opening doors of possibility to hitherto untried systems. Even in the church, where all else is immovable, there is constant *human* progress, and if here or there one soldier falls at his post—not through lack of enthusiasm, but through the force of adverse circumstances, or the darkness of mind which still shrouds his contemporaries while he himself has prematurely pierced beyond it—still the great search after perfection, the great work of Christian development, rolls on. So it is in the world, in art, in philosophy, in science, in society. What if woman's position never has been made absolutely and securely certain? The church has always theoretically pointed it out, and has often secured its partial realization within her pale; it remains for the world to open its eyes, and extend those barriers of the church to the furthest limits of civilization, taking with it those improvements which it has so long groped for in its wilful darkness, and which all the time have been steadily in operation in the sanctuary of the old church.

So that it is idle to object that all we have said about woman's work, reward, and position is "very well in theory." If a few pioneers will do for the system what companies or even enterprising individuals are ever ready to do for any material scheme that presents but the slightest chance

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of success, the world would soon see the noblest reform of all achieved in the very core of society. Nay, we will say more: the pioneers *are* there, the reform *is* going on; only let the busy, sceptical world stop a moment and look into the silent, gigantic work ever renewing its strength in the church; let it pause and see homes where woman, either as manager or worker, holds her supreme rod of gentle authority; let it see the maiden toiling cheerfully for her aged parents, or bringing home food and clothes to helpless little sisters or ailing brothers—the wife helping and encouraging the husband, and eking out by skilful management a pittance into an income, and evolving comfort out of what in careless hands could hardly compass necessaries; the widow keeping her sacred state, unassailed by calumny, through the earnings which secure her privacy, or the widowed mother joyfully burdened with the twofold legacy that gives her both an object to live for and a memory to live in. Hidden homes these may be, poor homes they almost all are—homes bounded by the four walls of one squalid room, homes cramped in the garrets of tenement-houses or saddened by the dreary respectability of furnished lodgings, but none the less precious in the sight of the angels, and an example in the sight of men.

We have spoken much of the Scriptural conception of woman as a bread-winner, because upon this as a solid foundation we can build up the further development of such a woman's position. Everything that is compatible with the *spirit* of this conception may be said, in broad comprehensiveness, to be allowable in woman. Everything that can be referred to this ideal, as naturally flowing therefrom, is admissible in her relations with the great working hive of mankind. Intellectual labor especially is befitting to her, within the limits prescribed by modesty. Manual labor, especially agricultural or mining, is proportionately less fitting, both because of her physical weakness and more still because of the too free association with men which it often necessitates. Domestic labor, where this is not unreasonably heavy, is certainly within her sphere—and for this no better reason can be given than that the women of patriarchal times thought domestic labor no shame.

With this view, we say that as many openings for the employment of woman as can possibly be made, consistently with delicacy and womanly modesty, should be speedily contrived. No one need fear that such openings will deprive us of necessary comforts in the way of domestic attendance; there will always be a residuum of womankind to whom service will be the most natural and desirable outlet, to whom in fact it will be the only career which will give scope to the capacities they have. This will be the least difficulty; the real problem will always remain rather on the other side—that is, as to how many women can be redeemed from the bondage of circumstances by any known method of redemption. It is appalling to think of the many women, delicate-minded, earnest, persevering, who see in their womanhood, which should be their crown and their boast, only the barrier to their aspirations, the prison-door of their capabilities. It is terrible to reckon the number of women who lose themselves, and wander away from their place in society, either through the door of open shame or through the only less revolting path of that which is called but is not marriage; or visionary, defiant "independence." How many fallen

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women sadly excuse themselves by saying that they could find no work to do, and yet could not bear to starve! On the other hand, in women who have obviated that degradation by leaping into another, we see the inevitable action of the narrow-mindedness of the world upon an undisciplined nature. Women are often accused of being always in extremes, and the accusation, in the case of women untrained by religious influences, is in the main true, although it may as well be said that the fact holds equally good with men who are not restrained by such influences. So, between open degradation and blatant "woman's rightism," the mind of the untutored woman will almost certainly, except by a happy chance, find no mean.

Is this picture overdrawn? We are ready to affirm again and again that it is not; the annals of society scandals and the records of the divorce courts show that it is not; for what difference is there but a despicable and conventional one between the legalized re-marriage of a guilty woman to her seducer, and the illegal union of so many unhappy couples whose relations it is a breach of propriety even to mention?

This is womanhood outside the church. It is no more a fancy picture than that other blessed one of the homes we have already praised, the homes of honest work and perfect peace. The world, to secure a nation of women bred in such homes, must turn to the church, and ask her to teach it the secret of such womanhood. The secret is in the Gospels, in the old hallowed traditions of the Hebrews, and in the fulfilled evangelical counsels. Voluntary poverty is the safeguard of holy and allowable wealth; voluntary obedience is the counterpart of lawful freedom; voluntary chastity is the hidden grace that obtains for others wedded love and a grave Christian home. The hostages of humanity are praying in the cloisters for the commendable domestic happiness of their numerous brethren, and, in proportion as the world scorns their sacrifice, so does it lose the fruit of their prayers.

We have said that woman's work should be decided, God willing, by her capabilities. This is to say that more ways should be open to her than are open now to improve the talents God may have given her. In a great measure she can, and does, open these ways for herself, and an energetic nature of course will, like water, sooner or later "find its own level." Still, many who have mental powers have little strength in battling with life, and might be helped if their luckier sisters would be a little less selfish in their easily acquired security. Work means self-respect, and self-respect means success. There is no one so proud as the woman who knows her own worth, and lifts herself by this knowledge high above all sordid temptations. She will be a good wife, for she will choose no man for a husband save on the lofty principle of his own worthiness of her, while her estimate of herself will unconsciously become his also. She will be a tribunal to herself and to him, and the slightest wrong action or paltry motive in either will take, in the eyes of the other, the proportions of a blot on their self-esteem. She will be a good mother, for her standard of superiority will be the first her children will know, and with them it will be inseparably blent with their personal affection for their mother. The home will thus be created on a footing that years will strengthen as they pass, and the austere yet happy gravity of a Christian household will

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become a hereditary tradition with the children. But for all this, the basis of work is wanted—work of some sort, voluntary occupation or necessary drudgery, it matters little. It is the discipline, not the fact, of work which is essential, and in this sense the rich and high-born may be as hard workers as the poor seamstress or the factory-girl. Yet, since this labor question touches the poor chiefly, it is for them we would chiefly speak. Woman's work is circumscribed by her physical powers, man's is not. Therefore, in all things that a woman can do as well as a man (and of course in all those which she can do better), the preference should be given to her. There are many trades in which men cut not only a very useless but a most ridiculous figure, and which the fittingness of things would point out as woman's proper field. Everything relating to feminine clothing comes under this head; and were this department wholly given over to women, it would at once relieve the poverty and shield the virtue of many homes, and also spare the public the absurd spectacle of strong men engaged in handling delicate ribbons and filmy laces. Printing and kindred trades have been found practicable for women, and we know that watchmaking and jewellery work are also accessible to the "weaker vessel." Still, it has at present gone no further than this, that women are associated with men in many employments. Now, we could wish that there should be many trades of which they would have an exclusive monopoly. In this we think there would be no inconvenience; at any rate, no one could assert that there was until the system had been given a fair trial.

Society, in its present state of godless disorganization, not only affords very little help to women who are eager and willing to help themselves, but positively, despite the loud boasting of the century as having originated "woman-reform," places barriers in their way. For what else is it but a barrier to honest advancement that, when a respectable and virtuous woman of pleasing appearance goes to apply for some desirable situation offered by advertisement, she is often, very often, insulted by disgusting propositions, and her very expressions of indignant surprise put down as a part skilfully played by her before the inevitable surrender? This has been repeatedly done, in many cases successfully, for precautions had been taken beforehand to cut off the victim's retreat and drown her cries; in others, when cowardice, the twin-sister of vice, has shrunk from the determined attitude of a virtuous woman at bay, the effort has happily failed. The public papers have sometimes—with their proverbial inefficiency and spasmodic, theatrical manner of showing up an abuse they know it will pay better to speak of than to act against—taken in hand this outrage to civilization, and published letters from the aggrieved women detailing the attempted insult, but how many more women, sensitive and gentle, shrink with horror from putting into print an experience they would gladly blot from their memory! It will be asked, what remedy can be devised for this? Immediate remedy, perhaps none; but remotely, the remedy of a newly formed habit of regarding women with at least the same respect as men who earn their daily bread. Physical weakness will always be an incentive to wicked men to insult unprotected women—that is to say, the vices of fallen human nature will never be wholly blotted out; and in this juncture, as in all others, the real remedy is the influence and au-

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thority of the church. Nowhere more than in Italy—that maligned country in which Protestants refuse to see anything save the last stage of corruption brought on by an "effete priesthood and a degraded religion"—is that touching charity known of portioning poor girls and affording them temporary refuge while out of employment. In Rome, this was one of the foremost Papal charities; the Holy Father took an especial personal interest in it; the Roman ladies vied with each other in enlarging the numbers of its recipients and adding to the fund provided for its continuance. In Venice, it used to be the affair of the Doge, who was conventionally father to all the dowerless, and the sworn protector of impoverished and threatened innocence. Many saints have made this their favorite charity, and many Italian marriages in the higher grades of life are accompanied by this crowning token of Christian brotherhood—the portioning and safe marrying of a poor young girl who might have otherwise fallen a victim to the licentiousness of some professional *roué*.

While it is to be deplored that the openings for female employment should still be so restricted, it is still more to be lamented that there are actually employments in which female labor is most unwarrantably used. In mining districts, this is peculiarly the case. There men and women work promiscuously, often with very little clothing on, and with still less sense of decency and morality. Little girls are brought up there with no knowledge of themselves as responsible moral agents, and conscious only that their work is not quite so valuable because their muscles are not quite so strong as those of their companions. Ignorance of religion, of moral restraints, and of social decencies, combine to make of these immortal beings only lithe savages, less enduring than the negro, less clever than the Indian. For the white race in some sense seems born to civilization, and when removed from civilizing influences relapses into far more brutal savageness than others. Again, we find the problem only solvable through the influence of the church; for she who originally drew together the nomad hordes of the North and East, and gathered from their ranks the founders of empires, the lawgivers of her own system, and the discoverers of the New World, is still the only mistress the dominant race which she once civilized will ever again acknowledge. Christendom has been rent in twain, and the Christian nations deprived of the bond that once knit them in one vast confederation and unity of interests; and until this whole has been restored, barbarism will struggle periodically to the surface, and strive to regain that ascendency it lost more than a thousand years ago. The abuses and horrors of female labor in mining districts are a blot upon civilization which never had any existence before the recent disruption of Christendom; for, wherever an abuse reared its serpent head, the church was at least there to protest, and exert her moral influence if not material force. It is idle to object that she did not, as a matter of fact, quell all abuses; this objection might be urged against the apparently frustrated mission of our Lord himself, as far as immediate tangible reforms were concerned, but the essential fact stands, that as long as the church's authority remained undisputed there was at least in the world one tribunal which, being the acknowledged visible representative of God, could brand beyond appeal all encroachments on the rights of the defenceless, and wither the plans of

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cunning and cruelty against the poor. To those defended, this was a consolation; to those upbraided, it was at least a secret dread.

Having said so much upon the question of woman's position as a bread-winner, we can only end by acknowledging that whatever is to be done will have to be done in fragments, and under the auspices of private enterprise alone. We cannot expect that in the present condition of the world any but individual efforts will be made for the advancement of the weaker sex, nor can we anticipate any but partial and isolated results. But, nevertheless, these efforts will not lack their reward, and we, who in the eyes of the world are now working in the dark, can be content with the knowledge that from these disjointed earthly efforts God is silently building up a great spiritual temple of rescued souls. It may be that we never shall succeed but in part, but this is the fate of all workers at a perfect system, and need not dismay us in the least. Theologians say that if the merits of our Lord's Incarnation and Passion had redeemed but the single soul of his Blessed Mother, still such unheard-of merits would not therefore have been in the least superfluously applied; and in the same way may we humbly think of ourselves, that if each life spent in the effort of bettering the condition and widening the intellectual horizon of woman had no result save in the increased welfare of one individual, still the labor of such a life would not have been in vain.

"ABRAHAM"—"ABRON"—"AUBURN."

A SHAKESPEARIAN EXCURSUS.

Merc.—"Young Abraham Cupid, he that shot so trim."—*Romeo and Juliet*, act ii. sc. i.*

CERTAINLY, this very singular prefix to the ordinary appellation of the god of love suggests difficulties of interpretation not easy of solution. It would appear to be one of those cant phrases familiar enough, we may presume, at a certain period, for, if not readily to be understood, the poet was unlikely to make use of it in such a connection. But the reason for its application has passed out of mind, and all the commentators have been at a loss to discover its meaning. Mr. Singer, editor of a well-known edition of the poet's plays, disposes of the embarrassment in a manner equally summary and, as it seems to us, unsatisfactory. Accepting the suggestion of Mr. Upton, another commentator, that the word "Abraham" should be "Adam," these critics agree in conferring upon Cupid a prænomen which it is clear neither Shakespeare nor his early editors affixed to the name by which he is usually known. It is equally certain that no other writer has ever employed the term "Adam" in such a way. In this state of the case, we seem still left to seek the meaning of the word "Abraham," as thus used. In order to exhibit the whole merits of the question, let us subjoin the note of Mr. Singer in reference to it, and also that of Mr. Richard Grant White, editor of an American edition

* "Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim."—Modern editions of *Romeo and Juliet*.

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of Shakespeare. Mr. Singer remarks:

"All the old copies read *Abraham* Cupid. The alteration was proposed by Mr. Upton. It evidently alludes to the famous archer, Adam Bell. So in Decker's *Satiromastix:* He shoots his bolt but seldom, but, when Adam lets go, he hits.' 'He shoots at thee, too, Adam Bell; and his arrows stick here.' The ballad alluded to is 'King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid,' or, as it is called in some copies, 'The Song of a Beggar and a King.' It may be seen in the first volume of Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry.* The following stanza Shakespeare had particularly in view:

'The *blinded* boy, that *shoots so trim*,
From heaven down did hie;
He drew a dart, and shot at him,
In place where he did lie.'"
—*Singer's Note.*

Now, though it cannot be doubted that Shakespeare had in mind *the blinded boy that shoots so trim*, as set forth in the ballad referred to, nor that the expression "shot so trim" grew out of it, yet this fact is far from affording good reason for the belief that he had also Adam Bell in view, or that he had any thought of conferring the Christian name of that noted outlaw upon Cupid himself. The presumption would be that however *trim* a bowman that "belted forestere" may have been, yet the skill of Cupid in this respect is too pre-eminent and well allowed, to admit of any compliment or illustration derived from the name of the very best merely human archer who ever drew cloth-yard shaft to ear. Mr. Singer appears to us, therefore, to have been misled by a merely superficial analogy into too great confidence in an improvident suggestion, when he ventured to substitute a conjectural emendation of the text for a reading which was uniform in "all the old copies."

The note of Mr. White is as follows:

"Upton gave us the *Adam* which takes the place of 'Abraham' in all the current editions, except Mr. Knight's. But, as Mr. Dyce says, there is not the slightest authority for the change. The last-named gentleman conjectures that 'Abraham' in this line is a corruption of *Auburn;* as it is unquestionably in the following passages which he quotes:

'Where is the oldest sonne of Pryam,
That Abraham coloured Troian? Dead.'
—*Soliman and Perseda*, 1599, sig. H, 3.

'A goodlie, long, thicke Abram colored beard.'
—*Middleton's Blurt, Master-Constable*, 1602, sig. D.

And in *Coriolanus*, act ii. sc. iii.

'Not that our heads are some browne, some blacke, some Abram,'

as we read in the first three folios.

"The suggestion is more than plausible; and we at least owe to Mr. Dyce the efficient protection which it must give to the original text. Cupid is always represented by the old painters as auburn-haired." *

But Mr. White, it will be observed, begs the question as to the passages quoted from other authors. These passages simply prove that "Abraham coloured" and "Abram colored," as applied to the hair and the beard, were common enough expressions at and before the time of Shakespeare. Besides, only conceive whether it would be characteristic of Shakespeare to write so tamely as "Young auburn Cupid"!

In fact, the term in question must have had a pertinent, significant, and peculiar meaning, well understood by his contemporaries.

Mr. Knight conceives the term *Abraham* to be thus appropriated from the vagrants and beggars called "Abraham-men," who were too often cheats;† and it is to be feared that

* White's *Shakespeare's Scholar*, 371, 372.
† See note 2, as to "Abraham-men," in *King Lear*, Singer's Edition, act ii. sc. iii.

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he thus means us to imply the propriety of the appellation in this instance, upon the ungallant hypothesis that Cupid is himself the prince and chief exemplar of deceivers in general. But this specific characteristic we have always understood to belong to Mercury. For however, popularly, Cupid is estimated as a gay deceiver, Mercury was held by the Greeks the god of fraud and falsehood. The sailors have a phrase of "shamming Abraham" when one of the crew shirks his duty on pretence of sickness or for any other pretended excuse. No one seems to have thought of the possible origin of this proverbial expression, as used in reference to the beggars from whose habits it is evidently derived. It has occurred to us that, since Abraham was the father of the faithful, that is, the person most eminent for faith, his name may have been thus taken up, in a manner savoring more of wit than of reverence, in relation to persons disposed to live rather by *faith* than by *works*—in fact, who showed the amplitude of their trust in whatever might turn up, oftentimes in a somewhat questionable shape, by doing no work at all. This would manifestly be a sort of *shamming Abraham.*

But however this may be, since all the old copies read *Abraham* Cupid, and since the alteration of the text commended by Mr. Singer and others cannot be justified upon any grounds which they offer, or in any other mode, we must find some means of explaining the phrase as it stands, or remain in the dark as to its true interpretation. Certainly the matter is not at all cleared up by unauthorized substitution. Against Mr. Knight's theory, on the other hand, militates the plain fact that, in every example cited, unless the one in controversy be taken as an exception, the word stands for a certain *color*, and not as qualifying any moral characteristic, or implying any personal defect. There is a difficulty, besides, in the *auburn* hypothesis which it must be admitted is hard to get over. Supposing the word had been found written as it is, nowhere but in these two passages of Shakespeare, it might, perhaps, so pass muster. He might not very unnaturally be thought to have put such a corrupt form of the word *auburn* purposely into the mouth of the worthy citizen in *Coriolanus;* and the term *auburn*, in such a connection, but misprinted in the course of time, might possibly be considered not absolutely inconsistent with the character of Mercutio and the strain of his speech. But when we find the same word used by two other writers contemporary with Shakespeare, both of whom would be likely to know the correct form and so to write it, if "Abraham" or "Abram" were merely a corrupt form of it, and especially as in one of the examples it occurs in a serious passage of a tragedy—it seems much more probable that the term "Abraham" itself, as so applied, had its own distinct and well-understood meaning, so familar as to excite, at that period, no necessarily ludicrous association. And that this term *Abraham* was a cant phrase which had come into common use is actually implied by the correspondent expression in the preceding line of this very speech of Mercutio:

> "Speak to my gossip, Venus, one fair word,
> One *nickname* for her purblind son and heir;
> Young *Abraham* Cupid, he that shot so trim."

Now, it is obvious that *auburn*, as being a common adjective, could constitute no nickname; whereas Abraham, as a noun proper, and at the same time signifying a certain color, serves that purpose completely, as, for example, *Cicero*, or *Nasica.*

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We must own that a passage in Bishop Hall's *Satires* at first a little puzzled us, viz.:

"A lustie courtier whose curled head
With *abron* locks was fairly furnished." *

But upon reflection it will be found that, although *abron*, at first sight, looks much more like auburn than does either *Abraham* or *Abram*, and it might appear, therefore, to be, in fact, a less corrupt form of that word than either of the other terms, yet, on the other hand, *abron* is itself both in form and sound much nearer *Abram* than it is to *auburn*, and may, therefore, be only a misspelt variation of the first rather than of the second expression.

In this philological dilemma, we believe we are able to throw a gleam of light on the obscurity; and, though the explanation is derived from a source apparently remote, there is, nevertheless, good ground for thinking it may prove satisfactory. We happen to have in our possession a copy of the quarto edition of the Latin Dictionary published at Cambridge, England, in 1693, which is the foundation of those dictionaries of the Latin language in common use which have succeeded it. The word *vitex* is thus translated in it: "A kind of withy or willow, commonly called agnus castus, in English, park-leaves, *Abraham's balm*, chaste or *hemp* tree."

Now, it is no less certain than melancholy to reflect upon that our respected ancestry, like their descendants, were compelled to supply the loss of hair by some adventitious covering, and that their periwigs were sometimes perhaps commonly manufactured out of either the coarser or the finer filament of flax or hemp, since those made of hair were very costly. We are confident we have read of a splendid and no doubt full-bottomed article of the latter material costing as much as fifty guineas, a couple of centuries ago.* We speak of flax and hemp indiscriminately, however botanically different, as those predecessors of ours were in the habit of doing, and as being, in fact, used for similar purposes, *e.g.*, "Except the flax or hemp plant, and a few other plants, there is very little herbage of any sort." †

To the coarser filament of both, after the article is heckled, is still, we believe, applied the name of *tow*. In either case, the substance, when thus subjected to the nicer process of manufacture, presents that well-known whitish brown color so often and so enthusiastically celebrated by the elder English poets in the aspect of "flaxen locks." We do not know, and, after considerable research, have been unable to ascertain with accuracy, what was the peculiar relation of the "hemp-tree" to those other vegetable productions; but infer from the name that there was a certain resemblance in the fibre of the one to the others, and that probably to some extent it was formerly used for similar purposes. At any rate, it is only with the name and the associations it calls up that we have particularly to do. If the hemp-tree, otherwise called "Abraham's balm," furnished when manufactured an article similar in color to that of the other vegetable productions referred to, a sufficient foundation is laid for this inquiry.

Bosworth's *Dictionary of the Anglo-Saxon Language* affords a striking illustration of the general subject

* *Satires*, b. iii. sat. 5.

* Perusing, while this article is in the press, Thackeray's ingenious story of *Catherine*, we observe that he describes one of his characters (in the year 1705) as wearing "an enormous full-bottomed periwig that cost him sixty pounds."

† Cook's *Voyages*, vi. 61.

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He says that "flax signified, in earlier times, also *hair* and all kinds of hairy thread. In Austria, the flax is called haar, hair. The Danish hör signifies the same." He adds: "The Old English flix-*down*, soft hair, is another instance that flax in earlier ages was used to designate hair."

Of the metaphorical use of the word the poets are full of pregnant examples, for instance:

"Her flaxen haire, insnaring all beholders,
She next permits to wave about her shoulders." *

"All flaxen was his poll." †

"Adown the shoulders of the heavenly fair
In easy ringlets flowed her flaxen hair;
And with a golden comb, in matchless grace,
She taught each lock its most becoming place." ‡

If to these examples we add the following passage, we shall perceive that the hue in question enjoyed a special distinction and favor:

"The four colors signify the four virtues; the *flaxey*, having a whiteness, appertains to temperance, because it makes *candidam et mundam animam*." §

And as this is a hue which frequently distinguishes the heads of youngsters, a large proportion of whom, at an early period of life, we know as *white-headed* urchins, and in England as well as in the United States even as *tow-heads*, we are very strongly inclined to believe the color and the term "Abraham" or "Abram" to be thus derived from association, and to be so applied to the boy Cupid; the word *Abraham*, in this connection, having come to express, to a certain extent, the *tow*, or the color of the tow, of *hemp*, or flax, or equally of the finer part which remains after the tow is combed out. So that, in all probability, the cant term "Abraham," as thus applied in Shakespeare's day, meant precisely the same as *flaxen*, with, perhaps, a slightly humorous allusion. And in this view of the case, we must put in a *caveat* to the allegation of Mr. White, that, if "Cupid is always represented by the old painters as auburn-haired," then they have so depictured him without sufficient authority; indeed, in contradiction of the best authorities; for the classical evidence on this point will show his hair to be described as of that color which is usually known by the style of "flaxen"; since auburn is really a dun color, or "reddish brown," whereas Cupid's hair was flaxen, or, as we now say, blonde. For instance:

"The god of love was usually represented as a plump-cheeked boy, rosy and naked, with *light* hair-floating on his shoulders." *

"Eros is usually represented as a roguish boy, plump-cheeked and naked, with *light* hair floating on his shoulders." †

We cannot but think, therefore, that this manifest distinction of hue effectually disposes of the theory that "abron" stands for any misspelling of *auburn*, as suggested by Mr. Dyce, and adopted by Mr. White.

It appears, by the bye, that this same *agnus castus*, or hemp-tree, which has given occasion for these remarks, was supposed from an early period to possess some peculiar virtues, which prompted its other appellation of "The Chaste Tree"; and to this circumstance was owing, doubtless, its introduction by the poets in their descriptions of various ceremonials. Thus, Chaucer has three several references to it in his "Floure and

* Browne's *British Pastorals*, b i. s. v.
† *Hamlet* (song), act iv. sc. v.
‡ Fawkes, *Apollonius Rhodius*. The Argonautics, b. iii.
§ Sir M. Sandys' *Essays* (1634), p. 16.

* Anthon's *Classical Dictionary*.
† Keightley's *Mythology*, 112.

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Leafe," and very noticeably, as follows:

"Some of laurer, and some full pleasantly
Had chaplets of woodbind; and, sadly,
Some of *agnus castus* weren also
Chaplets fresh."

So Dryden, also, modernizing this very passage of the older poet:

"Of laurel some, of woodbine many more,
And wreaths of *agnus castus* many bore."

It ought to be suggested that the statement herein made as to the earlier practice of wearing wigs of flax and tow, in addition to some direct evidence to the point, is partly a matter of inference, and partly due to rather vague recollections of youthful studies (to which we have not thought it worth while to recur) among the romance writers of the last century. Their famous heroes undoubtedly were more or less familiar with "Abraham-men" and personages of that description; and it must be confessed that the impression of the "tow-wigs" worn, for purposes of disguise or with whatever object, by the highwaymen, sturdy beggars, and other worthies introduced into their novels, is amongst the strongest left on our mind by those lucubrations of their genius.

The inference which we have ventured upon is that, since wigs were articles of supposed necessity, and certainly have been used from early times; and since those manufactured of hair must have been much more costly in former days than at present, the probabilities are very strong that this important description of head-gear was made, more or less commonly, out of that material which still, we believe, affords the foundation of those ingenious works of art, the color and beauty of which furnished the poets with an ordinary and apt illustration of bright and flowing locks.

We are not without testimony on this point, however, and that, too, of no less authority than Walter Scott, which is literally to the point:

"The identical Peter wears a huge great-coat, threadbare and patched. His hair, half gray half black, escaped in elf-locks around a huge wig *made of tow*, as it seemed to me."*

Addison also tells us, in a paper of the *Spectator*, as quoted by Johnson:

"I bought a fine flaxen long wig."

It is true, Dr. Johnson cites this example in his *Dictionary* as only meaning something "fair, long, and flowing, as if made of flax"; but we are far from thinking the qualification of his definition inevitably correct, any more than in some other well-known instances. The great lexicographer imagines a wig of hair as presenting the appearance of one made of flax; but we see no reason why the excellent *Spectator* should not be taken literally according to his expression; nor why he may not have appeared upon the occasion to which he refers in a veritable wig of flax, especially since such an object of manufacture was common, could be made to bear so close a resemblance to hair, probably looked better, and was of much less cost. We find a still more decisive example in the *Spectator*, which scarcely admits of any other than the most literal interpretation:

"The greatest beau at our next county sessions was dressed in a most monstrous flaxen periwig that was made in King William's reign." †

The following example is equally pertinent:

"A fair, flaxen, full-bottomed periwig." ‡

* *Redgauntlet*, i., pp. 219, 220. Ticknor & Co.'s edition.

† *Spectator*, 129.

‡ Notes to *Dunciad*, b. i. p. 260. British Poets, Little & Brown's ed.

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In this instance, the word "fair" would seem clearly to apply to the color, and "flaxen" to the material, for otherwise the use of both expressions would be tautological.

Indeed, we have not left this matter to conjecture and inference merely; for we took occasion to inquire upon this topic, several years ago, of a late celebrated hair-dresser; and, in fact, these notes have been kept on hand for a period considerably longer than the nine years prescribed by Horace for the due refinement and perfection of immortal verse. Our excellent friend, M. Charrier, of Boston, informed us that he had been called upon to manufacture actual wigs of the filament of flax; and he remembered one particular occasion, when an article of special beauty was required for the use of a popular actress, who was to perform in a play which he thought was called "The fair maid with the golden locks." * Thus we trace the article to the stage itself, and there, in all probability, its construction of the material in question is traditional, and is much more likely to have originated at a period earlier than the time of Shakespeare than at a later date. Of course, if M. Charrier had lived to our day, he would have found plenty of business in constructing those mountainous piles of various vegetable material with which ladies now see fit to load their heads —"some browne, some blacke, some Abram." †

In corroboration of these views, explanatory, we hope, of the strange expression, Abraham Cupid, to modern eyes and ears, we have just met with a singularly apt illustration. A very young lady of our family received last Christmas, as a present, a doll with a remarkable head of hair. It was long, fine, profuse, admirably curled, and exactly of that brilliantly fair color, the lightest possible shade of brown, sometimes but rarely seen in its perfection on the heads of young persons, and of the hue which might well be imagined as a peculiar and suitable attribute of the god of love. An examination of this attractive ornament to the seat of whatever intellect a doll might be supposed to possess showed at once, that it was skilfully manufactured, doubtless by accomplished French artisans, of the filament of flax. *

From these premises the following propositions seem to be fairly deducible:

1. That, in the time of Shakespeare, the word *Abraham* was sometimes employed as a cant term expressive of a certain color.

2. That, since the name "Abraham's balm" was used for a certain shrub or bush, otherwise called the hemp-tree, the color in question was probably that of dressed hemp or flax, which nearly resembled each other in hue; the word tow being still applied to the coarse filament of both.

3. That the color attributed to "flaxen locks," so celebrated through the whole range of English poetry, is, in fact, that light and fair, that is, blonde, color of the hair assigned to Cupid.

4. That "Young Abraham Cupid,"

* "The Fair One with the Golden Locks" was a Christmas piece produced on the stage in London, in 1843. See Planché's *Recollections*, etc., ii. 67.

† In Thackeray's *Catherine*, already quoted, a character appears with "a little shabby beaver cocked over a large *tow-periwig*." Still further on he tells us that one of his principal personages "mounted a large chestnut-colored orange-scented pyramid of horse-hair." Indeed, we have reason to believe that the judges and the bar in England still wear wigs manufactured out of the latter article.

* To show, by a further instance, the employment of another article than hair for the manufacture in question some time ago, Thackeray, in his *Book of Snobs*, chapter xxxiv., tells us of a London "coachman in a tight *silk-floss* wig."

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therefore, means nothing else than *flaxen-haired* or *fair-haired* Cupid.

In regard to the term "Abraham's balm," as applied to the hemp-tree, we beg leave to suggest that such an appellation may have been bestowed on such a tree, as intimating a natural and appropriate cure for such infirmities as resulted in mistakes about property, to which we may suppose Abraham-men and their associates were only too subject. The figure may be thought similar to that highly metaphorical expression conveyed by the passage:

"Ye shall have a hempen caudle, then." *

As to "Abraham-men," a rope may, in fact, have been thought, in extreme cases, a "*balm* for hurt minds."

* 2 *Henry VI.*, iv. 8.

FONTAINEBLEAU.

It stands girdled with its forty thousand acres of forest, or gathering of many palaces rather than a united single one, and presents perhaps a wider and more varied retrospect than any of its historical compeers. Poet, philosopher, and historian alike find inexhaustible food for meditation before the grand, irregular pile that rises up before us with its towers and gables massed against the sky—the most elaborate epic ever written in stone. But prior to the stupendous poem that we behold to-day, an idyl rose upon its site; a song, half sacred, half sylvan, floats to us across the distant tide of time, the record of an undying past. A vast virgin forest where the chant of prayer and penitence mingles with the voicing of the primeval choir of oaks, and sycamores, and elms, and spire-like poplars, ranged in many-octaved lyres for the winds to strike with strong melodic finger; and human souls set up in the high places, higher than forest trees or earth-built towers; harps wooing the touch divine of the Master's hand, joining in the ecstatic song of seraph praise; souls these who have cast aside crowns of gold, and trodden their purple garments under foot, to choose the crown of thorns and the scant robe of poverty—love driven to the strange madness of the cross; others there are who sing the deep plain-song of humility and forgiven sin; while some, whose snow-white brow the dark shadow of sin has never crossed, carol forth in innocent joy with the matins of the lark the hymn of deliverance, the psalm of praise and worship, of intercession and thanksgiving—such is the concert of celestial harmony that echoes to us from the long-ago of the grand old forest. Many changes will follow: we shall see a busy stir of multitudinous life alternating with the chill silence of the tomb; princes and prelates hurrying to and fro, noble matrons, and frail women, and death in many forms, beautiful and terrible, serene and tragic, passing and repassing the gates; and we shall hear the woods reverberating to other sounds than those of prayer—to the clanging of civil strife, to the voice of laughter and of tears.

Distinct amidst all the earlier memories of Fontainebleau stand out the figures of S. Louis and his

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mother, Blanche of Castille. There are many versions as to the origin of the place; the most popular one records that S. Louis, being out hunting one day, lost a favorite hound called Bleau, and, after scouring the forest in search of the truant, found him at last quietly drinking at a fountain, and was so enchanted with the beauty of the surrounding scene that he determined to build a hunting-lodge on the spot; he did so, and, in memory of the incident, it was named Fontaine de Bleau. But this pretty legend is rejected by the most reliable historians, who have searched out traces of a much earlier origin for Fontainebleau. There seems sufficient evidence of its having been used as a royal residence by Hugh Capet, and frequented as a favorite rendezvous for the hunt by all the earlier kings of France. The existence of the famous monastery of S. Germain l'Auxerre, at the western extremity of the forest, is advanced as a proof, and a strong one, of its being in those remote times inhabited by royal patrons, for monasteries sprang of necessity where kings lived; and there is no doubt that the greater portion of the abbey lands were grants from good King Robert. Blanche of Castille retired to an old chateau of some sort at Fontainebleau during her husband's absence while at war with England or the Albigenses; she founded in the neighborhood the Abbaye de Lys, which was later on munificently endowed by her son, Louis IX., who even went the length of giving up to it some acres of the forest that he loved so well. It was here that a great portion of his childhood was passed. Under the shadow of the old woods, or pacing the solemn cloisters of the abbey, his mother instilled into his mind those first lessons of fear and love upon which his life was so faithfully modelled. "My son, I love thee dearly, but, so help me God, I would rather see thee dead at my feet than have thee live to sully thy soul with one mortal sin." Truly, a valiant mother of the Machabean mould—a woman of strong faith, worthy to be the mother of a Christian king.

When the child has grown to manhood, we see him still at Fontainebleau, holding his court of justice under the broad shade of a giant oak, he seated on the gnarled trunk, while his people gathered round him—a young patriarch settling the disputes of his tribe, dealing out the law; justice and mercy being counsel, and judge, and jury, and the king's word supreme. Sometimes we see him dashing through the glade, followed by his courtiers, while the merry hunting-horn scares the wild birds from their nests, and rouses the tusky boar in his lair; but more frequently we see the king alone, meditating on the frail tenure of earthly joys and pride, or surrounded by the wise and learned men, too noble to be called courtiers, whose society he enjoyed better than that of youths of his own age. Louis preserved through life a taste for the monastic offices that he had joined in habitually with Blanche de Castille in his childhood; and, when he could spare a few days from the cares of his kingdom, he would spend them in the prayerful solitude of the monastery of the Mathurins, assisting at all the offices with the monks, and helping them in tending the sick and teaching the poor. His young courtiers made merry over this strange pastime for a king, but Louis only laughed, and said: "Let them laugh, these young ones! It hurts no one, and God is not offended. If I spent my time in hunts, and tournaments, and dancing, they would not blame me. Let them laugh; pray God

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I may never give them cause to weep!" Once S. Louis fell ill at Fontainebleau, and, being considered at the point of death, he called his little son to him, and gave him some touching advice concerning his conduct and private life; then suddenly changing his tone to one of great impetuosity, he exclaimed: "I pray thee, fair son, make thyself loved of my people! for verily I had rather a Scotchman came from Scotland to govern the kingdom well and loyally than that it should be unfairly or unkindly governed by thee!"

Joinville, who was the close companion of S. Louis through the most active part of his career, finds no words wherewith to praise adequately the character and virtues of the king. "What concerned himself alone could never move him to joy or wrath," says this trustworthy chronicler; "but when it touched the honor of God, or the happiness of his people, Louis knew no fear, and brooked no delay, nor could any earthly consideration hinder him in the discharge of a duty." Yet Joinville censures his master severely for having undertaken the second Crusade, which he condemns as a great military and political mistake. Had it succeeded, however, Egypt would have become a Christian colony, and the cross would have been planted on the pyramids; this was what S. Louis looked to beyond the conquest of Jerusalem; and, if his dream had been realized, Joinville would hardly have pronounced it a "great mistake."

A quaint anecdote is told of a trick played by S. Louis to ensnare his nobles into enlisting in this fatal expedition. The court was at Fontainebleau for the celebration of Christmas. It was customary for the king to present the courtiers with furred cloaks called *liveries* to wear at Midnight Mass on Christmas eve. S. Louis had a great number of these made, and gave orders that a cross should be embroidered in dark silk on the shoulder of each, and that they should be distributed at the last moment in a dimly lighted apartment; this was done, according to the king's command; the courtiers hurriedly donned their *liveries*, and it was only when they entered the brilliantly illuminated church that the wearers beheld the symbol on each other's backs. They were at first astonished and displeased, says Joinville, but when the king came forward with the cross on his own shoulder and the crucifix in his hand, and asked if they would tear theirs off, and send him forth alone to the Holy Land, a thrill of chivalrous ardor ran through the assembly, and all answered as one voice: "No; we will follow you! We will keep the cross!" And they did.

Blanche de Castille, whose religious enthusiasm is rightly or wrongly credited with the responsibility of this ill-fated enterprise, held the regency during her son's absence, and proved by her courage in confronting the dangers and difficulties of the charge, and by her wisdom and counsel, that even in those unprogressive days a wise and virtuous woman made no bad substitute for a man in the mighty task of government. She spent most of her time in the comparative retirement of Fontainebleau; but when the news came of the disastrous issue of Mansoorah, where the Christian army was cut to pieces, and the king with his noblest captains taken prisoners, she left it, and hastened to the capital, in order to work more actively for the ransom of her son and his brave companions in arms. It was a terrible time for a mother. The queen knew that those who had taken her

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son captive had no power over his soul; she knew that Louis was more commanding in his chains than he had even been at the head of his armies; that adversity would teach him no language unbecoming a Christian prince; that neither threats nor torture would wrench from him any compromise unworthy of his honor; and that captivity, nay, death, in so august a cause was the most enviable destiny she could have wished him; but she was a human mother withal, and in this hour of trial her motherhood vindicated itself relentlessly. Blanche labored day and night to raise a ransom that might tempt the Turk to give up his prize. She heard that eight thousand *besants* * would be accepted for the king himself, and this sum was with great difficulty mustered and sent to Palestine. But when Louis heard it, he sent word to the sultan that "the King of France was not to be ransomed with gold or silver; that he would give the town of Damietta for his own person, and eight thousand *besants* for his army." The offer was rejected with scorn, and Louis was subjected to still greater cruelties and humiliations; but at last, worn out by the indomitable heroism of his victim, the sultan gave way; the regal fortitude in which suffering had clothed their captive had subdued even his jailers into wondering admiration, and they set him free, declaring that "this king was the proudest Christian that the East had ever seen." No sooner was he at liberty, than, instead of hastening away from the scenes of his misery and misfortunes, Louis set to work to spread the Gospel far and wide in Palestine; but Blanche had earned a right to clasp him to her heart after those three years of separation. She felt, too, that the days were growing short; so she wrote, entreating him to come home. S. Louis was repairing the ramparts of Sidon when the summons reached him; he immediately prepared to obey it; but, before he had left Sidon, the mother who, next to God, had been the supreme love of his life had taken her flight to a better world. She died at Fontainebleau. "He made great mourning thereat," says Sire de Joinville, "that for two days no speech could be gotten of him. After that he sent a chamber-man to fetch me. When I came before him in his chamber, where he was alone, he stretched forth his arms, and said to me, 'O seneschal! I have lost my mother. My God, thou knowest that I loved this mother better than all other creatures, but thy will be done. Blessed be thy name!'" Philip le Bel (IV.) was born at Fontainebleau. There are conflicting versions as to the place of Philip's death, but it is generally supposed to have taken place at Fontainebleau, in the same room where he was born. There was a current belief at the time, and it was preserved through many succeeding generations, that his death was the result of a summons issued against him by the grand master of the templars, Jacques de Molai. A hundred and thirteen templars perished at the stake during Philip's reign, and these *autos-da-fe* were crowned by that of the grand master, who was burnt alive in the gardens of his own palace. As the flames rose round his naked body, the templar lifted up his voice, and, in the hearing of the vast multitude of spectators, solemnly summoned Philip "to meet him at the judgment-seat in four months from that day." The death of the king precisely four months from the day of De Molai's execution gave a sanction to the

* A sum estimated at about seven million francs of modern money.

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credulity of the people, and the legend passed into an historical occurrence. The fact of the summons is accepted; we can have no difficulty in admitting its inevitable effect on the mind of the individual against whom it was sent forth. There was a prevailing belief that a dying man had the power to issue the formidable command, and that obedience was compulsory. Philip, whose passion for gold had led him to confiscate the treasures of the templars, and then to calumniate and persecute them in order to justify his own spoliations, was haunted by the words of De Molai. He grew sick, and his illness, defying all the arts of medicine, soon brought him to the verge of death. Feeling that his days were numbered, he begged to be taken to Fontainebleau, that he might gaze once more upon the home of his happy childhood. On arriving there, he sent for his children and his friends, and took a sorrowful farewell of them. "They entered the chamber where the king was," says Godefroid de Paris, "and where there was very little light. They asked him how he felt, and he answered: 'Ill in body and in soul. I have put on so many *tillages* and laid hands on so much riches that I shall never be absolved. Methinks I shall die to-night, for I suffer grievous hurt from the curses which pursue me.'" And that same night he died (1314).

The sons of Philip frequented Fontainebleau very faithfully. So did Charles V.; but a veil of mist hangs over the history of the castle during the greater part of the XIVth century. We only find it mentioned now and then as a meeting-place for the hunt of royal sportsmen. Isabeau de Bavière honored it often with her presence, and enlarged a portion of the building. But the romantic history of Fontainebleau dates from Francis I. He was to it what Louis XIV. was to Versailles. It is customary amongst the admirers of those two brilliant representatives of French monarchy to set them side by side, and compare their characters and achievements. And no doubt there are points of resemblance between them, but it is difficult to pursue the comparison much below the surface. Louis XIV., as a king, certainly has the best of it, and, as a man, Francis seems to have had all the vices without many of his successor's redeeming virtues. Louis was dissipated, but he put a limit to his dissipation: Francis knew none; he exhausted the treasury by his wanton prodigality and the army by his senseless ambition; he burnt La Provence, he broke his plighted word to Charles V., and yet we hear him spoken of as the rival of Bayard, "sans peur et sans reproche."*

History passes strange verdicts sometimes, but stranger still is the blind credulity with which posterity endorses them, and clings to them in spite of the light that by degrees pierces through the darkness, showing up the idol or the monster, stripped of masks and drapery, and exposed in its nakedness, or clothed with its own deeds, that make the only garment it has a right to wear; we acknowledge that we have been worshipping a false standard, or forswearing an honest one; but we go on with a dogged tenacity worshipping and forswearing still, rather than forsake an old love or renounce an old antipathy. There are few personages in history who have usurped this kind of worship and held it more successfully than Francis I. Fontainebleau is not, however, the appropriate place for challenging his claims to the ap-

* Fearless and stainless.

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plause of posterity; here he is on his vantage-ground; we see him at his best, all his faults, if not obliterated, mellowed in the blaze of borrowed glory that encircles him; here he is the graceful knight-errant, the magnificent patron of art, and science, and learning, surrounded by men of genius, whom he treats as equals and as friends; we forget his profligate follies, his reckless waste of the kingdom's money and the kingdom's blood, when we see him petting Leonardo da Vinci, doing the behests and humoring the crotchets of the cantankerous old genius so tenderly, and bearing his unreasonable jealousy and his reproaches like a chidden child. It would go hard with us to be severe on so lovable a scapegrace, even if he were not the King of France. Francis ought never to come before us except in the midst of his beloved artists. There he is perfect. To Leonardo his demeanor is especially touching. When the proud old man, still in the zenith of his fame, but stung by the coldness of Leo X. and frightened by the rising glory of Michael Angelo's sun, turned sulkily away from his native land, Francis invited him to Fontainebleau, received him with open arms, and treated him like a prince as he was of the true *right divine* creation, and laid himself out to console him and brighten the evening of his days. The exile was querulous from ill-health, as well as soured by disappointment and the ingratitude of the Medici; but Francis bore with his temper and his lamentations with the sweetness of a woman; there was no tender gracefulness that sympathy could devise to cheer the old man's spirit and heal his aching pride that the king had not recourse to; he would have kept him at Fontainebleau, near his own person, but Leonardo, who was so fond of solitude and meditation that he never married, "because the clatter of a wife's tongue would have disturbed his thoughts," could not bear the gay bustle of the court, and said he must go somewhere to be quiet; so Francis gave him a splendid suite of apartments in the Château de Clou at Amboise. He spent the remaining four years of his life there, painting his celebrated Mona Lissa, the most exquisitely finished perhaps of all his works, and in writing his treatise *Della Pittura*, a book of great originality and learning, written, like all Da Vinci's books, after the manner of the Eastern manuscripts, from right to left—a singularity which he adopted, it is said, to foil the curiosity of those around him, and prevent his brother artists from discovering his secrets. The king paid twelve thousand livres for Mona Lissa—an unprecedented sum for a work of art in those days. When Leonardo was thought to be near his end, Francis had him conveyed to Fontainebleau that he might watch over him himself and be with him at the close.

On the morning of his death, when the king came into the room, the dying man tried to raise himself on his couch to welcome him, but the effort was too much; he sank forward, and would have fallen but for the timely arms that rescued him. Francis laid the venerable old head upon his breast, and there it lay till Leonardo breathed his last.

The artist had been pursued for months before his death by a morbid terror of being buried alive, and had implored Francis to let him be kept three days before the coffin was closed. The king complied with the wish, and caused his friend to be exposed with royal honors, and the body laid in state for three days. He was buried in the Church of S. Flo-

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rentin, near his own abode at Amboise.

Benvenuto Cellini is another shining stone in the pedestal of Francis I. Discontented with the recognition that his genius met with at home, he too was enticed from the blue skies of Florence to the colder but more genial atmosphere of Fontainebleau, and was petted by the graceful king only in a less degree than Da Vinci. But Benvenuto, who knew so many things, who excelled almost equally as a poet, a sculptor, and a painter, was lamentably ignorant in the art of being a courtier. The Duchesse d'Estampes was queen of the gay palace of Armida, and all the great men that frequented it bowed before her; but this bold Florentine, who had a dash of the brigand in his composition, thought he might dispense with her patronage, and refused to do homage at the common shrine; he knew that he had had the bad luck to displease the haughty fair one by his untutored manners from the first, and, instead of trying to conciliate, he determined to conquer her. The duchess was a liberal and enlightened patroness of art, and seems to have merited in some degree by her personal accomplishments the flattering title bestowed on her by one of her protégés of "the most beautiful of *savantes* and the most learned of belles." Her sway over Francis rested, therefore, on something stronger than the ephemeral tenure of mere beauty; but, had it been otherwise, what chance was there for Benvenuto against the favorite of the king? He, foolish mortal, braved her so far as to ask the king direct, without having recourse to her intervention, for an order to cast a bronze statue for the great gallery which was in process of completion, and Francis gave him the order, with carte blanche for the execution. The statue was finished, and a day appointed for the king to see it. This was a precious opportunity for a woman's vengeance; the duchess knew that the triumph of the artist depended altogether on the first impression produced on the king, and that the triumph of the work depended mainly on the light in which it was seen: Cellini had named an hour when the sun would pour in soft, full floods of light down the gallery; and, long before the appointed time, he was there, watching every changing shadow that it cast upon his statue, counting the minutes impatiently, while his friends and all the court flocked in to assist at the king's entrance, and witness the triumph or the humiliation of the sculptor. But the hour passed, and another, and another, and there was no sign of Francis; the sun was gathering up its light, and speeding away to the west, and the brown twilight was creeping into the gallery. Benvenuto grew nervous, then outrageous. He paced up and down before his Jupiter like a man gone mad. Where was the king? Would no one take pity on him to go and call the king? But Benvenuto knew full well that none in that courtly crowd would be guilty of so rash an act. Not even he himself would dare to do it. He knew whose fault it was that the king was not forthcoming, and he gnashed his teeth in savage but impotent rage. But genius, like prophecy, has a ready handmaid in inspiration. "Let fall the curtains, and bring lights," cried the sculptor, with a sudden bound from despair to triumph. The partisans of the "*belle savante*" groaned, and stood still; the friends of Cellini flew to obey his orders. It mattered not that they did not understand: the master did. In less time than it takes to tell, the gallery

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was illuminated from end to end; lamps, torches, waxlights, every luminary that hands could carry, was put in requisition, till Jupiter shone out magnificent, terrible, and dazzling in the blaze of an impromptu illumination more weirdly effective than the brightest daylight could have been.

Cellini's spirit rose to frenzy. He ran hither and thither, arranging the lights with a view to more striking effect; clustering many flames in a group at one point, leaving another in partial shade; clapping his hands in wild delight one minute, impatiently knocking down one of his helpmates the next. It was finished. The king was heard approaching. Cellini, with an imperious gesture, commanded silence; the doors of the gallery were thrown open, and the colossal bronze god flashed out in all his dark effulgence on the astonished and enchanted gaze of the monarch. The triumph of the hour was complete; but it cost the sculptor dear. The duchess gave Francis no peace till he quarrelled with her enemy, and dismissed him from the court.

Many Italian artists had followed Leonardo da Vinci to France, some out of love for the great master himself, others tempted by the generosity which the King of France showed universally to their class. The most distinguished of these disciples of Leonardo was Andrea del Sarto. But he was of too restless a disposition to settle anywhere permanently; camp, court, and studio alike wearied him after a time; his wings were too buoyant to remain long folded even in the enchanted clime of Fontainebleau; he was not more than a year there, when he declared it was a necessity of life for him to return to Florence, the ostensible motive being to see his wife. Francis proposed to send for her, promising that she should be made welcome to his court as an honored guest; but Andrea said this would not do: he must go himself and fetch her. All the king could obtain was a promise that he would return to France in a year; and, to make the promise more binding, he entrusted him with a considerable sum of money, to be expended, according to Andrea's taste and judgment, on objects of art for the decoration of the palace. But when Andrea found himself once more in Florence, in the company of his wife and his former boon companions, he forgot all about his mission, and spent the king's money in merry-making; he did not dare show himself at Fontainebleau after this, but frittered away the rest of his life in his native city, where he eventually died in poverty and contempt. It would take too long to enumerate the various European celebrities who fill up the brilliant picture presented by Francis' court at this period; but we cannot refuse a passing mention to Serlio, the accomplished Bolognese architect, whom the king lured away from Italy by his gold and his honeyed flattery. Serlio rebuilt the palace almost entirely; his genius was allowed full scope, and the result justified the confidence of his patron.

The area of the old building being much too small for the magnificent new plan, Francis bought in the Mathurin Convent and the noble grounds with which Louis IX. had endowed it, and added them to the original site. The design of the library had been sketched by S. Louis, and this Serlio adhered to strictly, making no change of his own. When the edifice was finished, Francis swept Italy and Spain for artists to adorn and beautify it. Rosso came to paint the walls in fresco, and his design for the grand gallery, which was to be called the Gallery of Francis I., carried the prize over

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all his competitors; he embellished it with paintings, friezes of great beauty, and rich stucco-work. So delighted was the king with the result of Rosso's labors that, in addition to other favors, he created him a canon of the Sainte Chapelle. This wonderful gallery had sixteen frescoes representing the most remarkable incidents in the life of Francis; the famous *porte dorée** was decorated by the same gifted hand. It is lamentable to think that these glorious works of art, which formed Rosso's principal claim on the admiration of the world, were sacrificed to the vindictive jealousy of a rival. Francesco Pellegrini had been the early friend of Rosso; but, when they met as fellow-laborers at Fontainebleau, the friendship turned to a rivalry which soon developed into bitter enmity, and ended in the tragic death of Rosso. Primaticcio, as Pellegrini is usually called, was accused by his rival of having stolen a large sum of money from him; he was put to the torture, but acquitted triumphantly. Rosso was then seized with shame and remorse; haunted in imagination by the shrieks of the innocent man, the friend of his youth, whom he had given up to the torture, his mind gave way, and in a fit of insanity he took poison, which killed him in a few hours. Some say that Rosso knew that the accusation was false, and that he brought it designedly against Primaticcio, hoping to get rid of him; but his frantic grief on discovering his mistake, and the fatal consequences of his remorse, may be taken as contradictory evidence of this opinion. Primaticcio, moreover, by his subsequent conduct, vindicates his unhappy rival from having done him so very great a wrong in suspecting him capable of the theft, for he unblushingly stole from Rosso what was incomparably more precious to him than gold—his fame. No sooner was he master of the field, than he set about to destroy all traces of Rosso's beautiful compositions, pulling down the walls which they adorned, under pretence of enlarging the space. Some few that were spared by the relentless destroyer have been obliterated by damp and the effects of time. There is one fine painting of his to be seen in the Louvre—"Mary receiving the homage of S. Elizabeth."

The fêtes given at Fontainebleau by Francis I., though perhaps inferior in splendor to those of Louis XIV. at Versailles, surpassed them in picturesque elegance; they were rather the ideal festivities of an artist than the gorgeous pageants of an Arabian caliph. But the leisures of Francis were not all wasted in frivolous amusements. In his sane moments, when he was not flying after that will-o'-the-wisp that cost France and him so dear, the conquest of the Milanese, he was something more than the mere fascinating madcap that his enemies make him out; for it is his lot, like that of all charming but unprincipled sovereigns, to inspire panegyrics and denunciations equally exaggerated. He was not only a patron of those artists who contributed to the adornment of his dwellings: Francis courted the society of learned men for learning's sake. The luxurious repasts of Fontainebleau were enlivened and refined by the presence of such men as Clement Marot, whose style, full of terseness and incisive grace, the king was fond of emulating in verses of his own composition, not altogether devoid of poetic merit. He delighted in the chivalrous lays of the middle ages, and in the harmonious cadence and florid imagery of the ballads of the

* Gilt door.

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troubadours. The witty Curé of Mendon was a frequent guest at the royal table, Francis provoking his lively sallies, and heartily enjoying them, though the sarcasm was often boldly pointed at himself. Learned men of every class—doctors, bookworms, and even printers—were admitted to the same honor. Erasmus was one of the few who withstood the wiles of the charmer; he steadfastly refused all invitations to reside permanently at Fontainebleau; but he kept up a brisk correspondence with Francis, the honest freedom of whose tone throughout does equal honor to the scholar and the king. The French court was, in fact, the most polished and the gayest in Europe at this period. The sprightly Queen of Navarre—that sister whom Francis so tenderly loved, his "Marguerite des Marguerites"—was its presiding genius and brightest ornament. She was passionately fond of Fontainebleau, and made it her home during the greater part of her first husband's life, and after her marriage with Henri de Navarre, who was so frequently absent, either in her brother's service or in the pursuit of war on his own account. Her image is everywhere associated in our memory with that of Francis in his favorite palace. In her boudoir, a spacious and magnificently decorated room, leading out of Rosso's noble gallery, the royal brother and sister passed many delightful hours, either in affectionate converse together, or surrounded by the artists and learned men whom they both loved to honor. Here Francis placed the library of rare books and manuscripts for which he had scoured Italy, Spain, and Greece. The erudite Erasmus would sometimes deliver one of his learned discourses on deep and elevating themes in the privacy of this enchanting retreat, while Marguerite de Navarre worked out, in rainbow-tinted silks and golden threads, the poem of one of her artist friends, or some chivalrous exploit of her idolized Francis. Happy had it been for Francis and for France had he dwelt content amidst the peaceful and refined delights of this Eldorado. But there was the Milanese—that unlucky Milanese, the bane of his life, and of his people's while his lasted. Again and again he flew at it like a moth at the flame, or a madman at his *idée fixe*—failure and humiliation, instead of disgusting him with his hobby, only goaded him to its pursuit with greater zest. And what odd, shifting relations grew out of this standing duel between him and Charles V.! Alternately, they were rivals, friends, deadly foes, and "dear brothers." Beside the gloomy, vindictive Spanish warrior, subtle in his policy, swift and ruthless in his vengeance, the brilliant figure of Francis shone at its best; he had all the qualities that his rival lacked; his uncalculating generosity, his rash impulses that led him into so many grievous straits, all stand out in bright relief against the dark background of the contest. The story of the broken Treaty of Madrid is one of the many vexed questions over which the apologists of both princes have broken innumerable lances, but they leave it pretty much where it stood in the year of grace 1527, after the Notables decided that the conditions of the treaty were monstrous, and had been unjustifiably imposed by a jailer on his prisoner, and that Francis was right in maintaining *que prisonnier gardé n'est tenu à nulle foye, n'y se peut obliger à rien.**

Charles had no right to exact the abdication of his conquered foe, and

* "A guarded prisoner is not bound by any oath, nor can he be held to any vow made under compulsion."

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the latter had no power to effect it without the consent of his Notables, which he knew full well would never be granted. Still, the solemn oath sworn on the crucifix by Francis in presence of the emperor is not to be disposed of so easily. It would have been more consistent with the character for Bayard-like chivalry, which the French prince arrogated, to have withheld the pledge which he knew he could not redeem, than to purchase his liberty by a subterfuge that has left an equivocal mark upon his memory. He was only a life-tenant of the crown of France; he might resign it, but he had no power to alienate its most insignificant fief; in swearing, therefore, to hand over the duchy of Burgundy and the counties of Flanders and Artois to Charles V., he was performing a vain sham; for, had he been willing to carry out the promise of renunciation himself, he was well aware that the states-general and the parliament of the realm would never ratify the act, and that without their ratification it remained null and void. The strong epithets used by Charles in denouncing the disloyalty of his quondam captive in violating this preposterous treaty are, however, somewhat misplaced, considering the duplicity and cruelty which he himself had displayed in extracting impossible concessions from a brave and conquered foe.

It was not long before Francis had an opportunity of vindicating his much-prized character for chivalrous magnanimity by heaping coals of fire on the head of Charles. The emperor was on his way to Ghent, and applied to the king for a safe-conduct through his dominions. It was granted at once, but on condition that the emperor should remain for a few days the guest of Francis. Charles was in such a hurry to castigate the rebels that he would have promised more than this in order to arrive swiftly on the scene of vengeance; he consented to halt at Fontainebleau; but no sooner had he set foot on the soil of his "good brother of France," than he was seized with tremors and suspicions that made his life miserable; he accused himself of madness in having so rashly rushed into the arms of a prince whom he had persecuted meanly when he was in his power, and whose state he had grievously injured; nor did the magnificence of the reception which greeted him on his arrival calm his fears. Francis, who was utterly incapable of a base breach of hospitality, could not forego the pleasure of playing a little on the agonies of Charles; he occasionally repeated to him the murmurings of the Queen of Navarre and the Dauphin, who would fain have improved the rare opportunity by compelling their guest to undo some of the mischief he had done their brother and father. Francis even recounted to the emperor with great merriment an epigrammatic little passage between himself and his favorite dwarf, Triboulet: while the latter was diverting the king with his usual antics on the night of the Spaniard's arrival, he suddenly pulled out his tablets, and began to write with an air of great gravity. "What are you writing there, Triboulet?" inquired his master. "The name of a bigger fool than myself," replied the dwarf, "Who is that?" said Francis. "Charles," replied Triboulet. "But suppose I keep my word, and let him go?" queried the king. "Then," answered Triboulet, "I would rub out Charles, and write Francis instead."

The question of the Milanese was discussed between the two sovereigns during this period with great earnestness on one side and consummate

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skill on the other. Charles promised solemnly to bestow the investiture on the Dauphin; but, when Francis urged him to confirm his pledge by a written guarantee, he cunningly retaliated his host's answer concerning the Treaty of Madrid: "*Prisonnier gardé n'est tenu à nulle foye, n'y se peut obliger à rien.*" He declared, however, that on reaching Flanders he would give the promise in writing. We know how he kept his word.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.

BRITTANY: ITS PEOPLE AND ITS POEMS.*

THIRD ARTICLE.

In a former notice, we expressed an intention to present our readers with the translation of certain curious fragments relating to Merlin; to be followed by some of the historical poems which succeeded the Druidic compositions of earlier times. We proceed to fulfil our promise.

The name of Merlin (Myrrdhin, or Marzin) is so closely associated with the early mystic and mythological poetry of Cambria and Armorica that it will be desirable to give some account of this personage, as far as the uncertainty of his history renders it possible to do so, before reproducing any of the poems of which he is the subject.

It has long been supposed that there existed two Merlins, one of whom, a magician, was the offspring of a Christian virgin and a Roman consul who lived in the Vth century, in the reign of Ambrose Aurelian; or, according to the popular tradition, whose father was no mortal, but a malignant *Duz*, whom, under the form of a bird, she unwittingly let in at her window: and the other, a warrior and bard, who after the battle of Arderiz, in which he had unintentionally killed his nephew, lost his reason, and retired from the world.

But critics of the present day agree in considering that it is one person who is the subject of a triple tradition, and that it is the same Merlin who appears in the light of a mythological, historical, and legendary hero.

The fragments which still remain in Wales of the poems of this bard are either very much modernized or almost wholly transformed. Of the ballads relating to him which exist in Brittany, there seem to be four principal ones. First, a cradle-song, intensely pagan in spirit, in which his mother plaintively relates to him his mysterious origin while rocking him to sleep, and when, to her amazement, the infant derides her regrets, and defends his father, declaring himself to be born to be the good genius of the Breton nation. This poem it is needless to reproduce. We give translations of the remaining three, beginning with

* For the preceding articles of this series, the reader is referred to THE CATHOLIC WORLD for December, 1868, and June, 1870.

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MERLIN THE WIZARD.

(MARZIN DIVINOUR.)

VTH CENTURY.

"Merlin, sage Merlin, say, whither away,
With your Black Dog, at the dawn of the day?"
"Secking am I, in each wave-hollowed cleft,
Egg red as blood, by the sea-adder left.

"Cress I would seek in the meadowland low,
Magical gold-herb, and weird mistletoe;
Deep in the forest to find must I go,
Where by the fay-haunted fount it doth grow."

"Merlin, sage Merlin, your steps, ah, retrace!
Mistletoe leave, the old oak-tree to grace;
Leave the green cress and the gold-herb to grow,
Hid in the well-watered meadowland low.

"Leave the red egg of the snake of the sea
Mid the wild foam of the breakers to be.
Merlin! turn back from the path you have trod,
One and the only Diviner is God!"

The latter half of the poem appears to be the voice of S. Kado, the Christian bishop to whom tradition attributes the conversion of Merlin.

The gold-herb figures as one of the most approved charms of Druidic days. It is said to sparkle at a distance like gold—whence its name—and is greatly esteemed by the Bretons for its medicinal qualities. It must be gathered at dawn, by a person who is in a state of grace, fasting, barefoot, and clad in white linen which has not been previously worn. A circle is traced round it, and no steel must approach it, but it must be carefully plucked by the hand. Should any one chance to tread upon the plant, he sleeps forthwith, and can hear and understand the language of animals and birds.

In the next poem, Merlin no longer appears as a magician. He is himself overcome by a sorceress, who, after depriving him of his harp and his gold ring, the symbols of his dignity as bard, takes advantage of a particular taste he seems to have had for apples (if we may judge by the praises lavished upon that fruit in poems of his composition still extant in Wales*) to ensnare him, and to make even his will powerless by their means.

The tradition of his disappearance is common to Wales and Brittany. "The tomb of Merlin is known to none," says the bard Myvyrian, who lived before the Xth century. And in the Welsh Triads† it is written that "he embarked with nine other bards, and whither he went cannot be known." He himself says that he fled from the court to dwell in the woods.‡

The king mentioned in the ballad appears to be Budik, chief of the Bretons of Armorica, a British prince who emigrated from Cornwall, and who was a valiant defender of the independence of Brittany against the Franks. He was assassinated by order of Clovis, who had been unable to overcome him in battle, about the year 506. He married his daughter Alienor to a prince whose name is unknown, and gave her Léon for dowry.

MERLIN THE BARD.

(MARZIN BARZ.)

I.

"Good grandmother, pray list to me:
Fain would I go the feast to see—
The feast commanded by the king,
And join the races in the ring."

"To see the feast you will not go,
To this, nor other one I trow;
Go you shall not to see the sight:
I see that you have wept this night.
Go you will not while I can let,
If dreamings fond your cheeks make wet."

"Sweet little mother, love you me?
Can *you* forbid me there to be?"
"In flying thither, you will sing:
Returning, you will droop the wing."

II.

Bridled has he his chestnut colt,
His chestnut colt so red:
Its hoofs, well shod with glittering steel,
Strike fire at every tread.

* See *Myvyrian*, vol. i. p. 150.
† *Trioed inis Prydain*, vol. iii. s. 1.
‡ *Myvyrian.*

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Gleams on its neck a ring, and on
Its tail a ribbon gay;
Fair trappings o'er its back he throws,
Then mounts and speeds away.

E'en as he gains the glittering course,
The horns all loudly sound;
While, in the ever-thickening crowd,
The eager horses bound.

"Who the great barrier of the field
Shall leap at one clear spring,
Perfect and free, the same shall wed
The daughter of the king!"

Wildly thereat the young colt neighs,
Prances, and bounds amain;
His gleaming eyes flash eager fire,
He paws the ground with keen desire,
Then flies across the plain.

Far, far behind, the others all
Were long ago pass'd by:
He flies alone. With one great bound,
He clears the barrier high.

"My lord the king, your royal word
Is pledged that so it be:
The fair Linor I therefore crave,
For surely mine is she."

"The princess Linor think not thou
In any wise to win.
No sorcerer my daughter weds,
Nor any of his kin."

An aged man, whose snowy beard
Upon his breast flowed down,
White as the wool by furze-brake torn
Upon the moorland brown—

An aged man, with robe of wool,
Bordered by silver band
Throughout its length, sat by the king,
Upon the king's right hand.

Unto the royal ear he bent—
He bent, and whispered low;
Then did the king his sceptre raise,
And struck a sounding blow—

A blow upon the table thrice,
That all the field might hear:
It hushed the crowd to silence, while,
With voice both loud and clear,

Thus spake the king: "So bring thou me
The harp of Merlin old,
Which by four chains hangs by his bed—
Four chains of finest gold:
If Merlin's harp thou bring to me,
My child, perchance, shall marry thee."

III.

"Good grandmother, I pray give heed,
And counsel me in this my need:
My heart is broken!" "Oh, indeed!
Hadst thou not set at naught my rede,
Thy hap had met with better speed.
Poor grandson mine! Yet weep not so:
The harp shall be unbound, I trow.
A golden hammer here behold,
No sound rings from its stroke of gold."

IV.

"Now fair befall this palace high,
And joy to all therein!
Behold, with Merlin's harp I come,
Which scarce I hoped to win."

When the king's son these tidings heard,
Low to his sire spake he:
And thereupon thus said the king,
To that bold youth and free:

"If thou from Merlin's own right hand
Safe unto me shalt bring
The ring he wears, Linor is thine
When I receive the ring."

V.

He went his way, and, weeping, sought
His grandame, with new care distraught:
"Behold, the king his word hath spoken!
Behold, the king his word hath broken!"

"Nay, fret thee not: there is small need;
Only, to that I bid, give heed:
My little coffer open thou,
And take thereout a slender bough,
Whereon twelve glittering leaflets grow:
Like fiery gold they gleam and glow.
'Tis now full seven years agone
Since seven woods I searched, alone,
On seven nights, at darkest hour,
Ere I could win that plant of power.
When you the midnight cock-crow hear,
Your red horse waits: speed forth, nor fear:
In slumber deep will Merlin be;
So fear thee not: good speed to thee!"

When loud the cock at midnight crowed,
The red steed bounded on the road;
And ere his notes he ceased to sing,
The youth had borne away the ring.

VI.

Ere dawn had brightened into day,
He stood the king beside,
Whereat the king in wonder gazed,
Silent and stupefied.

And all with him: "His wife, behold,
He verily has won!"
The king retires a moment, with
The old man and his son.

Anon the king returns, and still
The two are at his side:
And thus he spake; "'Tis true, my son,
That thou hast gained thy bride;

"Yet is there one adventure more
Which thou must undertake;
When that is sped my son-in-law
Forthwith I thee will make.

"The princess Linor shall be thine,
And all the country fair
Of Léon I bestow for dower;
This, by my race, I swear.

"Do but the thing which I demand,
(And this the last shall be:)
To celebrate the marriage, bring
Bard Merlin unto me."

VII.

"O Merlin, Bard, alone, forlorn,
With all thy garments soiled and torn:
O Merlin, Bard, whence comest thou,
With weary step, with clouded brow,
Bareheaded and barefooted? Say;
And whither wouldst thou wend thy way?
Thy holly staff can barely stay
Thy bending form, thou Druid gray."

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"Alas! To seek my harp I go:
Best solace that my heart can know
In this world. I am wandering
To seek my harp, to seek my ring:
Both have I lost: no more I sing,
But wearily am wandering."

"Nay, then, O Merlin, grieve not so;
Yet shalt thou find thy harp, I trow:
Thy harp and eke thy golden ring;
So cease awhile thy wandering.
Enter, O Bard, and rest thee here,
And taste a morsel of my cheer."

"Nay, pray me not: I will not stay,
Nor pause upon my weary way;
I will not cease my painful quest,
I will not eat, I will not rest,
Until I seek no more in vain:
Until my harp I find again."

"Hear me, O Merlin, and obey:
In sooth, thou wilt not long delay
Thy harp to find. Come in, I pray,
A little space, nor say me nay."

She so besought, so urged him, till
Her wily wit had worked her will.

With night approaching, home there came
The grandson of that ancient dame;
And when he drew the hearth anear,
Back started he with sudden fear;
For there Bard Merlin sat at rest,
His head low bowed upon his breast:
Yes, there forsooth sate Merlin gray;
And he?—how should he flee away?

"Hush, grandson mine! fear naught; in deeps
Of slumber most profound he sleeps.
Eaten has he red apples three,
On the hot ashes cooked by me.
Whither we list we now may fare,
And he will follow everywhere."

VIII.

In early morning, ere the queen
Had risen from her bed,
Her waiting-lady to her side
She called, to whom she said:

"What in the city has befall'n?
And what the noise, I pray,
That shakes the columns of my bed,
Ere yet 'tis dawn of day?

"And what has happened in the court?
And wherefore do the crowd
With eager tumult thus press on
With joyous shouts and loud?"

"It is that all the town is glad,
And keeping holiday,
Because unto this palace high
Bard Merlin comes to-day;

"And by his side an aged dame
In robe of white wool fair:
The royal son-in-law, behind,
Follows the ancient pair."

This heard the king, and ran to see:
"Haste thee, good crier arise!
Rise from thy bed: make speed: proclaim
The feast in gallant wise.

"Make proclamation through the land,
And summon great and small
Alike, to keep the marriage feast,
And make high festival.

"Come all who will, come high and low:
The daughter of the king
Affianced eight days hence will be
With the betrothal ring.

"Bid to the nuptials nobles, lords
Of ancient Brittany,
Dukes, marquises, and judges grave,
And all of high degree.

"Bid churchmen, warriors, and knights;
But summon first of all
The great crown-vassals of the land:
The rich, the poorest, call.

"Run, messenger, the country through,
With diligence and speed;
To hasten quickly thy return
See that thou give good heed."

IX.

"Good people all two ears who own,
Wide open let them be,
And silence keep—keep silence all,
And hearken unto me.

"Hearken to that which is ordained:
The daughter of the king
In eight days hence betroth'd will be,
And wear the 'spousal ring.

"Come to the nuptials all who list,
Rich, poor, or great, or small;
Churchmen and judges, counts and knights,
The king inviteth all.

"Nothing to you shall lacking be,
Nor silver bright, nor gold,
Nor meat, nor bread, nor hydromel,
Nor wine, for young and old,

"Nor seats for you to sit upon,
Nor valets quick to wait.
Two hundred bulls, two hundred swine,
Will be served up in state.

"Two hundred heifers, and of roes
One hundred from each wood
Throughout the country, oxen white
And black, two hundred, good;

"Whereof the hides shall equally
Be shared among the guests;
And there will be a hundred robes
Of white wool for the priests.

"A hundred chains of burnished gold
For warriors brave and true;
And for young girls a roomful gay
Of festal mantles blue.

"Eight hundred nether garments good
For folk of poor estate,
And seemly gifts for every guest
Or be he small or great.

"A hundred skilled musicians there,
Each seated in his place,
Music will make, by day and night,
The festival to grace.

"And in the midst of all the court,
With fitting pomp and state,
Merlin the Bard that marriage high
Will duly celebrate.

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"In short, the feast will all surpass
That e'er have been before;
Nor will there be in time to come
Its equal evermore."

x.

"Chief of the royal kitchens, say,
The marriage, is it done?"
"Finished, and paid for; and the guests
Departed every one.

"For fifteen days the feast was kept
With gaiety and glee,
Then, laden with rich gifts, the guests
To go their ways were free,

"All with protection from the king;
And thus, with joyful heart,
To Léon with his royal bride
Did the king's son depart.

"All are gone hence, well satisfied;
Not so the king alone:
Merlin the Bard is lost again,
And whither is he gone?"

It is believed that Merlin was assassinated, but popular tradition has not suffered the mysterious bard to die.

The story of the conversion of Merlin in his old age comes down to us from very early times, and has been sung by the Christian bards of Wales, Armorica, and the Gaelic clans. The following ballad, as well the foregoing fragments relating to Merlin, is still sung in Treguier, and other parts of Brittany.

CONVERSION OF MERLIN.

S. Kado walked the forest maze,
Through many a darkling dell:
S. Kado walked thro' the forest green
Ringing his clear-toned bell;
When out from the shade of the ancient trees,
A phantom bounding sprang;
But still S. Kado went his way,
And still his clear bell rang.

The phantom's beard was like lichen gray
Spread o'er an ancient stone,
And its restless eyes, like boiling water,
Glitter and danced and shone.
'Twas Merlin the Bard that Kado met,
That S. Kado met this day,
With fiery eyes that wildly glared,
And beard so long and gray.

"In Heaven's name, I bid thee, phantom,
Tell me who art thou?"
"A bard was I when in the world,
To whom did all men bow.
If I into the palace came,
A joyous crowd pressed round,
And gleaming gold fell from the trees
When my harp began to sound.

"My country's kings all loved me well;
And strange kings held in fear
The mighty bard with harp of gold,
To Brittany so dear.
Now in the woods I dwell alone:
Men honor me no more.
Grinding their teeth, there pass me by
The wolf and fierce wild boar.

"My harp is lost; the trees are felled
From whence dropped glittering gold;
The kings of Brittany are not;
The land to strangers sold.
'Merlin the fool!' now shout the folk,
And pelt, with scoffings bold."

"Poor innocent, return to God,
Who pity has on thee,
And rest thy weariness on him
Who died on Calvary."

"Ah, then in him I will confide,
Will he but pardon me."
"Pardon from him do I pronounce:
The Blessed One in Three."

"A cry of joy my heart sends forth,
To honor heaven's high King;
And through eternal ages I
His praise will ever sing."

"Go, Christian soul, and may his angels
O'er thee spread their wing."

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"FOR BETTER—FOR WORSE."

THE mother of a family of three children sits musing while she mends their clothing which lies heaped upon a table beside her. The pile has lowered slowly under her patient and busy fingers during the long afternoon. The slanting sun now shines across her bowed head while she still continues her work. It touches up the homely furniture of the room with a glow richer than the gilding of art, and lends to the place a cheerful aspect which does not accord with the mood of its occupant. She is a woman of about twenty-four years, with considerable claim to beauty in her regular features and dark, intelligent eyes. But there is a look of discontent on her face, and a querulousness in her voice, as she occasionally reproves the noisy children playing about her. Yet the eyes wear a patient look, in spite of the discontent expressed, and a sort of hushed resolve seems stamped upon her features, as if, whatever is the trouble with which she battles, no acknowledged recognition of it shall find vent. Nature, however, has her way, and that which the voice refuses to utter the eye often betrays, and there will be found lines written upon the human face which those who study physiognomy may translate. It is the chirography of the soul. She writes upon the face as upon a tablet, often also extending the characters to the whole of the frail temple she occupies, leaving her traces in motions of the hands, carriage of the head, the very posture of the body, and in the gait, so that all are eloquent of her subtle influence. How often a pure pious soul, dwelling on heavenly things, recoiling from grossness, and courting all that is divine, praying fervently always not to be led into temptation, but delivered from evil, glorifies a plain face into a seraphic beauty which makes the beholder wonder whence comes this loveliness! We see plain features. We wonder that this face should please as much as it does, forgetting the soul's high mission. We see not the lamp behind the screen of flesh: we only see the effect of the rays. Again, we see faces where nature has done much to beautify, and where a soul not delivered from evil has written such ugly marks that the fair tablet is disfigured with blots and stains of sinful ink flowing from the pen held in the grasp of passion.

Whence comes the writing on the face of this mother sitting in the golden sunshine, doing the work which mothers are usually content to perform? She is striving as best she may with a lot in life distasteful to her, but from which she sees no means of escaping, and, indeed, as yet does not dream of trying to escape. This lot is that of being married to a man of coarser nature than her own, who seldom sympathizes with her in anything at all above the most grovelling interests. Why she married him seems to her now an ever-unsolved puzzle, a never-ceasing source of regret. If she had read the lines, she might conclude with the poet that it was "accident—blind contact and the strong necessity of loving." Not being acquainted with that answer to her riddle, she blames fate and her own inexperienced youth, and the need of a home and protection at a

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time when her own heart had not yet asserted its rights. Now, she knows she does not love her husband, and she thinks she hates him at times. Not that he is cruel, not that he is unfaithful—he is neither of these; but he is narrow, jealous, exacting, unintellectual, and coarse; while she is aspiring, even poetic, in her nature. Fond of the beautiful, seeking it in every way, cultivating her intellect as best she can against the odds of a deficient education, limited means and time, and overtaxed strength of body, she longs for a better position in life. Care has fretted, if not furrowed, her fair white forehead already; yet still she reaches out and clings to every refining influence. All books that have fallen in her way she has read, stealing the time from toiling hours already filled to overflowing with household work. On this particular afternoon, there lies among the stockings she is mending a poem of Whittier's, which has taken such a hold upon her fancy and morbid feeling that the discontent deepens and the hunger of her starving heart gnaws more sharply than usual. This poem, *Maud Muller*, read so gaily by the happy many, with pleasure at its pretty conceits, allies itself so to this woman's experience that it finds an echo she cannot silence, in the lines—

"She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door;
But care and sorrow and childbirth pain
Left their traces on heart and brain."

Although she has never had any other lover, or even a passing fancy for any other man, save some vague ideal of some one different from her husband John Thorndyke, as she reads:

"And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,
A manly form by her side she saw,
And joy was duty, and love was law,"

she seems to herself the heroine of the poem, and John Thorndyke the very unpleasant companion portrayed. And yet no thought of escaping from what she considers her "shackles" obtrudes upon her musings. She is a severe Puritan in her education and faith, and thus far has escaped the base free-thinking and "free-love" tendencies of the day. Marriage, disagreeable as it has proved to her, seems still, if not a sacrament, a binding, honorable state, to be borne with according to her promise, "for better or for worse." She has been married by an Episcopal clergyman, because it had been most convenient, and her husband had preferred that form; and thus her spoken promise has always seemed to her yet more definite. "For better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, cherish, and to obey, till death us do part." That sounds always to her like a doom. Joy is not duty, and love is not law, in her case; but she patiently takes "up her burden of life again, saying only, 'It might have been.'"

But in her lonely heart, she has one pure God-given instinct to glorify her otherwise gloomy religion, and ennoble her dull, hard lot. This is charity in its loveliest form—a disposition for nursing the sick and attending to the needy—a positive vocation for the work, which she does from enthusiasm, not from cold duty. Ever her willing hands minister to the suffering, and often is she called to watch through lonely nights at their bedsides. In this way, her acquaintance has extended far beyond her husband's sphere of life. Often in the houses of her neighbors, both rich and poor, are her skill and kindness called into requisition. Tact and cleverness, and, above all, a willingness to help in time of need, soon make a woman appreciated and respected among those by whom she is

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surrounded, and so it happens that her own life presents itself to her in sharper contrast with the lives of other women.

That unsatisfied hunger at her heart gnaws more and more, and her husband grows to her more and more repulsive; but while he repels her thus, and every tendril of her nature reaches out vainly for supporting strength, she fails not in any duty as wife and mother. While her heart calls vainly, her conscience is answered and obeyed in every exaction. Courting no admiration from others, even where willing tribute is paid to her beauty and refinement; dressing in Quaker-like simplicity, not only in accordance with her limited means, but her own severe taste; leading a quiet, industrious life, Agnes Thorndyke is irreproachable, and esteemed by all who know her. The serpent coiled down in the shadows of her soul is waiting to rear its head—waiting for an evil hand, an evil breath, to warm it into strength, that its venom may poison this pure life.

That evil hand, that evil breath, are coming, as they are always sure to come—

"When such thoughts do not come of themselves
To the heart of a woman neglected, like elves
That seek lonely places—there rarely is wanting
Some voice at her side, with an evil enchanting
To conjure them to her."

"Deliver us from evil." How well our Lord knew the need of that petition for us! How wise the church to require its frequent use! It is the cry of the direst human need, in its last extremity, to its last refuge. How will the evil come to Agnes Thorndyke? and how will she be led into temptation? The gate is opened apparently by her very virtues. While she sits brooding over the thoughts which Whittier's pretty poem has suggested, her attention is aroused by a loud cry, and noise of clattering hoofs and wheels. Running to the window, she sees a crowd around a gentleman who lies bruised and senseless before her door, while a horse and shattered carriage are fast disappearing down the street. Standing on her porch, elevated above the heads of the little crowd, she perceives that the stranger is not killed, but that he must be cared for instantly. She calls to the men to bear him within her open door, that she may assist to dress his wounds, while a surgeon is summoned. This she does so deftly and so gently that the sufferer thanks her warmly, and the surgeon compliments her on her skill.

The man is not very dangerously hurt, but the doctor advises that he be kept very quiet for a time. At this the stranger looks perplexed, and, casting first a searching glance about the room and over the person of Mrs. Thorndyke, he says:

"If I could be allowed to remain here for any remuneration which this lady would consent to receive, I would pay it willingly, and also consider it a great favor. I am a stranger in the place. I had finished the business for which I came, and I was hurrying to the railway station, when this unlucky accident befell me, and threw me upon your kindness."

He looks now at Mrs. Thorndyke. She does not speak immediately, but seems to be considering the expediency of yielding to his request. Her quick sympathy shows her at once that it will be best for him not to be disturbed.

"If you cannot consent, Mrs. Thorndyke," says the doctor, "he had better be removed to the hotel above here."

"Pray, no!" interposes the patient. "I came from there, and glad enough I was to leave it. It is a noisy, dirty, wretched place. Can't you think of

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some better refuge than that?—if I may not stay here."

There is peevishness in his tones while speaking to the doctor which soften to a gentle pleading as he turns at the last words again to his hostess. It is not lost upon her. She is touched by his evident desire to stay, and equally evident need of quiet and rest.

"If my husband does not object when he returns," she says, "I will undertake to be your nurse; but I am afraid our plain house and ways will hardly satisfy you when you are stronger."

"Oh! thanks—a thousand thanks," he replies; "no danger of any fastidiousness of mine standing in the way of my gratitude and content."

And so it is arranged; for the pecuniary help which the stranger offers is not unwelcome to John Thorndyke in the growing needs of his family.

This stranger, Martin Vanderlyn, is a handsome man of thirty-five years, with the kind of beauty and manner which takes captive the fancy of many women, yet which is really satanic; hard and cruel gray eyes, but capable of a soft, imploring expression; dark hair; pale, clear skin; and tall, well-knit figure; a voice agreeable in most of its cadences, but with a treacherous note occasionally grating on the ear, though corrected quickly, as if he himself had felt it; inherent strength, but not purity of purpose; persistent patience in executing his own selfish and sensual will; apparent gentleness, and refinement, and culture, made subservient to his own desires; poetry, and flattery, and irreligion, and sophistry always on his lips and in his eyes—such is the patient which it becomes Agnes Thorndyke's loving task to nurse day after day. In this dangerous companionship, this hungry heart finds solace. "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," should be her constant prayer now. How can she help seeing his admiring eyes follow her, and look into her own? How can she prevent the dangerous familiarity sanctioned by their relative positions of nurse and patient? Well he knows how to increase the ever-ready sympathy for his sufferings. Soon and easily he reads the disappointment in her life, and detects the cause. Is there no scruple of conscience, no emotion of gratitude, to stay him in his bad designs, framed and nursed on his sick-bed during the very time she so tenderly cares for him? Not one. Day by day he weaves the net and casts the toils about her so surely that her whole manner towards her husband has changed to a querulousness and impatience which speedily provoke a response of the same nature; and discord and hatred sit in the place where once reigned duty and peace.

John Thorndyke, although of a heavy, is also of a spiteful and jealous, temperament. He has been, in his dull way, proud of his wife, and selfishly pleased at the comfort she has brought him. It has not occurred to him to try to brighten her life. Indeed, he has not known that her life needed any cheer. He thinks that she is his, and all her duty is to him, and so long as he knows himself faithful to her, and gives her all the pecuniary support he can command as a mechanic, it does not occur to him that he fails in any respect. He has never even questioned himself on that point. No misgivings apparently disturb his sluggish conscience. In this, he differs widely from his wife. She has sharply questioned her conscience, being perhaps dimly aware of the weak spot in the citadel, of of the serpent coiled in the shadow.

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But as she has never before given the slightest cause for his jealousy, she has not been even suspicious of how terrible a sway it can have over him. Even now she does not read the signs aright, being blinded by her own new infatuation.

In the meantime, Martin Vanderlyn is convalescent, and making himself more and more interesting to her. He addresses her always with so much respect and courtesy that it is a continual flattery to her; for this woman has her vanity under all her severe simplicity of garb and mien, and to be recognized as being superior to her position in life is the strongest—or *weakest*—desire of her heart. To so regard her is to flatter her more surely and insidiously than to praise her beauty or her grace.

Sitting one day over her sewing, she is suddenly surprised by the remark from Vanderlyn, who has been silently studying her: "Mrs. Thorndyke, you are not happy."

She looks up with a sort of frightened expression, as if detected in some crime. After a moment of deprecating, silent supplication in her eyes, she responds with the commonplace question, quite at variance with her look and manner:

"Why do you think so?"

"Because," he says, "I am a physiognomist, and I have been studying your face until I can read it as I would a book; and a more eloquent book could not be found."

The last words are spoken in a softened voice which makes her blush and keep her eyes steadily averted. She has not been used to compliments before his advent, and cannot toss them off or return them lightly. She feels guilty now at liking this so well. Looking steadily at her meanwhile, and pleased at her embarrassment, he says, "I have read in this book that your life is not a happy one, and I am not surprised at reading it. Perhaps my own past experience has made me quicker at translating the language of your book; for, Mrs. Thorndyke, I have not been happy myself, and I think your discontent springs from a similar source."

Again that deprecating look, as if battling with her conscience, which whispers to her that the cause of her trouble should not be avowed or even tacitly admitted. Complaint against her husband should not be made to Martin Vanderlyn, above all. There is already too dangerous a sympathy between them. A subtle intuition tells her that she is being led into temptation, and that she ought to end this now and for ever. Yet she does not do so. The serpent in the shadow has even now warmed and stirred. Curiosity, also, concerning Mr. Vanderlyn's former history leads her to encourage him to proceed; so she says, "I am sorry to hear that your life has not been a happy one. I had thought of your leaving us to go to brighter scenes and kinder friends."

She has pondered over the absence of any communication with friends or relatives during his illness, and so this last remark is not quite truthful. She has often wondered if he has ever had wife or lady-love. He answers all this by his reply to her last words:

"I am glad that I cannot return to the unhappy time I speak of. That is closed for ever. It was when I had a wife, Mrs. Thorndyke; I have none now."

"She is dead, then," says Agnes, looking up, and speaking in a low voice which she instinctively feels should not seem sympathetic with a grief he evidently disavows, for it is rather a relief which he confesses.

"I know not," he says, with a

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careless tone; "she may be, for aught I know or care. She is dead to me, and I know I feel quite dead to her. We are divorced, and I am a free man again. To that unhappy time of my life I cannot return. The chains are broken. It was a woful time. I can imagine no surer blight on a human being's happiness than an unsuitable marriage. I know how it poisons a life, because mine, for a time, was so poisoned. I think if there is any hell, my marriage was arranged there by the prince himself, who is particularly interested in the marriage question. I think divorces are made in heaven, not matches, for my relief on getting my divorce was heavenly. The sacrament of divorce for me! The feeling it gave me was that which old John Bunyan ascribes to Christian when the pack of sins fell off his back."

He speaks with an audacity which frightens her Puritan prejudices, while it lures her feminine admiration for his courage in daring to speak out and assert himself. There is some romance here also, and a subtle flattery in being made his confidante. For to her more delicate sense, this, which he would brazenly declare to any one who might listen, seems a sacred confidence. Her face looks her sympathy. The answering chord is struck, and he sees it. The serpent has stirred to the evil breath.

"Do you not think, Mrs. Thorndyke, that we have the inborn right to seek our own happiness? Has not nature implanted that feeling within us? Are not our lives a continual protest against being made miserable or uncomfortable for the sake of sustaining a law of church or state? The law of love is above these, and it can glorify a life, or the absence of it can debase one."

"And joy was duty, and love was law," echoes in Mrs. Thorndyke's memory; and here is the "manly form by her side."

He continues without pause: "If it is our right to pursue happiness, it is equally our right to seek our love freely, casting off fetters which love disdains; they chafe his delicate wings—love cannot live bound."

"But he must be, to some extent," she almost gasps, frightened at this new and dangerous doctrine. "Society, respectability, require that there should be a marriage bond by which the law can hold either party to the contract. Else what would become of us? So many would escape who have no right to do so."

"I doubt that they have no right to escape. The very desire for escape constitutes the right. If the law of love is there, no escape will be desired."

"Yes; but, Mr. Vanderlyn, in many instances, the possibility of escape causes a desire for it; and where there is no way of escape, the inevitable is accepted. 'What can't be cured must be endured,' you know." And there is a mournful cadence in her voice, a drooping of her head and eyes.

"That is just the cruel part of it," he says—"that freezing endurance sitting like a vampire on our hearts."

She puts her hand up suddenly to her heart, and clutches at her dress nervously, as if to hide the vampire hidden there. Is it not rather a tightening of the serpent's coil? The next moment she is composed, and ashamed of the momentary effect his words have caused in her outward manner. He has seen the motion, however, but gives no evidence of it. As if absorbed only in his own remembrances, not desiring to stir up hers, he continues:

"I speak as one who knows and

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has felt, not as one who deals with the cold abstractions of theologians and political economists. We who know through bitter tasting of the cup are the true philosophers. Our eyes have been opened, and we see the light. We no longer grope in the darkness of the middle ages. We cast off the chains forged for us ages ago. We will be free in our love, and in our beliefs or disbeliefs, for creeds are chains. Do not let me shock you, my gentle Puritan. I beg your pardon. Do not look at me so reprovingly, I cannot bear it. Remember I am a sick man still, and you are my good, sweet nurse. You must not grieve me with your displeasure. It is bad for me, you know. Your frown makes me unhappy—come, smile on me."

Ah! such idle, easy words for him to speak—such dangerous ones for her to hear! None such ever fall on her ear from John Thorndyke's lips, and, if they should, they would not please her so from him. She knows this only too well, and that this man ought not to have the power to please her so easily. But she allows herself this pleasure, arguing that her life is bare enough.

"Do you forgive me enough to care to hear my story?" he says, after a pause.

"Oh! yes," she answers; "I am interested in that which has so colored your feelings on this subject, and has given you such strange views of law and religion." She tries to speak it lightly, but he detects the interest in himself. It is what he wishes.

"It is not much of a story," he says. "I was married very young—attracted and deceived by a pretty, saintly face, such as one sees in pictures, and which always pleases youth. I found my saint to be a stubborn bigot, who put her confessor above me, and set me and my happiness entirely at naught in computing her debit and credit with her church. Such selfish looking after one's own interest in the next life is to me disgusting. Every generous impulse must be stifled for that end. The certain present is offered up a victim to the uncertain future. I and my happiness had to be forgotten in prayers, penances, fastings and foolishness. Bah! it sickens me to remember it. Enough that, after bearing every discomfort, I sought a divorce, and *took* it."

He says the last in a strange tone, which long afterwards she recalls.

"Had you no children?" she asks.

"Yes, one; but it died, happily for it. I should not have liked to see a daughter of mine trained in that church, as of course she was doomed to be had she lived. That alone would have goaded me to madness—to see the fastings and prayings duplicated. Two at it, against one."

Here the conversations ends, and Agnes Thorndyke takes "up her burden of life again," with an added protest against it. How she wishes that she could cut the cords, and let it fall like Christian's pack! Poor John Bunyan! "to what base uses has he come at last!" Christian's pack of sins made to represent the sacrament of marriage! But if "the devil can quote Scripture for his purpose," he will not scruple to use John Bunyan's quaint fancies.

About this time, Mrs. Thorndyke begins to have her attention drawn to certain vile papers and periodicals of the day, introduced cautiously at first, and with some discrimination, as if the better (or rather, *less bad*) ones have been selected. She finds them lying about Mr. Vanderlyn's room, and she reads them without comment, but the seeds take root.

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Afterwards Mr. Vanderlyn calls her attention to certain cleverly written but mischievous articles; flattering her intellect by appealing to her supposed ability to decide on these abstruse questions. When he finds that she reads with avidity all he procures, faster and thicker the vile flood, which disgraces the press and the name of literature, pours in upon her. Here she is almost defenceless. With no thorough education, no religious influence to penetrate into her life, and guard her against this assault, she is left to stem this torrent of sophistry, to answer these devil's thoughts penned too often by the hand of her own sex. It is a sad but significant fact that, in this sort of vile writing, women, when they do stifle their better natures and take up unclean pens, excel the other sex. Some of the most dangerous books of the day are written by females, under the guise of pretended morality, which deceives silly girls and weak women who read them and are unable to detect the poison under the honey. Alas! that women should thus prostitute their intellects in the service of the devil!

When a woman of Agnes Thorndyke's stamp can be found reading long editorials in a paper devoted to the destroying of the marriage relation, and to the advance of "free-love" principles, alas! for the happiness, the very legitimacy, of her children! But what cares Martin Vanderlyn for any such considerations? To corrupt this woman's nature and to win her is his present and sole object, and so he calls to his aid all those of her own sex as well as of his, who dip their pens in envenomed ink for mercenary ends.

But John Thorndyke has become jealous, and, being so, he is not a more agreeable husband. He soon signifies his desire that Mr. Vanderlyn shall find for himself some other lodgings. In doing this, he expresses himself so coarsely, and hints so broadly at the cause of his displeasure, that it increases the very danger he seeks to avoid, by forcing an understanding and recognition of the situation between his wife and her patient. This is just what Mr. Vanderlyn desires. He wishes Agnes Thorndyke to know him to be her lover, long before he will dare to avow it to her. Well he knows that he must prepare her for that, lead her step by step up to that avowal; and he knows that she may recoil at any moment, and turn out from the slippery path through which he is leading her. Too many good instincts and habits of early training are warring with the bad teachings he is so assidiously implanting, to make his task a perfectly easy one. Now that John Thorndyke has shown his jealousy so plainly, these two cannot look into each other's eyes without knowing there is some cause for it. They cannot ignore it, and, while Mr. Vanderlyn is preparing to leave, he improves the opportunity to remark how unhappy he is at the sad necessity. He tells her how pleasant it would be if he could continue to pass all his days with her; and at last, finding himself unreproved, he asks if that is not possible?

At this she does recoil, with a wild and frightened look like that of a hunted deer. But he knows that it is the first shock which either kills or leaves the victim able to bear another. Her mind has taken in the full force of the proposal, and yet she does not send him at once from her presence. She only says, "How can it be possible?" admitting by the very question that she might like it to be possible.

"Leave him, Agnes," he says, "and come to me—to me, your adorer—I

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can appreciate the jewel of which he knows not the value!"

"But I am his wife, and I cannot be that to you; so, if not that, nothing, Martin."

"Yes; you can be a wife to me, Agnes, if you must be tied by the law. The law will soon free you as it has freed many another. Cast off your chains as I cast off mine, and come to me!"

He holds out his arms as he speaks, and she goes to them. The serpent has coiled almost his last coil!

In no relation except that of wife can this woman be persuaded to live with Vanderlyn; but the law may be perverted, her marriage contract basely set aside and broken. "For better, for worse" she has taken John Thorndyke, and she has plighted him her troth; but she will not have the worse, and her troth she will not keep. Yet the law must make her *seem* a wife, even in this degradation. So it is agreed that steps shall be taken to obtain a divorce, Vanderlyn's money being at her service. It is so agreed, but not without many struggles on her part. If she is not a loving wife, she is a tender mother. This new infatuation cannot crush the true maternal instinct in her heart. It requires the wildest assurances on Vanderlyn's part that the law will give her the control of her children, and that he will care for them and educate them as if they were his own, to keep her from receding.

Vanderlyn is no longer an inmate of her house, but he hovers around her neighborhood, seeing her during her husband's absence, upon which she can always count for a certain number of hours every day. He writes to her letters which seem to her gems of poetry and eloquence, but which are really only fulsome flatteries, and sophistries of a godless school which he studies and copies. He knows that it is necessary to keep her mind always clouded by these false arguments, and her vanity fed by these protestations, because she is not by nature prone to the falsity to which he is luring her. This woman with a better husband, or even with a worse husband, and better religious teaching, could not have been so tempted. She is no syren, no coquette; it really needs much careful tact, and study, and address on Vanderlyn's part to make her take the first steps in this path.

The children seem to be her guardian angels now. In their innocent helplessness there is great strength. Vanderlyn often wishes them in their graves, for it seems to him, chafing in his vexation, as he repeats,

> "Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's breast,"

that these are rivals indeed, which may yet laugh him down and bring her rest, unless he is unremitting in his efforts to prevent it.

As if in answer to his bad desires, scarlet-fever prostrates them all at once, but drives him, for the time, from the thoughts of their mother. Wan and pale with watching, anxiety, and dread, Agnes weeps and prays over her little flock—prays as she has not prayed for a long while. Yet two are taken. The youngest darlings are buried in one grave, leaving a boy of seven years to fill the empty places.

For a time, Vanderlyn almost thinks his game is lost to him, and that Death has checkmated him; for the dead children, whose lives have seemed in his way, are even yet his most powerful opponents. So truly does Agnes mourn now, so bitterly reproach herself, that, if her husband will meet her with any tender sympa-

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thy in this their common sorrow, some love for him may yet spring up, watered by her tears for children which were his as well as hers.

"Oh! the child, too, clothes the father with a dearness not his due."

But John Thorndyke is not the man to be tender and delicate to any one whose grief takes such a form as hers. Her brooding melancholy he calls "moping." Her silence and shrinking from every one, he speaks of as "airs" put on to disturb him. He thinks the loss is his as well as hers, and *he* is not inclined to "mope and take on so." He goes to his work every day as usual, and, although he does miss his little prattlers, to whom he has always been indulgent, the world does not seem all dark to him. He is utterly incapable of understanding how differently this blow affects her, and it chafes him that she does not bear it as he does. He cannot see that the very need of going to his daily toil, of mixing with other men whose minds are not on his loss, and the leaving of his sad home every day, helps to dissipate much morbid feeling which might cling to him were he obliged to stay at home, as his wife is compelled to do. He never thinks of the greater difference which it has made to her in every little change which the absence of the children demands. The very lightening of her care and toil for them leaves greater time and room to grieve. Her bereaved heart cries for love and sympathy in this her sorest need, and her husband does not heed the cry; does not soften to her just at the time he can save her.

Vanderlyn does not slight the chance of increasing his influence. He has been jealous of these children living, he has feared their memories may even now crowd him from the mother's heart, but he sees the need of some one to *appear* at least to share her grief. She does not scruple to tell him how cold and unfeeling her husband is at this time; and thus she furnishes him with one more weapon in the contest he is waging against her better nature. He plays now the part of tender, devoted friend, rather than that of lover. He sees that just now no lover's image can obtrude before the angel faces always present to her thoughts; he has the tact and patience to wait and turn the present digression ultimately to his favor. It may be that, after all, if these children had lived, she never could turn entirely from her duty. But this delicate attention to her now in her grief, contrasting so unhappily with Thorndyke's unfeeling, stupid impatience with her, is the most dangerous temptation of all, because it wins her confidence in his being a real friend as well as lover.

When the first acute feelings have worn off after the children's death, and her life has gradually become more cheerful, she turns from her husband with a bitterness and contempt which produce in him a still worse frame of mind. Now he taunts her for her assumed superiority to him, and scoffingly pictures how happy she might have been with some rich man—Vanderlyn, for instance. And so matters go on from bad to worse, until he consents to her applying for a divorce, seeming as willing as she to part for ever.

Of what use lingering over the details? The divorce is granted, as such things are, in open defiance of Heaven's decree and the apparent law of the land. When a New York daily paper has frequently a list of divorces longer than its list of marriages, can we wonder over the fact? In this case, it has been necessary to change their residence for a time, be-

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cause the laws of one state are more favorable to this object than another. But Christ's law is the same everywhere. Can a couple be considered married to each other in one part of our country, and divorced in another? Are the children of a second union legitimate in one state, and illegitimate in another? It would really seem so.

But Agnes Thorndyke, or rather, Agnes Rodney, as she is now called—taking back her maiden name, without her maiden heart—is deprived of one comfort on which she had surely counted. Her one child is left to its father. Thorndyke has schemed for this with deliberate malice. It is not that he loves the boy overmuch, but it is his revenge upon her. He would rather burden himself with the care of this little child than forego the pleasure it gives him to punish her. And so, while the father of her child lives, she lays her head on another man's breast, and calls him husband. Vanderlyn is spared either the keeping or the breaking of his promise to care for her children—two in the graves where he wished them, and one in a strange woman's care. He has all he wished for—John Thorndyke's pretty wife at last.

Thorndyke takes to his forsaken home a housekeeper at first, as if he were a widower. This woman is a widow who makes him so comfortable that he speedily marries her, without considering law or Gospel as they may bear on his case. No compunctions trouble her easy conscience, and she accepts the lot offered to her as the best thing in a business point of view likely to fall to her. Being disinclined for reading poetry, having no refined yearnings, having little intellect to cultivate, she never reads *Maud Muller*, nor thinks of herself as out of her place in any sense. Being good-natured and not oversensitive, she gets along with John Thorndyke remarkably well, and no thought of Agnes ever makes a ripple of disturbance between them. She might be forgotten, except for the boy, with her eyes and features, left in her old home. He calls the woman in her place "mother," and does get quite motherly treatment. He loves the brothers and sisters who in time spring up around him, and seems as happy in his boyish plays as if his own mother were guarding and guiding him. Who can say how much his future life might be changed if that mother had been left to him? To be sure, her death might have brought as great a change to him, and we will now only follow her fate.

Is she happy in her new relations? Is joy her duty, and love her law, now? Can that ever be, after broken vows and outraged honor? "It is not in the bond." For a time she thinks herself happier in all her more refined associations; with leisure, books, servants, all at her command, and with Martin Vanderlyn devoted to her. He does not introduce her into society, but lives remote from all his acquaintances and former friends. This never troubles her. Two people like these, who have closed or tried to tear out a chapter in their life-history, naturally shrink from having it recalled. They prefer to think themselves sufficient for each other, looking always to the future—never to the past, if they can avoid it.

But before a year is passed, Agnes begins to see that Vanderlyn is not so entirely devoted to her as she would wish and he has at first seemed. It is the first shadow of a misgiving, not really harbored, but resting upon her heart in spite of

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herself. She does not wish to see any difference in him, and she tries to think it is business which keeps him so often away from her. He says it is, and why not think so? why not believe him? Alas! small clouds of doubt already dot the sky of her belief in him. Whence they have arisen she can scarcely tell; but there they are, and threatening to increase. However, she has risked too much for him, braved too much, to foster anything now which may wreck her life-venture. If this man fail her, where can she turn? But after a while a little child is born—a boy to help divert her thoughts from that other boy bearing another father's name. The mother does blush when she thinks of these boys, each hers, having each a different father living *now*. She had named her first-born after her own father, and some idea of trying to fill his place leads her to call this one by the same name—George Rodney. Vanderlyn, however, playfully calls him Martin after himself, and, as the child grows, he learns to answer to that, and calls himself "Martie" quite as often as by the name which his mother has given him, and which she will never relinquish.

So truly does the pure instinct of motherhood show her the falsity of her present position that she often feels that two fathers should not be living at the same time for the two boys for whom she is mother. Of that other boy she often thinks still with yearning love, and of his sisters in their little grave; more now than at first, when Vanderlyn was with her so much, for his absences grow longer and more frequent. He takes no father's pride in this child of his, but rather seems bored by the care and trouble it has brought. A baby *is* a tyrant in a household, especially if it is loved as Agnes loves this one, giving it almost all her time and care. Now, indeed, Vanderlyn might say, if he remembers the poet he quoted before in his jealousy of her love for her children:

> "Nay, but nature brings thee solace; for a tender voice will cry:
> 'Tis a purer life than thine—a lip to drain thy trouble dry:
> . . . My latest rival brings thee rest."

But it does not bring her rest. She often now remembers that Thorndyke was a fonder and better father than his successor; that his children seemed at their birth and during their lives to form a tie between his wife and himself; that he always faithfully brought his hard-earned money to her, to spend or save for them as well as for himself. She gives him this credit now, because Vanderlyn, with his more abundant means, shows in many ways a carelessness of her comfort and pecuniary wants. True, she has not really suffered, but small misgivings have oppressed her that she may yet come to that. She has found that Vanderlyn is not the substantial business man she was at first led to believe. She had thought him a lawyer, and so he is by education; but, in reality, he is an adventurer and a speculator, and, although often commanding money easily, he has no real fortune, and has only a very fluctuating income. This it is that worries him and takes him often away from home long at a time. He has not the honesty to deny himself any accustomed luxury for the sake of those dependent upon him. It chafes him to be obliged to meet his household expenses, and not always have the means to do so conveniently. He knows that Agnes will not insist upon unnecessary expenditure, but he has not the courage to tell her frankly of his affairs. There is a respect for her in his heart in spite of all, and he knows that there is an uprightness

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about her which would lead her to insist on plainer living and fewer servants. She is not weakly self-indulgent as he is. He is so unprincipled at heart that no tie, no obligation, can bind him when it once becomes irksome. He is a greater moral coward than the woman he has perverted. And so at last, when her boy is about five years old, Agnes finds herself deserted. Martin Vanderlyn has gone to California, and left her with her household effects, and about one hundred dollars in money—that is all.

She looks her fate steadily in the face. Young enough and strong enough yet for work, but with a helpless child upon her hands, what shall she do? She sells promptly her furniture, books, pictures, and jewelry. For the last she has never cared, but Vanderlyn had lavished it upon her during the days she was seeking a divorce. Very rarely has she worn it. With the sum thus raised, she can, for a time, pay her board until she can find employment, and she seeks the most retired house she can find for a refuge.

In bitterness of spirit beyond anything she has ever endured while the honest wife of John Thorndyke, Agnes now feels in almost overwhelming force the folly of the course she has pursued—*almost* overwhelming, but not quite, for she still believes herself to be Martin Vanderlyn's lawful wife. Bad as he has proved himself, she as yet has no doubt that he is her lawful husband, and so, in her present abode, she calls herself Mrs. Vanderlyn, with no thought but that she is so honestly, if not wisely.

She has been in her new home rather less than a week, when, passing along the corridor, she meets, coming from a room near her own, two Sisters of Mercy, who have apparently just taken leave of an invalid lady; at least, so she judges from the voice which comes through the open door, saying:

"Good-by, and come again soon, Sisters," followed by a cough that to her experienced ear sounds like consumption. She has heard that cough in the night when she has been wakeful, and she hears it again many times this day. She thinks of the invalid often, with her old instinct of sympathy for the sick—a sympathy which of late years has not been much called forth in her retirement. The next day, coming in from her quest for employment, she meets on the porch a gentleman who, she feels almost sure, is a Catholic priest. He enters the house at the same time with herself, and, proceeding before her up the stairs, passes directly and quietly to the room occupied by her sick neighbor. "She is a Catholic, then," says Agnes to herself; "but that does not matter. I wonder if I could do her any good?" And she acknowledges to herself a very strong desire to see her neighbor, and offer any service in her power. But she does not act at once. Her peculiar position makes her shrink from meeting strangers or forming acquaintances. Still, the cough strikes upon her ear appealingly, all the more that there comes no sound of any voices from the room, save when the priest or the Sisters of Mercy are there. She knows her neighbor must be alone, and, she suspects, lonely also, for many hours. She resolves to go to see her, and take little George, thinking, in the fondness of her mother's heart, that his pretty ways may divert the sick woman.

But who is she, and what is her name? Agnes asks this of her landlady the first time she finds that ever-busy and worried woman alone.

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"The sick lady in the front room? Why, she is your namesake, perhaps a relation." And the landlady eyes keenly her questioner, thinking her curiosity about both of her boarders will now be gratified, as she slowly adds: "She is a Mrs. Vanderlyn, as well as yourself."

Agnes feels herself trembling and almost choking at the swift rush of conviction coming over her as to who this Mrs. Vanderlyn is: The priest and the Sisters of Mercy! Martin Vanderlyn's wife was a Catholic! She can hardly command her voice to ask:

"Is she a widow?"

"I guess so, but she hasn't said so," replied the landlady. "She has no friends, except them horrid spooks of nuns and that there sneakin' priest; I do declare I'm ashamed to see 'em a-comin' in and out o' my door—but *you* be'ent a Catholic, be you?" she says, in sudden alarm, lest her burst of confidence has been misplaced. Agnes reassures her by saying:

"Oh! no; I am not a Catholic, nor is any of my family; so I think this lady can be no relative, as my husband was never a Catholic."

What makes her voice change as she shapes her reply in this evasive way? It is not altogether the keen, inquiring eyes of the landlady trying to find if she is wife or widow. She can scarcely tell herself; but the sharpened sense of expectation of some coming revelation, or else the nearness of Martin Vanderlyn's wife, makes her feel for the first time a sense of guilt in speaking of him as her husband. Not that she says even to herself as yet that he is *not* her husband; but the two wives—if this is his wife—in such close proximity, impresses her much as the fact of the two living fathers of her two boys has done. It cannot seem to her quite right for herself to be Martin Vanderlyn's wife, while the woman in the next room is such a reality. As long as the divorced wife had seemed to belong to the past—perhaps dead—it had not impressed Agnes so keenly as to be living under the same roof with her; for Agnes feels almost sure that it is so. Still, her desire to see her neighbor is by no means lessened; and it is not idle curiosity, but a nobler feeling, which leads her to ask the landlady to introduce her. That person has, in the meantime, remarked:

"The lady is a real lady, and, if she *is* a Catholic, I can't say aught agin her. I do hate to see them beads, and crosses, and figgers, and picturs of folks with Saturn's rings on their heads, which she keeps in her room; but, if she gits any comfort from 'em, poor soul, why, I can't begrudge her that. Only I wish she had more light and some *real* religion, now that she's so near dyin'. I do hate to see her sunk in darkness, without no light o' the Gospel. But 'tain't no use talkin' to her, she never gits offended; but, when I wanted to send a good Methodist minister to pray with her, she said her spiritooal needs was already cared for by Father what's-his-name, and she jist give me back that lovely tract about *Going to Hell*, as if she warn't scared a bit. 'Tain't no use, Mrs. Vanderlyn, to talk to her. They're all of 'em so set and superstitious they *can't* experience religion or have any realizin' sense o' their sins."

Says Agnes: "I don't want to minister to her soul. That is not my mission. I only thought she was lonely, and I might do her some good in being a little company for her some of the time, if nothing more."

"And so you might, and it's right good of you to think of it. It'll take

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some off my mind to know you'll see her sometimes, as I can't find time to go in and sit with her as often as I think she may expect of me."

And the landlady, followed by Agnes, taps at the door of Mrs. Vanderlyn's room.. In a minute more, Agnes finds herself face to face with the invalid, who is sitting in a large easy-chair by the window. After some words from the landlady, explaining Agnes' kind intention and sympathy, that garrulous person withdraws to her pressing household cares.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.

"BEATI QUI LUGEANT."

FROM THE FRENCH OF MARIE JENNA.

Go; vainly in thy breast lies hid the steel
That pierces. I perceive thy sad estate,
Thy silent fortitude; and for thy weal
I pray thee meet thy fate.

And weep before me! Cast thy burden down,
I know that sorrow finds a drear relief
In solitude, and wears abroad the crown
Of a majestic grief.

The hand of friendship may not put aside
The heavy folds of the funereal veil,
And on the threshold of an arid pride,
Words seem to faint, and fail.

But days have passed, I come—nay—never start,
Suffer my presence, place thy hand in mine,
Pour thy full soul into my faithful heart
Whose pulses all are thine.

If friendship only bore me to thy side,
I would withdraw before thine icy face,
Obey the teachings of my *human* pride,
My eager steps retrace.

But I, too, have known sorrow, and have earned
The right to minister before its shrine.
A mighty secret, too, my heart has learned,
Whose sources are divine—

A secret that shall set thy soul aglow
When once its holy meaning I unfold,
And make thee bless its author for the woe
That *thus* could be consoled.

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JOHN BAPTIST DE ROSSI AND HIS ARCHÆOLOGICAL WORKS.

FROM THE HISTORISCH-POLITISCHE BLAETTER.

THE ruins that lie by the banks of the Tigris and the Euphrates give us a better notion of the power of the kings of Babylon and Assyria, of the civilization, religion, and moral condition of the ancient peoples of these countries, than the writings of historians. The obelisks and pyramids, the ruined temples and the columns covered with hieroglyphic characters, tell us more of Egypt than Herodotus and Manetho. In like manner do the tombs and inscriptions in the catacombs bear witness to the faith and morality, the usages and manner of living, of the early Christians.

The study of these catacombs has therefore a double aim: one dogmatic, the other historical. Considered from the latter standpoint alone, the discoveries recently made in the catacombs destroy the theories and appreciations of many historians. It is literally true, as a distinguished non-Catholic has said, that, "since Rossi published his works, the history of the age of the Christian martyrs has to be rewritten." The distinguished Alfred de Reumont, on page 806 of the first volume of his *History of the City of Rome*, says: "No one knows better than the author how much this work is indebted to the researches of De Rossi."

The pontificate of Pius IX., among its other glories, can claim that of having especially aided De Rossi in his archæological studies; and on this account alone it would deserve the gratitude of all the friends of science, Pius IX. has deserved the name of the "second Damasus," not only because he founded "The Archæological Commission for the Investigation of the Ancient Christian Monuments of Rome," and aided it with pecuniary subsidies, but more particularly because he took a lively personal interest in all its undertakings.

The zeal of Pius IX. found in John Baptist de Rossi, a born Roman, a most suitable person for the advancement of archæological lore. And, in fact, Rossi alone, as all acknowledge, made more progress than all his predecessors. Although he has been more than a quarter of a century at work, he is still a hale man; and if Piedmontese brutality or revolutionary barbarism does not prevent him, he may yet make more splendid progress in his learned studies. Rossi has wonderful powers of observation, united with great calmness and perseverance in investigation, ardent love of science, and vast erudition. He is well versed in all the branches of his favorite science—in archæology, bibliography, history, æsthetics, topography, and architecture. With keen discernment, which his complicated investigations never lead astray, he knows how to choose and value his materials. We know not which to admire more—the persevering industry, or the great and unflinching mental and physical strength, which he displays in assorting the various materials which come before him. His judgment in forming hypotheses, in drawing conclusions and consequen-

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ces, is always prudent. He prefers to prove too little rather than too much. On this account, as well as because of his critical acumen, he has obtained such a reputation among archæologists that Martigny, in his *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*, says: "We can rely implicitly on every word that Rossi writes." Rossi never builds a card-house; he makes no vague, superficial reasonings. All is deeply thought; monuments and documents are always brought in to corroborate his assertions; and we know that nothing is more solid and convincing than the hard marble.

It is true Rossi has not published the half of his immense collections; but from what has been published we can perceive that nothing so important has appeared in the archæological world since the time of Bosio, perhaps never anything so vast from one archæologist.

The first great archæological work of Rossi appeared when he was yet a young man. It was printed in the third volume of the *Spicilegium Solesmense*, published by the celebrated Benedictine Dom Pitra, now cardinal of the church. Rossi always quotes it with pleasure as his first work. The title is *A Letter on the Christian Monuments bearing the Inscription* ΙΧΘΥΣ. Paris, 1855.

The figurative and poetical style of the Sacred Scriptures, as well as the discipline of the secret, introduced into the "Church of the Catacombs" those numerous symbols, so full of meaning, which, disguised in the simplest pictures or the simplest words, expressed so much to the initiated. The lamb, the anchor, ship, the stag, peacock, the cock, the dove, etc., were symbols of sublime Christian ideas. But the most important of all the Christian symbols was the *fish*. It is mentioned as a Christian hieroglyphic all through the works of the Fathers, and appears on all the old monuments. On these latter, sometimes the Greek word ΙΧΘΥΣ, sometimes the painted, and sometimes the engraved, image of the fish, is found. During the period of the discipline of the secret, especially during the first three centuries of the church, the most holy mysteries of Christianity were concealed from the uninitiated under the symbol of the fish.

The fish is the symbol of Jesus Christ. The Fathers before the IVth century insinuate this in obscure and ambiguous terms, while those of the IVth and Vth centuries proclaim it plainly. Thus writes towards the end of the IVth century Bishop Optatus Milevitanus:* "The fish, according to its Greek orthography, Ιχθυς, expresses by its letters a number of holy names, which in Latin are *Jesus Christus Dei Filius Salvator*" —Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour —Ιησους Χριστος Θεου Υιος Σωτηρ. S. Augustine† expressly says that, if you take the first letters of these five Greek words, and unite them together, you have ιχθυς, *i.e. fish*, which name is a symbol of Christ.

Some ecclesiastical writers strive to connect the fish-symbol of Christ with the Sibylline prophecies; other Fathers endeavor to find in it certain analogies between the nature and acts of the fish and the human nature and works of Christ. The different passages of ancient writers on these points are brought together in De Rossi's treatise. Rossi himself has beautifully explained the origin of this symbol.

The fish is the symbol of Christ according to his human nature. In the figurative language of the church, the present life is likened to a sea.

* *De Schismate Donatistarum*, lib. iii. c. 2.
† *De Civ. Dei*, lib. xviii. c. 23.

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Ubique mare sæculum legimus,* says Optatus Milevitanus. Ambrose calls men the fish who swim through this life. When the divine Word became man, he became a fish as we. Hence Gregory the Great wrote: "Christ condescended to hide himself in the waters of human nature, in order to be captured by the angel of death."

More frequently the fish is used as the symbol of the divine nature of Christ. The large fish caught by Tobias that he might have food for his journey, use the liver and gall to free Sara from devils, and restore sight to his father, was considered by the Fathers as a striking symbol of the divine Redeemer, who by the light of his doctrine cures the blindness of ignorance, redeems the world from the power of demons, and feeds us with his body on the pilgrim route from earth to heaven. Therefore is Christ symbolized as Teacher of truth in his church; as Redeemer from the power of Satan by baptism; and as Food of souls in the Eucharist.

Out of the many beautiful and expressive symbolical representations of the intimate connection between Christ and his church, we shall select only the two figures numbered 104 and 105 in De Rossi's tract. In the midst of a surging sea a fish is swimming, carrying on its back a ship, the symbol of the church. It is the divine *Ιχθυς*, who, according to his promise made to his church, carries her safely through the storms of the world. The ship is managed by rowers, the hierarchy of the church. The only pilot and leader of the ship is the Holy Ghost, represented by a dove sitting on the top of the mast. In order that no one may mistake the vessel, the scene of Christ giving the keys to Peter is painted in the foreground exactly as our modern painters represent it. In order to make this point clear, namely, that the Holy Ghost is guiding the bark of Peter, the words *IHΣ* (*Ιησους*) and *ΠΕΤ* (*Πέτρος*) are written over the picture.

Man is born the child of divine wrath: Christ frees him from Satan's power by baptism; makes him a child of God, a new man, a *neophyte*.* Now, as Christ the Fish scatters these his blessings in the baptismal font, it was called by the names of *baptisterium*, *illuminatorium*, and, more frequently during the time of the discipline of the secret, *piscina*, or fish-pond. Therefore Bishop Oriontius of Auch wrote in the Vth century: "The fish, born in the water, is the author of baptism." Therefore were the oldest baptisteries commonly ornamented with the picture of a fish (Rossi, p. 3).

In many of the monuments collected by Rossi, near the word *IXΘYΣ* we have also the word *NIKA*. The fish conquers. The neophyte is freed from ruin and the power of Satan—he is a trophy of Christ's victory.

Since the word fish, as well as the picture of it, was perfectly identified with Christ the Redeemer, it was natural to use this symbol to conceal that mystery which the pagans so fearfully misrepresented when they said that the Christians met together at stated times, slaughtered a child, drank its blood, and ate its flesh.†

The fish became the symbol of the Holy Eucharist. This could be done with the greater propriety, since Rossi tells us that, at the banquets of the wealthy pagans, fish was considered a delicacy, and it is seldom found on pagan monuments. Hence, to eat *the fish*, and to receive Holy

* "We read everywhere that this world is a sea."

* Gal. iii.; John xv. 16.

† Minucius Felix, *Octav.*, c. 9.; Justin, *Dialog. cum Tryph.*, c. 10; Athenagoras, *Legatio*, c. 3 etc.

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Communion, became synonymous expressions. Prosper of Aquitaine calls Christ the great Fish, who gives himself as food to his disciples and the faithful.

We cannot enter into details, and shall only consider the monumental inscription found at Autun in 1839, which has attracted so much attention from the archæologists. The text begins with the words: *Ιχθυς ουρανίου θεῖον γένος ἥτορι σεμνῷ χρῆσαι:* "O divine race of the heavenly Ikthus, guard, after you have received it, the immortal fountain of grace flowing from divine sources. Bathe thy soul, my friend, in the ever-flowing waters of wealth-giving wisdom. Receive the sweet food of the Saviour of the saints; eat and drink the Ikthus which thou holdest in thy hands.* O Ikthus, I have prepared my hands, I long for thee, my Lord and my Redeemer! That I may behold thee in happiness, O my mother; I beseech this favor of thee, O light of the dead. Aschaudius, my father, thou dearest to my heart, with my sweet mother and my sisters, in the peace of the Ikthus remember thy son Pektorius."

The first verse of this beautiful inscription which many of the learned in the time of Marcus Aurelius and at the end of the IIId century use, alludes to the grace of baptism; the following sentences refer to the sacramental use of the Ikthus. In the concluding phrase, the founder of the monument, Pectorius, addresses himself to his parents and relatives, with the petition that they would remember him in heaven, where they enjoyed the peace of the Ikthus.

From this important monument, as well as from many others collected by Rossi, it is proven that the Holy Eucharist was thought to be a *sacrament* by the early Christians. In others, it is equally clear that they considered it a *sacrifice* also.

In one of the oldest cemeteries, that of Domitilla, as well as in that of Callistus, we see a thrice sweet sacrificial table, on which three loaves and one fish are lying. On each side of the table are seven baskets with loaves. The meaning of the picture is plain. The connection of the Ikthus with the bread is clearly shown. "The table represents the Christian altar. This was usually a portable slab of marble with brazen rings, placed over a martyr's grave, and supported by little columns. But what else could the Christian artist wish to symbolize by placing the fish beside the bread than the offering of the divine Ikthus on the altar? We have, therefore, on the one hand, the invisible presence of the divinity in the fish; on the other, the visible form of the bread, and then the position of the mysterious representation. The sacrifice is the table of the Lord, the Eucharistic banquet. To make this clearer, the seven baskets filled with loaves surround the sacrificial table. They represent the seven baskets which were filled with the remnants left after the multiplication of the loaves in the wilderness—a miracle which has always been considered a type of Holy Communion."*

Dom Pitra, in his *Spicilegium*, has added to Rossi's documents many found in Gaul. Ferdinand Becker, in the *Historisch-Politische Blätter*, vol. lxiii., p. 736 *et seq.*, has written, since Rossi's time, a remarkable article on the "Symbol of Jesus Christ under the Figure of a Fish." Professor Jacob Becker has published something on the same subject. Rossi naturally did not treat of the German discoveries in this line of archæology.

* In ancient usage, the Holy Eucharist was put into the hands of the Christians.

* Maurus Wolter, *The Roman Catacombs, and the Sacraments of the Catholic Church*, p. 28.

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It is singular that the symbol of the fish continued to be used in Germany up to the middle age. In the *Hortus Deliciarum* of the Abbess Herrad, written in the XIIth century, and still preserved in the Strasbourg Library, there is a representation of the sacrament of the altar, by means of a small basket with a loaf and a fish. In a picture in the cathedral library at Einsiedeln, there is the symbol of a fish whose blood is represented as opening the gates of limbo.

Northern Africa, once so celebrated in the annals of the church, did not escape the research of Rossi. Léon Rénier has collected, in a work entitled *Roman Inscriptions of Algeria*, published at Paris, A.D. 1838, most of those documents which caused Rossi to undertake his second great work, *A Letter to J. B. Pitra, Benedictine Monk, on the Christian Titles found at Carthage*. These documents are very important as explaining the symbol of the cross. The Christians, for various reasons, were unwilling at first to represent the cross among their symbols. The cross was the *damnata crux* of Apuleius, the *infelix lignum* of Seneca, the *teterrimum, crudelissimumque supplicium* of Cicero. The Christians, therefore, did not wish to give the pagans an occasion of insult, nor to give scandal to the weak faith of the catechumens. Prudent respect, as well as wise foresight, induced them to conceal their most holy symbol in the interest of the progress of faith. Consequently, as Rossi proves, we find the *cruces dissimulatæ* among the symbols, which, by their similarity with the real figure of the cross, became Christian symbols, but, on account of their being also recognized as heathen symbols, excited no scandal or suspicion. Such concealed symbols, or *cruces dissimulatæ*, are, according to Rossi, the *Tau* or crooked cross, the oblique or S. Andrew's cross, the anchor cross, and the monogram of Christ with all its varieties.

The oldest monogram is the simple X, the first letter of Christ's holy name. At a later period, the X was united with the I, the two together standing for *Ιησοῦς Χριστός*. Before the time of Constantine, the monogram was represented by the union of the Greek letters X and P, the two first letters of the word *XPICTOC*. After the conversion of Constantine, when the punishment of the cross was abolished, and all that was offensive or scandalous in it removed, the symbol became more striking by the introduction of a cross-line. In the second half of the IVth century, in spite of the Julian persecution, the symbol of the cross became more plain. But when Christianity, in and since the time of Theodosius the Great, took possession of the laws, and ordinances, and customs of the empire, the symbol became so clear that all could understand it. Therefore, after the end of the IVth century, and in the beginning of the Vth, we find the simple figure of the cross on all public monuments, without any attempt to conceal it.

The progress of this symbol of the cross was not so slow in development in some of the remote provinces as in the city of Rome and its environs. In some of the distant provinces, the power of paganism ceased to control the people at an earlier date than in the city, and, consequently, allowed the Christians to manifest their symbols without fear. This happened as early as the IId century in Northern Africa, where the Christians were powerful at a very early date. Rossi, in the same work, gives us valuable documents and proofs to show the important place which the symbol of the triangle should hold in archæolo-

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gical disquisitions. It was a recognized symbol of the Holy Trinity.

It is a common custom among certain prejudiced modern writers to speak of the "hatred of the early Christians for art." By degrees, however, the bandage begins to fall from their eyes, and the truth becomes clearer. To Rossi much credit is due for having labored to destroy this prejudice also. The attention of the early Christians was called to works of sculpture rather than to works of painting. And this was quite natural. The statues were mostly naked. And "among the entirely naked Aphrodites of the later Greek and Roman artists, there is hardly one in which the woman does not predominate over the goddess. Sensuality and grossness are conspicuous in most of them." * Some of them also knew that the Venus of Praxiteles, which he represented at first entirely unclothed, was copied after a model of Phryne.

It is different with painting—after music and poetry, the most spiritual of arts. "By the blending of light and shade, and the laws of perspective, it can give a tone of spirituality to the bodily form, and an ethical appearance to the inanimate. Painting is the art of soul impressions. Everything great, noble, and refined can be better expressed on the canvas than in marble." The Christian muse, therefore, naturally took to painting. Hence on the walls in the catacombs we find the first efforts of the Christian painters. Likenesses of the Mother of God are among the first which we meet. These pictures, in which virginal innocence, maternal tenderness, holy worth, tender grace and piety, are manifested, have been collected and published in 1863 in large chromo-lithographs in his work entitled *Imagine Scelte della B. Vergine tratte dalle Catacombe Romane.*

The earliest likeness of the Mother of God is found in the catacombs of Priscilla. On account of the many likenesses of the Blessed Virgin found in them, these have been called the Marian Catacombs. There is no doubt that these pictures are of apostolic date, and originated with that Priscilla who was known both to Peter and Paul, the mother of the Senator Pudens, and grandmother of the holy virgins Praxedes and Pudentiana. In the arch of the central crypt, the adoration of the magi is painted. The Blessed Virgin holds the Infant Jesus in her bosom; before her in the sky is the star whose light leads the three wise men from the East to visit the divine Child.

In another crypt is delineated the annunciation of the angel. The Blessed Virgin sits on a throne like the ancient episcopal chairs; before her stands the archangel as a beautiful, ethereal youth, without wings, dressed in tunic and pallium, his right hand raised, and the index finger of it pointed at the Virgin. In her face there is a look of surprise and holy, virginal shyness. On the ceiling of another grave-niche, in the very oldest part of the catacomb, close to the graves of the family of Pudens, we find a painted picture of the Virgin and Child in the pure classic style. Rossi, supported by the most various archæological and historical documents, places this picture in the time between the second half of the Ist and the first half of the IId century. The Blessed Virgin, clothed with many-folded drapery and cloak, bears on her head the veil usually worn by the married or betrothed. Over her hangs the star of Bethlehem; before her stands a young, powerful-looking man, with a prophet's mantle thrown

* Overbeck, *History of Greek Plastic Art*, ii. 29.

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over his shoulders. In his left hand he holds a scroll, and with the right he points to the star and the Virgin and Child. He is Isaias the Prophet, pointing out the favored Virgin, the branch of the root of Jesse, who was to conceive and bring forth the blessed Fruit; and showing the great light which was to shine over Jerusalem. The beauty of the composition; the grace and dignity of the figures; the swelling folds of the drapery; and the correctness and spiritual beauty of the expression, make this, although the oldest picture of the Madonna, one of the most striking which we possess. The elder Lenormant did not hesitate to compare it with Raphael's best productions.

The picture of the Madonna in the second table of Rossi is of more recent origin. In this picture, the Mother of God sits on a chair of honor, holding the divine Child in her lap. The three kings, led by a star, come to meet her. It is from the cemetery of Domitilla. We omit the other pictures of the adoration of the magi in the other catacombs of Callistus, Cyriaca, etc.

The assertion of the Calvinist historian Basnage, that the pictures of the Blessed Virgin were not introduced into the church until after the Council of Ephesus, A.D. 431, sinks to the ground in the face of Rossi's documents.

He has collected in his works the chief inscriptions to be met with in the catacombs, and has surpassed all his predecessors in the completeness of his information and documents. Although, after the discovery and investigation of the catacombs by the celebrated Bosio, many authors like Aringhi, Bottari, Boldetti, the Jesuit Lupi, Marchi, and others, had treated on them, and the relations of their contents to theological sciences and ecclesiastical studies, none has equalled the distinguished Rossi, whose ardor, energy, and talent were always aided by the most liberal sympathy of the Roman Pontiff.

A LEGEND OF S. CHRISTOPHER.

OFFERO (the bearer), afterwards S. Christopher, being proud of his vast strength and gigantic limbs, resolved to serve—for he was poor—only the most powerful monarch on earth.

Accordingly, he searched far and near until at last he came to the court of a king who, as he was told, was the greatest monarch on earth. To him Offero offered his services.

They were gladly accepted, for his powerful frame pleased the eye of the king, who knew that no other prince could boast of such a servant.

Offero, supposing his master to be afraid of no one, was greatly surprised on perceiving the king tremble and cross himself, whenever the name of Satan was mentioned. "Why dost thou do so?" he inquired of the monarch.

"Because Satan is very mighty," replied his master, "and I am afraid lest he should overcome me."

"Then I must leave thee, for I will serve only him who is afraid of no one," said Offero.

Again he commenced his wanderings; this time in search of Satan. One day, on crossing a desert, he

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perceived a horrible object with the appearance of great power coming towards him. Offero's great size seemed not in the least to startle him, and with an air of authority he asked: "Whom dost thou seek?"

"Satan," Offero answered, "for I have heard that he is the most powerful upon earth. I wish to have him for my master."

"I am *he*," said the other, "and thy service shall be an easy one."

The giant bowed low, and joined his followers.

As they pursued their way they came in sight of a cross. No sooner had Satan's eyes perceived it, than he turned with evident fear and haste and took another road, so as to avoid passing the cross.

Offero was not slow in noticing these signs of alarm. "Why dost thou do so?" he asked his master.

"I fear the cross," Satan made answer, "because Christ died upon it, and I fly from it lest it should overcome me."

"Then there is one more powerful than thou, and I shall leave thee and seek him," replied Offero. With these words, he left Satan and went in search of Christ.

After much toil and long wanderings, he came to a hermit, whom he entreated to tell him where Christ could be found.

The holy man, seeing him thus ignorant, pitied and taught him. "Christ is indeed the greatest king in heaven and on earth," he said, "for his power will endure throughout eternity; but thou canst not serve him lightly—he will impose great duties upon thee, and he will require that thou fast often."

"I will not fast," said Offero, "for that would weaken my strength, which makes me so good a servant."

"Thou also must pray," continued the hermit, taking no heed of the interruption.

"I have never prayed and will never do so. Such service is for weaklings, not for me," replied the giant.

"Then," said the hermit, "dost thou know of a river whose waters are wild and deep, and often swollen by rains, sweeping away in its swift current many of those who would cross it?"

"Yes," said Offero.

"Then go there and aid those who fight with its waves; carry the weak and little ones across upon thy strong, broad shoulders. This is good work, and, if Christ will have thee in his service, he will assure thee of his acceptance."

Offero went to the river, and on its banks built himself a hut. Day and night he aided all who came, carrying many upon his shoulders, and never wearying in assisting them across the river. A palm-tree was his staff, which he had pulled in the forest, and which was well suited to his great strength and height.

One night, when resting in his hut, he heard a voice like that of a weak child, and it said: "Offero, wilt thou carry me?"

He rose quickly and went out, but, search as he would, he could find no one; and he re-entered his dwelling; but presently the voice called again: "Offero, wilt thou carry me?" A second search proved fruitless. At the third call he rose again, taking with him a lantern. He searched, and at last found a child. "Offero, Offero, carry me over this night?"

He lifted him up and began crossing the stream. Immediately the wind commenced to blow, the waves rose high, and the roar of the waters sounded like thunder. The child also began to increase in weight,

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grew more heavy upon his shoulders, and Offero feared that he must sink; but, with the aid of his staff, he kept himself up, and at last succeeded in reaching the opposite shore. Then he cried: "Whom have I carried? Had it been the whole world, it could not have been heavier."

Then the child replied: "*Me*, whom thou desirest to serve, and I have accepted thee. Thou hast not only carried the world, but *him* who made it, upon thy shoulders. As a sign of my power and my approbation of thee, fix thy staff in the earth, and it shall grow and bear fruit."

Offero did so, and soon it was covered with leaves and fruit. But the wonderful child was gone. Then Offero knew that it was Christ whom he had carried, and he fell down and worshipped him.

Thenceforth he called himself Christopher, served his Master faithfully, holding fast to his new faith through all kinds of tortures and sufferings.

King Dagnus of Lycia, after having thrown him into prison, and not succeeding in turning him from his faith, commanded that he should be executed.

Arrived at the place of execution, he knelt down and prayed that all who saw him and believed in Christ, should be delivered from earthquake fire, and tempest. It was believed that his prayers were heard, and that all who look upon the figure of S. Christopher are safe, for that day, from all dangers of earthquake, flood, and fire. The sight of it is believed also to impart strength to the weak and weary.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CHURCH DEFENCE. New York: The Catholic Publication Society.

"Our Clerical Friends" appear to be suffering pain from the strong sinapisms of Dr. Marshall. At least, we suspect they must be in pain, from certain suppressed, inarticulate cries and moans of the *Church Journal*, *Churchman*, etc. Their doctor is inexorable, however, and has already applied another blister. Their internal disorder is too deeply seated and obstinate to allow of any milder treatment. They have been seized with such a violent madness of fancying themselves priests and playing at Catholic that argument is lost on them, unless plentifully infused with ridicule. *Church Defence* is unmerciful in its ridicule, like the *Comedy of Convocation*, but it is also perfectly genteel and polished in its style, and as overwhelming in argument as an essay by Dr. Newman. Those who have laughed over the sparkling pages of the classic *Comedy*, will enjoy another laugh over this new drama, and those who have been thrown into a rage by *My Clerical Friends* will be at a loss for epithets wherewith to give vent to their pent-up bosoms when they read this new amicable discussion, which they will and must do, in spite of themselves. Dear friends and would-be Catholics, you might as well laugh with the whole world that is laughing at you! Your little farce is played out. It is a small business to be trying to cheat poor girls who are entrapped by your counterfeit Sisters, by pretending that you are Catholic priests and can give them sacraments. Something else is wanted besides acolytes and nicolytes, candles and high celebrations, mimicry of our sacerdotal dress, and high collars or high altars. You are outdone even in counterfeiting Catholicity by the little

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Greek schismatical chapel, where there is a better Signor Blitz than any of your feeble imitations. Do, if you please, try something new for the amusement of mankind, and let the curtain fall on the Anglo-Catholic farce!

THE PROGRESSIONISTS, AND ANGELA. By Conrad von Bolanden. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1873.

The second of these novelettes by the most popular writer of fiction among the Catholics of Germany is really a charming story. The character of "Angela" is remarkably well drawn, and is the type of a perfect Christian woman, in the three phases which are so full of moral and poetic beauty, as maiden, bride, and mistress of the household. The first one is very different, dealing with incidents and scenes which are not so pleasing, but unfortunately equally real. As both are reprints from the pages of this magazine, our readers will remember them, and no doubt be glad to get them in a separate form. Those who have not read them will find them not only entertaining reading, but full of thought and instruction on most important and practical topics of modern life.

LIFE OF J. THEOPHANE VENARD, Martyr in Tonquin; or, What Love Can Do. Translated by Lady Herbert. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1873.

LIFE OF HENRY DORIE, MARTYR. Translated by Lady Herbert. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1873.

These two works are translations from the French by Lady Herbert, for the benefit of S. Joseph's Foreign Missionary College at Mill Hill near London, to which she has been a warm friend and liberal patron from the beginning. Americans cannot help feeling a great interest in that institution, for the first band of missionaries it sent forth came to labor among the colored people of our Southern States.

Nothing could be better calculated to stimulate the fervor of the aspirant to the missionary life than the example of these two young Christian heroes worthy of the primitive ages of the church—worthy, it might be said, of the XIXth century; for never was there an age that required more firmness of purpose and constancy to the truth than this, with its glorious confessors of the faith in Asia, and as large an army of martyrs on the other side of the globe undergoing the slower torture of heart and soul that is far worse than that of the cangue.

The lives of the two missionaries before us are affecting to the last degree. Every Catholic youth should read them, if not to fully emulate their example, to which all have not the happiness of being called, at least to catch something of the unworldliness and burning piety they manifested from their very childhood. Indeed, we wish everybody could read them, for there could be no better proof of the holy influences of the Catholic religion upon the young heart. We linger with admiration over the account of their boyhood overshadowed by their future martyrdom. One golden thread runs through their whole lives—one constant aim—the wish to win souls to Christ, and at last to gain the martyr's crown. And this intense desire for martyrdom was no mere youthful enthusiasm, as was proved when their lifelong prayer was granted. But amid all the self-denial with which they fitted themselves for their glorious destiny, nothing in their character is more striking than the tender affection—passing ordinary human love—apparent in their intercourse with their families, as if religion had refined every fibre of their hearts, and made them more keenly susceptible of love, of suffering, and of devotion to the service of God. They never allowed earthly affections, however, to come between them and their great aim in life. What angels of the sanctuary they were while preparing for the sublime functions of the priesthood! What a lofty conception they had of the sacrament of holy orders that consecrated them to a life of sacrifice! How joyfully they entered upon the life that promised them the radiant crown

> "Prepared for virgin souls and them
> Who seek the martyr's diadem."

"*Souffrir pour Dieu*—To suffer for God—will henceforth be my motto," said Henri Dorié, about to leave his country for ever. Everything at the *Séminaire des Missions Etrangères* was calculated to strengthen this desire for suffering. Old missionaries, who bore in their bodies the marks of the Lord Jesus, were their professors. Every day they went to pray in the Hall of Martyrs, around which are

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ranged the relics of those who have suffered for the faith in China, Japan, and the isles of the sea, together with the instruments of their martyrdom—an appalling shrine at which to pray! And the whole room is crimsoned with the light diffused through the red hangings—significant of blood and suffering. . . . Among other sacred articles in this hall is the blood-stained crucifix of Bishop Borie, whose interesting life has been written by the Rev. F. Hewit.

One of the most affecting scenes related in these books is when a band of missionaries is about to leave for their field of labor. On the eve of their departure, the young apostles all stand before the altar—victims ready for the glorious sacrifice—and one by one the loved companions and friends they are to leave behind come up to prostrate themselves, and kiss the feet of these heralds of salvation, the whole congregation meanwhile chanting: *Quam speciosi pedes evangelizantium pacem, evangelizantium bona!* —How beautiful are the feet of them who preach the Gospel of peace, of them that bring glad tidings of good things!

M. Vénard went to labor in Tonquin. When the first missionary to that country—a Dominican friar—landed there in 1596, he found a great cross on that unknown shore, which seemed to prefigure what awaited those who should attempt to evangelize it. And to see how truly, we need go no further back than 1861, when, in the course of nine months, sixteen thousand Christians were martyred in only two provinces of Anam, and twenty thousand condemned to perpetual slavery. This was the year in which M. Vénard was martyred. The letter he wrote his beloved sister in his cage at midnight on the eve of his martyrdom has been styled by an eminent Frenchman "one of the most beautiful pages of the history of the martyrs of the XIXth century."

Henry Dorié was sent to Corea—the very name of which is symbolical to the Christian ear of persecution and martyrdom. The whole history of the church in that country is written in blood. Its first missionaries were all martyrs, its first bishop, its first converts. In one year—1839—over eight hundred Christians were martyred, and a still larger number perished from want in the mountains where they had taken refuge. But M. Dorié had but one desire—when his labors were ended, to win the palm. His prayer was not denied him.

It is thus the sufferings of Christ are daily perpetuated in some member of his body in various parts of the world. We should all have a share in this great sacrifice of atonement, according to the measure of our calling, if not by personal labors, at least by our prayers and contributions. England is taking up the foreign missionary work. America, too, should have her part in it. Such a work would react on our own hearts, and develop a self-denial and generosity that would constrain us more powerfully in promoting every good work at home. As Archbishop Manning says: "It is because we have need of men and means at home that I am convinced we ought to send both men and means abroad—in exact proportion as we freely give what we have freely received will our works at home prosper, and the zeal and number of our priests be multiplied."

THE MONEY GOD; or, The Empire and the Papacy. A Tale of the Third Century. By M. A. Quinton. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. 1873.

The Empire and the Papacy—a title of fresh significance in these days. It is remarkable how soon the Roman emperors realized that their authority could not exist in Rome with that of the pope, the importance of whose office became more and more apparent. The influence of the papacy gradually widened, and so asserted itself as to overshadow the very authority of the emperor himself. It excited alarm. Decius declared he would rather hear of a rival springing up to contest for the empire than of the election of a new bishop of Rome. How notoriously eminent must have been the dignity of that office to excite such jealousy! Was it the dread of this new mysterious power that led so many of the emperors to exile themselves, as it were, from their capital? Though pope after pope lived in Rome, and died there, even if by martyrdom, not one emperor from the time of Heliogabalus till Constantine ended his days in that city. One was killed in Germany, another strangled in Carthage, a third slain in Thrace, a fourth killed by lightning beyond the Tigris; not one died in Rome. And for more than a century and a half they resided elsewhere, hardly daring to show themselves in the capital, be-

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cause they felt more and more their moral isolation in the midst of the Roman people. Diocletian went to Rome to be recognized as emperor, but returned to Nicomedia. When Maximian was made his colleague and assumed the government of Italy, he did not establish himself at Rome, but chose Milan as his residence. Constantine's great object, after triumphing over his enemies, was to leave Rome and found a new capital. "The same girdle could not enclose both the emperor and the pontiff," says M. de Maistre; "Constantine gave up Rome to the pope." It was a moral necessity that the papacy—a power "far above king, law, or popular right," should be free, and this has never been contested with impunity since.

In the work before us, the contrasting influence of the empire and the papacy is exemplified in the history of two boys who were stolen from their mother in Thrace and sold at Rome as slaves. Separated in their childhood, one providentially fell into the hands of Agatho, a Christian hermit; the other gave himself to the service of Plutus, the "Money God." We wish, for the sake of the young into whose hands this book may fall, that the early history of Eva, their mother, had been somewhat veiled. It affords, however, a strong contrast between the violent, passionate courtesan and the subdued and humble Christian which she finally becomes. A confessor of the faith, she fully redeems her early career by a life of penitence. Her sad form gives relief to that of Plautia, a noble Christian matron. Tertullian tells us how much Christianity improved the condition of woman. No sage of antiquity ever thought of developing her spiritual nature and thereby giving her greater moral elevation, but the humblest Christian priest made this a duty. We have only to read the writings of the Fathers, particularly S. Jerome, to realize the great renovation that took place in woman's nature when her soul was awakened to higher aims and became conscious of a holier destiny. The *Acts* of the early martyrs set before us some of the noblest types of womanhood. There is a grandeur in their unalterable serenity of soul under persecution, examples of which are given in the book before us. Indebted so greatly to the Christian religion, woman became its efficient supporter. We learn from Ammianus Marcellinus that the first popes were chiefly supported by the offerings of the Roman matrons. Their devotion to the service of the church is manifest from the jealous exclamation of Diocletian: "I hate, as a usurpation of my powers, the influence of these Christian priests over the matrons."

This tale of the IIId century evinces great familiarity on the part of the author with classical and antiquarian lore as well as the early Christian writers.

THE NESBITS; or, A Mother's Last Request, and other Tales. By Uncle Paul. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1873.

The first of these stories and the principal one, *The Nesbits*, is a rapid sketch of the life and fortunes of a young American, none the less interesting and, it may be hoped, true to nature because the figure of the hero, Ned Nesbit, is exactly the reverse of the "Young America" of the popular imagination. He is honest, manly, truthful, and religious; and it may be a surprise to some readers to find that those unusual characteristics of "Young America" neither make him insipid nor offer an insurmountable barrier to his success in life. The scenes of the story shift from the backwoods to New Orleans, from New Orleans to Mexico. There is plenty of fresh air, of sea and sky, pleasant bits of Mexican scenery and vistas of Mexican life; there are camping out and long rides and "brushes" with the Indians, hit off rapidly, and though in an unpretentious style, one admirably adapted to its purpose. There is a pleasant and harmless little love-plot that Uncle Paul's chief readers—the young folk—are likely to vote "slow," but they will find plenty of other things more congenial to their sanguinary tastes scattered throughout the book, while the tone is thoroughly Catholic from beginning to end. The second story of the volume—"The Little Sister of the Poor"—is a sketch, condensed from the French, of a little hunchback, who, finding her deformity rather an obstacle to her walking pleasantly in the ways of this world, and that even a dower of 10,000 francs did not serve to smooth it down, finally hides it away in religion, and becomes "a little sister." The story would be very entertaining only that it may tend to strengthen the stupid idea so prevalent among non-

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Catholics, that the nun's habit is a good covering for personal deformity, and that a convent is a sort of receptacle for ladies who can "do no better": whereas, God culls his flowers where he wills, and women in convents are just the same as women anywhere else, with the exception that they have devoted their lives entirely to God's service. In his last story—"The Orphan"—Uncle Paul has struck upon a vein which might be worked with as much profit as interest. It is a short, indeed too short, sketch of a thing that a few years back was of very common occurrence in this country. An Irish emigrant girl finds herself suddenly bereft of her parents, and placed in the keeping of a Protestant family. The author has made her position superior to that of the generality of her sisters under similar circumstances; she is a ward rather than a servant, and among friends rather than enemies to her race and faith. But even so, she finds herself, young and friendless, placed amid the thousand difficulties of Protestant surroundings. Her triumph over them is very touchingly told. The idea contained in this story might be worked to much greater advantage; and the tracing up some of those poor children who were snatched away and buried among heretical families, which, even if acting with the very best intentions, might consider the religion of these orphans something they were bound to abolish, would form a sadly interesting story, and one which would take in much of our recent Catholic history in this country.

WILD TIMES. A Tale of the Days of Queen Elizabeth. By Cecilia M. Caddell. New York: The Catholic Publication Society.

This is a new and handsome edition of a story which, though it came out some years back in London, is probably unknown to very many of our readers. It is just one of those books which Catholics sadly stand in need of to adorn and grace their, to a certain extent, cumbersome literature. Miss Caddell has been fortunate in her choice of *Wild Times*, and *Wild Times* have been fortunate in Miss Caddell. The period of the Reformation forms for the Catholic of to-day the most interesting one of English history; and recent researches, such as are exhibited in F. Morris' late books (*Our Catholic Forefathers*, and *The Condition of Catholics under James I.*) and others similar, are bringing that particular period home to us with a clearness and fulness of knowledge which tend to make us acquainted with all the intricacies and common details of life, particularly Catholic life in those wild times, as we are with the humdrum life of to-day. Miss Caddell's story is really the history of one of the very few noble English Catholic families who stood firm to their faith in that dark hour, and who, for the simple reason of being true to their God, were, according to law, false to their sovereign and country. The chief characters are two young brothers, Sir Hugh and Amadée Glenthorne, the latter a Jesuit educated on the Continent, and returning by stealth to the work of the ministry, which at that time meant martyrdom; the former a fiery, high-spirited English gentleman, whose hot blood and lofty aspirations cannot run tamely in the dismal groove set him by the "law," because he happens to be a Catholic, but who, when the hour of trial comes, and he is weighed in the balance, is not found wanting. Around these two, with their charming sister Amy, the plot gathers; and the tracing of their fortunes and misfortunes makes a most beautiful and moving tale. There are plenty of other characters in the book: Blanche Monteman, Hugh's betrothed, and Guy, the lover of Amy, both Protestants, give occasion for some very skilfully constructed complications; and the proud nature of the girl, and the terrible fall of that pride, are given with what the lady author may allow to be called a master-hand. There is also a weird gipsy queen, Ulrique, who turns out eventually to be something quite different, powerfully drawn, whilst the premature death of the mischievous little imp, Tom Tit, is as touchingly told, if not more so, as that of Little Paul Dombey. To enter into the plot of the story further than has been done would be to deprive the reader of *Wild Times* of half the pleasure of a story so skilfully woven that the interest is sustained to the very last line, and its development hidden until the author chooses to disclose it. The style is of the purest, occasionally rising to the strongest, English. Miss Caddell has mastered the old forms, without making them as wearisome as some of Scott's Northern dialects cannot fail to be to the unhappy uninitiated. The love in the

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story is by no means of the namby-pamby order, but good, and honest, and true; in a word, manly and womanly in the true sense of those words; and though mainly carried on between Catholic and Protestant, it serves for that very reason to heighten the interest of the story, and as here depicted seems a very natural thing in those wild times; whilst one has the hope all through that earthly love will blend with a higher. The gradual change effected in the blunt, fiery character of Hugh by the chastening hand of affliction, under which at first he chafes till you fear for him, but finally rises with all his strength of character to the heroism of a Sebastian, is as ably, though naturally and unconsciously, developed as anything the writer remembers seeing in this style of book. The only thing he quarrels with is the preface. Without being dogmatic on the point, it is very doubtful whether, "when the queen—Elizabeth—ascended the throne, Catholicity was still the religion of the great masses of the people, and was either secretly followed or openly professed by a large half of the noblest families in the land." English history scarcely bears this out; and had only one-half the noblest families in the land been even secretly Catholics, still less such Catholics as Hugh Glenthorne and his brother, England would never have sworn by a goddess in petticoats, and Mr. Froude would never have felt compelled to write his history. Again, when the author speaks of "the brightest and bravest of the band who form a halo of glory round the throne of Queen Elizabeth," the reader involuntarily asks himself, What band? And the very question is its own answer. Still, a notice is not for a preface; and however one may quarrel with that, with the story itself no fault can be found. It is a beautiful, high-toned, moving picture of noble Catholic struggle, suffering, and death, drawn evidently with infinite pains and after historic study, and with that highest art which is nearest nature.

PETER'S JOURNEY, AND OTHER TALES. By the author of *Marion Howard* and *Maggie's Rosary*. WILFULNESS AND ITS CONSEQUENCES. By Lady Herbert. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1873.

The little book before us is intended for a premium-book for schools, and is admirably adapted to this purpose. The stories are thoroughly natural, and written in a good, healthy Catholic spirit. They are calculated to reach the masses in the most satisfactory way which could be chosen, that is, through their children. A great deal is constantly said about the authority of parents in the home, but we should not forget the immense and preponderating element of the children's influence on their parents. This, if used in the right direction (which means, if guided in that direction by the teacher) may become of the utmost importance. It may civilize many a half-savage unfortunate who seems dead even to the stings of his own conscience; it may turn to serious reasoning the mind hitherto careless, because not exercised on spiritual things; it may shame into decency a character not irredeemably bad, but overgrown with the evil habits of half a century. In *Peter's Journey*, or a drunkard's dream, we see put into plain words the devil's plea against the victim of intemperance. He claims him as his own by *fair barter*. "When thou didst ask for drink, did I not ask thee in return, not only thy wife's affection, thy children's happiness, thy home's comfort, but, more than all, did I not demand thy soul? *I asked thee openly, and thou didst willingly agree.* . . . Well, didst thou not have the drink, morning, noon, and night? *And if so, shall I not have my price in full?*" This is a dark, but far from overwrought picture. Yet the mercy of God is greater than even such malicious sins, and till the very last the "pearly shadow" of his angel guardian protects the poor sinner. Peter awakes, and a sudden reformation is at hand. The poor wife, breaking down under her troubles, is weary and fretful, but Peter does not heed this, and in his stormy exit is only stopped by the baby, who is "examining the handle [of the door] with an attention worthy of an amateur locksmith." Peter raised it in his arms, looked at it for a moment, and then, kissing it almost reverently, gave it to Mike and clumped down-stairs. "Poor Norah hoped he had not got *delirium tremens*." It was a long time before Peter came back; when he did, it was behind the rampart of a large basket bursting with eatables. He goes down on his knees to his wife and begs forgiveness in the most charmingly abrupt and natural way, and when Norah recovers from a fainting-fit,

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everything is bright and happy again. "Certain it is that, when the *Angelus* rang, it found them sitting side by side, shelling peas, and the baby on his knee, chuckling over a stick of rhubarb that it expected every one to smell every five minutes." And what is the end? A triumph for Peter, and a hopeful example for all those who are honestly trying to follow in his footsteps. "In the whole parish there is not a cleaner house, better children, or a happier wife than Peter's. . . . He collects the subscriptions for the schools, takes the money in church, carries the big banner at processions, and seems to do the work of half a dozen men made into one. . . . Is there a drunkard to reclaim, Peter is the man to take him in hand, depend upon it. Is there a drunkard's widow struggling with her little ones alone, Peter will help her and put her in a way to get her living . . . . and he thanks God for all things, for his home, his little ones, his means of doing good, but, more than all, he thanks him for his wife Norah, and for a journey he took, of which he never speaks, on the Feast of S. Peter and S. Paul."

Of the "other tales," we much prefer "A Carpenter's Holiday." The evils of bad companionship are here depicted, the absurd temptations which human respect thrusts in the path of young and often weak men, the manliness and true Anglo-Saxon spirit which even outsiders recognize in a firm refusal to yield to such temptations. The character of Sam is very interesting, and the history of his conversion quite a natural one. A lesson here and there is worth taking from it. For instance, the Catholic carpenter says to his friend, "People talk so much about our flowers and candles that really one would think they was a great part of our religion, *and, as it is, they're just nothing.*" The old lesson of the example of converts is also well put forward. The end is, of course, an introduction to an earthly paradise, in the shape of a snug little farm, "the house hidden by roses, jasmine, ivy, and honeysuckle . . . . a dear, large, old-fashioned garden, with its apple and pear trees, its currant and gooseberry bushes, and its bed of flowers and cabbages, never thinking, as grand people's flowers and cabbages seem to think, that they are not fit company for each other." We are inclined to think that, if all discontented, restless people believed this sort of thing to be the inevitable reward of virtue, they would immediately become virtuous and leave off being discontented and restless. *We* should, at any rate. And if this kind of life was the ending to which all good carpenters who spent their early holidays properly had a chance of attaining, why, then, we should be much freer than we are from trades-union strikes and International Associations. "The Carpenter's Holiday" is the story most full of human interest and natural incident among all the little group by the author of *Maggie's Rosary.*—We now come to Lady Herbert's story of *Wilfulness.* This is an extract from the diary of a Sister of Mercy, and reveals one of the many phases of silent misery of which a large city is always full. The story is interesting if only as a picture of the heroism, the sacrifices, the sufferings, and the charity of people in humble, struggling circumstances, who could never hope to have their virtues set before an admiring public, and whose only motive was evidently the love of God and reverent trust in his divine providence. The last days of the heroine are touchingly told, her unselfishness in behalf of her father especially. "Every shilling which had been given her to spend in the little comforts so urgently required, had been hoarded up by her for this long-expected situation, when she was determined that her father's appearance should do no discredit to his kind recommender. 'Only think,' she continued, 'I had enough for everything but one pair of boots, and I could not conceive where that eighteen shillings was to come from. But I set to work and prayed one whole night for it, and the next morning a young priest came to see me, and brought me a sovereign, which he said a gentleman had given him that very day to give to his first sick call!'"

TWO THOUSAND MILES ON HORSEBACK. A Summer Tour to the Plains and New Mexico. By James F. Meline. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1873.

This is the fourth edition of this excellent book, which is now published by The Catholic Publication Society. As we noticed this book at some length in THE CATHOLIC WORLD for February, 1868, we can only reiterate what we then said, viz.:

"There is just about enough fact to make the work decently solid, a good deal of fancy and

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impression, and, above all, a light hand. The style as a whole is really good, because it does pretty evenly just what it attempts and professes—sometimes more, seldom less. The descriptions of Denver and Central City, and the account of the Pueblos of New Mexico, interested us especially—the former for its manner, the latter for its interesting and curious facts. But another reader would call our selection invidious, and cite quite another set of incidents. The fact is, Mr. Meline is everywhere vivid, easy, and suggestive, and we do think we like those two parts best because we have friends in Denver and take a special interest in the old Poltec question."

PROCEEDINGS OF THE FOURTH ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE IRISH CATHOLIC BENEVOLENT UNION, HELD AT PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 16–18, 1872; TOGETHER WITH THE CONSTITUTION, ADDRESSES, ETC. Philadelphia: Office of the *Catholic Standard*. 1872.

This was a convention of the representatives of nearly 20,000 Catholic workingmen. These men, living in different parts of the country, are organized into numerous beneficial societies, each independent for its own purposes and government, yet enjoying a fellowship with all the others for the sake of mutual benefit. The Benevolent Union makes these men each others' friends, in sickness and in death, in any part of the country where a society exists. We say it makes them friends—we might better say brothers; for attention and support in sickness and Catholic burial after death are acts more than friendly. Any society which is beneficial and composed exclusively of practical Catholics, can become associated on payment of five dollars initiation fee, and not to exceed twenty-five cents a year for each member—this tax last year having been but ten cents. From these sources a fund is raised to pay the expenses of the conventions and a very small salary to the secretary and treasurer. Any member away from home is entitled to recognition by simply presenting his travelling card. In case of sickness, it entitles him to receive from any affiliated society whatever aid his own would give him, and in case of death, to the expenditure of the same amount for his funeral as would have been allowed at home. Expenses thus incurred are refunded by the society to which the recipient belonged.

The mere statement of these advantages suffices to explain the extraordinary success which has attended the Union. Begun in the little city of Dayton, Ohio, with a small number of societies, it has in four years extended itself in every direction; sometimes creating new societies, sometimes affiliating old ones, everywhere attracting great attention and eliciting the warmest encouragement; until it is not too much to say of it now that it is one of the great beneficial institutions of the country. At the last convention, the President of the Philadelphia City Council extended a public welcome to the delegates. The proceedings were opened by a sermon from the distinguished Jesuit Father Maguire, and the speeches and debates were orderly and dignified, and sometimes eloquent, the most important questions being discussed and decided expeditiously and without ill-temper. Among other things, we noticed that measures were instituted looking to the settlement of immigrants in favorable places, and to their safety and comfort while in transit. A full and minute account was rendered of the receipt and disbursement of the common fund, and expression frankly and powerfully given to the unanimous sentiment of the societies with regard to Catholic education, and of sympathy with the Holy Father in his present distress. There was no evidence whatever of any spirit of rivalry; on the contrary, a committee was appointed to negotiate for the extension of the benefits of the Benevolent Union among other Catholic bodies.

These large assemblages of intelligent and zealous Catholics supply one of the greatest wants of the church. After business matters are fairly disposed of, the convention becomes a great Catholic representative body—not indeed to make laws or to enforce them, but to give voice to the thoughts of the Catholic laity on questions which concern the general welfare of the church. Never did the clergy, from the Pope down to the parish priest, stand in greater need of the encouragement of the faithful, and never before have the faithful exhibited greater alacrity in giving it. Such gatherings as these are the best support which the church nowadays can have in resisting oppression and securing her rights. We therefore pray God to give this Benevolent Union a great success; and we are at a loss to perceive why such should not be the prayer of every good Catholic. The organization of a branch society in a parish will be the best preventive of Freemasonry and other condemned societies; it will secure the poor man and his family

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from want in case of sickness or accident at home or among strangers; it will give the priest and the educated layman an audience outside the church for the advocacy of Catholic public rights; and at least once a year the convention will exhibit to the American public, in a most striking manner, the unity, the charity, the patriotism, and the power of the Catholic people of this country.

THE HOMES OF OBER-AMMERGAU. A series of Twenty Etchings in heliotype, from the original pen-and-ink drawings, together with Notes from a diary kept during a three months' residence in Ober-Ammergau, in the summer of 1871. By Eliza Greatorex. Munich: Published by Jos. Albert, photographer to the courts of Munich and St. Petersburg. 1872. New York: Putnam.

Many books have been published about Ober-Ammergau and its Passion-Play. This one is not, however, a mere repetition of their substance under a different form. It is altogether different in substance, and, therefore, a really new as well as most interesting description. The accomplished author does not occupy her pages with an account of the play itself, but takes us into the homes of the actors, and among the scenes of that picturesque German village. Though she is not a Catholic, her heart is full of kindliness, sympathy, and reverence, and we have read her truly exquisite portrayal of the primitive and most Christian life of the favored inhabitants of Ammergau with pleasure and admiration. The etchings are in the style of the best and truest art. The author has been honored by an autograph letter from the King of Bavaria, who, in spite of his faults as a ruler, is a man of taste and cultivation in the fine arts, and by a very kind reception at the private audience which was granted to her by the august Pius IX. We recommend this beautiful volume very cordially to all lovers of art, and of the most genuine, simple, and charming phases of nature and of Catholic piety which are to be found in the modern world, which is so full of glaring but empty illusions. As the edition in the hands of the New York publisher is a small one, those who desire to procure a copy would do well to be in haste about ordering it from the publisher.

FILIOLA. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. 1873.

ERNSCLIFF HALL. THE REVERSE OF THE MEDAL. Dramas for young ladies' school exhibitions. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1873.

The latter of these, a whimsical satire on the discontent of each class with its own duties, pleasures, and belongings, and envy of those of every other class, is amusing. To every rose there is a thorn, and while some envy their superiors in position those luxuries which the latter care nothing for, these again are often constrained to envy the freedom of those on a lower level. But nothing is truer than the adage, that *the back is fitted to the burden.*

THE DEAF-MUTE: OR, THE ABBE DE L'EPEE. Historical Drama in Four Acts. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1873.

The following, taken from the preface of the work, is a synopsis of this little play: Julius is exposed in Paris at the age of ten by his uncle, who procures a written evidence of the boy's death, and then seizes upon his property. The Abbé De l'Epée, Director of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum in Paris, finds the youth, and educates him. Suspecting the boy to be of noble blood, he bestows all his care on the helpless deaf-mute during eight years, creates his soul anew, as it were, and in the meantime endeavors to find out the place of his birth. For this purpose the Abbé travels with his protégé over a great part of France, and finally arrives at Toulouse, which city the young man recognizes as the place of his home. The Abbé consults the young lawyer Frauval, a friend of St. Alme, who is the son of Julius's uncle. Darlemont refuses to recognize his nephew, but is at last prevailed upon to restore Julius to his rightful inheritance, by the threatened exposure of his son St. Alme. So the matter is settled amicably, and Julius grants to St. Alme, his former playmate, half of his estate.

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XVII., No. 99.—JUNE, 1873.

JEROME SAVONAROLA.

"No breath of calumny ever attainted the personal purity of Savonarola."—*Henry Hart Milman, Dean of S. Paul's.*

THE bright and shining fame of Girolamo Savonarola, the man upon whom, in the XVth century, the wondering attention of the whole civilized world was admiringly fixed, fell during the XVIIIth century into oblivion or contempt—a not uncommon fate in that period for religious reputations and religious works. The generally received opinion concerning him was that of the sceptic Bayle, who, with show of impartiality and phrase of fairness ('Opinion is divided as to whether he was an honest man or a hypocrite'), but with cold and cruel cynicism, covered the unhappy Dominican with his sharpest and most pungent sarcasm, leaving the reader to infer that he was a mean impostor, who most probably deserved the martyrdom he suffered.

In our own day, Dean Milman, of the Established Church of England, asks:

"Was he a hypocritical impostor, self-deluded fanatic, holy, single-minded Christian preacher, heaven-commissioned prophet, wonder-working saint? Martyr, only wanting the canonization which was his due? Was he the turbulent, priestly demagogue, who desecrated his holy office by plunging into the intrigue and strife of civic politics, or a courageous and enlightened lover of liberty?"

And—unkindest cut of all—punishment transcending in degree the worst faults and most terrible crimes of which he has been unjustly accused by his most cruel enemies—modern German Protestantism has placed him in bronze effigy in company with the bigamous Landgrave Philip of Hesse, and with Prince Frederick of Saxony, on the monument at Worms, as one of the predecessors and helpers of Luther. The ascetic Savonarola the acolyte of the beery Monk of Wittenberg! The chaste Dominican the inferior of the sensual Reformer! The ecclesiastic

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who, in the flower of his manhood and the fulness of his intellect, made the unreserved declaration of Catholic faith * in which he lived and died, the aider and precursor of the arch-heresiarch!

Truly, so far as the judgment of this world is concerned, one hour of the degradation of Worms is sufficient to have cancelled all his sins. Poor Savonarola!

Jerome Savonarola, born in Ferrara, in 1452 (Sept. 21), was the son of Nicholas Savonarola. His mother Helen was of the Buonaccorsi family of Mantua, and his paternal grandfather a physician of Padua of such high reputation that Nicholas, Prince of Este, induced him, by the bestowal of honors and a pension, to come to Ferrara. Jerome's youth was serious and studious, and, under the fostering care of one of the best of mothers, his character developed favorably. At the age of ten, he went to the public school of his native city, and it was intended that he should complete the usual studies necessary to his becoming a physician.

The traveller of to-day, who sees the deserted squares and grass-grown streets of Ferrara, can form but little idea of the Ferrara of that period; a splendid city of one hundred thousand inhabitants, possessing one of the most brilliant courts of Italy, and witnessing the frequent passage of princes, emperors, and popes, whose presence gave constant occasion for pageants, processions, and banquets. The young Jerome, it was noticed, sought none of these, but was fond of lonely walks and solitude, even avoiding the beautiful promenades in the gardens of the ducal palace.

He pursued his medical studies for some time, but his favorite reading was found in the works of Aristotle and S. Thomas Aquinas. Long years afterward, he said of the latter: "When I was in the world, I held him in the greatest reverence. I have always kept to his teaching, and, whenever I wish to feel small, I read him, and he always appears to me as a giant, and I to myself as a dwarf." Although, like most youths of his age, he indulged in making verses, his were not of the ordinary callow model. One of his short youthful poems which survived him was on the spread of sceptical philosophy and the decay of virtue. "Where," he asks—"where are the pure diamonds, the bright lamps, the sapphires, the white robes, and white roses of the church?" Such language, taken in connection with his declaration at the time that he would never become a monk, shows that the idea, although in a negative form, was already working in his mind. He afterwards related that, being at Faenza one day, he by chance entered the church of S. Augustine, and heard a remarkable word fall from the lips of the preacher. "I will not tell you what it was," he added, "but it is here, graven on my heart. One year afterwards, I became a religious."

Modern novels and the average silly judgment of worldly people in such matters are usually unable to comprehend why any man or woman should enter a convent unless they are what is called "crossed in love." Some such story is related of Savonarola, and Milman says of it: "There

* "Nihil præter Catholicam fidem, et quidquid Sancta Romana Ecclesia approbat, a me unquam prolatum est, cujus castigationi semper me subjeci, et quoties oportuerit iterum atque iterum me subjicio. . . . Manifeste apparebit, an ego hæresium, quod absit, an Catholicæ veritatis sim disseminator."

"No word of mine can be produced against Catholic faith or against whatever is approved by the Catholic Church, to whose correction I have always submitted, and, if need be, again and for ever submit myself. . . . It will be made manifest whether I have disseminated heresy—far be it from me—or Catholic truth."

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is a vague story, resting on but slight authority, that Savonarola was the victim of a tender but honorable passion for a beautiful female." We should also incline to be of the same opinion, were it not that Villari* refers to it as having some foundation. He says that, in 1472, a Florentine exile, bearing the illustrious name of Strozzi, and his daughter, took up their abode next to the dwelling of Savonarola's family. The mere fact that he was an exile from Dante's native city was sufficient to excite Savonarola's sympathies. He imagined him oppressed by the injustice of enemies, suffering for his country and for the cause of liberty. His eyes met those of the Florentine maiden. Overflowing with confident hope, he revealed his heart to her. What was his bitter disappointment on receiving a disdainful answer rejecting him, and giving him at the same time to understand that the house of Strozzi could not lower itself by condescending to an alliance with the family of Savonarola. He resented the insult with honest indignation, but, says his chronicler, *il suo cuore ne restó desolato*—"his heart was broken." This may all be, but certain it is that the disappointed youth did not instantly rush into a convent to bury his blasted hopes. On the contrary, the incident of the sermon at Faenza occurred nearly two years afterward. On this circumstance he frequently dwelt, saying that a word, *una parola*, of the preacher still strongly affected him, but he always reserved it as a sort of mysterious secret even from his most intimate friends.

In returning from Faenza, he was light of heart, but found, on reaching home, that a hard trial was before him. It was necessary to conceal his intention from his parents, but his mother, as though she read his secret, would fix her eyes upon him with a gaze which seemed to penetrate his very soul. This struggle went on for a year, and Savonarola often refers to his mental sufferings during that period. "If I had made known my resolution," he says, "I believe my heart must have broken, and I should have allowed myself to be shaken in my purpose." Again, on another day, the 22d of April, 1475, Jerome, seating himself, took a lute, and played an air so sad that his mother, turning to him suddenly, as if moved by the spirit of prophecy, said to him in a tone of sorrow: "My dear son, that is a farewell song." With great effort, the young man continued to play with trembling hand, but dared not raise his eyes from the ground.

The next day, April 23, was the feast of S. George, a great festival for all Florence. Savonarola had fixed upon it to leave his father's house, and, as soon as the religious ceremonies of the morning were over, he quitted home, and made his way to Bologna, where he knocked for admittance at the

CONVENT OF THE DOMINICANS.

He was then just twenty-two and a half years old. Announcing his desire to enter on his novitiate, he wished, he said, to be employed in the most menial of the offices of the community, and to be the servant of all the others. Being admitted, he seized his first leisure moment that same day to write a long and affectionate letter to his father, in which he sought to comfort him and explain the step he had taken. It is a memorable letter:

"DEAR FATHER: I fear my departure from home has caused you much sorrow —the more so that I left you furtively.

* *La Storia di Girolamo Savonarola e de' suoi Tempi, Narrata da Pasquale Villari con l'Aiuto di Nuovi Documenti. Firenze.* 1859.

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Permit me to explain my motives. You who so well know how to appreciate the perishable things of earth, judge not with passion like a woman, but, guided by truth, judge according to reason whether I am not right in carrying out my project and abandoning the world. The motive determining me to enter on a religious life is this: the great misery of the world, the iniquities of men, the crimes, the pride, the shocking blasphemies, by which the world is polluted, for there is none that doeth good—no, not one. Often and daily have I uttered this verse with tears:

'Heu fuge crudelas terras! Fuge littus avarum.'

I could not support the wickedness of the people. Everywhere I saw virtue despised, and vice honored. No greater suffering could I have in this world. Wherefore every day I prayed our Lord Jesus Christ to lift me out of this mire. It has pleased God in his infinite mercy to show me the right way, and I have entered upon it, although unworthy of such a grace. Sweet Jesus, may I suffer a thousand deaths rather than oppose thee and show myself ungrateful! Thus, my dear father, far from shedding tears, you should thank our Lord Jesus, for he has given you a son, has preserved him to you up to the age of twenty-two, and has deigned to admit him among his knights militant. Can you imagine that I have not endured the greatest affliction in separating from you? Never have I suffered such mental torment as in abandoning my own father to make the sacrifice of my body to Jesus Christ, and to surrender my will into the hands of persons I had never seen. In mercy, then, most loving father, dry your tears, and add not to my pain and sorrow. I am satisfied with what I have done, and I would not return to the world even with the certainty of becoming greater than Cæsar. But, like you, I am of flesh and blood; the senses wage war with reason, and I must struggle furiously with the assaults of the devil.* They will soon pass by, these first sad days, bitterest in the freshness of their grief, and I trust we will be consoled by grace in this world, and glory in the next. Comfort my mother, I beseech you, of whom, with yourself, I entreat your blessing."

* The original is very picturesque: "A ciò ch'el diavolo non mi salti sopra le spalle."

In the convent at Bologna, Savonarola spent seven years. During his novitiate, his conduct was the admiration of all his brethren. They wondered at his modesty, his humility, and his faultless obedience. He appeared to be entirely absorbed in ecstatic contemplation of heavenly things, and to have no other desire than to be allowed to pass his time in prayer and humble obedience. To one looking at him walking in the cloisters, he had more the appearance of a shadow than of a living man, so much was he emaciated by abstinence and fasts. The severest trials of the novitiate seemed light to him, and his superiors had frequently to restrain his self-imposed denials. Even when not fasting, he ate hardly enough to sustain life. His bed was of rough wood with a sack of straw and one coarse sheet; his clothes, the plainest possible, but always scrupulously neat. In personal appearance, Savonarola was of middle stature, dark, of sanguine-bilious temperament, and of extraordinary nervous sensibility. His eyes flamed from beneath dark eye-brows; his nose was aquiline, mouth large, lips thick but firmly compressed, and manifesting an immovable determination of purpose. His forehead was already marked with deep furrows, indicating a mind absorbed in the contemplation of grave subjects. Of beauty of physiognomy there was none, but it bore the expression of severe dignity. A certain sad smile, passing over his rough features, gave them a kindly expression which inspired confidence at first sight. His manners were simple and uncultivated; his discourse, plain to roughness, became at times so eloquent and powerful that it convinced or subdued every one.

As Savonarola advanced in his studies, he devoted all the time he

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could possibly spare to the writings of the Fathers and to the Holy Scriptures. There are no less than four different copies of the Bible still existing in the libraries of Florence, and a fifth in the library of S. Mark, in Venice, of which the margins are covered with Latin notes written by him, which are excessively abridged, and in a writing so fine as to be read only with difficulty. According to the custom of the order, the young monk was in due time sent out on the mission, that is, to different cities and towns, to preach and exercise his other clerical duties. In 1482, he was ordered to Ferrara, whither he went, very much against his will. His relatives desired that he should remain there, in order to be near his family. Referring to this, he wrote to his mother: "I could not do as much good at Ferrara as elsewhere. It is seldom that a religious succeeds in his native place. Hence it is that the Scripture commands us to go forth into the world. A stranger is better received everywhere. No one is a prophet in his own country. Even concerning Christ, they asked: 'Is not this the son of the carpenter?' As to me, it would be inquired, 'Is not this Master Jerome, who committed such and such sins, and who was not a whit better than ourselves? Ah! we know him.'"

THE CONVENT OF S. MARK.

From Ferrara, Fra Hieronimo was sent to the Convent of S. Mark, at Florence. A mass of saintly and artistic recollections cluster around the history of this convent. Holy men passed their lives within its austere cloisters, and eminent artists here consecrated their works by Christian inspiration. It is sufficient to mention from among them the names of Fra Angelico, whose admirable frescoes adorn its walls, of Fra Bartolomeo, known to the world as Baccio della Porta, the equal of Andrea del Sarto, of Fra Benedetto, and of the brothers Luke and Paul della Robbia. Villari dwells on one of its greatest illustrations, F. Sant' Antonino, the founder or renewer of nearly all the charitable institutions of Florence, and in particular of the Buoni Uomini di San Martino, which exists to this day in all its beautiful Christian edification, if, haply, the tide of modern progress, under Victor Emmanuel, have not swept it away.

F. Sant' Antonino's memory is still cherished there as that of a man burning with divine charity, and consumed with the love of his neighbor. His death, which took place in 1459, was deplored in Florence as a public calamity.

The early history of the convent is closely connected with that of Cosmo de' Medici, who was its munificent patron. Besides large amounts spent on the building, he made them a still more valuable donation. Niccolo Niccoli, a name well known to scholars, a collector of manuscripts of European fame, had spent his life and a large fortune in making a collection of valuable manuscripts which was the admiration of all Italy. At his death, he bequeathed it to the public, but the donation was useless by reason of the heavy debts against his estate. Cosmo paid them, and, retaining for himself a few of the most precious documents, gave all the rest to the convent. This was the first public library in Italy, and it was cared for by the monks in a manner which proved them worthy of the gift they had received. S. Mark became, as it were, a centre of learning, and not only the most learned monks of its affiliated convents in Northern Italy, but the most distinguished men of that period, sought every occasion to frequent it.

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Savonarola's arrival in the Florentine convent had been preceded by his reputation for learning and for piety. It was even said of him that he had made some miraculous conversions, and the story was told that, in making the journey from Ferrara to Mantua by the river, he had been shocked by the obscene ribaldry of the boatmen. He turned upon them with terrible earnestness, and, after half an hour of his impressive exhortation, eleven of them threw themselves at his feet, confessing their sins, and humbly demanding his pardon.

Savonarola was at first delighted with all he saw of Florence. The delicious landscape bounded by the soft outline of the Tuscan hills, the elegance of language, the manners of the people, which appeared to increase in refinement and courtesy as you approached Florence, all had predisposed him to find delight in this flower of Italian cities, where nature and art rival each other in beauty. To his mind, so strongly imbued with the religious feeling, Florentine art seemed like a strain of sacred music, attesting the omnipotence of genius inspired by faith. The paintings of Fra Angelico appeared to him to have summoned the angels to take up their abode in these cloisters; and, gazing at them, the young religious was transported into a world of bliss. The holy traditions of Sant' Antonino and of his works of charity were still fresh among the brethren, and everything appeared to draw him closer to them. His heart was filled with hopes of better days, he forgot his former disappointments, as well as the possibility that there might be fresh ones in store for him when in time he came to know the Florentines better.

LORENZO THE MAGNIFICENT.

When Savonarola came to Florence, Lorenzo the Magnificent had been its ruler for many years, and was then at the apogee of his fame and his power. Under his sway* everything looked prosperous and happy. The struggles that formerly convulsed the city had long ceased. Those who refused to bend to the domination of the Medici were imprisoned, exiled, or dead. All was peace and tranquillity. Feasts, dances, and tournaments filled up the leisure of this Florentine people, who, once so jealous of their rights, now seemed to have forgotten the very name of liberty. Lorenzo participated in all these diversions, and even exerted himself to invent new ones. Among these were the *Canti Carnascialeschi*, first written by him and sung by the young nobility and gentry of Florence in the masquerades of the Carnival. Nothing perhaps can better depict the corruption of the period than these songs. At this day not only educated young men, but the lowest of the populace, would hold them in scorn, and their repetition in public would be an offence against decency swiftly to be suppressed by the police. And yet such were the occupations of predilection of a prince praised by all, and considered as the model of a sovereign, a prodigy of courtesy, a political and literary genius. And there are those who are to-day inclined to think of him as he was then looked upon, to pardon him the blood cruelly spilled to maintain a power unjustly acquired by him and his, the ruin of the republic, the violence by which he forced from the community the sum necessary for his reckless expenditure, the shameless libertinism to which he abandoned himself, and even the rapid and infernal corruption of the people which he studied to maintain with all his

* He ruled from 1469 to 1492.

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force and mental capacity.* And all this must be pardoned him forsooth, because he was the protector of literature and the fine arts!

Among all the Italian historians who have painted Florence at this epoch, there is but little difference except in the variety and depth of the colors used by them. Bruto writes, and what he says is neither useless nor irrelevant reading if, as we progress in his description, we bear in mind to what extent it may be applied to New York in the year 1873 as well as to Florence in 1482. "The Florentines," he says, "seeking to live in idleness and ease, broke with the traditions of their ancestors, and in immoderate and shameful license fell into the way of the most disgraceful and detestable vices. Their fathers, by dint of labor, fatigue, virtue, abstinence, and probity, had made the country flourish. They, on the contrary, as if they had cast aside all shame, seemed to have nothing to lose: they gave themselves up to drinking, gambling, and the most ignoble pleasures. Lost in debauch, they had shameless intrigues and daily orgies. They were stained with all wickedness, all crime. General contempt of law and justice assured them complete impunity. Courage consisted in audacity and temerity; ease of manner, in a culpable complaisance; politeness, in gossip and scandal."

SAVONAROLA IN FLORENCE.

In consideration of his acquirements, Fra Hieronimo, was appointed a teacher of the novices, and held the position for four years (1482–1486). In 1483, owing either to a want of preachers or to the high opinion formed of him from his success as a professor, he was appointed to preach the course of Lenten sermons at the church of S. Lawrence. Meantime, what he had learned of the Florentines from personal observation had not tended to raise them in his estimation. He had discovered that, in spite of their finished education and highly cultivated intellects, their hearts were filled with scepticism, and an ever-present sarcasm hovered on their lips. This want of faith and of high principles caused him to shrink anew into himself, and his disappointment was the greater as it contrasted so keenly with the hopes he entertained on entering Florence. With these feelings he for the first time ascended a Florentine pulpit. Hardly twenty-five people came to hear him a second time. Twenty-five persons! They could hardly be seen in the vast building. His voice was feeble, his intonations false, his gestures awkward, his style heavy. His preaching was a failure. But he was not discouraged, and was anxious to make another attempt. His superiors, not caring to renew the experiment in Florence, sent him to San Gemignano for two years. He made no attempt to change his style. The Florentines had been accustomed to preachers who carefully studied the elocutionary part of their sermons, many of them seeking to form themselves upon some classical mould, and their delivery was generally polished and graceful. Savonarola despised these aids, and thundered in his rough, uncultivated way, against scandals and want of faith, speaking with scorn of the modern poets and philosophers, and despising their fanaticism for the classics. The Bible he quoted profusely, and made it the foundation of all his sermons. His success at San Gemignano was by no means a decided one, never-

* "Egli secondò il secolo in tutte le sue tendenze: di corrotto che era, lo fece corrottissimo." "He helped forward the period in all its tendencies," says Villari. "From corrupt he made it most corrupt."

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theless it was sufficient to give him confidence in himself, and to confirm the course he had marked out for himself as a preacher. Returning to his convent, he continued to fulfil his modest duties as reader or professor until 1486, when by his superiors he was

SENT TO LOMBARDY,

where he remained four years. These four years are the most obscure of his life. It is known, however, that during this period he preached in various cities of that country, and especially at Brescia. Here his power in the pulpit first fully revealed itself. He preached on the Apocalypse. With fervid words, imperious accents, and impressive voice, he reproached the people with their sins, and threatened them with the anger of God. Making startling application of the prophecies to Brescia itself, they should see, he told them, their city a prey to furious enemies, who would make their streets run rivers of blood. Crime and cruelty would visit them in their worst shape, and everything would be delivered up to terror, fire, and destruction. His menaces appalled them, and his voice appeared to come from another world. These prophecies were recalled when, a few years later, in 1512, Brescia was taken by assault by the French troops under Gaston de Foix, and the city sacked and devastated with the most dreadful barbarity. Six thousand of its inhabitants were killed.

Savonarola is next heard of at Reggio, in 1486, where a chapter of Dominicans was convened for the discussion of certain questions of theology and discipline. A number of learned laymen were also present, attracted by the prospect of theological discussion. Among these was the celebrated Pico di Mirandola, then only twenty-three, but already famous as a prodigy of intelligence and learning. He was struck by the appearance of Savonarola before the monk had said a word, and had noted his pallid countenance, and sunken eyes, and forehead ploughed with furrows of thought. In the theological debate, Savonarola took no part, but when the question of discipline came up he spoke and thundered. What he said left upon Mirandola the impression that he beheld an extraordinary man, and on his arrival at Florence some time afterward, he besought Lorenzo de' Medici to have Savonarola recalled to Florence.* After preaching at Bologna and Pavia, and delivering a course of Lenten sermons at Genoa, he was, at the instance of Lorenzo, recalled by his superiors to Florence, in 1490. Thus it was that the bitterest enemy of the Medici, the subverter of their power, was by one of themselves invited to return. Notwithstanding his discernment Lorenzo little knew what sad disasters he was preparing for his house, or what a flame he was kindling in the convent which his ancestors had built. In order to give an example of the Christian simplicity he preached, Fra Hieronimo made the journey home on foot, and, owing to physical weakness, accomplished only with difficulty his

RETURN TO FLORENCE.

In his convent he quietly resumed his functions of reader. There was no question of his preaching, for he had not forgotten the icy indifference of the Florentines. Devoting himself sedulously to the instruction of his novices, they became the objects of his tender care and of his fondest wishes. Meantime his powers had

*M. Perrens and Dean Milman both express some doubt as to this fact, but we prefer to follow Villari, whose explanation of the matter is satisfactory.

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increased and his fame had spread. It was echoed from Northern Italy, and confirmed by Mirandola. Gradually the professed brothers of the convent joined the novices in listening to Savonarola's lectures, and scholars and learned men of the city demanded permission to be admitted to them. Among those was his adviser Pico. The study-room in which he gave his lectures was no longer sufficient to hold the crowd. The garden of the convent was then taken possession of, and there, under the shade of a bush of damask roses, carefully renewed to this day by the brothers of the convent with religious veneration, he continued his lessons. His subject was the exposition of the Apocalypse. The crowd of his hearers still increased, and it was proposed to the Prior of S. Mark that Fra Hieronimo should continue his lectures in the church. This was accorded, and on Sunday, August 1, 1490, crowds flocked to hear the preacher, who, formerly so much despised in Florence, had gained such a reputation in other parts of Italy. From an account of it left by himself, he that day preached a terrible sermon. He continued his explanation of the Apocalypse. The walls rang with his terrible conclusions, he succeeded in communicating to the excited multitude the impetuosity of his own feelings, his voice seemed to them superhuman. The success of that day was complete. Nothing else was talked of in all Florence, and the literati for a short time forgot Plato to discuss the merits of the new Christian preacher. Here is his own account of the event:

"On the first day of August of this year, 1490, I began publicly to expound the Apocalypse in our church of S. Mark. During the course of the year, I continued to develop to the Florentines these three propositions 1. 'That the church would be renewed in our time.' 2. 'Before that renovation, God would strike all Italy with a fearful chastisement.' 3. 'That these things would happen shortly.' I labored to demonstrate these three points to my hearers, and to persuade them by probable arguments, by allegories drawn from sacred Scripture, by other similitudes and parables drawn from what was going on in the church. I insisted on reasons of this kind; and I dissembled the knowledge which God gave me of those things in other ways, because men's spirits appeared to me not yet in a state fit to comprehend such mysteries."

The reader will not fail to notice the portentous intimation conveyed in the last sentence of this remarkable record. Savonarola already believed himself the recipient of supernatural communications "the knowledge which God gave me of these things in other ways." We shall find him presently boldly announcing his celestial visions and commands from heaven, and here may be discerned clearly and at once the point at which his noble mind and pure spirit, disturbed by the excitement of years of mental tension and meditation on Apocalyptic visions, lost its clearness and its balance, and fell into the gravest errors of judgment and doctrine.

THE FAMOUS SERMONS.

Crowds continued to press into the church of S. Mark to hear the preaching of Fra Girolamo, until the utmost capacity of the building no longer sufficed to hold them. For the Lent of 1491, his preaching was appointed to take place in the cathedral, and the walls of Santa Maria del Fiore for the first time echoed to his voice. From this moment he was lord of the pulpit and master of the people, who, increasing every day in number as hearers, redoubled in their enthusiasm for him. The pictures he drew charmed the fancy of the multitude, and the threats of future

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punishments exercised a magic influence upon all, for sinister forebodings appeared to rule the hour. All this was far from satisfactory or pleasing to the Magnificent Lorenzo, and naturally begat among his adherents a feeling of strong opposition to Savonarola. The result was that a deputation of five of the principal citizens (Domenico Bonsi, Guidantonio Vespucci, Paulo Antonio Soderini, Bernardo Rucallai, and Franceso Valori) waited upon him, with instructions to advise him that he was risking his own safety and that of his convent, and to admonish him to be more moderate in his tone when teaching or preaching. Savonarola abruptly cut short their discourse, saying: "I see that you come not of your own motion, but that you are sent by Lorenzo de' Medici. Tell him to make haste to repent of his sins, for God is no respecter of persons, and has no fear of the great ones of this earth." Proud of his independence as a priest, Savonarola desired thus to crush at the outset the established custom in S. Mark of continually bending and prostrating before the house of Medici. At this the deputation pointed out to him the danger he was in of being exiled; and he answered: "I have no fear of exile from your city, which is, after all, a mere grain of dust upon the face of the earth. But although I am only a stranger in it, and Lorenzo a citizen and its head, know ye that I shall remain, and ye shall depart."

To this he added a few words concerning the actual condition of Florence, which made them wonder at the intimate knowledge he possessed of its affairs. Shortly afterward in the sacristy of S. Mark's, in the presence of several persons, he said that the affairs of Italy would soon change, for that the Pope, the King of Naples, and Il Magnifico had not long to live.

The ill-will of the Mediceans was naturally strengthened by such an incident as this. Their murmurs increased, and, coming from a small but influential portion of the citizens, Savonarola took it into serious consideration whether he should not give up for the time the prophetic strain of his sermons, and confine himself to the inculcation of moral and religious precepts. There is but little doubt that he struggled earnestly and conscientiously to bring himself to this resolution, and he has himself left the record of it in his *Compendio di Rivelazione*. "I deliberated with myself," he says, "as to suppressing the sermon on the visions I had prepared for the following Sunday's cathedral service, and for the future to abstain from them. God is my witness that throughout the whole of Saturday and during the entire night I lay awake; and every other way, every doctrine but that, was taken from me. At daylight, fatigued and exhausted by my long vigil, while I prayed, I heard a voice which said to me, 'Fool, seest thou not that God wills that thou shalt persevere in thy path?' And that day, I preached a terrible sermon." *

It was, doubtless, as he says, "una predica tremenda," for, persuaded as he was of his divine mission, he no sooner entered the pulpit than, with his imagination excited, his senses in febrile agitation from the effect of

* Here are his own words: "E mi rammento come predicando nel Duomo l'anno 1491, ed avendo già composto il mio sermone sopra questi visioni, deliberai di sopprimerle e nell' avvenire astenerme affatto. Iddio mi è testimonio, che tutto il giorno di sabato e l'intera notte sino alla nuove luce, io vegliai; ed ogni altra via, ogni dottrina fuori di quella, mi fu tolta. In sull' alba, essendo per la lunga vigilia stanco ed abbattuto, udii, mentre io pregava, una voce che mi disse: Stolto, non vedi che Iddio vuole che tu seguiti la medesima via? Perchè io feci quel giorno una predica tremenda"

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vigils and fastings, his subject carried him away into bursts of denunciatory eloquence that frightened while they charmed his hearers. In his excitement he again sees the nocturnal visions of his cell, loses consciousness of his own personality, and confounds the words there heard with the language of Scripture, for in his sermons he frequently, in the rush of language, cites as passages from the Bible the phrases of his own visions. Among these was his famous *Gladius Domini super terram cito et velociter.*

THE NEW PRIOR.

Meantime, in the interior of his convent, the learning, the simplicity, the profound piety and purity, and benevolence of Fra Girolamo had won for him the love and veneration of all his brethren. At the election of a new superior in 1491, they naturally chose him for their prior. Savonarola, who had always felt and sought to inculcate the higher appreciation of the dignity of the church and its ministers, seized this occasion to protest practically against a ceremony, which to him seemed not only compromising but degrading. Ever since the reign of the Medici, it was the custom for every newly elected prior of S. Mark to render homage and swear fealty to the reigning chief. Savonarola gave no sign of conforming to it, and from his silence might have been supposed to be ignorant of it. Some of the older monks reminded him of it as a formality which they had always considered obligatory. This view of it was natural enough from the fact that the Medici really founded the convent and had been its most generous benefactors. The new prior's reply was characteristic: "Is it God or Lorenzo de' Medici who has named me prior? I acknowledge my election as from God alone, and to him only will I swear obedience." This was carried to Lorenzo, who said: "You see, a stranger comes into my house, and deigns not even to visit me."

It must be conceded that, considering his position and personal character, Lorenzo acted with great moderation, for he evidently desired to conciliate the prior of the convent and to avoid the scandal of a quarrel with a religious. More than once he attended Mass at S. Mark's and afterwards strolled in its garden. On these occasions some brother would run to the prior to tell him of the distinguished personage who was walking alone in the garden. "Did he ask to see me?" was Savonarola's answer. "No, but . . . "—"Then let him walk there as long as he pleases."

The monk judged Lorenzo severely, and acted in consequence, for he knew all the injury to public morals he had done, and looked upon him not only as the enemy and destroyer of liberty, but as the most serious obstacle to any amelioration and christianizing of the people. Failing in one course, Lorenzo began to send to the convent liberal alms and rich gifts, but this only increased Savonarola's contempt for him, and he even made scornful allusion to it in the pulpit, intimating that such an attempt only confirmed him in his former resolution. Shortly afterward were found in the "alms-box" of S. Mark's a number of pieces of gold. The prior understood perfectly that they came from Lorenzo, as in fact they did, and, separating the princely gold from the modest offerings of the faithful, he sent it to the Buoni Uomini of the city for distribution among the poor, with the message that silver and copper sufficed for the wants of the convent."

Thus far thwarted at every turn, Lorenzo was not the man to give up

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a struggle once entered upon, and he was determined to turn, if possible, the rising tide of the Dominican's popularity. The preacher most admired at that period in Florence had for some time been Padre Genazzano—the same whose sermons were attended by crowds when Fra Girolamo could scarce retain a dozen or two of people to listen to him. Lorenzo requested the former to resume his preaching. He did so, and his sermon was announced for Ascension Day. All Florence rushed to hear him. Taking for his text, "Non est vestrum nosse tempora vel momenta"—"It is not for you to know the times or seasons"—he imprudently presumed too far upon his princely patronage, and violently attacking Savonarola by name, qualifying him as a false and foolish prophet, a sower of discord and scandals among the people, so revolted his auditory by his intemperate speech and uncharitable denunciation that, in the short hour of his discourse, he utterly lost the reputation of long years' acquisition. On the same day, Savonarola preached upon the same text, and, so far as the popular judgment was concerned, remained master of the field. Lorenzo, seeing the total failure of his scheme, and suffering from the rapid advances of a malady that was soon to become mortal, fatigued, moreover, with the struggle against a man whom, in spite of himself, he felt forced to respect, he left him henceforth to preach unmolested.

SAVONAROLA S SERMONS,

as printed, give us, on reading them, but a very imperfect idea of their effect as delivered. Of that tremendous power he wielded in the pulpit, and concerning which the amplest testimony of both his friends and enemies entirely agree, the source cannot be traced in the published copies of his sermons. The earliest of these are those preached in 1491, on the first Epistle of S. John. It would be a difficult task to present a general idea of this collection. In form, they offer no unity of subject nor connection of parts, added to which, the strong originality and waywardness of Savonarola's style and studies make it difficult for a modern reader to bring order out of this apparent disorder. He always commences with a citation from Scripture, grouping around it all the ideas theological, moral, and political which it suggests to his mind, resting these in their turn upon fresh Biblical texts. The apparent result to him who reads them to-day is a heterogeneous mass of discordant materials of which the confusion is hopeless. But these sermons were actually preached by Savonarola with a very different result. To him everything was clear. These words before him in manuscript are but the dry bones which he clothes with the magnetic life of inspiration, and to which he gives voice in the thunders of his own eloquence. The fire of his imagination kindles, figures of gigantic power present themselves to his mind, his gesture is animated, his eyes flame, and, abandoning himself to his originality, he becomes what he really was—a great and powerful orator. At times, he appears to fall back into a mass of artificial ideas without connection, again and again to free himself by force of natural talent, for, born orator as he was, he needed the arts of oratory; and it was only when his subject mastered him, and carried him away, that nature took the place of art, and he was eloquent in spite of himself. Of his originality and depth of thought some idea may be gained from the following extract taken from one of

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his nineteen sermons upon the first Epistle of S. John, in which he explains at length the mysteries of the Mass, giving in it religious precepts and counsels to the people:

"The word we utter proceeds out of our mouths separated and divided by a succession of syllables, in such manner that, while one part exists, the other part is already extinct, and, when the whole word is pronounced, it exists no longer. But the Verb, or the Divine Word, has no divisions; it is one in its essence, it is diffused throughout the created world, and lives and endures throughout eternity like the celestial light which is its companion. Therefore it is the Word of Life, and one with the Father. We accept, it is true, this Word in various senses. By 'life' we sometimes mean the natural being of mankind, sometimes we mean by it their occupation. Hence we say, the life of this man is science, the life of the bird is singing. But there is but one true life which is in God, for in him all things have their being. And this is that blessed life which is the object of man, and in which he may find infinite and eternal happiness. Earthly life is not only fallacious, but powerless to give us happiness from its want of unity in itself. If you love riches, you must give up sensual pleasures; if you are abandoned to these, you must renounce the acquisition of knowledge; and if you give up the acquisition of knowledge you cannot obtain offices of responsibility and honor. But the joys of life eternal are all comprised in the vision of God, which is supreme felicity."

DEATH OF LORENZO.

With a mortal disease fastened upon him, Lorenzo the Magnificent had retired to his villa at Careggi. Hope of his recovery there was none, for the physicians had exhausted the last resources of their art. Even the renowned Lazzaro da Ficino had been called from Pavia, and had administered his wonderful draught of distilled gems without result. Death approached rapidly, and in this solemn hour Lorenzo's mind turned seriously on his religious duties. He seemed entirely changed. When Holy Communion was to be administered to him, he made a superhuman effort to rise from his bed, and, supported in the arms of those around him, to receive it kneeling, but the priest, perceiving his weakness and his agitation, insisted on his being returned to his couch. It was impossible to calm him. The past rose up before him in horrible visions. As he approached his end, his crimes assumed gigantic proportions, and became every moment more menacing, filling him with a wild dismay, and depriving him of the peace and comfort he would otherwise have derived from the consolations of religion. Having lost all confidence in men,* he even doubted the sincerity of his own confessor. Accustomed to have his slightest wish obeyed, he began to doubt if that ecclesiastic had acted with entire freedom. His remorse became harder and harder to bear. "No one ever dared say 'No' to me," he thought within himself, and this reflection, once a source of pride, now became his most cruel punishment. Suddenly the image of Savonarola in its grave severity presented itself to his mind, and he remembered that he at least had never been influenced either by threats or flatteries. "He is the only true *frate* I know," he exclaimed, and expressed a desire to make his confession to him. A messenger was instantly sent to S. Mark's for Savonarola, who was so astonished at the strange and unlooked-for summons that it seemed to him incredible. He gave answer that it appeared to him useless to go to Careggi because his words would not be well received by Lorenzo. But when he was made to understand the gravity of Lorenzo's condition, and the fact that he had really sent for him, he set off instantly. That day Lorenzo felt

* The original is, "Avendo perduto ogni fiducia degli uomini," which the English Protestant translator (London, 1871) renders, "He had lost all confidence in the priests."

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himself rapidly sinking. Summoning his son Piero, he gave him his last instructions and his dying farewell. He afterwards expressed a wish to see Pico di Mirandola, who came immediately, and the pleasure of his society had a soothing effect upon the moribund. Scarcely had Pico left, when the prior of S. Mark was announced. He advanced respectfully to the bedside of the dying man. Three sins in particular lay heavy upon his conscience. These were: the sack of Volterra; the plunder of the treasure set apart for the dowry of poor Florentine damsels, which had driven many of them to evil lives; the blood he had shed to revenge the conspiracy of the Pazzi.

While speaking, Lorenzo's agitation increased alarmingly. But Savonarola, in order to calm him, kept repeating, "God is good, God is merciful."

"But," he added, when Lorenzo had finished, "three things are necessary."

"What are they, father?" asked Lorenzo.

Savonarola's countenance became grave, and, reckoning upon his fingers, he said: "First, you must have a firm and lively faith in the infinite mercy of God."

"I have it fully."

"Second, you must make restitution of all money unjustly acquired, or charge your son to do it for you."

At this Lorenzo was sorely grieved and perplexed, but with a great effort he signified assent by nodding his head.

Savonarola then rose, and, drawing himself up to his full height, said with solemn countenance and impressive voice, "Lastly, you must restore to the people of Florence their freedom." He fastened his eyes upon those of Lorenzo, awaiting his answer. The dying man, gathering what little strength was left him, disdainfully shrugged his shoulders without deigning to utter a single word.

Thus—so runs the story—Savonarola left him, and Lorenzo the Magnificent, lacerated with remorse, soon afterwards breathed his last sigh (8th of April, 1492).*

The death of Lorenzo seriously affected the public affairs of Tuscany and of Italy. His personal influence over other princes, his prudence and ability, had made him in some sort the moderator of Italian politics. Piero, his son and successor, was in every respect his opposite. Of handsome and powerful physique, he abandoned himself to athletic sports and to gallantry. He possessed a certain facility of improvisation and a pleasing address, but centred his highest ambition on horsemanship, tournaments, and games of strength and dexterity.

He inherited from his mother all the pride of the house of Orsini, but from his father none of that simplicity and modesty of manner which had so powerfully contributed to render him popular. His manners were rough and displeasing to all: he yielded frequently to transports of rage, and one day, in the presence of many persons, gave his cousin a violent blow with his fist. These things were looked upon in Florence as worse than an open violation of the law, and of themselves sufficed to create for him a great number of enemies. Not only to his subjects were his manners displeasing, but from the very commencement of his reign he so disgusted all the Italian princes that Florence soon lost the

* We have followed Villari in the account of this interview. M. Perrens questions its authenticity for several very good reasons. If it was a confession, no one would know anything about it. But it is claimed by some that it was merely a consultation on a case of conscience, and that Politian was an *ocular* though not an *auricular* witness. If such an interview took place, we should be inclined to admit Villari's account of it only on the latter hypothesis.

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pre-eminence which Lorenzo had gained for her. He utterly neglected the public affairs, and was solicitous only to concentrate in himself all the power of the government. Day by day he successively swept away even the few remaining semblances of liberty which Lorenzo had taken great care to leave intact, and to which the people naturally clung with affection. General dissatisfaction spread rapidly, and swept into a threatening opposition even many of the strongest partisans of the Medicean dynasty. A certain uneasy expectation of a change in public affairs began to manifest itself, a change the more necessary and desirable as Piero, deserted by citizens of repute, was forced to surround himself by men either unknown or incapable.

Meantime the multitude pressed around the pulpit of Savonarola, and looked up to him as the preacher of the anti-Mediceans. The fact that Lorenzo, at the approach of death, had desired him for a confessor, gained him many adherents among the admirers of that prince, who rapidly fell away from Piero on account of his personal faults and defective administration. The populace, moreover, recollected that Savonarola, in the sacristy of S. Mark's, had predicted the approaching deaths of Lorenzo, of the Pope, and of the King of Naples. One portion of this prediction had been verified, and the fulfilment of another seemed close at hand. The vital powers of Pope Innocent VIII. were rapidly failing him, and he died on the 25th of April, 1492. The death of the King of Naples, it was known, must soon follow. And now all eyes were involuntarily turned to the man who had predicted the disasters which seemed impending over Italy, and whose prophecies seemed so strangely fulfilled. The universal belief in his prophecies seemed to confirm Savonarola's confidence in his own power, and spread his name throughout the world. He was at once the cause and the victim of his own visions. His exaltation increased. The time he had foretold seemed close at hand. He read and re-read the books of prophecy, and preached with greater fervor. It is but little to be wondered at that in this frame of mind his visions went on increasing in number.

Toward the end of the same year, while preaching the Advent sermons, he had a dream which to him appeared like a vision, and which he did not hesitate to look upon as a divine revelation. He seemed to see in the heavens a hand holding a sword on which was written: *Gladius Domini super terram cito et velociter.* He heard many voices, clear and distinct, promising mercy to the good, but menacing punishments to the wicked, and crying out that the wrath of God was nigh at hand. Suddenly the sword points to the earth, the sky is overcast, it rains swords and arrows, the lightnings flash, the thunders roll, and the whole earth is given up a prey to war, famine, and pestilence.

The vision ceased with a command to Savonarola to menace the people with approaching punishments, to inspire them with the fear of God, and induce them to beseech the Lord to send good pastors to his church, who would seek and save the souls in danger of being lost. In later years we find this vision represented in an infinite number of engravings and medals, and become, as it were, a symbol of Savonarola and of his doctrine.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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DANTE'S PURGATORIO.

CANTO NINTH.

FORTH from the arms of her beloved now,
Whitening the orient steep, the concubine
Of old Tithonus came, her lucent brow
Adorned with gems whose figure formed the sign
Of that cold animal whose tail with dread
Strikes trembling nations; and the night, where we
Now were, had made of her ascending tread
Two of her paces and was making three,
With wings through weariness less fully spread,
When I, in whom the weakness was alive
Of Adam's nature, sank in slumber's power
Where sat already on the grass all five.

Near to the dawning and about the hour
When first the little swallow wakes her lays
(Haply remembering her old woes afresh),
And when our mind, relieved of thinking, strays
More of a pilgrim from its cage of flesh
Till to its vision 'tis almost divine,
Dreaming, I seemed to see in heaven suspended
An eagle that with golden plumes did shine
And with spread wings as he to swoop intended:
And in that place it seemed to be, methought,
Where Ganymede, abandoning his own,
Was up to heaven's high consistory caught.
Then I considered; haply here alone
His wont to strike is, and he scorns elsewhere
To bear up what he snatches in his feet;
Methought he next wheeled somewhat in the air,
Then struck like lightning, terrible and fleet,
And rapt me up to the empyrean: there
We burned together in so fierce a heat,
And such of that imagined fire the smart,
My dream perforce was by the scorching broke.
Not otherwise Achilles with a start
Rolled his amazed eyes round him, newly woke,
And knowing nothing where he was, when flying
His mother bore him, slumbering on her breast,
From Chiron to the isle of Scyros hieing,
Whence the Greeks, after, forced him with the rest,
Than I too started! so that all repose

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Fled from my features; deadly pale and chill
I grew, like one whom fear hath well-nigh froze.
Sole stood my Comforter beside me still;
My face was towards the sea-shore turned; the sun
Was risen already more than two hours high.
"Fear not," my Lord said, "we have well begun:
Shrink not! but every way enlarge thy strength;
Thou hast arrived at Purgatory! See
Yon cliff that circles it; behold at length
The entrance, parted where it seems to be."

In the white light that comes before the morn
While slumbering in thee lay thy soul, there came
Over the flowers this valley that adorn
A woman, saying, "Lucia is my name:
This man here sleeping let me take in care;
So shall I speed him forward on his way."
Sordello, with his gentle comrades there,
Remained: she took thee and, at dawn of day,
Up hither sped, and I behind her straight.
Here she reposed thee; first with her fair eyes
Showing the aperture of yonder gate,
Then vanished and thy sleep in even wise.
As a man, doubting, comforteth his fear
At truth's discovery, confident once more,
So did I change; and seeing me appear
Without inquietude, my Guide up o'er
The cliff moved on, I following in his rear.

Reader, thou well observ'st to what a height
I lift my matter, therefore wonder not
If with more art I strengthen what I write.
We still approached and now had reached the spot
Where that which first had seemed to me a rent,
Like to a fissure in a wall, my view
Made out a gate, and leading to it went
Three steps, and each was of a different hue;
A guardian sat there keeping the ascent.
As yet he spake not, and as more and more
Mine eyes I opened, on the topmost stair
I saw him sitting, and the look he wore
Was of such brightness that I could not bear.
The rays were so reflected from his face
By a drawn sword that glistened in his hand
That oft I turned to look in empty space:
Then he began: "Speak ye from where ye stand!
What seek ye here? who leads you to this place?
Take heed lest climbing upward from the strand
You come to harm!" My Master answered thus:

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"A heavenly lady, of such things aware,
Spake in these words not long ago to us:
'Go ye up yonder, for the gate is there.'
And may she speed you on your way to good!"
Rejoined that gracious guard. "Up to our flight
Advance you then!" We therefore came and stood
At the first stair, which was of marble white,
So clear and burnished, that therein I could
Behold myself, how I appear to sight.
The second was a rough stone, burnt and black
Beyond the darkest purple; through its length
And crosswise it was traversed by a crack.
The third whose mass is rested on their strength
Appeared to me of porphyry, flaming red,
Or like blood spouting from a vein; thereon
God's Angel kept with planted feet his tread
Sitting upon the threshold's gleaming stone,
Which seemed to me of adamant. My Guide
Led me with my good will up that ascent,
Saying, "Beg humbly that the bolt may slide!"
And at those hallowed feet devout I bent.
"In mercy open to me!" I implored,
But first I smote me thrice upon my breast.
He on my forehead with his pointed sword
Traced P. seven times, then spake me this behest:
"Wash thou these wounds when thou hast past the door."
Ashes or dry heaps dug from gravelly earth
Were of one color with the robe he wore,
From under which two keys he next drew forth.
One was of gold, one silver; first he plied
The white, then used the yellow on the gate,
In such sort as my spirit satisfied;
Then said: "To none is passable the strait
When either of these keys be vainly tried,
And in the wards without response it grate.
One is more precious, one more asketh wise
Counsel and intellect the lock to free,
Because 'tis this which error's knot unties.
From Peter's hand I hold them. He on me
Enjoined this rule, that I should rather err
In opening unto penitents, than be
Slow to unbind, if at my feet they were."
Then of that pass he pushed the sacred gate,
Saying—"Go in; but be ye warned, before
You enter! who looks back returneth straight."
And when the hinge-bolts of the holy door,
Which are of strong and sounding metal, rolled
Round in their sockets, the Tarpeian rock,
When robbed of good Metellus and its gold,
Rung not so loud nor yielded such a shock.

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At the first thunder, as the portal swung
I looked about, and as I stood intent
Heard *Te Deum laudamus!* clearly sung,
And the gate's music with the song was blent.
The same impression what I heard gave me
As on the listener's hearing is begot
When men with organs join their voice, and we
Now hear the words, and now we hear them not.

UNITY.

He who holds not this unity of the church, does he think that he holds the faith? He who strives against and resists the church, is he assured that he is in the church? For the blessed Apostle Paul teaches this same thing, and manifests the sacrament of unity, thus speaking: *There is one Body and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one Hope of your calling; one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, one God.* This unity firmly should we hold and maintain, especially we bishops presiding in the church, in order that we may approve the Episcopate itself to be one and undivided. Let no one deceive the brotherhood by falsehood; no one corrupt the truth of our faith by a faithless treachery. The Episcopate is one; it is a whole, in which each enjoys full possession. The church is likewise one, though she be spread abroad, and multiplies with the increase of her progeny; even as the sun has rays many, yet one light; and the tree boughs many, yet its strength is one, seated in the deep-lodged root; and as, when many streams flow down from one source, though a multiplicity of waters seems to be diffused from the bountifulness of the overflowing abundance, unity is preserved in the source itself. Part a ray of the sun from its orb, and its unity forbids this division of light; break a branch from the tree, once broken it can bud no more; cut the stream from its fountain, the remnant will be dried up. Thus the church, flooded with the light of the Lord, puts forth her rays through the whole world, with yet one light, which is spread upon all places, while its unity of body is not infringed. She stretches forth her branches over the universal earth in the riches of plenty, and pours abroad her bountiful and onward streams; yet is there one Head, one Source, one Mother, abundant in the results of her fruitfulness.—*S. Cyprian.*

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THE TROWEL OR THE CROSS.;

FROM THE GERMAN OF CONRAD VON BOLANDEN.

"*This is your hour, and the power of darkness.*"—S. Luke xxii. 53.

BOLANDEN'S stories have been received with such marked favor, both in the original and translation, that we have thought a short biographical sketch of the author would be acceptable to the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

Joseph Edward Charles Bishoff, better known as Conrad von Bolanden, was born August 9, 1823, at lower Gailbach, a village of the Palatinate, formerly belonging to Lorraine.

His father was a wealthy merchant, and, when his son had reached a suitable age, he placed him under the direction of a private tutor; but the child gave no indication of talent, and made slow progress in his studies. He exhibited an equally backward disposition in the Latin school at Blieskastel, which he attended at the age of eight years. When his parents afterwards moved to Fischbach in Breisgau, it was his delight to roam through the forests, and remain many hours among the ruins of Hohenburg, situated upon the summit of a high mountain. To his close observation of the beauties of nature at this early age we are doubtless indebted for the graphic descriptions of natural scenery which we find in his works.

Having studied Latin for some time with the reverend pastor of Schönau, he entered, at the age of thirteen years, the Bishop's Seminary of Speyer. Here also he was accounted a very dull scholar, for the reason that the method of instruction was unsuited to him, and because he had already commenced to write poetry and romances.

In the year 1849, he became a student of the University of Munich, and applied himself diligently to the study of theology, for he felt within himself the vocation to become a priest. During this time, he wrote a *feuilleton* for the *Volkshalle*, published at Cologne, in which he describes an incident of the French Revolution. On the 20th day of August, 1852, he was ordained priest by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Nicholas von Weiss, in the seminary-church of Speyer, and became assistant priest of the cathedral. He devoted himself with zeal and enthusiasm to his new sphere of duty; but, at the end of two years, the bodily strength of the young assistant was completely exhausted, and he was made pastor of Kirchheim Bolanden, a small city at the Donnersberg. The parish numbered 1,303 souls, who were distributed among not less than 40 stations, in the midst of Protestants. Here again was a hard and fatiguing field of labor, but the experience which he acquired during his sojourn in Bolanden concerning the nature of Protestantism, was the foundation of his *Wedding-tour of M. Luther*. In memory of this his first mission as pastor, he called himself Conrad von Bolanden.

Ten months later, he was made pastor of Boerrstadt. There he wrote, within three years, *Eberhard of Falkenstein, or the Power of Faith*, *Franz von Sickingen*, and *Queen Bertha*.

From the year 1859 to 1869, he was pastor of Berghausen, about two miles from Speyer. Now followed in rapid succession novels and historical romances, which were at once translated into all the living languages, and gave the author a more than European fame, since his writings were printed and read also in America. His social romance, *The Progressionists*, lately reproduced in this magazine, became very popular. Workingmen of all classes made up funds to buy the book. Among the higher class also, and even in the family of a certain prince, this work created a furor; but it was the cause of great trouble to the author. A man of exalted rank and power, whose scandalous habits were known far and wide, imagined that he saw himself depicted in *The Progressionists*. The wrath of this person was the reason why many, out of fear of incurring his displeasure, avoided the presence of Bolanden. His shattered health, as well as the loss of friends, induced him, in the year 1869, to resign of his own accord his position as pastor, especially as the compensation he had received for his works had secured him an independent fortune. He purchased for himself a comfortable house in Speyer surrounded by a large garden, and there he now lives, always employed in writing, but in strict retirement.

His method of life is very regular. Every morning at nine o'clock he appears in his garden, where he occupies himself with his flowers and fruit-trees, after which he reads the newspapers and letters he has received. He never writes either in the morning or late at night. He commences work at two in the afternoon, and ceases at five.

Having no sisters, brothers, or other near relatives, Von Bolanden's house is presided over by his aged mother, Eleonore Languet, a venerable matron, whose motherly love is never exhausted, and whose devotion is repaid by the respectful and childlike affection of her distinguished son.

One of the peculiarities of Von Bolanden is his decided aversion to travelling, and to stopping at hotels. "I feel uneasy when out of my house," he often remarks. Like many literary men, he is very absent-minded; he will look at the clock to ascertain a day or date, and, during the hottest days of summer, he will approach an empty stove to light his cigar.

His great merits as a Catholic novelist, and his fearless exposure of historical falsehoods, as well as his efforts for the religious enlightenment of the people, have been recognized by Pope Pius IX., who has made him a Monsignore. This distinction is important, inasmuch as it implies the approval of Bolanden's works by the highest authority on earth.

God grant that the intrepid author may be spared for many years to uphold the banner of truth, and increase his merits by waging a combat against the enemies of the Catholic Church!

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CHAPTER I.

THE CONSPIRATORS OVERHEARD.

A FARMER stood on the border of a meadow, and, with hands clasped upon the handle of his axe, looked with disappointment at the appearance of the grass. He shook his head sadly, and exclaimed aloud: "All labor and skill are useless if God does not bless the land!"

He pushed his cap from his brow, and the expression of his face became more discontented than before, when suddenly he raised his head, listened, and gazed in the direction of the forest. His whole aspect now changed; his eyes lighted up with joy at the sound of a beautiful tenor-voice merrily singing:

> "If I were only king,
> I would be just to all," etc.

A gentleman on horseback soon became visible, followed at some distance by a second rider, who was evidently a servant. The gentleman, who was young and handsome, was dressed in gray; he wore his felt hat jauntily on one side, thus leaving exposed his good-humored, intelligent countenance, and his dark and brilliant eyes.

At the first curve of the road, he checked his horse. A thriving village is seen in the distance, and a palace belonging to the king crowns the summit of the hill.

"Franz, do you not think the weather unusually pleasant to-day?"

"Yes, your lordship."

"Do you know the reason why the atmosphere is so pure, Franz?"

"I do not know, your lordship."

"Well, I will tell you," said the young gentleman, taking off his hat, and passing his right hand through his curly hair. "The air is invigorating and fresh because it is not breathed by the ladies and gentlemen of the court. I have often observed that, whenever the caravans from the city come out here, the air becomes damp and oppressive. Nature seems to shroud its loveliness in a mourning-veil. Every shrub and flower shrinks, as it were, within itself, in the vain attempt to shut out the idle babbling of courtiers and the noxious smell of musk which they use in such quantities. To-day, however, the country is radiant in beauty; peace dwells everywhere, the most profound stillness reigns, and the Spirit of God fills the heart; therefore, Franz, I shall not return yet; you can ride home alone."

He sprang from his horse.

"Give me my portfolio and my plaid!"

The servant handed him both.

Throwing the plaid over his shoulders, the young count turned in the direction of the woods, whose tall beech-trees covered the sides of a small hillock. The road ended in a circle surrounded by young fir-trees. Benches with comfortable backs invited the traveller to rest; but the count continued his walk until he reached a certain spot, when he seated himself upon a large moss-covered stone. Through an opening in the forest he saw the farmer, whose whole deportment and walk again expressed care and reflection.

"He also is a thinker," said the count to himself, "and the subject of his meditation is doubtless more profitable to mankind than are those of many who make pretensions to profound learning. As he stands there, he is the very personification of care! He is evidently devising some plan by which the waters of the little brook may be led

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into his parched meadows. Idle work, my dear fellow! If you should succeed in turning its fertilizing streams into your land, and if you should enrich the soil with the sweat of your brow, the terrible military ordinance will devour the fruits of your labor. If you have sons who are healthy and strong, they cannot be of assistance to you, for the army will claim their service. The minister of war is insatiable in his demands, and it is necessary that he should be so, for we are living in strange times."

He continued to gaze musingly upon the scene before him. Gradually his countenance assumed an earnest and almost solemn expression; his bright eyes became dreamy, as if communing with spirits of the invisible world, until, as though yielding to some mysterious impulse, he seized his pencil, and began to write.

Suddenly a gruff voice was heard. The poet is startled out of his dreams. Four elegantly dressed gentlemen are seen coming up the road, and approach the circle.

"Who can escape his fate?" said the young count angrily. "The heavenly muses are put to flight by hostile spirits; but what do I see?" he continued, looking through the branches at the group. Three of the most powerful men of the kingdom? Three master-masons and the grandmaster of all the Freemasons within a circumference of three hundred miles? What can bring these sons of night to this peaceful spot? I hope they will not remain long enough to poison the fragrant air with their foul plotting and plans. Truly, their presence has already effected a change: the sun does not shine as brightly, and it is becoming cloudy."

He then sat listening.

"I do not understand you, professor," said the person with the gruff voice. "To say the least, it is a very singular fancy of yours to defend the Jesuits."

"No fancy at all, Herr Director; it is simply the result of knowledge," replied the professor.

"The knowledge acquired in your high-school is certainly wonderful," answered the director, with a mocking laugh. "But your effort to defend the Jesuits surpasses even the bounds of knowledge!"

"If you scorn knowledge when right and truth are in question, you will surely allow a man of sound judgment to have some respect for that which is founded on facts," said the university professor, with great warmth.

"Oh! you have my permission to say what you choose between these green walls," exclaimed the director, pointing with his hand towards the young fir-trees.

"And you, most worshipful grandmaster—do you also allow the free expression of opinion?" inquired the professor of a man with a gray beard, whose eyes and features indicated a disposition of great craftiness.

"Certainly; we are not in the masonic lodge," replied the gentleman addressed. "I am not grandmaster here, but a simple chief-magistrate. Be careful, however, in your expressions, we might be overheard."

The professor walked around the circle, and looked in every direction.

"There is no one within hearing distance," said he, returning.

"This is growing interesting; I must take notes of what will transpire," said the invisible count; and he at once commenced to write down what he heard.

"Our order has determined upon the extermination of the Jesuits—well! As this resolution has been passed, it no longer admits of debate," con-

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tinued the professor. "I do not speak now as a Freemason, but as a close observer of matters and things; and what do I see? Attacks on all sides upon the Jesuits. At Munich, our Masons have clothed themselves in the garment of Old Catholicity, that they might hurl from the standpoint of belief their anathemas against the Jesuits. In Darmstadt, our first Masons even went so far as to appear in the garb of Luther, that they might condemn the Jesuits from Protestant pulpits also, and demand their expulsion by actual force. All our newspapers denounce the Jesuits, and stir up a hatred of them among the people. But, gentlemen, in my estimation, the newspapers have gone too far; any man of common sense can convict them of falsehood and calumny. Here is a Bavarian paper of yesterday, called the *Kemptener Gazette*," said he, producing the journal. "Listen to this article, which endeavors to incite the fears of the credulous."

And the professor read:

"What are all the calamities which threaten and even destroy the human race in comparison to the crimes of the Jesuits? For centuries they have immolated thousands upon the scaffold, and justified their acts by appealing to an all-loving Deity. Children and their parents, the young and the old, virgins and matrons, have been sacrificed to their cruel and insatiable thirst for power. Amid horrible torments and unspeakable sufferings, innumerable beings, despairing of the mercy of God, have been put to death at their command. They have been the means of introducing treason and parricide into the world; they have artfully managed to incite with a word one nation against the other; while at the same time they point with a hypocritical face to the cross, the symbol of an all-governing love. But what caps the climax is that they seek to effect the ruin of men, not for *time*, but for *eternity*. With unheard-of cruelty, they everywhere stifle spiritual freedom in its very birth. They have secretly murdered kings and emperors who would not submit to their will. To obtain their end, they destroy the welfare of nations, and humble the majesty of princes into the very dust. Like an evil spirit, they have triumphantly placed their yoke upon enslaved mankind, and they yet strive to carry out their base designs, as the experience of our own times teaches us—in a word, they are the enemies with whom the spirit of truth has now to combat."

"Now, gentlemen, I ask of you," said the professor, holding up the paper, "are not these accusations most ridiculous and absurd? A long chain of the gravest crimes and of the most diabolical designs are fastened upon the Society of Jesus, and yet not a single one of these allegations can be proved. They are wicked and stupid fabrications, and cannot but appear as such to a man of ordinary intelligence."

"To an intelligent man, perhaps!" answered the director. "But the article is not written for that class of people, but only for the ignorant, who are easily duped."

"And we must remember," said one of the four Masons, "that the article fulfils its end; it is even well written; for it will fill the minds of the common people with hatred and distrust of the Jesuits if they read such things of them."

"Perfectly true, Herr Counsellor!" said the director.

"The end, indeed, sanctifies the means, we may say with truth," replied the professor. "Let us, however, not forget that the present attack upon the Jesuits will be record

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ed in history. A future age will judge for itself, and I fear it will decide in favor of a society which in our days is assailed with such senseless fury. Posterity will look upon the present treatment of the Jesuits as not only contemptible, but as cowardly and wicked. According to the testimony of centuries, the Society of Jesus is the most active, the purest, the most influential and learned order of the Catholic Church. The Jesuits are acknowledged to be the best teachers, the most prudent instructors of youth, the most experienced confessors, and tne most zealous priests. They are known as the vanguard of Rome; they are wonderful in mortification and in obedience, and are always ready to make any sacrifice whatever for the church. I can prove this by innumerable passages from Protestant works."

"It is not necessary, Herr Professor!" interrupted the grandmaster. "The Jesuits are no doubt excellent people. The society is a masterly organization; each member obeys without contradiction the commands of an experienced general; they form the strongest bulwark of Rome; for that very reason, they must be suppressed. 'The Trowel or the Cross!' that is to be the watchword! The trowel, the symbol of Freemasonry, must triumph over the cross, the symbol of Christianity. According to the spirit and plan of our order, all religion must disappear from the face of the earth. The trowel must reign, the cross be broken. As the Catholic Church gives the strongest support to religious belief, and because the Jesuits are the most active propagators of the doctrine of Christ, it is necessary that the Jesuits should be exterminated."

"Well, Herr Counsellor, I agree with you," replied the professor. "The death-sentence has been pronounced upon the Jesuits, and must be executed; but, to accomplish such a result, neither brutal force nor the interference of the government should be used; we should call knowledge to aid us in gaining the victory. There are perhaps two hundred Jesuits in the whole German Empire; thus there is one Jesuit to twenty learned men. Now, I ask you, will it not be disgraceful to our enlightened age if twenty well-informed doctors cannot render inefficient the activity of one Jesuit? Will it not be a never-ending cause of shame to German science if it cannot gain the mastery over such a small number of unarmed and persecuted men? It is humiliating to my pride to use such means for the extermination of this little band of enemies. Science must be made to destroy the Society of Jesus, but not a decree issued in the spirit of the barbarous and tyrannical Nero!"

"Don't talk to me about your sciences!" said the grandmaster impatiently. "I am an old, experienced Freemason, and you may believe what I tell you. Science will not be able to disconcert even one Jesuit. Do not forget, dear professor, that the Jesuits are proficient in all the sciences, and that they understand how to fight upon that ground. We must not skirmish long with such an enemy; we must advance quickly, and must concentrate all our forces for the great battle. It must now be decided—the trowel or the cross! If the dominion of the cross is to cease, the religion of Jesus of Nazareth must disappear; if the spirit of Freemasonry is to obtain the victory, then the Jesuits must first be exterminated by every possible means."

A deep murmur came from behind a large tree in the vicinity. The sound proceeded from the same farmer, who, having walked around his meadows, was on his return home,

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when he heard voices in animated conversation, and he lost no time in hiding himself behind the tree. There he stood, tall and broad-shouldered, listening attentively; he would every now and then clinch his strong fists, and would dart fiery glances at the assembled group of Freemasons.

"The most natural and efficacious means," remarked the professor, "would be a decree of suppression, which could be easily obtained from the Chamber of Deputies, the majority of whom belong actually or at least in spirit to our order. But the question is, Will the king consent to it?"

"Bah! he is a narrow-minded man, who does not govern, but is governed!" said the grandmaster contemptuously. "Our Masons have excited his fears to such a pitch in regard to the pretensions of the infallible Pope that he is ready at any moment to attack Rome."

"Splendid!" said the count to himself, underlining the words in his note-book: "A narrow-minded man, who does not govern, but is governed!"

"Our victory is certain!" declared the counsellor. "The time for a decisive battle could not be more favorable. The majority of intelligent people and of the working classes are without any religion. The lower orders must be indoctrinated by our Masons and apprentices; our newspapers must confuse and alarm them concerning the claims of the infallible Pope. Besides, the German emperor is a Freemason, the Crown-Prince of Germany is a Freemason, all the ministers of our country are Freemasons, and many ministers of other German countries are Freemasons. In Spain, we are already so powerful that the Grandmaster, Zorilla, gave the royal crown to a prince of his own choice. In Rome, for 1800 years the seat of the popes, the "Grand-Orient" of our order will erect his seat above the chair of an imprisoned and helpless Pope. As I have already remarked, affairs are everywhere so propitious to our cause that the trowel will surely conquer the cross!"

"This is indeed your hour, and the power of darkness!" thought the count.

"Only hear the villains!" muttered the farmer behind the hedge, "What pious creatures these Freemasons are!"

"You are mistaken in regard to one point," replied the professor. "The Emperor and the Crown-Prince of Germany are undoubtedly Freemasons; but the real object of our World Union is not known to either of them. Neither William nor Fritz dreams that after the downfall of the altar follows that of the throne. The cross is well adapted for the crown of princes, but not the trowel. Suppose the emperor shall discover the fundamental law of our order? Do you think that he would espouse the cause of religion, and war against us?"

"Care has been taken that he shall never know it," said the grandmaster. "Do not torment yourself with fears that will never be realized!"

"If the German emperor could only hear these rascally Freemasons talk!" thought the indignant farmer within himself. "I must look closely at these fellows."

"Well, professor," inquired the grandmaster, "are you at last convinced that the Jesuits must be first driven out, and that this can only be done by force?"

"I am not convinced of your last assertion; but yet I submit, in obedience to my oath as a Freemason most worshipful grandmaster!" replied the professor. "I shall endea-

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vor, in my sphere of labor, to be restlessly active, so that we may attain our great end. I shall do my best to destroy religious faith in all the young men confided to me, by appealing always to the light of science. Our universities of the present day are justly considered to be the most successful mothers of religious unbelief. To the destruction of altars, to the downfall of thrones, to the universal fraternization of all nations by means of a universal republic without a God, without heaven, without hell; for liberty in our pleasures, for liberty of will, for liberty in life and death, shall my whole strength be dedicated in submission to the rule of our order!"

The grandmaster nodded his head approvingly. Suddenly the group were startled by the appearance of the farmer, who, no longer able to control his wrath, stepped into the circle. Holding his axe in his hand, he gazed attentively at the strangers.

"What do you wish, good man?" asked the grandmaster condescendingly.

"I have heard much about the Freemasons, and, as I now have a chance, I must look at them a little."

"Well, well, this is fine work!" replied the counsellor, concealing his perplexity by a loud cough.

"How do you know that we are Freemasons?" asked the director.

"I know it because I have been listening to your confessions," replied the farmer.

The confusion now became general.

"What did you hear?" asked the professor.

"I heard enough! But I must tell you this, you Freemasons, your undertaking will fail, for your motives are wicked," continued the farmer, with rising indignation. "You say that you will expel the Jesuits, and destroy and exterminate them? Slowly, gentlemen; the people also will have something to say about that. We Catholics know what the Jesuits are. In the Bavarian Diet, some one said that the skulls of the Catholics should be beaten in. All right; but I tell you, Freemasons, that I will break with this my axe the skull of the first one who dares to come near our parish for the purpose of driving away our dear, good Jesuit father. Only try it! Do you think," he exclaimed, while he shook his clenched fist at them, "that we Catholics intend to be tormented by vagabonds and good-for-nothing fellows like you who do not believe in a God, nor in a heaven, nor in a hell? Do you imagine that we will allow ourselves to be trampled under foot, that we will permit our religion to be destroyed, our faith undermined, our priests abused and expelled? Do you think that we are such fools? Commence your work, and you will see what will happen! We are not African slaves: we are free Germans; you Freemasons would do well to keep out of the way. Our fists are stronger than your trowels, and defence, in case of necessity, is lawful!"

The dignitaries of the most powerful order in the world, observing the wild looks of the angry man, were silent.

"Do you see the cross upon the steeple of the church there?" asked the farmer, pointing to the village beyond. "How many such spires are there not in Germany? And you wish to take down that cross from the church—the cross upon which the Saviour has died for us—and put on your dirty mason-trowel? Ha! ha! that's too ridiculous!"

"Is your pastor a Jesuit, my friend?" inquired the professor, in a bland tone of voice.

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"Yes, indeed; our pastor is a Jesuit; he has been three years with us, because there is a scarcity of secular priests. And what a pastor he makes! I can tell you, Freemasons, that our Jesuit father is so good, so zealous, so full of piety, that all of you put together are not fit to unloosen his shoes. Yes; you may scowl at me, but it is so! And then, gentlemen, I have something else to say to you! If you think so much about freedom, and about the welfare of the people; if all your ministers are Freemasons; and if you are all-powerful in the chambers, why do you heap burden after burden upon the shoulders of the people? Why is it that the taxes are growing heavier every day? Why is it that the farmers are pressed by the collectors as if they were grapes? Why does the war-budget constantly increase, so that we are in danger of being forced to work in the end only for the soldiers? See, Freemasons, these are our troubles; you can, if you choose, help the oppressed people; but I warn you to keep your hands away from the Jesuits and from our religion . . . or . . . " and he made a threatening gesture, "you will be sorry. Franz Keller, of Weselheim, from yonder village, has said it."

He placed his axe upon his shoulder, and walked away with long, determined strides, while the Freemasons preserved a deep silence.

The count laughed at their evident discomfiture.

"Another significant proof of the powerful influence of the Jesuits," said the grandmaster. "The parish of Weselheim was formerly indifferent in regard to religious matters; but now they are made fanatical by having had a Jesuit among them for three years. He must leave!" continued he angrily. "The clock of his activity has run down."

"Will the king receive us at his villa?" asked the counsellor.

"On the 14th of this month, at eleven o'clock precisely!" replied the director.

"It is growing cold, gentlemen, let us return," remarked the grandmaster, whereupon they all left the forest.

CHAPTER II.

A JESUIT AS A PASTOR.

In a meditative mood, the count walked towards the village. The serene and joyous expression of his handsome face had disappeared, and was replaced by a grave earnestness.

"A valuable experience!" said he to himself. "So 'The Trowel or the Cross!' is to be the watchword of those who govern! Thrones are to be broken over the ruins of the altars, so that, in the end, a general fraternization of mankind may, according to the spirit of Freemasonry, crown the whole. Fraternization—hem! The real meaning of all this is that men who are not rich and are not liberals are to become the slaves of the liberals and the rich. The farmer was right: these Freemasons are wicked rascals, for they do not believe in God. And this spiritual rascality is, without doubt, more wicked and dangerous to the state than open drunkenness. This farmer is a brave fellow; I like him!" continued the count, laughing. "Healthy in body and spirit, courageous, sincere, and free! Like a night-bird before the eagle, so also do these light-hating Freemasons shrink before righteous and honest anger." He sauntered through the streets of the village, ob-

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served with pleasure the universal cleanliness that prevailed, and returned politely the friendly salutations of all who greeted him, after which he entered his hotel. When he had dined, and while reading the newspaper, his servant appeared.

"Some men are here, your lordship, who desire to speak with you."

"Who are they?"

"Good people from the country, your lordship."

"Send them up!"

Slowly, and bowing respectfully, at least a dozen villagers entered the room. The count at once recognized the tall form and broad shoulders of Franz Keller. The men were dressed in their Sunday attire, and their weather-beaten countenances were full of care and solicitude.

"What can I do for you, my friends?" began the count, who saw their embarrassment.

"We have come here on business, your lordship," said the leader of the little troop. "I am the burgomaster of this place, and these men are the aldermen."

"I am greatly rejoiced to make the acquaintance of the principal men of Weselheim," replied the young count kindly. "What is the nature of your business with me?"

"I will tell your lordship. For three years we have had a Jesuit father as our pastor—a good, pious, and zealous priest. The government has, for the last four months, endeavored to take him away from us, because he is a foreigner. He has received no less than three letters ordering him to leave, but he will not desert his post. He says that the government did not make him pastor of our church, but the bishop, and therefore government cannot dismiss him from the care of souls. But because the Freemasons hate the Jesuits, and because they are all-powerful with the government, our pastor is to be taken away from us by force. The whole congregation are indignant at this, for it will be difficult to find another pastor like him. If the gendarmes come, I do not pledge myself that they will not be driven out of the village; we all feel that it would be a sin crying to heaven if we allow a pious, innocent man to be taken away by gendarmes like a thief. No; we shall never submit to such treatment! Now, this is our humble request to your lordship: to-morrow, or after to-morrow, our most gracious king will arrive at the palace yonder, and, since your lordship is the friend of his majesty, the entire parish beg of you to speak in our behalf, so that we may be able to keep our pastor."

"I thank you, Herr Burgomaster, and all the parish for the confidence they place in me," said the count. "At the same time, I must confess that it is a long time since I have heard any praise of the Jesuits; the fashion is now to heap insult upon them, and to accuse them of every known crime."

"I ask pardon, your lordship," said Keller; "only those who do not know the Jesuits will ever insult them. We know them. Our Jesuit father is a very pious man; he has no fault—or at least one only."

"Well, what fault has he?" inquired Count von Scharfenstein.

"He gives away everything to the poor, your honor," replied the burgomaster. "He keeps nothing of what we give him; the lay brother who lives with him carries it away to others. A man must eat and drink well if he expects to work well."

"Very true!" said Von Scharfenstein, hardly able to restrain a laugh. "And because your pastor does not eat and drink well, he therefore does not work well either."

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"Oh! yes, your honor, oh! yes. I did not mean to say that. What I wanted to say was that our pastor works very hard, but that he does not eat enough, and therefore looks pale and thin. We cannot make him grow fat." And the burgomaster cast a satisfied glance at his own well nourished body. "If we give him the very best we have, he will not eat it, but gives it away, and that provokes us."

"Console yourselves!" answered Von Scharfenstein. "The poor to whom your pastor gives the best he has will not be displeased with him for it. And for the very reason that he is such an incorrigible friend of the poor, I shall speak to the king in his behalf."

The interview now came to an end.

"God reward your honor!" said each one of the delegation, as they bowed and took their departure.

Von Scharfenstein, whose thoughts were generally in the clouds, and who paid very little attention to the course of things in the world around him, walked thoughtfully up and down his room. The touching fidelity, love, and reverence of the villagers for their priest, at a time when authority was mocked at unless supported by brute force, excited in him great admiration.

"The hatred of Freemasons for Jesuits is very natural," said he. "The grandmaster is right: it will never be possible to plant the banner of infidelity upon the ruins of the altar as long as the bravest soldiers of the church militant exist. This forcible expulsion of the society is a political blunder. The case merits attention; I must take a look at the theatre of action."

He put on his overcoat and hat, and went forth into the twilight. Well-freighted wagons were returning home from the fields. Those who met saluted one another, or spoke a few words together. Children carried small bundles upon their heads, grown persons dragged their burdens after them. It was a scene of animated activity. No swearing or angry word was heard, but the day's work ended in the most peaceful manner. The same thing was repeated every evening during the sojourn of the count in Weselheim, but, having never felt any interest in rural life, he was astonished at all that he saw.

In the middle of the road, a heavily-laden wagon came to a stand-still; the horses refused to proceed, notwithstanding the efforts of the driver. The count could not but admire the patience of a man who did not swear at or ill-treat his horses. Several peasants came to offer assistance. They pushed the wheels, but in vain, for the animals would not move.

"I do not know what is the matter with the horses to-day," exclaimed the driver. "I have not overloaded them."

"Just a little too much, Jacob!" said a voice.

At once all hats and caps are raised. A tall, thin form now approached.

"May Jesus Christ be praised, your reverence!" was the respectful salutation of all the men.

"Now and for ever!" answered the good priest. "Well, Prantner, what has happened?"

"Your reverence, the horses will not stir!"

"Because they want to rest a little," replied the Jesuit. "We do the same when we are tired; and it is a heavy, a very heavy load," said he, with a glance at the towering height of the wagon.

"I have just told him that the wagon was overloaded," remarked another peasant, in a tone of reproach.

"Perhaps—but Prantner knows

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that his horses are very strong, and he therefore has great confidence in them," said the pastor. "They are splendid creatures," patting the broad necks of the horses, and stroking their manes. The horses commenced to snort, to toss their heads, and to paw the ground. "Ah! see, they like to be complimented," he continued cheerfully. "Let us always acknowledge merit, and that which seems difficult will then become easy. Now, Prantner, go on!"

The priest had hardly stepped back, when the horses proceeded on their way without further urging.

"Was there ever any one like our pastor?" exclaimed the peasants, in astonishment. "He understands everything."

"Where is he going, so late?"

"To Michael the carpenter, who is dying, and who refuses to be reconciled with his neighbor."

"Michael has always been very stubborn; may Almighty God grant him a happy death!" Saying which, the men dispersed.

The count, who had watched the proceedings, also went his way.

"The leading spirit of this parish is evidently the Jesuit, and he deserves to be," thought Von Scharfenstein.

The Angelus now rang; at once every head was uncovered; for the silvery tones of the bell reminded the villagers of the incarnation of the Son of God. From all the houses resounded the angelic salutation, sometimes uttered by the clear voices of the children.

"What a pity that those men of the trowel are not here to shake their empty heads compassionately at the pious usages of an ignorant but believing people!" said the count. "In my opinion, a people who are reminded thrice during the day of the incarnation of the Son of God, and who are admonished to walk in the presence of the Omniscient, are better than a people who have no faith in either the justice or the mercy of God."

Before the windows of a house there stood several persons, principally women. The count approached out of curiosity, and looked into a well-lighted room. The table near the wall was covered with a white cloth. Between two burning candles stood a crucifix and a holy-water vase. At the bedside of the dying man sat the Jesuit father, making impressive exhortations. He held the hand of the sick man in his own, and would frequently bend his head towards him, as though expecting some reply. At the foot of the bed knelt a young man, who covered his face with both hands. Two young girls and an aged woman stood near with sad and depressed countenances.

"What is the matter here?" inquired the count, in a low tone.

"Alas! sir, it is a sad affair!" replied one of the women. "Michael the carpenter is dying, and the priest cannot give him the last sacraments."

"Why not?"

"Because Michael has for a long time been at enmity with his neighbor. For the last eight days, our pastor has come several times a day to visit him, in order to persuade him to be reconciled; but Michael will not listen to any advice. It is a pity for any one to be so malicious and obstinate."

At this moment, there was a movement in the sick-room. The young man who knelt at the foot of the bed rose hastily, and left the house.

"At last, at last!" exclaimed a voice, "Michael has again become a Christian!"

A man was now seen to enter the room; he was the carpenter's neighbor. The dying Michael held out his emaciated hand to him, which the neighbor took, although nearly blind-

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ed by tears. The Jesuit said a few words, and the reconciled enemies again shook hands. The women standing near the window were loudly sobbing. Von Scharfenstein was also greatly moved by what he witnessed.

The priest left the house, and hurried to the church.

"He will now bring the holy viaticum," said a voice.

"Thanks be to God!" said another.

The count returned slowly to the hotel.

"I have until now examined only superficially into the activity of the Jesuit father, and must confess that he works admirably—light and darkness combat each other, it cannot be otherwise. The Freemasons are naturally the sworn enemies of an order which fulfils its mission with zeal and prudence. The trowel will never attain an ascendency as long as the cross is defended by such brave soldiers, so well trained to combat!"

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.

COUNTRY LIFE IN ENGLAND.

BY AN ENGLISH CATHOLIC.

THE "intelligent foreigner," that convenient critic whom Englishmen are so fond of using as a mouthpiece for their own often just criticisms, is supposed to have seen little or nothing of England unless he has visited the country mansions for which our island is famous. And this is very true, even if he have been touring in the Lake country, taking notes in the "Black Country" around Wolverhampton, inspecting cotton-mills in the North, or admiring the gigantic human engine called the "City" in London. All these are phases of English life, yet none is so distinctively English as life in agricultural neighborhoods. After all, social life is the most visible test of difference of nationality, and although the uniformity of the XIXth century seems to have fallen like snow upon the world, covering its hedges and fields, levelling its hillocks with its valleys, and hiding alike its various flowers and different weeds, yet here and there some landmarks of the old social systems still hold their heads above this uninteresting pall of sameness. The English are traditionally tenacious of their individuality; gracefully so at home, boastfully, and, at times rather absurdly so, abroad. But the indomitable "British tourist" is too well known to claim much attention; his personality is better expressed by caricature than by sober description.

Country life is often imitated abroad, but the copy is at best but a sorry caricature, for this institution of social England cannot be transplanted, as is evident by a very simple reason. It has its roots in the whole moral, political, and physical system of the Saxon race; it comes of mediæval and feudal feeling; it is bound up with the territorial traditions that hitherto have been Eng-

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land's bulwarks as much and more than her navy, her insular position, or her parliamentary institutions. It is worth notice that in France the beginning of the great Revolution was the centralization of all social interests in Paris and its court. Landed proprietors envied the court office-holders; they contrasted their "dull" existence with the brilliant and meretricious pageantry that framed the lives of their luckier friends, and, hurrying to join in the profitless triumphs or even the disgraceful successes of certain courtiers, they became absentees, spent more than their mortgaged and encumbered lands would yield, had recourse to money-lenders, lost all hold on the sympathy of their tenants, and finally incurred the hatred of some and the contempt of all. The only nobles who, during the Revolution, could count on a guard of faithful defenders and practical adherents, were those of Brittany—the rugged country gentlemen whose lives were spent among the tenantry, and whose knowledge of farming and hunting made them the daily companions of the class whom they headed. When the storm burst, the peasants of La Vendée alone were faithful to those who had ever been faithful to them, while the court favorites were betrayed by the very servants whose truculence they had mistaken for attachment.

This unfortunate system of neglect never prevailed in England to the same extent as it did in France, though, during the brilliant reign of Charles II., some poison of this kind began to creep into the habits of the landed gentry. Upon the whole, the English lords of the soil have justly and generously lived *for* as well as *upon* their possessions, and, if we have not had a "Reign of Terror," this is one of the chief reasons. The great land-owners of a county (we speak specifically of the midland counties) divide among them the municipal and political offices; the Lord-Lieutenant, the High Sheriff, the M. P., the local magistrates, are all gentlemen and property-holders, and personally interested in the individual progress of the county. Each manor-house is a petty court of justice, and offenders of a minor sort, such as poachers, window-breakers, and the like, are tried and sentenced with exemplary despatch as well as impartiality by the squires of the neighborhood. There is generally a yearly agricultural show, and as almost all the gentlemen are cattle-breeders, or keep studs for hunting or racing purposes, and all the ladies are more or less poultry-fanciers, the whole community meets with equally eager pleasure upon common ground. The yeomanry and militia, which answer to the rural national guard in other European countries, are formed of well-to-do young farmers whose pride in their accoutrements or horses is a healthy token of sound national feeling; the officers are the gentlemen of the county, the same who sit upon the bench, and who entertain their military tenants at the annual rent-dinner. As for this gathering, it has no ominous meaning for the thriving men who attend it; the meeting is signalized by an unlimited flow of good spirits, of kindly feeling, and, occasionally, of local and rural wit. True, the speechifying is at times prolix, and the number of toasts alarmingly great; the smoke of the farmers' pipes becomes sometimes rather dense, and the wit turns to pleasantry which has a slightly "heady" flavor like the wine, no doubt; but, for all that, there is nothing more reassuring in a political point of view than such a gathering, and nothing more charming to an

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imaginative mind than this unfeigned hospitality and baronial good-fellowship.

It might be said, speaking broadly, that, "next to a gentleman, there is nothing like a farmer."

The farmer has his pride of caste and descent as eminently as any child of Saxon earls or of Norman barons; his family have often lived on the same land, under the same roof, and owned the same allegiance to a long uninterrupted line of noble landlords for centuries back. Of nothing is he prouder than of this, and when, as is often the case, he entertains the family of his lord, nothing can be simpler, grander, and more utterly gentleman-like than his conduct. No straining after effect, but homely and lavish abundance; no attempt at fine speeches, but cordial and undisguised rejoicing; respect that is not the contrary to independence, but the very assertion and expression of it. In one estate, it happened, perhaps about a hundred or more years ago, that an Earl of G—— wooed and married the pretty daughter of one of his chief tenants; both families are living now on the same lands, and, when the farmer looks towards the chancel of the parish church from his capacious pew in the nave, he sees the marble monument of his beautiful ancestress, who was twice the wife of a man distinguished by noble birth, and generally beloved for his goodness. (After the death of her first husband, she married his Cousin Tom, the great local sportsman of his times.) Her portrait, in her countess' robes and ermine-lined coronet, hangs conspicuously in the dining-room of the family mansion, while her two successive husbands are represented not far from her, the one in the gorgeous court dress of a peer, the other in the familiar green velvet hunting-coat, with a fox-hound by his side.

The farmers of the midland counties are often landowners on their own account, and, far from being indifferent or adverse to sport, they are its chief encouragers. Fox-hunting is an instinct with them—another likeness they bear to their landlords. You never hear a complaint of fields ridden over, or crops injured; the owner will gallop over his own furrows, or break through his own fences, utterly reckless of anything but the pursuit of the fox. Meanness is a thing unknown to them, and yet you will hardly meet many who are extravagant. There is a broadness of character, an incapacity for doing or thinking anything petty, a love of Old-World customs and hereditary modes of thought, that seem to keep them out of the selfish narrowness born of modern commerce, and, while it makes them less sharp, less peculating, makes them also incomparably more lovable.

Surrounded by such people, of whom they are the pets and the pride, the children of the landlords cannot fail to grow up healthy in mind and body, full of fun and frankness, loving country sports and pastimes, learning early how to manage land and crops, entering heartily into the feelings and wishes of those they will one day be called upon to rule, noting the idiosyncrasies and carefully handling the prejudices of their early comrades and future co-laborers. A bond of union, friendship, and help is thus formed which grows stronger every year, and stronger still with each succeeding generation. The old men and women, whose place is by the capacious hearth, seem to live just long enough to tell their master's grandchildren how they danced at his "coming of age" fifty years ago, while their own little grandchildren

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laugh as they think that, in a few years more, there will be another "coming of age," and that they, too, will dance at the old hall, and taste the wonderful ale their father told them of when they passed the ghostly stairs leading down to the great cellar.

Then come the weddings of the daughters of the house, and, as they have been familiarly known in the village nearest their home by all the poorer cottage tenants and the Sunday-school children, the young brides find the whole population personally enthusiastic over each detail of the ceremony. Young men and girls have seen the ladies of the "house" bringing cordials and delicacies to their poor dying parents, and strewing costly flowers over their plain coffins in the churchyard; and they remember this as the same fair girl whom they saw minister to them in their sorrow, takes upon herself another and a lifelong ministry with the hopeful trust of youth and the holy certainty of love. Again, as the bride comes forth, the children remember the feasts in the grounds, the armful of buns and cakes thrown into their pinafores at leaving, the delightful romps on the lawn, the adventurous row round the pond which their imagination magnified into a stormy sea—all the pleasures, outdoors and indoors, which were associated with the sight and presence of that slender, white-robed, and white-crowned figure. Thus, while there are class distinctions in rural England, there are no class *divisions*, and servants and masters, landlords and tenants, form, as it were, one clan with common interests and reciprocal sympathies.

Then, life in the country is so much more individual than in town. All tastes are there easily gratified; books and magazines are constantly pouring down from London; guests, not compulsory, as is the genus "morning caller" in town, who lounges in utterly exhausted, and asks languidly whether "Lady So-and-so's ball last night was not perfectly delightful?" while his general air of boredom proclaims that he is surfeited with all mundane *delights*—guests not such as this inane specimen of humanity, but chosen friends, gay, witty, brilliant, are at hand at the shortest notice for those whose life is cut out for society; morning rambles for the solitary; moonlight effects for the romantic; hours of leisure for the studious; a wide field of usefulness for the charitable; a matchless opportunity for indulging in the woman-gossip, without which that essentially English institution, five o'clock tea, would be "flat, stale, and unprofitable"; and last, not least, the best chances for marriage that any sort of social intercourse can afford.

The only drawback to this state of things is that it sometimes becomes a little too artificial. Even rusticity may be aped, and, indeed, this is the tendency of the day, as it was the tendency in former days also, when shepherdesses were represented by ladies of fashion in silk skirts, beribboned crooks, and high-heeled shoes. But this pseudo-rusticity spoils the real, tangible pleasures of life in the country. Studied simplicity is worse than studied art. Young ladies "got up" like Dresden china are not peasants, and have neither the charms nor the merits of peasants. They are probably *blasées*, and so miss the freshness symbolized by their costume; and they are incapable of work, and so miss the usefulness also distantly suggested by their dress. In one expressive word, they are a *sham*.

There are many houses, however, where healthful pleasure is dominant,

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and no fine-ladyism finds favor—houses where the chapel is not far from the drawing-room, and where masters and servants, guests and hosts, meet silently to greet their Maker before they enjoy his gifts for the day. Then comes the ten o'clock gathering round the breakfast table—a picture in itself, with bright flame-colored flowers amid the delicate white glass and china, and pretty faces joyously eager for the day's programme of amusements. Perhaps there are ruins to be seen—a great resource in country visiting—at all events, there is a church. The churches are certainly one of the proudest inheritances of the old land, and the way in which they have been preserved speaks well for the naturally reverential turn of the Saxon mind. In every county, some distinctive feature is visible; in Kent, hardly anything is used in churches but flint, and the bells are generally hung in a square massive tower instead of a steeple. In the midland counties, on the contrary, steeples are a great feature; there is one at a little village called Ketton, which is peculiarly fine, though it certainly looks too heavy for the church it crowns. Wicliffe's church, at Lutterworth, is a standard sight for the guests of a large old family mansion near by; you are shown the pulpit said to be Wicliffe's own, and, in one of the aisles, his tomb, with a long Latin epitaph sufficiently bombastic and untruthful, as it states that, despite of monks and bishops, he instructed the populace in plain Gospel truth, and was the first to translate the Bible into the vernacular! But Lutterworth church has for us of the old faith a more interesting memorial of the "good old days." This consists in a very primitive fresco representing the resurrection of the dead. The colors are not much varied, and the draperies are quaintly angular; yet this early effort of art is far more simply and honestly Christian than many of those skilful productions of later periods, when the painter thought more of the fame his execution of a subject might bring him than of the solemn truth contained in the subject itself. Here we see Our Lord seated on some very solid-looking clouds, while below, on the right side, the angels are helping the good out of their sepulchres, and, on the left, the devils doing the same service to the wicked. Some of the tombs are open, as if burst asunder by an explosion, and the skeletons stand bolt upright; some are half closed, and their occupants creeping quietly out; while in others the disjointed bones are seen, not yet rebuilt into human shape, or a skeleton is detected half clothed with flesh, and some bones still protruding in their original bareness. Much the same scene is portrayed on the left side, but the expressions even in the skeletons are very different; the attitudes are distorted, and the impish figures of the demons prominently drawn. If there is a lack of harmony and beauty in the whole composition, it is quite compensated for by the evident earnestness of the artist, the gravity of the angels' demeanor, and the reverent intention which animates the grotesque *ensemble*. As an archæological memorial, it is invaluable, as very few such specimens of Catholic art of so early a date (certainly no later than the XIIIth century) are in existence in England.

Some of the country churches are beautifully restored according to old Catholic models, and, with the restoration of the ancient worship, might again become what they were at the time they were christened by those suggestive names, All Hallows', S.

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Mary's, S. Chad's. Others, however are terribly neglected, though this is a fault fast disappearing, together with the fox-hunting, easy-going parsons of the Georgian era, and all other laxities of an unusually stagnant age. The music in these country churches is not always equal to the imposing exterior, a harmonium in the choir being sometimes all there is wherewith to guide and sustain the voices. Still, this is a step in the right direction, as formerly the utmost a village church could boast of was an orchestra composed of the local shoemaker with a dilapidated fiddle and the smith with a bass-viol out of tune. Any self-elected, occasional amateur with a strong or a thrilling voice would be, of course, a welcome addition, but the instrumental ground-work might be always depended upon. Most churches near family seats have remarkable monuments, some of the ancient Elizabethan style, with rows of decorous sons and daughters praying in bas-relief at the feet of their dead parents, their quaint costume, heavy-folded robes, and immense ruffles seeming marvellously to suit the immobility of the material in which they are sculptured; some, again, dating back to the times of the Crusaders, but many, unfortunately, of the pseudo-Grecian Renaissance, which to a Catholic mind seem both irreverent and absurd. Fancy a Cupid with eyes bandaged and torch inverted as an emblem of that sacred grief for the dead which is inseparably mingled with the steadfast hope of the Christian for the day of resurrection! Or again, as we once heard a sarcastic friend aptly express it, a woman crying over a tea-urn! Really, some of these monuments are no better than that, and deserve no other description. How much more dignified are those ancient Gothic tombs where the quiet, stately figures of a knight and his wife, a bishop, a magistrate, lie as on a bed, in the sleep of expectation, not in a ridiculous simulation of life, nor symbolized by some vulgar heathen myth.

A visit to the parish church is an ordinary recreation on the first morning of a guest's stay at a country-house, after which there will very likely be croquet, that eminently modern and English contrivance which is pretty enough if one could only make up one's mind to consider men and women nothing more than grown-up children. A great deal of care is often expended on the croquet lawn, and ladies are even careful in the choice of a croquet costume. A lounge through the grounds, admiring the host's specimen trees—the Wellingtonia is generally the chief attraction—and sauntering through the hot-houses, occupies the time till luncheon. Most Englishmen have a passion for rare trees and shrubs, and often carry home from distant countries seeds and cones for their grounds at home. We have seen a lovely Ravenna pine, grown from a cone picked up in the celebrated forest of Ravenna; every other shrub of its kind perished from the effects of the climate, while this solitary one throve well, and filled a considerable space in the garden. The copper-beech is a very favorite specimen tree in England, and looks beautiful among the shaded greens of limes, foreign oaks, and fir-trees. It is generally the ladies of a household to whose share fall the hot-houses and the flower-garden, but in one place in Cheshire, where the visitor is unfailingly taken through miles of glass, the whole thing is under the special supervision of the master of the house. Lord E—— of T—— is an old man, and not very active, on account of his impaired health; but, being

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passionately fond of horticulture, he spends half his day in his hot-houses. The orchid-houses, particularly, are a perfect marvel; there are eighteen or twenty species of these lovely flowers in bloom at all times of the year, and the conservatory into which some of these glass passages lead is a palace of camellias, azalias, and other rare and delicate flowers. The garden and grounds are mostly a wilderness of rhododendrons, of which magnificent, far-spreading bushes cover even the islets of the artificial lakes. But the most beautiful of Lord E——'s floral possessions is the fernery, where seven or eight New Zealand arborescent ferns spread their palmlike branches overhead, hiding the glass roof above them, and suggesting the earthly paradise to the least impressionable mind. The ground at their base is covered with rock-work overgrown with mosses and ferns of various sorts, and water trickles hiddenly in the tangle, its very sound denoting coolness and repose.

In the autumn and winter, the men of the party disappear after breakfast, and return, tired with sport or laden with game, about five o'clock; but in summer, during the brief interval between the London season and the 1st of September, the pleasures of the ladies are shared with their knights. A picnic is often the most amusing resource for a day, and it would be needless to describe it; but what is not so common an occurrence in the country is a breakfast, that is, a two o'clock reception in the open air, and a magnificent spread of cold *chefs-d'œuvre* of the culinary art. Let us suppose the *locale* to be this: a pretty piece of water running here and there into creeks fringed with bulrushes and water-lilies, and a queer little erection of no classifiable style of architecture, neither pavilion nor villa, but very convenient and even sufficiently picturesque. Clematis and honeysuckle climb over its walls, and to the front is a rather irregular lawn which is partly carpeted for the occasion. In England, we are never quite sure of not getting our feet damp, and the flimsy summer toilets appropriate to this social festivity would be but a slender protection against wet weather. All the county, far and near, is asked—brides just returned from their honeymoon trip; old stay-at-home fogies, childlike in the pleasure they exhibit on this novel occasion; merry young people bent on enjoying themselves to the utmost. One old lady has confidentially informed her best friend about a wonderful new bonnet she has bought on purpose, and which turns out to be something "fearfully and wonderfully made." It is curious to see the many different kinds of vehicles that draw up at the door of "Fort Henry." Old chaises driven by the most ancient (and delightfully tyrannical) of family coachmen; queer little low cars, called by the complacent owner "Norwegian cars," drawn by a diminutive pony resembling a Shetland; hired flies from the country town; open barouches of unimpeachable make, but painfully suggestive of the "shop"; two-wheeled dog-carts, the prettiest carriage for the country, driven by young unmarried land-owners whose arrival causes a stir among the "merry maidens," as Sir Gawain called his pretty companions in Tennyson's *Holy Grail;* lastly, a large "brake," or capacious car, filled with cross-seats, on which a whole party from some neighboring mansion is comfortably and amicably packed; for not only are neighbors, friends, and acquaintances asked, but any visitors they may happen to have staying with them. When all

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are gathered, the luncheon begins; and certainly the table is a masterpiece of floral decoration. The cook, too, has surpassed himself, and the rarest wines and fruits are lavishly added to the more substantial hospitality. The ladies' dresses are a *parterre* in themselves; the prettiest things that taste can dictate are worn for this *fête*, and the beautiful peacocks that range the banks of the lake must find themselves rivalled for once in their own domain. How different is this from a London "breakfast"! Here we have no simulated *ennui*, no cadaverous looks resulting from sleepless nights and constant dissipation, no hurry to get away, no empty forms of hypocritical civility. It is almost a family gathering. After luncheon, the boats are ready. Large and small—the largest manned by four stalwart "keepers," hereditary retainers of the family—these boats are quickly filled; and, while the "state barge" (so to speak) solemnly carries the elders of the party around the pretty lake, the smaller skiffs, rowed by amateur oarsmen, and filled with a laughing freight of girls, go off to try the famous echo, or to sing glees near the old bridge at the lower end. This is not all the music, however; a band is stationed in a boat that follows the grand barge, or sometimes stops to let the guests hear the echo of a few loud notes sounded on the horn. The effect of the music, the echo, the gaily ringing laughter of the younger guests as they row swiftly from place to place, is like a reminiscence of the days of Paul Veronese and his pleasure-loving Venetian companions. At one end of the lake there is an old horse-chestnut, whose branches stretch far out over the water, and then droop into it, forming a green vault over a shady little nook. It is difficult to steer a boat well in; therefore no boat passes by without trying. At the other end, the water is choked with weeds and tall bulrushes, and the plantation slopes to the brink, with beautiful sunset lights playing on its Scotch firs, and bringing out the blue green of their foliage in peculiar contrast with their dinted, reddish stems; now and then a peacock's harsh cry is heard, or the water-fowl take a swift, low rush over the surface of the water, while the swans move about as undisturbedly as if the scene were to them an everyday occurrence. Presently the sun sets; the boats unload, and the carriages begin to get ready again. A few stragglers, probably the host's own visitors, who have not far to go home, take a stroll up to the graceful bark temple raised on the hillock opposite the lake; the view is pretty from there, and the whole thing looks like an animated English water-color.

But this is not all the pleasure that a country visit affords: a great resource lies in *tableaux vivans*. Very little trouble is necessary; in some houses, a small stage is kept in readiness, or can be extemporized in an hour, just when the performance is agreed upon. Pictures and poems are laid under contribution; sometimes a particular garment evidently suggests such and such a use, and a suitable tableau is got up to exhibit it; and some costumes are so very easy of arrangement that they are naturally chosen. The "Huguenot Lover," by Millais, is a very favorite scene, so is "Titian's Daughter"; and there are "Faith, Hope, and Charity," or other allegorical figures, always at hand to fill up any gap in the inventive genius of the performers. But the best series we can think of is one—not a little ambitious—representing dramatically the story embodied in Tennyson's

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song, "Home they brought her Warrior dead." How often we have listened to those words, so mournfully sung! The first tableau is very rich in details; the year-old bride, in the gorgeous white and gold embroidered robe which she had donned to meet her husband, sits tearless and pale in the centre, her dark hair escaping from the jewelled fillet, her white hands hard pressed together. The body of her husband lies at her feet covered with a dark cloak, his pallid face just revealed, and the four men who have borne him in stand in sorrowful silence in the background, while the attendant maidens press round their mistress, each dressed in some graceful, flowing costume. Any amount of ornamentation, such as tapestry, vases, porcelain, jewellery, would be in keeping with the tableau and enhance its beauty. The second scene (the curtain being dropped for a moment) is the same, with the addition of a hoary old nurse placing her child in the widowed mother's arms, while the bereaved one herself turns on the babe a look of passionate and agonized yearning. The child is not a very easy part of the tableau to manage, and it might, strictly speaking, be left out; still, the story is more completely told thus, and its representation considerably improved.

These are only a few of the numerous and variable pleasures to be enjoyed by a large gathering of friends: the winter brings others peculiar to itself.

A *meet* is a very pretty sight, but never more so than when it takes place in front of an old manor where the hunting-breakfast is going on. This carries one back to the days of our grandfathers, and gives to the sport of fox-hunting a certain traditional air of poetry. The servants, whose livery is almost a costume in itself, carry trays of substantial refreshments and foaming tankards of old ale among the farmers and professional sportsmen, while the friends and county neighbors of the host circulate through the house, lighting up our XIXth century dead-level of dress by their scarlet, or, to speak more technically, their pink coats. This word is used to denote the color the coat *ought* to have after a good sporting season; for it is as inglorious in a true sportsmen to wear a new and undiscolored garment as it would be for a soldier to bear an unharmed standard or unbroken weapon out of the battle. In many counties, the full dress for dinner of those who are known as sportsmen is a scarlet coat, the rest of the dress being the ordinary costume of our day; and very gratifying it is to see the old custom kept up by the gentlemen of the midland counties, where fox-hunting is in its glory. At the meet, not a few ladies appear, some on horseback, devoted followers of their brothers and husbands in the chase, some in carriages, with their little children prettily dressed in red, or otherwise suggestively clad. The host's wife or daughters come out among the hounds, perhaps in the graceful riding-habit, or more often in jaunty little cloth suits, with red feathers coquettishly peeping out of a sealskin cap. The hounds are all collected in front of the hall-steps, and answer whenever called by name by the huntsmen. At last the cavalcade is off, and winds past the margin of the park and grounds, till the sound of the horn and the crack of the whip die away in the distance, to be heard again a few hours later, when the whole field, after making a circuit of, say, ten miles, returns to some cover near the house, where the unhappy fox is caught at last. Boys follow the hounds as soon as they can ride, and, indeed, sometimes perform

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feats that make them heroes in a small way in the eyes of their companions. A few years ago, the youngest son of the chief land-owner of the Cotswold Hills in Gloucestershire, distinguished himself in this way, and, upon a tiny gray pony, Asperne by name, kept so close to the huntsmen that he was always first in at the death, and many a time was the first to break a gap through a hedge or a stone wall, through which the whole field would follow him. He often brought home "the brush" (a fox's tail), and the sportsmen from the opposite side of the county used to ride ten or twelve miles to the next meet to see the wonderful boy whose exploits and reckless daring were in every one's mouth.

The early autumn, before the fox-hunting has regularly begun, brings its own pleasures with it, one of which is a nutting expedition. This generally involves a tea-picnic—a far more amusing affair than the conventional mid-day meal known by that name, and devoted to the consumption of sandwiches, cold meat, salad, and soda-water. This tea-picnic has often occupied a pleasant afternoon within our own recollection, especially when a very informal party of young foreign guests was gathered at E—— House. There was a representative of Germany, a young man high in office at the former Hanoverian court, who bore a remarkable likeness to Prince Albert, and to whom the queen even spoke of this, to her, touching fact. Very fresh and child-like was this young Prince S——, and very different from certain of his English contemporaries, who, at eighteen, declare that life is a *bore*, and amusement a sham. These are the men who discredit our century, and belie nature herself. They affect to have no faith in woman and no hope in religion. We have known one of these when he first began to go into society. He was fresh and charming, said the most innocent, boyish things in a fearless, truthful way that was especially winning. He excelled in all social pursuits, and rejoiced in all healthy amusements. Add to this that he was uncommonly good-looking, with dark hair and eyes such as are not often met with in England, and was an only son, heir to a fine Northern property, part of the family house dating as far back as the XIIth century. We met him two seasons later, and he was hardly recognizable. The same handsome features, but with a wearied, listless air marring them; in his voice no animation, in his manner not a trace of that early frankness that was his greatest charm. He used to seem like a girl of seventeen; now he was, morally speaking, a misanthrope of five and thirty! He owned himself that all amusements, even dancing (which was a special accomplishment of his), *bored* him, and that there was nothing but pigeon-shooting that excited him! Even during the famous matches at Hurlingham (a villa near London where the pigeon-shooting is done, and which has become of late one of the most *recherché* haunts of fashionable idlers, and a field for the display of the loveliest toilets), this young victim of *ennui* hardly vouchsafed to seem interested; yet beneath all this was a soul worthy of great things; a will that, guided aright, might achieve much good to society or even to the country; and a personality eminently fitted for moral and intellectual success. And this energy was being thus wasted by day, while, according to his own confession, billiards occupied the greater part of his nights! Poor England, indeed, when her manliness is thus thrown away! Who would not look back with pride and

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regret to the days of the "good old English gentleman," with his boisterous and rough pursuits, his fox-hunting and his farming, but, withal, his healthful vitality and his active usefulness?

Besides the young German, so pleasant a contrast to the *blasé* youth of London drawing-rooms, there was round the gypsy kettle in the woods of E—— a Spaniard as good-natured as he was stately; and, strange to say, here was another royal likeness! Many might have mistaken him for the Prince of Wales. Other Spaniards, too, there were, more lively and not less good-natured, one with a smile that was irresistibly comic, the other with the profile of a S. Ignatius, and principles and habits that well suited his appearance. The English girls of the party were well matched with their companions, and looked very picturesque as they toasted immense slices of bread at the end of forked sticks at least a yard and a half long! The tawny golden hair of one, the willow-like figure and gravely childish glee of another, the restless activity of a third, as they all joined in the search for dry fire-wood, made a pretty subject for an artist; and, in the midst of the bustle, the father, enjoying the young people's fun, gave a touch of pathos that much enhanced the beauty of the rustic scene.

A drive home through the tall bracken, and along the grassy roads of the numerous plantations, perhaps a rapid visit to deserted "Fort Henry," and a row to the Echo, sufficed to fill up the evening, and a project for paying a visit to an old Quaker tenant on the morrow would perhaps be discussed during dinner.

It is no wonder that foreigners grow enthusiastic over this side of English life; the pity is that so many rush to England and leave it again before they have a chance of seeing a family gathering in the country; those who have not seen it know little more of English society than we do of the fruits of the West Indies after we have tasted them in the shape of candied peel and preserved jellies. Drawing-room life is the same in Paris, St. Petersburg, or New York; individualism thrives only in the country, and it is there the character of a nation should be studied.

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MADAME AGNES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES DUBOIS.

CHAPTER XI.

EUGENIE.

A WEEK after, Louis came to see us for the first time.

"Well," inquired Victor, "do you like your new manner of life?"

"Yes and no, my dear friend," replied Louis. "Yes, because I feel that the new life on which I have entered is good for me. It is just what I needed, I must confess—for I think aloud here. It is such a relief to speak to some one who understands, who loves you, and is always ready to excuse and pardon you! But I forewarn you I need, and shall need, great indulgence, though nothing ought to seem too hard to one who was on the high-road to destruction, soul and body, and would at this very instant be lost, had not God, in his mercy, sent you to my aid. This benefit has filled me, I assure you, with so much gratitude from the first that, in view of my past life and the divine goodness, I feel I ought to be a saint in order to expiate so many transgressions—I ought to prove my sincerity by some heroic sacrifice for God."

"Oh! oh! that is somewhat ambitious."

"I suppose it is absurd. Not that it is necessarily absurd to aspire to heroism, but the means should be taken into consideration. Now, mine are fearfully, pitifully inadequate. I am cowardly, fickle, and a lover of my ease."

"Come, come! do not calumniate yourself. We must neither judge ourselves with too much leniency nor with too much severity. We must see ourselves as we are. This is difficult, but it is essential."

"Well, my kind friend, that is exactly the way I regard myself."

"I doubt it."

"You shall judge for yourself. My duties oblige me to remain night and day at St. M——. Alas! this very necessity I find harder than I can express. There is not a day in which I do not find myself regretting the city three or four times. This is very wrong, when the city has been so pernicious to me . . ."

"Come, you exaggerate things. You were born and brought up in the city, and have always lived here till now. I see nothing astonishing at your finding it disagreeable at first to live in the country."

"What a lenient judge! We shall see if you are as much so after the other acknowledgments I have to make. There are times when work seems insupportable. To rise at six o'clock and superintend workmen and machinery the live-long day irritates and fatigues me to such a degree that I am sometimes tempted to give it all up."

"You have not yet yielded to the temptation?"

"No, indeed; that would be too despicable."

"Since you yourself regard such a

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step as it deserves, pursue your occupation without being concerned about a slight disinclination for work. Even people who have always been accustomed to labor have such temptations. I assure you, in a year there will be no question of all this. You will have acquired a love for your business, and, active as you are, you will not be able to do without it."

"You think me at the end of my confession. The worst is to come. Mr. Smithson is polite and sincere, but reserved and ceremonious, like all Englishmen. He keeps me at a distance, and appears as if my errors and loss of property, which of course he is aware of, gave him some superiority over me. I think he does wrong to make me feel this."

"Ah! this is more serious, my dear friend. Like all people in a wrong position, you are inclined to be unduly sensitive. Watch over yourself. Endeavor to be guided by reason. I do not wish you to submit to too much haughtiness, but do not attribute to people airs, and especially intentions, they are not guilty of."

"You are a thousand times right. I appreciate your advice, and promise to follow it. It would, indeed, be foolish to make myself needlessly unhappy. St. M——, as you know, is a lovely place. The river on which the mill stands has many charming views. During my leisure hours, I can draw and paint at my ease. I have a great deal to do, and my work is frequently burdensome, but I shall become accustomed to it, for it is a source of real interest. By an excess of good luck, I have lodgings that suit me in apartments near Mr. Smithson's house. There I can read, meditate, and pray at my leisure. One thing only is wanting—a little society in the evening; but that will come, perhaps. I am invited to dine at Mr. Smithson's next Thursday. I hope that will be the commencement of closer intercourse with the family. Hitherto, I repeat, they have kept me at a distance. I have exchanged a few words with Mme. Smithson, who appears very affable, but I have only had a glimpse of the daughter—Eugénie, I believe her name is. As far as I could judge, she is tall, fine-looking, even dignified in her appearance, with something haughty in her air. I frankly confess it will be a treat to meet these three people. I have always had a fancy for studying different characters, and shall enjoy it particularly now, I am so unoccupied in the evening."

"And your workmen—what do you make of them?"

"I am constantly observing them, and assure you they are as interesting to study as any one else. What a source of reflection! We have, you must know, workmen of every grade, good and bad—yes, fearfully bad. There are four hundred and fifty people—men, women, and children—who represent every phase of humanity."

"To study mankind, my dear friend, to confine one's self to that, is an amusement suitable for a philosopher. But a Christian has higher views: he studies human nature in order to be useful."

"That idea has occurred to me. I have even formed a series of fine projects; but I am so poor a Christian, and so inexperienced!"

"No false modesty! Excuse my bluntness; but false modesty is the shield of the indolent, or their couch, whichever you please. Have you any desire to benefit the people among whom you live?"

"Yes, certainly, if I can."

"You can. You only need zeal

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and prudence; the one ought always to guide the other. Come, what plans have occurred to you?"

"I should like to found an evening-school, and take charge of it. Those who are the best instructed might serve as monitors."

"Perfect! That would be a means of keeping the young men, and even those of riper years, from idleness and the wine-shops, and afford you an opportunity of giving them good advice. What else?"

"I should also like to establish a fund of mutual aid."

"Excellent! . . . Reflect on these two projects till Sunday. I will do the same. Consult Mr. Smithson also about them, and come and dine with us in a week. We will talk it over, and you can tell me how you like the family you are about to become acquainted with. I hope you will be pleased with them."

"I hope so too, but have my fears. If they were all like Mme. Smithson, everything would be propitious. I took a fancy to her from the first. But Mr. Smithson is frigid, and his daughter seems equally unapproachable. It is singular, but I had met her once or twice before I entered her father's employ. I thought her beautiful and intelligent, and heard her very highly spoken of. But really, I begin to believe that she, like many others, is brilliant rather than solid."

"Come, come! no rash judgments!"

"What can I say? I was deceived in her. I thought her an uncommon woman—one capable of comprehending all the delicacy of my position, and of coming to my assistance. She ought to realize that I am out of my element there. You must confess that Mlle. Smithson's coolness does not tend to console me."

"Why, my dear friend, you are very exacting! . . . Would you expect as much from every one?"

"No; but this young lady occupies an important place in the house, without trying, I confess, to take advantage of it."

"And an important place in your thoughts . . ." said Victor, with the friendly, significant smile so natural to him.

Louis blushed.

"I am inclined to think your opinion of her will be less severe in a week. I, too, have heard her highly spoken of."

These words seemed to afford Louis great satisfaction. Victor did not continue the subject.

If you have carefully followed the conversation I have just related, you must see that Louis, though unaware of his sister's hopes, already thought more of Mlle. Eugénie than he confessed or even acknowledged to himself. I think I shall only anticipate your wishes in making you acquainted at once with that young lady, who is to fill an important *rôle* in my story. And this cannot be done better than in her own home.

Eugénie is in her chamber. It is the morning of the day Louis and some other acquaintances are to dine with her father. She is engaged in completing her toilet. A more charming room cannot be imagined. It is furnished in exquisite style. Nothing is lacking. The pictures are all rare, and arranged with artistic taste. The book-case contains, not so many books, but solid works that will bear reading over and over again. What, above all, completes the charm of this young girl's bower is the view to be seen from the two windows, which are like frames to a picture. They afford a glimpse of a terrestrial paradise through which flow the limpid waters of a deep stream. A breeze, playing through

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the poplars that stand on its banks, softly rustles the leaves. Directly across, on the opposite shore, is a broad meadow, bright with flowers, with here and there clumps of trees. As far as the eye can reach are objects on every side to satisfy the soul, and excite it to reverie: a windmill with its long wings of white canvas swaying in the air; a villa with its gardens; a little hamlet, and, overlooking it, a church, the slated belfry of which is glistening in the sun.

The world is full of material souls whom it would be a kind of profanation to introduce into a place so attractive. They would be unable to appreciate the charm. What is nature, however beautiful, to a man eaten up with avarice and ambition? —to a woman who only dreams of pleasure? . . . To such degenerate souls, nature is a sealed book—a divine picture before a sightless eye.

But to this number Eugénie did not belong. The daughter of a Catholic mother and a Protestant father, she had been educated in one of the best schools in Paris. Shall I call her pious? No; that would be exaggerating. Eugénie did not lack faith. Her religious instincts were well developed, but checked by her father's coldness and her mother's frivolity. She was by no means insensible to all the beautiful and true in religion. They filled her with admiration. She always fulfilled the obligations rigorously imposed by the church, but avoided going any farther through indifference as well as calculation. She had a horror of what she called petty religion and little practices of piety. Poor girl! she, too, closed her eyes in this respect to the light. The practices she disdained — frequent prayers, the raising of the soul to God, visits to the church, and assiduous frequentation of the sacraments—are they not what truly constitute religion, such as it ought to be, in order to be the companion, friend, and guide of the whole life? . . . This is what Eugénie did not comprehend, or rather, what she did not wish to comprehend. In short, she was religious in her own way—half-way religious—quite so in theory, but in reality much less so than she should have been.

The somewhat indirect influence her parents exercised over her in a religious point of view also affected her in other ways. Eugénie possessed two natures: she was cold like her father, and kind like her mother, but without displaying it. Let us also add another characteristic by way of completing her portrait—she was romantic. In everything, she had a repugnance to what she called commonplace. An object, an individual, or an action, to please her, must have a peculiar stamp, an original turn, which she wished might be more frequently met with. She only liked what was out of the common course, according to the elevated standard of a certain ideal she had formed in her own mind.

Eugénie's exterior, her distinguished manners, her fluency in conversation, and the tone of her calm, well-modulated voice, all inspired a respect bordering on admiration. She was beautiful without being bewitching. She was kind, but in so inexpressive a way as to inspire at first fear rather than confidence. As has been said, she possessed a character not easily read, and, though only twenty-one years old, she passed for what is called, and with reason, a person of ability. Her father and mother doted on her: she was their only child. Yet there was a difference in their affection. Mr. Smithson tenderly loved her as a daughter: Mme. Smithson

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loved her with a shade of fear, as we love a companion or friend whose superiority we feel.

Her toilet otherwise completed, Eugénie rang for her waiting-maid to arrange her hair. Fanny did not keep her waiting. There was a striking contrast between mistress and maid. Fanny was towards forty years of age. She was of ordinary height, neat in person, but plain and unattractive in appearance. She had a bad complexion, large eyes hidden under thick lashes, a wide mouth, and a large fleshy nose, which made up one of those vulgar faces that are never observed except to laugh at. She was beloved by no one except her employers. This was not strange. She had an observing eye and a keen, sarcastic tongue. Her nature was soured, rather than instinctively bad. She was selfish and bitter—a good deal so. This selfishness and bitterness sprang from two causes which she would by no means have acknowledged. She was no longer young, she knew she was homely, and she had no hope of being married. Such a hope she had once, and a few days of happiness was the result. Fanny would have been so glad to be, in her turn, mistress over her own house! But her dream had vanished, and under circumstances not calculated to sweeten her temper.

For some years, Fanny was a servant at Mme. Smithson's sister's. That lady was in the commercial line at Paris. There Fanny made the conquest of a smart young man from the country employed by her mistress as head clerk. He was an excellent person, but, like many others, wished to reconcile his affections with his interests. He said to himself that, by waiting awhile, he might, some fine day, find a wife richer, prettier, and younger than Fanny. As he was bound to her by no actual promise, he finally obtained another situation, and disappeared without any warning. The poor girl regarded such conduct as infamous. She felt that all hope of ever marrying was now lost, and the disappointment made her ill. Unbeknown to her, her mistress had followed all the scenes of this little domestic drama. She nursed Fanny with a care that was quite motherly. When the girl recovered, she expressed her gratitude, but begged permission to go away. The house had too many cruel associations. Her mistress willingly consented, and Fanny entered Mme. Smithson's service. When the latter left Paris, Fanny accompanied her to St. M——, and had now been in the family several years.

Having, to her great regret, no prospect of marrying, forced to acknowledge to herself that she should never have a house of her own to manage, Fanny had but one desire, but this was an ardent one—to be installed in a family which, if not her own, might prove as pleasant, and where she could rule while appearing to obey. But where find this ideal home? . . . She resolved to create it. And in this way: her old mistress, Mme. Smithson's sister, had a son named Albert, who was five years older than Eugénie. Fanny had known him from his childhood. She was attached to him, and, above all, she understood his disposition. No one knew better than she that Albert would be the easiest, the most manageable, in short, the mildest of masters. On the other hand, she knew that Eugénie, energetic as she was, would not be difficult to please. "Mademoiselle lives in the clouds," she said to herself; "she will be glad enough to have some one manage the house for her."

Fanny, therefore, resolved to make a match between the two cou-

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sins. There is reason to believe she made skilful overtures to her former mistress and to the young man himself, and that these overtures were well received. Albert was now preparing his thesis with a view to the law. As he was not rich, his cousin's fortune was a very pleasant prospect, and still more so to his mother. Besides, Albert had always known Eugénie and loved her, as is natural to love a cousin that is pretty and intelligent. He and his mother, therefore, made Fanny their intermediary, without committing themselves to too great an extent.

But Fanny had a good deal to overcome. Mr. Smithson was not partial to lawyers. The profession was not, in his estimation, clearly enough defined or very elevated. As to Eugénie, no one knew what her sentiments were with regard to her cousin. Fanny thought she had, if not a very strong attachment to him, at least an incipient affection. But she was not sure. Thence resulted continual fears. Every young man who entered the house was to her an object of alarm. Perhaps her prospects, so slowly ripening and so dear, would be again overthrown by this one!

It may be imagined that Fanny looked with an unfavorable eye on Louis' connection with the manufactory. If Mr. Smithson had chosen another kind of a man to aid him, one who was obscure, a mere common man of business, she would not have minded it. But in the course of a week, she was fully informed as to the history of the new-comer. She knew he belonged to one of the best families of the city; that he had been rich, and might become so again; that, till recently, he had been regarded as one of the most brilliant young men in society; and he was intelligent, well-educated, and of irreproachable morals. "I am lost!" thought she. "All these people are linked together to ruin my plans. This M. Louis comes here as an engineer? . . . Nonsense! it is an arrangement between his father and Mr. Smithson. They wish him to marry mademoiselle. What a contrivance! And that poor Albert, what will become of him? . . ."

These suspicions quite upset her. She resolved to make inquiries, in order to relieve her mind, if by chance she was mistaken. But whom should she question? . . . Mr. Smithson? . . . That must not be thought of. Eugénie? Fanny made the attempt. Eugénie, with her usual coolness and wit, replied in such a way that Fanny retreated every time more uncertain than before.

The day of which I am speaking—the notable day of the dinner—Fanny, out of patience, could endure it no longer. She resolved to carry matters so far that, whether she liked it or not, her mistress would be forced to revive her hopes, or utterly destroy them. Hardly had she entered the chamber before she opened fire:

"How shall I arrange mademoiselle's hair?"

"As usual."

"Then we will dress it differently this afternoon with ribbons and flowers."

"Why such a display?"

"Can mademoiselle have forgotten it is the day of the great dinner?"

"Great dinner? What do you mean by such nonsense, Fanny? Why, whom are we to have at our table of so much importance? Nobody is invited that I have not known a long time: our neighbor, M. Daumier, with his wife and daughter, Dr. Ollivier, and M. Dupaigne. Really, it would be singular for me to receive them with any ceremony."

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"Mademoiselle has not named all the guests."

"Whom have I forgotten?"

"M. Louis Beauvais."

"Ah! that is true. I overlooked him. But his coming will not change my intention to remain as I am."

These words were uttered in a tone of perfect indifference. Fanny was overjoyed, but careful not to manifest it. Then, as she continued to busy herself about her mistress, she began to reflect. "She does not care for him," she said to herself. "There is nothing to fear for the moment, then. But who knows how it may be by-and-by? . . . I must at once find out if, under favorable circumstances, she might not conceive an affection for him, and try to prevent such a misfortune. I will take the other side to find out the truth."

"A charming young man, this M. Louis, and quite worthy of interest," said she, without appearing to attach any importance to her words.

"What do you find so charming in him?"

"He has a serious air, which I like."

"Yes; it might even be called gloomy."

"He may well have."

"Really! Ah! Fanny, then you know his history?"

"Yes, mademoiselle; and a very curious one it is."

"Well, relate it to me. Only suppress the details; you always give too many."

"Three months ago, M. Louis was the finest dancer and the gayest young man in the city. Unfortunately, these young men are not always remarkable for uniformity. He lived like a prince for six years, and one fine morning found himself penniless."

"And what did he do then?"

"They say—I am unwilling to believe it, but everybody says so—that he tried to drown himself."

"A weak brain. That is not to his credit."

"They also say that M. Barnier, the journalist, saved him at the risk of his life, and converted him so thoroughly that the poor fellow came near entering a monastery."

"A queer idea! That shows he has more imagination than reason!"

"But he did not stick to his first intention. He is now established here, and will remain, I feel sure, . . . and this alarms me! . . ."

"Why are you so sure? And how can this assurance cause you any alarm?"

"That is a secret. Mademoiselle will excuse me from replying. Though I have known mademoiselle from her childhood, she intimidates me."

"Not much, Fanny."

"I beg your pardon, mademoiselle, I do not understand you."

"You understand me perfectly, but I have to dot your i's for you. Well, I will do so. I do not intimidate you much, I say. You dare not tell me what you mean, but you give me a hint of it. What are you afraid of? Tell me. I insist upon it."

"As mademoiselle insists upon it, I feel obliged to tell her what she wishes to know. Mademoiselle is not to be resisted. But I should prefer keeping it to myself. If it were to displease mademoiselle . . ."

"No; go on."

"Well, then, mademoiselle, I have everything to fear! This young man has lost his property. . . . He passes himself off here as a creditable person. . . . He has secret designs . . ."

"What designs?"

"Mademoiselle puts me in an awkward position. . . . It is such a deli-

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cate point to speak to mademoiselle about."

"That M. Beauvais aspires to my hand through interested motives?"

"I should not have dared say so."

"Well, that would be audacious! I accept a man for a husband whom poverty, disgraceful poverty, alone inclines towards me!"

"Without doubt, he has committed many faults, but there is mercy for the greatest sinner, and he is so pious just now!"

"I know—he goes to church often, even during the week. That is his own affair. That is enough, Fanny. Let there be no further question of this between us. You take too much interest in what concerns me, as I have told you before. I am astonished you should force me to repeat it."

Fanny, thus dismissed, went away furious and more uneasy than ever. But if she could have read Eugénie's inmost thoughts, her fury would have turned to joy. As soon as she was gone, Eugénie seated herself in a low arm-chair, and began, as she sometimes laughingly said, to put her thoughts in order.

"That malicious girl is no fool," he said to herself. "This young man may have entered my father's service from secret motives, perhaps suggested by his family. Who knows but my parents themselves smile on his projects? My father seems to be on the best of terms with his father. Perhaps they have come to an understanding with a mere word, or even without speaking at all. That would be too much! Well, if it is so, if the whole world conspires against me, I will defeat their calculations. . . . In the first place, I do not fancy this M. Louis, and I will soon let him see it, as well as those who favor him. The mere supposition that I could ever be his wife makes me indignant and angry. I marry a man who has ruined himself, who only aimed at my fortune, and would squander it in a few years! I give my heart to a man who does not love me, and, even if he sincerely vowed he loved me, would be in such a position that I should always have reason to doubt it! And, besides, what a weak mind this hare-brained fellow must have to play so many *rôles* one after the other! I wish my husband to have purer motives and a stronger head. This man must have a false heart. He is an intriguer, and that includes everything. . . ."

CHAPTER XII.

MORE ABOUT EUGENIE—A REAL FRIEND.

That evening, Louis found himself for the first time in the midst of the Smithson family. We often thought of him that night, and wished we could know at once what kind of a reception he had met with, especially from Eugénie. But we were obliged to wait for these interesting details till Louis could relate them himself. We did not have to wait long. When he came, he was gloomy and dispirited. Victor pretended not to observe his dejection.

"Well," said he, "you have now made the acquaintance of the Smithsons. What do you think of them?"

"A good many things, but I can sum up my impressions in a word: they are queer people!"

"Indeed! did they hurt your feelings in any way?"

"Yes; . . . yet I do wrong to be angry, or even to be astonished. I should have expected it."

"This great dinner, then, did not turn out as I hoped—a means of ce-

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menting amicable, if not affectionate, relations between you?"

"By no means."

"You greatly astonish me!"

"It is just so. . . . The way things were managed shows the Smithsons to be sagacious people. They invited me, in order to make me understand at once the position I hold in their estimation—that of engineer and superintendent, nothing more."

"I am really amazed!"

"And I am equally so. I did not expect it, but the fact is too evident."

"Well, tell me all that happened, without omitting anything."

"Not to omit anything would make the story long, and it is not worth the trouble. I will briefly relate what I think will interest you, that you may have an idea of this first visit. There were but four other guests, whom I only regarded with indifference. They were neither pleasing nor displeasing, so it is useless to speak of them. We will confine ourselves to the leading members of the household. I will first speak of the real though unacknowledged head. My mind is made up on this point. As I saw from the first, it is Mlle. Eugénie who rules the house."

"Even her father?"

"Yes; even her father; not as openly and directly as she does her mother, but as unmistakably by dint of management."

"Is she really a superior woman, as I have been told, or is she merely shrewd and imperious?"

"Oh! no. Those who have sounded her praises have not deceived you. She is by no means a common person. In the first place, it must be confessed she is really handsome. There is especially a rare intelligence and dignity in her appearance. She converses well, often says something profound, and is always interesting. She is a lover of the arts, and all she says, all she does, evinces an elevated mind."

"Such a person as is seldom met with, then—a model of perfection?"

"She has all that is necessary to become so, . . . and yet she is not. One fault spoils everything, one or two at the most, but they are serious. She is proud or egotistical, perhaps both."

"Are you not too severe upon her? You scarcely know her, and yet you are very decided in your condemnation."

"I have reasons for my opinion. You shall judge for yourself. My position with respect to Mr. Smithson is very trying. He knows, and doubtless the rest of the family too, all the follies I have committed within a few years, and how I regret them. He cannot be ignorant, nor they either, that the office I hold under him, however respectable, must awaken a susceptibility that is natural and excusable, even if exaggerated. In this state of things, I had a right to expect that Mr. Smithson and his family, if they were really people of any soul or breeding, would treat me with a delicacy that, without compromising them, would put me at my ease."

"I am of your opinion. And have they been wanting therein?"

"Yes; and in a very disagreeable way. It is little things that betray shades of feeling, and it was thereby I was hurt. In leaving the *salon* for the dining-room, each guest offered his arm to a lady. Mr. Smithson, his daughter, and myself were the last. Mlle. Eugénie took her father's arm with an eagerness that was really uncivil."

"It was from timidity, perhaps."

"She timid? . . . I must undeceive you! She certainly is not bold, but she is far from being timid.

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At table, I found myself consigned to the lowest place. None of the guests were great talkers, and more than once I took part in the conversation. Mlle. Smithson undisguisedly pretended not to listen to me. She even interrupted me by speaking of something quite foreign to what I was saying."

"Her education has been defective."

"Pardon me, she is perfectly well-bred. To see her an hour would convince you of this. When she is deficient in politeness, it is because she wishes to be."

"I believe you, but cannot comprehend it all."

"I have not told you everything. The worst is to come. Towards the end of dinner, the conversation fell on a certain cousin of Mlle. Eugénie's. His name, I think, is Albert. She praised him highly, to which I have nothing to say; but she added—and this was very unreasonable or very malicious—that this dear cousin did not imitate the young men of fashion, who were extravagant in their expenditures, acquired nothing, and ended by falling into pitiful embarrassment. I was, I confess, provoked and angry. I felt strongly tempted to make Mlle. Smithson feel the rudeness and unkindness of her remark. But I bethought myself that I was a Christian, and that, after all, the most genuine proof of repentance is humility. Therefore I restrained my feelings, and remained silent. The rest of the evening I cut a sorry figure. Mlle. Smithson seemed perfectly unconcerned as to what I might think."

"Her behavior is so inexplicable," said Victor, "that, if I had these details from any one else, I should refuse to believe them."

(At this part of her story, Mme. Agnes made a remark it may be well to repeat to the reader: "You must bear in mind," said she, "that neither Victor nor I then had any means of knowing what I related a few moments ago as to Fanny's projects and Eugénie's suspicions; and we were completely ignorant of her turn of mind and romantic notions.")

"Well," resumed Louis, "her way of acting, at which you are astonished, does not amaze me. I can easily explain it. Mlle. Eugénie imagines that I aspire to her hand, or rather, to her fortune. She is mistaken: I aspire to neither. I acknowledge she has a combination of qualities calculated to please me, but her disdain excites my indignation. I mean, therefore, to put a speedy end to her injurious suspicions. Then I will leave the place. I have already begun to put my project into execution."

"Do not be precipitate, I beg of you. It is a delicate matter. What steps have you taken?"

"None of any importance. This morning, the work-rooms being closed as usual on Sunday, I went, before Mass, to sketch a delightful view not a hundred steps from the manufactory. I was wholly absorbed in my work, when Mlle. Smithson approached. I will not deny I was moved at seeing her."

"Then you are no longer indifferent to her?"

"Oh! I think I can vouch for the perfect indifference of my sentiments for the moment. But would this coldness towards her always last if I did not watch over my heart? . . . She has so many captivating qualities! I have seen so few women to be compared to her! No, no; I will not allow myself to be captivated unawares; that would be too great a misfortune for me. . . . I have resolved to raise myself in her estimation. I will clearly convince her she has calumniated me in her heart; that I

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am in no respect the man she thinks; and, when I have done that, I shall leave. So, when she approached, I bowed to her with respect and politeness.

"'You are sketching, monsieur?' she said, bending down to look at my work. 'It is charming.'

"'It ought to be, mademoiselle. There could not be a landscape better calculated to inspire an artist. But while I am admiring what is before me, I regret my unskilfulness in depicting it. It is my own fault. I have so long neglected the art of drawing. I have acted like so many other young men, and lost some of the best years of my life.'

"She understood the allusion—perhaps too direct—to her sally of the other day. A slight blush rose to her face. 'One would not suspect it, monsieur,' she said. 'But as for that, even if you have lost your skill, it can easily be regained in the midst of the delightful views in this vicinity.'

"'It is true, mademoiselle! A lovelier region it would be difficult to find. I wish some of these views for my sketch-book, as I may leave any day.'

"I uttered these words in a cool, deliberate tone, and then resumed my work. Mlle. Eugénie seemed to wish to continue the conversation, but, slightly abashed, had not the courage, I think, to make any advances. I bowed ceremoniously, and she went away. My opinion is, she stopped out of mere curiosity. She had shown how little she esteemed me, and was not afraid of my attaching any importance to her speaking to me. Such a course favors my plans."

"Wonderfully! But—nothing headlong! Forbear leaving Mr. Smithson too precipitately. You are now near your family. Time may show things to you in a different light. And, above all, it seems to me great good can be done there, and more easily than in most places. Tell me something of your workmen. Have you thought of the two projects we talked about the other day? Have you spoken to Mr. Smithson about them?"

"No; it seems to me they would not particularly please him. I really do not know whether this Englishman has any heart or not. I am inclined to regard him as an egotist, merely employing men to increase his wealth, and not very solicitous about their welfare."

"I must undeceive you. I have reason to think Mr. Smithson a very different person from what you suppose. We have not many Protestants here, you know, but still there are a few. Among them are some who are really actuated by good motives. They assembled a few months ago at the house of Mr. Carrand, the rich lawyer you are acquainted with. They wished to establish a charitable society, in imitation of our Conferences of S. Vincent de Paul, but did not succeed in their plans. To effect such an enterprise, there must be the zeal and charity that animate the Catholic Church. To her alone God grants the sublime privilege of devoting herself with constancy and success to the physical and moral welfare of mankind. Though their project remained unfruitful, it revealed a generosity much to the credit of the Protestants interested in it. Mr. Smithson himself was one of the foremost on this occasion to manifest how earnestly he had at heart the welfare of the poor; and this without any evidence of being influenced by selfish motives."

"What you say surprises me, but it gives me great pleasure. I shall henceforth be less reserved with him."

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"And you will do well. I even advise you to consult Mme. and Mlle. Smithson about your charitable plans. They are Catholics, and will comprehend you at once."

"I have no great confidence in their piety."

"My dear friend, I regard you with the affection of a brother . . ."

"Say, rather, of a father, as you are, in one sense, having saved my life; and also by another title, in aiding me to become an earnest Christian, such as I once was."

"Well, then, let us use a medium term. My regard for you shall be that of an elder brother. I thank you for allowing me this title. My affection for you makes me take an interest in all that concerns you. I have obtained very exact information respecting the Smithson ladies from a reliable source. They are not as pious as they might be, but they do not lack faith, and they fulfil the absolute requirements of the church. I know that Mlle. Eugénie is keenly alive to the poetical side of religion. You have, I believe, an important *rôle* to fill in the family and in the whole establishment. You can do good to every one there, and, at the same time, to yourself. The course to be pursued seems to me very simple. I feel sure Mlle. Smithson has some misconception concerning you—some injurious suspicions. Endeavor to remove them from her mind. Act prudently, but as promptly as possible. That done, induce her to take an interest in the work you are going to undertake. She will lead her father to participate in it. In a short time, you will see the good effect on your workmen, and derive from your charitable efforts the reward that never fails to follow—an ever-increasing love of doing good, and a livelier desire of sanctifying your own soul. The exercise of charity is of all things the most salutary. I can safely predict that the Smithson ladies will both become pious if they second you; and as for you, you will be more and more strengthened in your good resolutions. Who knows?—perhaps you may have the sweet surprise of seeing Mr. Smithson converted when he sees that Catholicism alone enables us to confer on others a real benefit."

"These are fine projects, and very attractive; but I foresee many obstacles and dangers."

"What ones?"

"Of all kinds. First, I expose myself to conceive an affection for Mlle. Smithson it would be prudent to guard against. She does not like me. I imagine she loves some one else—the cousin she praises so willingly."

"A supposition without proof! What I have heard from others, as well as yourself, convinces me that Mlle. Smithson has not yet made her choice. The praise she so publicly lavishes on her cousin is, in my opinion, a proof of her indifference towards him."

"But if I were to love her—love her seriously, and she continued to disdain me; if her prejudice against me could not be overcome? . . ."

"I should be the first to regret it. But listen to me. You were once truly pious, my friend, and wish to become so again. This desire is sincere, I know. Well, it is time to take a correct view of life. For the most of us, especially those who are called to effect some good in the world, life is only one long sacrifice. Jesus Christ suffered and died to redeem mankind; the way he chose for himself he also appointed for those who become his disciples. It is by self-sacrifice that we acquire the inappreciable gift of being useful to our fellow-men. Do not cherish any illusion with regard to this!"

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Louis and I exchanged a sorrowful glance as Victor spoke. Poor dear fellow! how he realized what he was saying! He was about to die at thirty-six years of age, in the very height of his usefulness, and this because he likewise had voluntarily chosen the rough path of sacrifice that was leading even unto death!

"My friend," replied Louis, "what you say is true. I feel it. You are yourself an eloquent proof of it—you whom I have stopped in the midst of your career. . . ."

"Do not talk so," interrupted Victor; "you pain me. Your manner of interpreting my words makes me regret uttering them. Do not mistake my meaning. What I would say may be summed up thus: to effect a reformation in Mr. Smithson's manufactory, where there are many bad men who corrupt the good; to enkindle a spirit of piety in the hearts of the Smithson ladies, by associating them in the good you are to effect. Whatever may be the result, devote yourself to this work without any reserve. You must not hesitate! Your sufferings, if you have any to endure, will not be without fruit, and perhaps God may not suffer them to be of long duration."

"You have decided me. I will begin to-morrow. I will commence with the evening-school, and by visiting the most destitute families."

"Do not forget that the destitution most to be pitied is moral destitution. Visit those who have nothing, but especially those who are depraved."

Louis went away in a totally different frame of mind from that with which he had come. Victor, in his gentle way, had increased his esteem for Mr. Smithson, and inflamed him with the zeal—the ardent desire of usefulness with which he was filled himself. When he was gone, Victor and I talked a long time about him. I confessed I had no great faith in his perseverance. Victor replied: "His mother's piety and careful training must lead to his thorough conversion. And how he has already changed! He realizes the worthlessness of the aims to which he once gave himself up. There is no fear of his receding. He has taken the surest means of persevering—the apostolic work of doing good. Nevertheless, I acknowledge I wish he could find some one to aid him. And what a powerful aid it would be if he loved and felt himself loved! Ardent as he is, he would communicate his piety to the object of his affection. And how much good would result from their combined efforts! But I fear it will not be thus! Our poor friend will, perhaps, purchase the right of winning a few souls at the expense of his own happiness."

CHAPTER XIII.

LOUIS AT WORK.

Louis took two whole days to reflect on the important subject of his conversation with my husband. Was the profound love he subsequently felt for Eugénie already springing up in his heart? Such is my opinion, though I dare not say so positively. He probably was not conscious himself of the real state of his mind. Since that time, I have often dwelt on all that took place then and afterwards, and it has always seemed to me that, from the very moment Louis first knew and appreciated Mlle. Smithson, he conceived an affection for her as seri-

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ous as it was sudden. This affection was one of those that seem destined, from the beginning, to a continual increase. Does this mean that I have adopted the foolish and erroneous theory of novel writers, who regard love as an overmastering passion to which one is forced at all hazards to submit? . . . Neither religion nor reality will allow one to yield to such an error. But they do not hinder me from believing there are inclinations and affections that all at once assert themselves with so much force that, if one would not be speedily overcome by passion, he must at once raise an insurmountable barrier against it, such as flight, reason armed with contempt, and, what is a thousand times better than all—prayer. Such, in my opinion, was the love Louis at once conceived for Mlle. Smithson.

How shall I account for his being so captivated, when Eugénie had wounded him so deeply, and was so proud and every way original? For he too was proud, and his pride was allied with an unvarying simplicity which by no means accorded with Mlle. Smithson's turn of mind. . . . I account for this in many ways. Eugénie had very distinguished manners. This naturally pleased Louis, for he had been brought up by a mother who was a model of distinction. Eugénie had a noble soul. Her opinions were not always correct, but they were always of an elevated nature. She was, it is true, peculiar and romantic, and Louis was not. But he liked all these peculiarities in her. They seemed to him charming. Lastly, and this is one of my strongest reasons, I think it was because Louis felt himself worthy of being Eugénie's husband, and, seeing himself slighted by her, was the more strongly tempted to win her.

As Victor and I were his confidential friends, he kept us informed of all his proceedings, and, I may safely say, even of his thoughts. It is therefore easy for me to retrace the story of his love, which I will do without any exaggeration.

But first, let us return to his charitable projects, and the way in which he executed them. Louis was not merely an engineer in Mr. Smithson's establishment, but a Christian, and all the more zealous because he was anxious to expiate his past errors. He knew by experience to what an abyss the passions lead, and was desirous of warning others. If he had been a man of ordinary mind and heart, he would no doubt have been animated by entirely different motives. After his ruin, and rescue from a watery grave, desirous of regaining not only his father's esteem, but that of the world, he might have chosen the very position he now occupied, but he would have taken care to live as easily as possible. He would perhaps have sought to win Eugénie's affections, and in the end would have thought only of her and labored for her alone. Such a life would not be worth relating. The lives of ordinary men are as unworthy of interest as the egotism that is the mainspring of their actions.

Louis' life was a very different one. That is why I am desirous of making it known. But do not suppose his nature was thus transformed in an instant. God did not work one of those miracles that consist in the complete, instantaneous change of a man's character. Our faults veil our better qualities, but do not suppress them; so a return to piety gives them new brilliancy, but does not create them. Louis, as I afterwards learned, had in his youth manifested uncommon elevation and purity of mind, and the piety of a saint. After his

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arrival at manhood, deprived of his mother's influence, and led away by his passions, he placed no bounds to his follies. But suddenly arrested in the midst of his disorderly career, providentially saved at the very moment of being for ever lost, he at once broke loose from his pernicious habits. Like a traveller who returns to the right path after going astray for awhile, he resumed his course in the way of perfection with as much ardor as if he had never left it. There was only one reproach to be made against him at the onset. With his earnest nature and tendency to extremes, he manifested too openly the interior operations of grace. The difference between the young exquisite whom everybody knew, and the new convert observed of all eyes, was rather too marked. Louis' serious and somewhat stern air, his austere look, and his habitual reserve, repelled those who had no faith in his entire conversion. Thence arose backbitings, suspicions, and accusations of hypocrisy which did not come to our poor friend's ears, but were the cause of more than one annoyance. I must, however, acknowledge, to Mr. Smithson's credit, that he showed a great deal of charity for Louis at that time. If he sometimes accused him of undue zeal, he was from the first disposed to believe it sincere.

I will briefly relate what Louis accomplished during the few weeks subsequent to his last conversation with Victor. My husband had advised him not to undertake anything till he had consulted Mr. Smithson. Louis followed his advice, and begged an interview with his employer. It was then in the month of June. The conversation took place without witnesses, in the open air, on a fine summer evening. I give it as related by Louis.

"Monsieur," said he, "I am aware of your interest in benevolent objects. The workmen you employ, and whom I superintend under your orders, are not in your eyes mere instruments for the increase of wealth, but men to whom you wish to be as useful as circumstances will allow."

Mr. Smithson was never lavish of his words. He made a sign of assent, and appeared pleased with what was said.

Louis continued: "I also am desirous of being useful to my fellowmen. I have done many foolish things, and would like to preserve others from similar mistakes, for the consequences are often fatal. With your permission, I will not content myself with aiding you in the management of the mill, but beg the honor of being associated, in proportion to my ability, with all the good you are desirous of doing."

"Monsieur," said Mr. Smithson, "your unexpected offer somewhat embarrasses me. I am quite ready to accede to your wishes, but could not, in truth, consider you my co-laborer. What I have hitherto done has been but little, but I know not what else to do. I assist the needy, and give good advice here and there; that is all. You can follow my example. I shall be glad. Is that what you wish? Or do you happen to have anything better and more extensive to propose? If so, go on. I am ready to hear it."

"Yes, monsieur; I have some other plans to suggest."

"State them without any hesitation. I only hope they are of a nature to second my views. The first condition for that is, to propose only what is simple and practical. Doubtless too great an effort cannot be made at this time to aid and improve our workmen, both for their own interest and for ours. Everything is dear. The country is in a

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ferment. Among those we employ, there are a number of turbulent fellows and many wretchedly poor."

"Precisely so. What I wish is, to aid the needy, and reform the bad."

"Your design is worthy of all praise—as a theory; . . . but its realization will be difficult, not to say impossible. Listen to me, monsieur; I have a frank avowal to make. I have been engaged in this business but a short time. I know the common people but little. I belong to a country and a religion that have a special way of aiding the indigent. The government takes charge of that with us. In France, it is different: private individuals take part in it. You find me therefore greatly embarrassed. Enlighten me, if you can. I ask for nothing better."

"Well, monsieur, it seems to me that beneficence should be exercised in three different ways. First, it is our duty to come to the assistance of those in distress; . . . only I cannot, in this respect, do all I would like. . . . I could have done so once . . . now . . ."

"Do not let that worry you. My purse is open to you on condition that you only aid those whose destitution you can personally vouch for. It is also advisable to ascertain what use they make of that which is given them."

"I promise this, and thank you. No; it is not sufficient to give them money. One must see it is made a good use of. The poor should be taught to double their resources by economy. The assistance of the needy, then, is the first benevolent effort I would propose. I now come to moral beneficence. This does not refer to the indigence of the body, but to that of the soul. I think it especially desirable to preserve from corruption those of our workmen who are at present leading upright lives, particularly the young. This does not hinder me from thinking it necessary to bring those who have gone astray under good influences."

"Fine projects! I, too, have made similar ones, as I said, but I was discouraged by the difficulty of executing them. What means do you propose to employ?"

"What would you say to the formation of a library in one of the rooms of the manufactory—for instance, that which overlooks the river? It is now unoccupied. The workmen might be allowed to go there and read in the evening, and even to smoke, if they like. . . . This library could be used, during the hours of cessation from labor, as a schoolroom, where all could come to learn, in a social way, what they are ignorant of.—Would not this be a means of keeping them away from the wineshops, and afford one an opportunity of conversing with them, and giving them good advice—advice which comes from the heart?"

"I like the idea. It really seems to me you have conceived a happy combination of plans; but nothing can be done without a person to put them in execution."

"I will do it if you will allow me. I am eager to try the experiment."

"Your courage and enthusiasm will soon give out. At every step, you will meet with difficulties impossible to be foreseen. I have mingled only a little with the working classes, but enough to know they are difficult to manage, and often ungrateful to those who try to be useful to them."

"God will aid me. He will reward me, and they may too. But I shall not be difficult to please. If some of them correspond to my efforts, it will be enough. I will forget the ingratitude of the rest."

Mr. Smithson was amazed at his

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zeal. His own religion, cold and formal, had never taught him to take so much pains for those who might prove ungrateful. He and Louis separated quite pleased with each other. Louis felt he had been comprehended. He had also the promise of assistance. Mr. Smithson, with all his reserve, was captivated by Louis' enthusiasm for doing good. But though he had promised to aid Louis, he pitied him. "He will fail," he said to himself.

The work was begun a few days after, thanks to the co-operation of Mr. Smithson, who smoothed away the difficulties inseparable from all beginnings. At seven in the evening, Louis, laying aside the title and functions of an engineer, became the friend and teacher of the workmen. They assembled in a large room where benches, tables, and a library were arranged. At first a certain number of workmen came through mere curiosity. They found what they did not expect—a teacher who was competent, kind, ready to converse with them and teach them what they wished to learn, and this with a heartiness quite different from an ordinary schoolmaster. Louis devoted himself with so much pleasure to these evening exercises that his pupils soon learned to like them, and gave so captivating an account of them to the rest that the number of scholars increased from day to day. Thus the school was permanently established without much delay, and numbered about thirty men of all ages and varieties of character. Louis showed perfect tact in profiting by so happy a commencement. Every evening, he gave oral instructions, sometimes on historical subjects, sometimes on a question of moral or political economy. In each of these lectures, the young master mingled good advice, which was willingly listened to, given, as it was, in the midst of instructions that excited the liveliest interest. The workmen felt they were learning a thousand things they could never have acquired from books. A book is a voiceless teacher that requires too much application from unaccustomed pupils.

Mr. Smithson watched over the development of this work, and became more and more interested in it in proportion as its success, which at first he had doubted, became more probable, and its utility more evident. At the same time, without acknowledging it to himself, suspicion and distrust began to spring up in his heart. Even the best of men under certain circumstances, unless checked by profound piety, are accessible to the lowest sentiments. Mr. Smithson began to be jealous of his assistant, and even to fear him.

"What!" he said to himself, "shall he succeed in a work I dared not undertake myself! He will acquire a moral influence in the establishment superior to mine! . . ." Then, as his unjust suspicions increased: "It is not the love of doing good that influences him: it is ambition," he thought.

Louis had no suspicion of what was passing in his employer's mind, and therefore resolutely continued to pursue the course he had begun. He had formerly accompanied his mother in her visits among the poor, and thus learned how to benefit them. She had taught him it was not sufficient to give them money: it was necessary to mingle with them, talk with them, give them good advice—in a word, to treat them as brethren and friends. Having organized his evening-school, he resolved to visit the most destitute and ignorant families in the village, which was about a kilomètre and a half from the manufactory. He went there

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every evening towards six, and spent an hour in going from one house to another. Chance, as an unbeliever would say, or Providence, to speak more correctly, led him to the house of a poor woman quite worthy of his interest. She was fifty years of age, and slowly wasting away from disease of the lungs, complicated with an affection of the heart. This woman was one of those lovely souls developed by the Catholic religion oftener than is supposed. People little suspected how much she suffered, or with how much patience she bore her sufferings, but God knew. She was a real martyr. Married to a drunken, brutal man of her own age, she had endured all the abuse and ill-treatment with which he loaded her without a murmur. She had brought up her son piously, and labored as long as she was able to supply her own wants and those of her child. Broken down by illness and the continual ill-treatment of her husband, she would have died of want, had not Mlle. Smithson come to her aid.

When Louis went to see this poor woman, whom we will call Françoise, she spoke of Eugénie so enthusiastically, and with so much emotion, that he was greatly impressed. It was sweet to hear the praises of one whom he dreamed, if not of marrying, at least of associating in his good works.

The next day, he repeated his call on the sick woman, and for several days in succession. I think he had a secret hope of meeting Eugénie, without daring to acknowledge it to himself. As yet, he had merely seen her. He found her, as you know, handsome, stylish, and intelligent, but cool towards him. He longed to observe her in this miserable dwelling. Here, apart from other influences, she might show herself, as he hoped she really was—exempt from the imperfections he had remarked in her at home with regret. Without acknowledging it, he loved her, and it is hard to be forced to pass an unfavorable judgment on those we love. But days passed without their meeting. The sick woman was visibly failing. One evening, Louis found her weaker than ever.

"My dear monsieur," said she, "I am very happy. I am about to enter the presence of the good God! But I have one cause for anxiety at the hour of death. I depend on you to remove it. When the wealthy die, they leave their friends valuable legacies, but we poor people have only burdens to bequeath. Mlle. Eugénie has promised to watch over my little boy. She is very kind! . . . And I have another favor to ask of you, monsieur. Not far from the village is a family by the name of Vinceneau. The father is employed in the tile works you have to pass in coming to see me. Hereafter, when you come by, continue to think of me, and pray for me! . . . But that is not the point. The man I am speaking of is intemperate like my husband. The mother would be an excellent woman, were it not for two faults. She is indolent and envious—always ready to think evil of the rich. She works at your mill. It is not these two people I am going to recommend to you, but their daughter. The poor child is as handsome as a picture, and as pious as an angel. She often comes to see me. I tremble lest she be lost through the bad example of her parents, or through dangerous society. I have a feeling that, in some way, you will find means of being useful to her, if necessary. I should have recommended her to Mlle. Eugénie, but her father and mother, as I have said, are good for nothing, and I should not like to send

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mademoiselle where I know she is detested on account of her wealth."

Louis gladly acceded to her request. He left a few moments after to attend his evening-school. Halfway home, he perceived Eugénie coming from the mill, and could not help meeting her.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE POLITICAL PRINCIPLE OF THE SOCIAL RESTORATION OF FRANCE.

BY F. RAMIERE, S.J.

FROM LES ETUDES RELIGIEUSES.

THE great danger of France at the present time is neither the decline of her military power, nor the diminution of her political influence, nor the deep wound inflicted on her finances by an enormous war contribution, nor the aggrandizement of Prussia, nor even the unchaining of the Revolution: it is the division among right-thinking men.

Supposing that all men in or out of the Assembly, united by the indissoluble bond of principle, sincerely desired the re-establishment of order, the revolutionary monster would soon be rendered harmless. The healthy influences now paralyzed would regain their action; with security, legitimate interests would recover their power of expansion; the vital strength of the country would develop rapidly; and, thanks to the vigorous elasticity which characterizes our race, we would soon resume the rank in Europe that belongs to us.

Let us recollect the wonderful promptitude with which France, reduced to extremity by the religious wars, reached the apogee of her prosperity under Louis XIII. We would rise again with equal facility, if the good dispositions, not wanting in France, could be bound together, and oppose a compact fasces to the revolutionary passions, alas! too well united for destruction.

Unfortunately, it is not so. Unity of thought and action, which is the supreme necessity of every government, is wanting to-day in those who are alone able to save us, and it has become the exclusive privilege of the party that is working for our ruin. M. Le Play, who, in a recent treatise, warns us of the danger of the situation, sees but one remedy: the abandonment for a time at least of political questions, and the concentration of the efforts of all true men for the study and solution of the social question. Says M. Le Play: "The enlightened men who compose the majority of our Assembly render themselves powerless by their division on what is called the political question—that is to say, on the form of sovereignty. They may be assured that each political party, when it advances its principle, raises against it a majority formed by the coalition of rival parties. When, on the contrary, this same party takes up the

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social question, that is to say, the immediate interest of the family, it gains the majority, sometimes even unanimity. It is sufficient to know the cause of the evil to find the remedy. The conservatives have the power to establish a strong majority. It is only necessary to avoid the subject that divides them, and to devote themselves to the one that draws them together."

There is much truth in this observation, and we are far from wishing to combat it on the whole. The eminent publicist who, in this same work, accords so favorable an opinion to our studies on the rights of men, knows with what warm sympathy we follow his useful labors for social reform. We appreciate as fully as he the importance of the question to which he desires to draw the attention of all true friends of order. With him we believe that the social order is anterior to the political, and that, at a time when society is disorganized even in its original elements, it is there above all that the remedy must be applied. How can a good government be given to a nation that the anti-social propaganda has rendered ungovernable?

We must acknowledge, however, that, to the rule which M. Le Play has laid down, objections arise which at the first glance appear sufficiently grave. We have heard intelligent men doubt whether even the temporary withdrawal of the political questions would be opportune or possible, and that for several reasons.

In the first place, because these questions are irresistibly imposed upon us. They are discussed every day in the debates of the Assembly or by the press. If we give up treating them according to true principles, they will certainly be determined in the sense of the Revolution.

In effect, and it is a second reason, if men of order deny themselves entrance on this ground, it is indispensable that the revolutionary party should promise to abstain likewise. But how can we hope that it will make, much less that it will observe, this engagement? The first aim of this party is evidently to possess itself of political power, by means of which it will be easy to realize its anti-social theories. We must put forth our whole strength in this contest, if we do not wish to have it become impossible for us to defend the social interests.

Finally, here is a consideration which, to the eyes of the men whose sentiments we express, appears still more decisive. They say that in order to make it possible to abstract political questions, and give ourselves exclusively to the study of the social, there should be a line of demarcation drawn between these two domains so closely united. This is what they cannot accomplish. Social and political rights repose on the same basis, they have the same enemies, and are attacked with the same arms. Why is the family disorganized? Why, in labor, is the harmony so necessary between the employer and the employed replaced by an antagonism equally hurtful to both? Is it not, above all, because every rank of society suffers from the rebound of the attacks made politically on the principle of authority?

We do not dispute the fatal influence of the false principles pointed out by M. Le Play—the original perfection preached by Rousseau, the native equality of men maintained by Alexis de Tocqueville, have had their share, and their great share, in the disorders which have totally overthrown society. But the principal cause of these disorders, the revolutionary principle by excellence, is the

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negation of all authority superior to that of man!

How shall we answer these arguments? It will not be difficult. We can admit them without injury to the thesis of M. Le Play. We would misapprehend him if we placed the Christian principle of authority among the number of political questions which he counsels us to avoid. This principle, in reality, is not less social than political. It is the common foundation of these two orders, the fourth commandment of the decalogue, and, consequently, constitutes one of the essential articles of the social restoration, whose complete programme M. Le Play finds in the decalogue.

What are the political questions we should avoid, if we would see union and strength succeed to the divisions which now paralyze us? Those that spring from opinions.

Opinions divide parties, and create among them interminable struggles. S. Augustine has well said: *In necessariis, unitas; in dubiis, libertas.* Necessary principles are the domain of unity; doubtful opinions, by provoking liberty, engender division. It is in the very essence of opinion to arouse against it other opinions, to which their probability, more or less great, gives the right to struggle against every light but that of proof. Here is, then, what experience teaches us, and what the dangers of society command us: it is to lift ourselves above this obscure and troubled region where opinions clash, and to rise to the peaceful sphere that principles illumine with a steady light. Here there can be no subject of division among sincere minds. In the social as in the political order, principles convince by their proofs all intellects which have not made a compact with error; and their necessity, as incontestable as their truth, conquers the adhesion of all just men.

We can, then, without contradicting M. Le Play, establish the following proposition: to obtain this union among right-thinking men, without which there is no salvation to be hoped for France, political parties must be silent on the questions which divide them, and cling to the immutable principle whose negation is the chief cause of our misfortunes.

But what is this principle? This is the question we will endeavor to answer with a precision which will leave no doubt in sincere minds; no pretext for the division of parties.

Our aim is very clear, and we hope it will be understood by our readers. We do not intend to discuss the various political opinions, still less to ask their defenders to sacrifice them; we seek the indisputable, the first principle of the political order, around which can be immediately formed that union of honest and upright men which will place them in a position to struggle against the Revolution, and will prepare for the future a more complete harmony, and the permanent restoration of France.

I.

We must, above all, distinguish clearly "the saving principle" from the opinions with which it might be confounded. It will be easier to understand what it is when we will have said what it is not.

In the first place, this principle is not that of *absolute monarchy.*

In the happiest period of our history, the power of the monarch was modified by institutions of various kinds: by the states-general, which, having the right to confirm or reject new taxes, afforded an opportunity of laying at the foot of the throne the complaints and the wishes

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of the country; by the magistrates, who, almost sovereign in the judicial order, exercised an efficacious control over the legislature; by the church above all, that energetically defended the supremacy of divine law against the caprices of princes. Whatever may be thought of the causes which, after the invasion of Protestantism, led to the destruction of these guarantees, and to the concentration of power; whatever may be said to excuse or glorify absolute monarchy in the past, it evidently cannot now be presented as the immutable principle through which we could ask our salvation.

It is not necessary to add that the inferior institutions which surrounded the monarchy at divers epochs, merit still less the name of principles. Formerly these institutions had a reason for existing, but nothing proves that they should survive the circumstances which gave them birth. Neither the warlike feudalism of the middle ages nor the nobility disarmed, but still privileged, of later times, belongs to those elements essential to all society, to which we are bound to restore their energy as soon as possible, if we would not condemn ourselves to perish.

Nor can we give the name of principle to *divine right* as understood by the Gallican school. According to this school, Providence, at the commencement of society, chose a man or a family to exercise the supreme power. The course of events which decided the form of government of infant societies was, in its opinion, a manifestation of the divine will sufficient to invest with the right of commanding those who had the strength to enforce it. This right is then divine, since it is held immediately from God; and, in the language of theology, the power of divine right is that which comes from God without passing through any human intermediary. The Gallican school recognized two sovereignties of divine right: that of the temporal order, which was royalty; and the papal sovereignty, which was spiritual—if it was allowable to say in this system that the pope was sovereign, since, contrary to the policy which sustained absolute political power, they wished in the spiritual order that the pope should share his sovereignty with the episcopate.

To dissimulate nothing, let us say here that lately theologians and Catholic philosophers, strangers to the Gallican school, have defended the thesis of divine right. But their adhesion, in giving new weight to this doctrine, does not take it from the category of simple opinions. It has always against it the arguments and authority of our most illustrious doctors, according to whom the right of princes is divine only in its first origin and in its abstract essence; but in its immediate origin, its concrete form, and in the appointment of the subject to be invested with it, this right is human, since it would only receive the determinations indispensable to its exercise by the expressed or tacit consent of society. The providential events of which we have before spoken were more or less indicative of the divine will, but the majority of doctors refuse to see in them a sufficient motive for investing with the right of commanding a man previously supposed to be without it.

The doctrine of the *absolute inamissibility of power* generally maintained by the partisans of divine right should also be ranked among the disputed opinions. It is logic that he who has received power immediately from God can only be deprived of it by God. The defenders of the opposite opinion admit, on the con-

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trary, that, in extreme cases, power can be withdrawn from him who abuses it by only using for the destruction of society what was given to him for its preservation. And as it is difficult to distinguish in such cases, as error on such occasions could only be disastrous, as anarchy could easily spring from the most legitimate resistance to tyranny, Catholic theologians do not wish that these doubtful cases of conscience should be left to the passions of parties or to the blind fury of the mob; but they find a guarantee qualified to defend every right and to reassure every interest in the authority, ever impartial and paternal, of the Vicar of Jesus Christ.

The first basis of social order which we are now seeking, can neither be found in the *monarchical principle.*

In reality, whatever may be to the minds of the greatest philosophers the prerogatives of a limited monarchy, they cannot maintain that it is the only legitimate form of government; and consequently, as the monarchical principle is neither universal, absolute, nor immutable, it has none of the marks of a true principle.

Besides, the firmest partisans of monarchy do not assume for it this universal necessity. In the states with which it is identified, by long and legitimate possession, with the principle of right, they justly claim for it all the prerogatives of that principle. Unreasonable as it would be to pretend that monarchy is the only legitimate government for all times and all peoples, equally absurd would it be to maintain that, when it is legitimately established, it can be legitimately combated and overthrown. There is no right against right. The monarchical principle thus defended has no adversaries but those fanatical adorers of the republican form whose absolutism is a hundred times more unreasonable than ever was that of the most servile worshippers of royal power.

These topsy-turvy legitimists condemn, from the height of their pride, the immense majority of the human race, arrogating to themselves in favor of their opinion the authority which they refuse to the church of God; and they take to themselves, in remaking it, the motto with which they have so often reproached us: No salvation outside of the republic! After twenty-five centuries, they renew the foolish enterprise of the Babylonian despot: they wish to compel all the nations under the sun to prostrate themselves before the statue of their republic, and acknowledge it as the only true divinity.

No more tyrannical intolerance can be imagined. Whence do these absolutists derive the right of imposing their opinions on their equals? From what have they taken the halo with which they surround the cap of liberty, after having trampled all crowns under their feet? Undoubtedly, government exists but for the people, but does it follow that it should necessarily be exercised by the people? To refute their exclusive theories, it would be sufficient to compel them to make an application of them in their own families. In fact, from the moment that the principle becomes absolute, it should be applied to all authority; and there is no reason why the family and the workshop should not share with the state the advantages of the republican form.

But it is waste of time to dwell on this fanaticism, of which, thank God, we do not find a trace among the partisans of monarchy. The necessity which they attribute to it is not absolute, but hypothetical. They affirm that monarchy is the only form

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of government suited to the characters, defects, customs, and traditions of certain peoples. They say that nations, like individuals, have different temperaments; and, consequently, it would be absurd to impose the same rule on all. Nations, like individuals, when the constitution is formed, when inveterate habits have become a second nature, cannot, without danger, suddenly adopt new customs. What would become of a people who should persist in making this dangerous experiment? Against their will, they would carry their old customs into the new system; they would preserve their monarchical manners in the midst of a nominal republic; and this bastard government would have all the inconveniences of the monarchy, without its stability and other advantages.

More even than individuals, nations live by traditions. By them, the past extends its influence over the present, illumines it with the reflection of its glory, and animates it with its spirit. Traditions bind together the successive periods in a nation's existence, and preserve among its children the unity produced by a long community of dangers and struggles, of triumphs and reverses. A people that breaks with tradition is like an uprooted tree; its existence is similar to that of a man, who, having lost his memory, cannot connect the present with the past. Now, it is evident that a nation whose institutions and customs for centuries have reposed on monarchy cannot have this basis overthrown without breaking all traditions, and throwing society entirely out of its beaten tracks.

These observations are evidently the dictates of good sense and experience. It is impossible not to be vividly struck by them, when one has lived among a people faithful to its traditions; as the English, for example. Nothing is more striking than the contrast between the general security, the vitality, the friendly enjoyments, whose source is respect for tradition, with the instability and anxiety which the Revolution has produced in our French society, formerly so calm and joyous.

But however well grounded may be this induction, it cannot take the place of the absolute and indisputable principle by which we wish to bind together all true and earnest men.

Let us pursue our research, and congratulate ourselves on being dispensed in our present position from pausing at the thorny distinction between the *power of right* and the *power of fact*. For too long a period has this been a cause of incurable division between the most honest and religious men. Of all the problems which belong to the social order, it is perhaps the most difficult to resolve practically. On one side, it is certain that the violation of right cannot destroy it, and that the usurper who, to gratify his ambition, imperils the gravest interests of society, does not become legitimate, even though his attempt be crowned by success. On the other side, however, the maintenance of public order being the reason of the existence of the rights of power, obedience cannot be refused to him who alone has the strength and the means of attaining this indispensable end.

From this springs one of those conflicts of opinion which make the social question so difficult. The same public order which commands obedience to the usurper alone capable of defending it, forbids encouraging the ambition of future usurpers by the full acceptation of triumphant crime. The friends of order can then follow different paths, according

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to the preference they may have for either of these interests. The power of fact will attract men who, most affected by present necessity, will hope to find in their adhesion to the established order a safeguard against new convulsions. Others will see in this adhesion to the revolution consummated an anticipated sanction of future revolutions, and will think themselves obliged to provide for the permanent necessities of society by remaining faithful to the fallen power.

This is not the place to decide such a difficult question, where even the supreme authority of the church has thought it often wiser to abstain. We need only state as a fact, unfortunate as inevitable, the division which springs from this conflict of duty. It will last until the illegitimate power is overthrown, or until, by the lapse of time, all trace of its origin is lost. In the first case, the transitory right which the usurping government borrowed from fact having disappeared with the fact, the power of right recovers its preponderance. In the second case, fact is transformed into right by becoming alone capable of defending society; and legitimacy, of which social interest was the base, will disappear with the real possibility of saving this supreme interest.

It is what happened in England, where the tories, the former partisans of the Stuarts, have long since adhered to the reigning dynasty. But in France, neither of the two dynasties which succeeded to that of our ancient kings established its domination firmly enough, or sufficiently renounced its revolutionary principle, to render evident to all eyes this union of right and fact. For fifty years, we have seen conservatives, religious men, and even the clergy, divided into two or three political fractions; and this division has not been one of the east causes of our weakness, and of the growing strength of the Revolution.

The evil appeared irremediable, and each day it acquired fresh gravity; for the government of fact, instead of seeing in the adhesion of men of order a motive for returning openly to conservative principles, believed it to be their interest to conciliate the men of disorder by supporting the principle of the Revolution.

Providence has drawn us from this position, apparently inextricable, and, by the result even of our faults, has made the cause of our divisions disappear. The Revolution has destroyed the governments blind enough to lean upon her. The power which exists to-day, and whose strength lies in the Assembly, has more than once acknowledged its provisional character. France is, then, free to return to the true principles of order, and to reunite under one flag all those who are sincerely devoted to the holy cause. Nothing prevents her fulfilling a celebrated prediction, and to close, by the proclamation of the rights of God, the revolution which opened with the proclamation of the rights of man.

II.

Herein lies our salvation: to the revolutionary principle, which weakens all powers and all social rights, in making them depend on man's caprice, we must oppose the Christian principle, which gives them an immovable solidity, in reposing them on the supreme authority of God.

No innovation is required: we must simply return to the eternal laws of social order. If imprudent architects attempt to change the laws of equilibrium, what should be done to repair the ruins accumulated by their folly? Remember those

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laws, and enforce their observation. There is also an equilibrium in the moral order, and it was the unpardonable fault of our fathers that they overlooked its most essential condition. Let us hasten to restore all splendor to the truth whose darkening was the cause of our misfortunes. Foreseen and accepted without dispute by the pagans themselves, this generative dogma of society was, in the dawn of Christianity, promulgated by S. Paul as one of the principal articles of revealed religion; and it did not cease to rule the nations of Europe until the epoch when, with the law of Christ, order and peace were driven from their confines. Reason and religion are in perfect harmony when they proclaim the Christian principle. They tell us, with one voice, that God, who directs all with so much wisdom in the material world, wishes equally, and with much more reason, that order should reign in the moral. In commanding men to unite in society, so as to assure by their common efforts the happiness of all, he imposes on them an obligation to bridle the selfish passions which unceasingly conspire against the general interest. And as the only efficacious means of keeping them in order is the institution of a power armed with strength for the defence of the right, God wills that this power should be created, if it does not exist, and obeyed when it exists.

Thus, according to the teaching of Christianity, civil power is divine in its origin, and, although a human element must interpose in the principle to determine the form and choose the depositary, he that is once elected commands really in the name of God. "All power comes from God," says S. Paul; it is by order of God that it exists, and consequently it cannot be resisted without resisting the order of God, and without drawing down the damnation justly reserved for those who revolt against God.

It is evident that between this principle which belongs to Catholic faith, and the Gallican opinion of divine right, the difference is not so great as would at first appear. Both parties agree as to the origin of power, its mission, its rights, and its duties. Only on one point do they differ: according to one, the man who, in the commencement, was invested with power, received it immediately from God; while the other holds that the investiture was made by the expressed or tacit consent of society. This divergence is clearly more speculative than practical, as, with this exception, they both believe the same doctrine.

It is therefore wrong to seek any analogy between the revolutionary theory and the opinion of Catholic doctors the most favorable to the primitive rights of society. It is only necessary to thoroughly understand their doctrine to see this resemblance, which is merely apparent, instantly vanish. According to them, it is true that power depends for its first organization on those whom it will soon command; but once constituted, it is independent of them in its exercise within the limits inherent in the form of government. Society, in reality, is not the source of the authority with which it invests its elect: it is only the channel. If it has the right to determine the form and to choose the subject, it is also obliged to make use of this right, and to arm the power instituted by it with the full prerogatives necessary for the maintenance of order.

Nothing is wanting to authority thus understood; it has a precise end and an indispensable reason for being — the defence of individual

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rights, and the maintenance of public order. It has an immutable base—the will of God, the guarantee of rights and the protector of order. It has a universal and inevitable sanction—the eternal punishment which the contemners of the law cannot escape, even though they succeed in avoiding temporal chastisement. In resting social order on the first principle of all things, this doctrine places it in perfect harmony with the general order of the universe; and it is as satisfactory in theory to the mind of the philosopher as it is efficacious in practice in maintaining the order of society. Equally favorable to all legitimate interests, it elevates at the same time the majesty of power and the dignity of obedience; for, if it is glorious for rulers to command in the name of God, it is not less so for the governed to obey only God.

What, on the contrary, is the effect of the revolutionary principle? Instead of establishing authority, it destroys it; and, under the pretext of elevating obedience, degrades it.

It destroys authority; for there is no true authority, except where a superior will is invested with the right to command, and an inferior one is obliged to obey. Now, these two conditions cannot be realized in the revolutionary theory. The principle of this theory, such as Rousseau laid it down in his *Social Contract*, is that the power placed over civil society draws all its rights from the free concession of those whom it is called to command. It is, then, their mandatary, and not their superior; consequently, it has no more the right to command them than they are bound to obey it. Rousseau says it in these very terms: in obeying it, they only obey themselves; and, consequently, they can, when they please, dispense themselves from obedience.

Thus, instead of creating authority, the revolutionary principle renders it impossible; and since authority is the essential condition of the stability, strength, well-being, and existence even of society, it cannot be denied that this principle is the overthrow of social order.

But at the same time that it annihilates the majesty of power, it debases the dignity of obedience. It is very well to say to the members of society that, in obeying their mandatary, they only obey themselves; it will not prevent them in a thousand circumstances from being directed to do the contrary of what they would like. What will then happen? If the discontented are numerous and strong enough to make their will prevail over that of power, they will revolt; but, if resistance is impossible, they will be compelled to obey. What will be this obedience? The act of a slave who yields to force, and not the act of a reasonable man and a Christian who conforms his will to that of God.

Instead of the alliance which Christian doctrine establishes between the majesty of power and the dignity of obedience, the revolutionary theory creates an irreconcilable antagonism between these two essential elements of society; it is only by degrading the subjects that the rulers can ensure the execution of their orders.

This radical and absolute opposition between the two doctrines necessarily extends to their consequences. Whilst the Christian principle gives an inviolable stability to power, and guarantees with equal efficacy the rights of the subjects, the revolutionary principle has for result inevitable anarchy and tyranny.

Anarchy first; for how can a power which is absolutely without a base sustain itself for any length of time?

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Consistently with itself, the theory of the Revolution intends that society, in establishing power as its mandatary, should not strip itself in any manner of sovereignty. As society created it freely, by an act of its own will it can reverse it when it seems desirable, without any one having the right to demand an account of its acts. As a consequence, the revolutionary theory involves daily appeals to new *plébiscites* and to new elections for the overthrow of the established power, and the substitution of another more in accord with the present will of the nation; and, as the triumph of the discontented of yesterday will infallibly create other dissatisfied ones, these will have the right to organize to-morrow a new agitation to overthrow everything.

The constitution cannot legitimately reprove or arrest these attempts; for, emanating like the government from the national will, it is also subordinate to the fluctuations of that capricious sovereign. The small number of the agitators can be no objection; and you cannot oppose to them the wishes and rights of the majority. If there is no authority superior to that of man, all human wills are equal, and all equally sovereign. The number of those who differ from me gives them a preponderating force, but it does not confer on them a superior right. If, then, I think my sentiment the best, nothing can hinder me from working to make it prevail. By making use of intrigue and violence, the smallest minority easily becomes the majority; and, with strength, it acquires the right to do all that the revolutionary principle attributes to majorities.

What can be opposed to this argument? Is it not perfectly logical? If the consequences appear intolerable, there is but one means of escape —the return to Christian principle, alone capable of preserving social order from the convulsions to which it is condemned by these attempts against power. Christian doctrine repels the attacks made upon public order with much more severity than the violations of individual rights; it brands them as crimes of treason against society. Except in the extreme cases of which we have already spoken, it declares power inviolable; not in virtue of the personal prerogative of him who is invested with it, but in virtue of the interest of which he is the necessary guarantee.

Thus we have heard S. Paul tell us that he who resists power resists the order of God, and draws damnation on his head. This sentence, we know, does not agree with the verdict of public opinion, as indulgent in regard to political crimes as it is severe against those which come under the head of crimes of common right.

On which side is the truth? If public power is the indispensable bulwark of individual rights, can the attempt be made to overthrow it, without, at the same time, attacking all those rights? If a man, who, during the night, forces his entrance into a house, and seeks to enrich himself to the prejudice of the legitimate possessor, is thrown into prison as a criminal unworthy of compassion, how can he merit less severe punishment who shakes the entire social edifice, to gratify his cupidity and ambition at the expense of the public peace? Nothing is clearer: in listening to the revolutionary theories in preference to the Christian doctrine, public opinion is in complete disagreement with reason.

Would to God that it was all limited to a theoretical opposition! Unfortunately, nothing is more practical than revolutionary error; as, for a century, the conclusions to which logic has led us have been but too

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well confirmed by experience. Nothing, then, is wanting to enable us to judge the two rival doctrines with full knowledge of the case. We have seen them at work—one for fourteen centuries, the other during the age nearest our own time; they have given their measure, and are known by their fruits. One, in semi-barbarous times, endowed France with the unity, glory, concentration of strength, and expansion which placed her in the first rank among the nations of the world; the other, in an age of advanced civilization and unheard-of material progress, heaped ruins upon ruins on our unfortunate country—religious ruin, moral ruin, social ruin, political ruin, financial ruin, military ruin — nothing remained standing when with the principle of authority the necessary foundation of society was overthrown.

And let it not be imagined that, in thus delivering the social body to the ravages of anarchy, the revolutionary principle guarantees it against the rigors of tyranny. No; it condemns it inevitably to suffer those rigors. At the same time that it disarms power with regard to the wicked passions, it arms it with an all-powerful force against the most sacred rights. Rousseau avowed it frankly; and, from the Convention to Prince Bismarck, all revolutionary governments have practised this lesson. Nothing escapes the sovereignty of the state from the moment that the state is emancipated from the authority of God. The soul of the citizen belongs to it with the same title as his body; the questions of doctrine are not more independent of its control than those of policy; the church and the school are under its jurisdiction as well as the public streets and the prison.

Since society recognizes no authority above it, and the state represents the social will, it is absolute master, it is all-powerful, it is God. It is the state that makes justice and truth, that creates rights, that is the supreme arbiter of conscience; and its omnipotence, as unlimited as fragile, leaves to the citizen but the choice between two expedients: either to bend with docility under its yoke by abdicating all moral dignity, or to overthrow it, with the certainty of seeing it replaced by an equal tyranny.

Thus the revolutionary theory, which is permanent anarchy, is at the same time organized despotism. At other periods, we have seen society, deprived of its equilibrium, oscillate between these two extremes, passing in turn from anarchy to tyranny, and from tyranny to anarchy. Thanks to revolutionary progress, we can enjoy simultaneously the advantages of these two states, and taste the vexations of despotism, without escaping the agitations of anarchy. Since the proclamation of the pretended liberal principles, we have seen disappear the liberties which, under the most absolute systems, were considered as inviolable. Provincial and communal franchises, the rights of the father over his children, of the proprietor over his possessions, of the testator over his estate—all have been grasped by the iron hand of the state. It has broken all counterbalancing influences, and those that it has not completely annihilated only subsist during its good pleasure.

How different is the theory of power, regarded by the light of Christian principle! Instituted for the protection of rights and the repression of injustice, it extends its jurisdiction only by the means necessary for attaining its end. As soon as it would leave that sphere, it becomes an usurper. Its power is limited in every sense by divine law and by the pre-existing rights of the subjects; for, instead of the revolution-

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ary theory that the state creates the rights of private individuals, it is Christian doctrine that the rights of individuals incapable of defending themselves rendered necessary the creation of the state.

According to the first, society is everything, the individual nothing; according to the second, the individual alone has immortal destinies, and civil society is but a temporary means to facilitate the accomplishment of those destinies. The least of the subjects has, then, the right to oppose his conscience as a brazen wall against the unjust will of a despot; and, if this protestation is not heeded, another voice will soon be heard which will resound to the extremities of the universe—the voice of the incorruptible defender of justice, and the protector of oppressed weakness; of him whom God has placed on the earth to speak in his name, to promulgate his law, and to recall alike princes and people to the respect of justice.

It is not necessary to give further proof of the doctrine we have endeavored to explain. There is not one of our readers who will not instantly understand the principle whose restoration we have declared indispensable for putting an end to the fatal reign of the Revolution. We were not wrong in giving it the name of principle, as from it flow all the laws of political order, at the same time that itself is immediately derived from the very idea of that order. It is, then, necessary, universal, and absolute; it extends to all times, all forms of government, all degrees of civilization. At once political and religious, rational and revealed, it belongs to universal ethics, and is part of the traditional dogma. He who denies it will be condemned by the church as a heretic, and will be disowned by reason, as both a rebel against evidence, and guilty of an attack on the essential laws of social order.

III.

If we have succeeded in demonstrating this truth, it will not be difficult to decide upon the duties it imposes upon us, and the means we must employ to incline in the way of salvation the undecided balance of the destinies of France.

Since the proclamation of the revolutionary principle in the last century was the commencement of our ruin, we can only save ourselves by denying it with all possible solemnity, and in placing the contrary principle as the basis of the future constitution of our country. We must, in fine, leave the ways which have misled and lost all the powers that during fifty years have assumed in France the mission of restoring public order. Undoubtedly, none of them accepted the revolutionary theory to its full extent; they even by more than one act implied its negation. But these isolated efforts, extorted from them by the instinct of preservation, did not prevent them from habitually submitting to the influences of the Revolution, and even often rendering homage to its principles.

Sprung from its bosom, they dared not deny their origin, and they did not understand that, while shrinking from this disavowal, they condemned themselves to be overthrown by the blind force which had lifted them on its shield. One after the other they deceived themselves, and France with them, by taking "the great principles of '89" as the palladium of their thrones and their dynasties. It was asking a guarantee of duration from the most energetic dissolvent, and giving a solemn falsehood to France as a political creed. We have shown elsewhere that, under

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ambiguous formulas intended to deceive thoughtless good faith, the declaration of 1789 contains, in seventeen articles, the pure theory of the Revolution. We willingly admit that this hypocrisy of language might, at the first moment, put on the wrong scent a generation intoxicated with the desire of reform; but to be still seduced by it, after so many bloody revolutions have too clearly commented this ambiguous text, would be intolerable.

If we push blindness to this excess, will we deserve to be called the most intellectual people in the world? We have been duped by a comedy of fifteen years; will it be so with a comedy of a hundred? It is thus that posterity will name the century in which the principles of '89 were the theme of the most gigantic mystification found in history. All the civilized nations have been more or less cheated by this jugglery of the most precious liberties, in the name of liberalism; but France has played a separate part. It is she who, after being herself deceived, endeavored to make the entire universe share in her deception, and thus took upon herself both the shame of the fraud, and the responsibility of the imposture.

Let us be done with this odious falsehood, and return to reality. Let us seek true liberties in the proclamation of true principles, and ensure respect for the rights of man by the restoration of the authority of God.

This is the first duty that the vital interest of France imposes on all men called to take any part whatever in the re-establishment of power.

But henceforward we have another obligation to fulfil. Honest men of all parties must unite in the proclamation of the Christian principle, and renounce any alliance with the defenders of the Revolution. Former parties must disappear, and only leave in the field the great armies of order and disorder. This division alone has a reason for existing in the present state of society. Old parties, on the contrary, can only be divided by personal questions, to which it would be shameful to attach any importance in presence of the dangers that menace society. All parties, even those that seem to yield the most thorough allegiance to the Revolution, contain a greater or less number of friends of order whose equivocal connections do not prevent their disowning, in the bottom of their hearts, the revolutionary principle.

The moment has come to separate these contrary elements united by purely accidental affinities. We are approaching one of those fatal dates that betokens the end of one world, and the commencement of another; one of those partial judgments of Providence that prelude the general one by which divine justice will close the era of time, to open that of eternity. Now, as then, the terrible blows of the Almighty dissipate illusions, crush adverse interests, and bring to light the two contrary tendencies which have been hidden in the depths of hearts; the two opposite loves that, since the beginning of the world, have divided humanity into two hostile cities.

It is, then, indispensable to take a side; the time of tergiversation and compromise is past; we must be for truth or falsehood, for order or the Revolution, for Jesus Christ or the infernal chief of all rebels. And it does not suffice to carry the truth in the heart: it must be professed openly and courageously. The more evident is the necessity of adhering to the Christian principle, the more manifest is the double obligation that

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flows from it for honest men of all parties to form a compact league, whatever may have previously been their mutual estrangement, and to separate themselves from the revolutionists, with whom circumstances may have connected them.

We will go on no further, for we have resolved not to leave the region of principles; but the men to whom Providence has given the mission and power to save us cannot stop there. They must bring down the saving principle from the region of abstractions to that of facts, give it a concrete existence, a determined form, a durable organization, a strength sufficient to maintain itself, and to raise us up. It is not our province to guide them in the accomplishment of this task; may God give them, with the light which will show them the path of salvation, strength to follow it, and draw France after them! They are called to be nothing less than the saviours of their country and of Christendom; for it is not only the destinies of France which they hold in their hands, but those of Christian civilization, incapable, if France yields, of escaping from the invasion of the double revolution of Cæsarism and demagogism. May they feel the gravity of the situation, and understand that such great peril demands heroic resolutions!

To worthily fulfil this mission, the most important, perhaps, ever confided to a deliberative assembly, they must rise above all consideration of persons, all interests of parties, and they must choose, in the sincerity of their conscience, the man and the form of government that will most surely guarantee the restoration of the Christian principle, and the repudiation of the revolutionary, the destruction of anarchy and Cæsarism, the protection of every right, and the re-establishment of true liberty. This choice, which alone can save us, will not be difficult from the moment that they agree on the principle from which it must proceed, and the end which must be attained; and once the choice made under the eye of God, it will be still less difficult, with his help, to make it acceptable to France.

The Comte de Breda recently recalled to us, as appropriate to the time, the consoling and prophetic words written by Joseph de Maistre in 1797, at an epoch when the restoration of order appeared still more difficult than at the present time: "Can we believe that the political world moves by chance, and that it is not organized, directed, animated, by the same wisdom which shines in the physical? The great criminals who overthrow a state necessarily produce heart-rending wounds; but, when man works to re-establish order, he associates himself with the Author of order, he is favored by nature—that is to say, by the harmony of secondary causes, which are the ministers of divine power. His action has something in it of divine; it is at the same time gentle and imperious; he forces nothing, and nothing resists him."

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GRAPES AND THORNS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF YORKE."

CHAPTER I.

CRICHTON, AND THE CRICHTONIANS.

THE delicate exuberance of a New England spring was making amends for the rigor of a New England winter, and for its own tardy coming. Up through the faded sward pushed multitudinously all the little budding progeny of nature; out through rough bark burst the tender foliage; and all the green was golden-green. Light winds blew hither and thither; light clouds chased each other over the sky, now and then massing their forces to send a shower down, the drops so entangled with sunshine as to look like a rain of diamonds. Birds soared joyously, singing as they flew; and the channels of the brooks could scarcely contain their frolicsome streams. Sometimes a scattered sisterhood of snowflakes came down to see their ancestresses, and, finding them changed into snowdrops, immediately melted into an ecstasy, and so exhaled.

This vernal freshness made the beautiful city of Crichton fairer yet, with curtains waving from open windows, vines budding over the walls, and all the many trees growing alive. It set a fringe of grasses nodding over the edges of three yellow paths ravelled out from a new road that, when it had travelled about a mile westward from the city, gave up being a road for the present. One of these paths started off southward, and sank into a swamp. In summer, this swamp was as purple as a ripe plum with flower-de-luce, and those who loved nature well enough to search for her treasures could find there also an occasional cardinal-flower, a pink arethusa, or a pitcher-blossom full to the brim with the last shower, or the last dew-fall. The second path ran northward to the bank of the Cocheco River, and broke off on the top of a cliff. If you should have nerve enough to scramble down the face of this cliff, you would find there the most romantic little cave imaginable, moss-lined, and furnished with moss cushions to its rock divans. A wild cherry-tree had in some way managed to find footing just below the cave, and at this season it would push up a spray of bloom, in emulation of the watery spray beneath. Fine green vines threaded all the moss; and, if one of them were lifted, it would show a line of honey-sweet bell-flowers strung under its round leaves.

The third path kept on westward to a dusky tract of pine-woods about two miles from the town. No newly-sprouting verdure was visible amid this sombre foliage; but there was a

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glistening through it all like the smile on a dark face, and the neighboring air was embalmed with its fine resinous perfume.

Out from this wood came sounds of laughter and many voices, some shrill and childish, others deeper voices of men, or softer voices of women. Occasionally might be heard a fitful song that broke off and began again, only to break and begin once more, as though the singer's hands were busy. Yet so dense was the border of the wood with thick, low-growing branches that, had you gone even so near as to step on their shadows, and slip on the smooth hollows full of cones and needles they had let fall, not a person would you have seen.

A girlish voice burst out singing:

"'The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled.
The lark's on the wing,
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!'

Only day is not at the morn," the voice added correctingly; "for it is near sunset. But," singing again,

"'The year's at the spring;
The lark's on the wing;
God's in his heaven—
And all's right with the world!'

—which may be called making a posy out of a poem."

A young man's voice spoke: "All will soon be wrong in a part of the world, Pippa, if I do not call the sheep to fold." And immediately a loud bugle-call sounded through the forest, and died away in receding echoes.

Presently a Maying-party came trooping forth into sight.

First, stooping low under the boughs, a score of boys and girls appeared, their cheeks bright with exercise and pure air, their silken hair dishevelled. After them followed, more sedately, a group of youths and maidens, "Pippa," otherwise Lily Carthusen, and the bugler, among them. All these young people were decked with wreaths of ground-pine around their hats, waists, and arms, and they carried hands full of May-flowers.

Lastly, two gentlemen, one at either hand, held back the branches, and Miss Honora Pembroke stepped from under the dark-green arch.

If you are a literal sort of person, and make a point of calling things by their everyday names, you would have described her as a noble-looking young woman, dressed in a graceful brown gown, belted at the waist, after a Grecian fashion, and some sort of cloudy blue drapery that was slipping from her head to her shoulders. You would have said that her hair was a yellowish brown that looked bright in the sun, her eyes about the same color, her features very good, but not so classical in shape as her robe. You might have added that there was an expression that, really—well, you did not know just how to name it, but you should judge that the young woman was romantic, though not without sense. If you should have guessed her age to be twenty-eight, you would have been right.

If, on the other hand, you are poetically Christian, ever crowning with the golden thorns of sacrifice whatever is most beautiful on earth, you would have liked to take the May-flower wreath from this womanly maiden's hand, place the palm-branch in its stead, and so send her to heaven by the way of the lions. Her face need hardly have changed to go that road, so lofty and delicate was the joy that shone under her quiet exterior, so full of light the eyes that, looking straight before her into

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space, seemed to behold all the glory of the skies.

The girl who came next was very different, not at all likely to suggest poetical fancies, though when you looked closely you could see much fineness of outline in the features and form. But she was spoilt in the coloring—a sallow skin, "sandy" hair, and light eyes giving a dingy look to her face. She was spoilt still more by the expression, which was superficial, and by being overdressed for her size and the occasion, and a little ragged from the bushes. This is Miss, or, as she likes to be called, Mademoiselle, Annette Ferrier. If at some moment, unawares, you should take the liberty to call her Niñon, with an emphatic nasal, she would forgive you beamingly, and consider you a very charming person. Mademoiselle, who, like three generations of her ancestors, was born in America, and who had spent but three months of her life in France, had no greater ambition than to be taken for a French lady. But do not set her down as a simpleton. Her follies are not malicious, and may wear off. Have you never seen the young birds, when they are learning to fly, how clumsily they tumble about? yet afterward they cleave the air like arrows with their strong pointed wings. And have you not seen some bud, pushing out at first in a dull, rude sheath that mars the beauty of the plant, open at last to disclose petals of such rare beauty that the sole glory of the plant was in upbearing it? Some souls have to work off a good deal of clinging foolishness before they come to themselves. Therefore, let us not classify Miss Ferrier just yet.

She had scarcely appeared, when one branch was released with a discourteous haste that sent it against her dress, and a gentleman quickly followed her, and, with a somewhat impatient air, took his place at her side. Mr. Lawrence Gerald had that style of beauty which suggests the pedestal—an opaque whiteness of tint as pure as the petal of a camellia, clustering locks of dark hair, and an exquisite perfection of form and feature. He and Miss Ferrier were engaged to be married, which was some excuse for the profuse smiles and blushes she expended on him, and which he received with the utmost composure.

The second branch swung softly back from the hand that carefully released it, and Mr. Max Schöninger came into sight, brushing the brown pine-scales from his gloves. He was the last in order, but not least in consequence, of the party, as more than one backward glance that watched for his appearance testified. This was a tall, fair-haired German, with powerful shoulders, and strong arms that sloped to the finest of sensitive hands. He had a grave countenance, which sometimes lit up beautifully with animated expression, and sometimes also veiled itself in a singular manner. Let anything be said that excited his instinct of reserve or self-defence, and he could at once banish all expression from his face. The broad lids would droop over those changeful eyes of his, and one saw only a blank where the moment before had shone a cordial and vivid soul.

When we say that Mr. Schöninger was a Jew who had all his life been associated more with Christians than with his own people, this guarded manner will not seem unnatural. He glanced over the company, and was hesitatingly about to join Miss Pembroke, when one of the children left her playmates, and ran to take his hand. Mr. Schöninger was never on his guard with children, and those

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he petted were devotedly fond of him. He smiled in the upturned face of this little girl, held the small hand closely, and led her on.

The order of march changed as the party advanced. Those who had been last to leave the wood were made to take precedence; the youths and maidens dropped behind them, and, as both walked slowly forward, the younger ones played about them, now here, now there. It was like an air with variations.

The elders of the company were very quiet, Miss Carthusen a little annoyed. She need not have wasted her eloquence in persuading Mr. Schöninger to come with them, if he was going to devote himself to that baby. Miss Carthusen was clever, and rather pretty, and she liked to talk. What was the use of having ideas and fancies, if one was not to express them? Why should one go into company, if one was to remain silent? She considered Mr. Schöninger too superb by half.

The sun was setting, and it flooded all the scene with a light so rich as to seem tangible. Whatever it fell upon was not merely illuminated, it was gilded. The sky was hazy with that radiance, the many windows on the twin hills of Crichton blazed like beacons, and the short green turf glistened with a yellow lustre. Those level rays threw the long shadows of the flower-bearers before them as they walked, dazzled the faces turned sidewise to speak, turned the green wreaths on their heads into golden wreaths, and sparkled in their hair. When Miss Pembroke put her hand up to shade her eyes in looking backward, the ungloved fingers shone as if transparent. She had been drinking in the beauty of the evening till it was all ready to burst from her lips, and there seemed to be no one who perceived that beauty but herself. She would have liked to be alone, with no human witness, and to give vent to the delight that was tingling in her veins. A strong impulse was working in her to lift a fold of her dress at either side, slide out that pretty foot of hers now hidden under the hem, and go floating round in a dance, advancing as she turned, like a planet in its path. It would have been a relief could she have sung at the very top of her voice. She had looked backward involuntarily at Mr. Schöninger, expecting some sympathy from him; but, seeing him engrossed in his little charge, had dropped her hand, and walked on, feeling rather disappointed. "I supposed he believed in the creation, at least,' she thought.

Miss Pembroke was usually a very dignified and quiet young woman, who said what she meant, who never effervesced on small occasions, and sometimes found herself unmoved on occasions which many considered great ones. But when, now and then, the real afflatus came, it was hard to have her lips sealed and her limbs shackled.

As she dropped her hand, faintly and fairylike in the distance she heard all the bells of Crichton ringing for sunset.

Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus, she sang softly, clasping her hands, still walking forward; and so went on with the rest of the hymn, not minding where the others of the party were, or if there were any others, till she felt a little pull at her dress, and became aware that Mr. Schöninger's young friend had urged him forward to hear the singing, and was holding up her hand to the singer. But the Jew's visor was down.

Miss Pembroke took the child's hand, which thus formed a link between the two, and continued her singing: *Benedictus qui venit in*

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nomini Domini. She felt almost as if the man, thus linked to her by that transparent, innocent nature of the little girl between them, were spiritually joining her in the Hosanna. How deep or bitter his prejudices might be she knew not. Their acquaintance had been short, and they had never spoken of their theological differences. That his unbelief could be profound, yet gentle and tolerant toward her belief, had never occurred to her mind. She would have been scarcely more shocked than astonished could she have known the thought that almost escaped his lips. "She is too noble to be a worshipper of strange gods," he thought. "When will this miserable delusion be swept away!"

A slim, light hand stole into Miss Pembroke's arm on the other side, and Miss Carthusen's cheek pressed close to her shoulder. Miss Carthusen was a foundling, and had been adopted by a wealthy and childless couple. Nothing whatever was known of her parentage.

"Lady Honora," she whispered, "this scene reminds me of something. I am like Mignon, with my recollections gathering fast into a picture; only my past is further away than hers was. I almost know who I am, and where I came from. It flashes back now. We were dancing on the green, a ring of us. It was not in this land. The air was warm, the sward like rose-leaves; there were palms and temples not far away. I had this hand stretched forward to one who held it, and the other backward to one who held it, and so we danced, and there were wreaths on our heads, vine-leaves tangled in our hair. Suddenly something swept over and through us, like a cold wind, or a sharp cry, or both, and we all became fixed in a breath, the smile, the wreath, the tiptoe foot, and we hardened and grew less, and the air inside the ring died with our breaths in it, and the joy froze out of us, and the recollection of all we were faded. We were like flames that have gone out. There was nothing left but an antique vase with Bacchantes dancing round it in a petrified circle. Have you ever seen such a vase, with one figure missing?"

"Silly child!" said Honora, smiling, but shrinking a little. This girl was too clinging, her imagination too pagan. "It is said that, at the birth of Christ, that wail was heard through all the hosts of pagan demons. 'Pan is dead!' they cried, and fled like dry leaves before a November wind. Pan is dead, Lily Carthusen; and if you would kindle his altars again, you must go down into the depths of perdition for the spark."

She spoke with seriousness, even with energy, and a light blush fluttered into her cheeks, and faded out again.

Miss Carthusen, still clinging to the arm she had clasped, leaned forward to cast a laughing glance into the face beyond. "To Mr. Schöninger," she said, "we are both talking mythology."

Miss Pembroke freed her arm decidedly, and stepped backward, so as to bring herself between Miss Ferrier and Lawrence Gerald. She took an arm of each, and held them a moment as if she were afraid. "Annette, Lily Carthusen must not help us to trim the altar," she said. "It is not fitting. We will do it ourselves, with Mother Chevreuse."

"But Lily has such taste," was the reluctant answer. "And she may be displeased if we do not ask her."

"Our Lady thinks more of devotion than of taste, Annette," Miss Pembroke said earnestly. "It seems to me that every flower ought to be placed there by the hand of faith and love.

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The other yielded. People always did yield when Miss Pembroke urged. And Miss Carthusen, fortunately, saved them the embarrassment of declining her assistance by walking on, engrossed in a gay conversation with the German. When she recollected, they were already far apart. She and her companion were close to the town, and the others had stopped where the three paths met.

The children gathered about Miss Ferrier, and began piling their Mayflowers and green wreaths into her arms; for the flowers were all to decorate the altar of Mary in the beautiful church of S. John the Evangelist. These children were not half of them Catholic; but that made no difference in Crichton, where the people prided themselves on being liberal. Moreover, Miss Ferrier was a person of influence, and could reward those who obliged her.

Then they scattered, dropping into different roads, one by one, and two by two, till only three, heavily laden with their fragrant spoil, were left walking slowly up South Avenue, into which the unfinished road expanded when it reached the city. They were to take tea at Mrs. Ferrier's, and afterward go to the church; for this was the last day of a warm and forward April, and on the next morning the exercises of the Month of Mary were to begin. At the most commanding spot on the crown of the hill stood Mrs. Ferrier's house; and one has but to glance at it to understand at once why mademoiselle is a person of influence.

Seventeen years before, those who knew them would have imagined almost any change of fortune sooner than that the Ferriers should become people of wealth. There was Mr. Ferrier, a stout, dull, uneducated, hard-working man, who had not talent nor ambition enough to learn any trade, but passed his life in drudging for any one who would give him a day's work. A man of obtuse intelligence, and utterly uncultivated tastes, but for the spark of faith left in that poor soul of his, he would have been a clod. But there the spark was, like a lamp in a tomb, showing, with its faint but steady light, the wreck of the beautiful, and the noble, and the sublime that was man as God made him; showing the dust of lost powers and possibilities, and the dust of much accumulated dishonor; showing the crumbling skeleton of a purpose that had started perfect; and showing also, carven deep, but dimly seen, the word of hope, *Resurgam!*

Those human problems meet us often, staggering under the primal curse, ground down to pitiless labor from the cradle to the grave, losing in their sordid lives, little by little, first, the strength and courage to look abroad, then the wish, and, at last, the power, the soul in them shining with only an occasional flicker through the *débris* of their degraded natures. But if faith be there buried with the soul in that earthy darkness, the word of hope is still for them *Resurgam!*

There was Mrs. Ferrier, a very different sort of person, healthy, thrifty, cheerful, with a narrow vein of stubborn good sense that was excellent as far as it went, and with a kind heart and a warm temper. The chief fault in her was a common fault: she wished to shape and measure the world by her own compasses; and, since those were noticeably small, the impertinence was very apparent. She was religiously obedient to her husband when he raised his fist; but, in most matters, she ruled the household, Mr. Ferrier being authoritative only on the subject of his three meals, his pipe and beer, and

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his occasional drop of something stronger.

And there were five or six young ones, new little souls in very soiled bodies, the doors of life still open for them, their eyes open also to see, and their wills free to choose. These little ones, happy in their rags, baked mud pies, squabbled and made up twenty times a day, ate and slept like the healthy animals they were, their greatest trial being when their faces were washed and their hair combed, on which occasion there was an uproar in the family. These occasions were not frequent.

The Ferrier mansion had but one room, and the Ferrier plenishing was simple. The wardrobe also was simple. For state days, monsieur had a state costume, the salient points of which were an ample white waistcoat and an ancient and well-preserved silk hat which he wore very far back on his head, both these articles being part of his wedding gear. Madame had also her gala attire, with which she always assumed an expression of complacent solemnity. This toilet was composed of a dark-red merino gown, a dingy *broché* shawl, and a large straw bonnet, most unconsciously Pompadour, with its pink flowers and blue ribbons. For great occasions, the children had shoes, bought much too large that they might not be outgrown; and they had hats nearly as old as themselves. The girls had flannel gowns that hung decently to their heels; the boys, less careful of their finery, had to go very much patched.

On Sundays and holidays, they all walked two miles to hear Mass, and each one put a penny into the box. On Christmas Days, they each gave a silver quarter, the father distributing the coin just before the collector reached them, all blushing with pride and pleasure as they made their offering, and smiling for some time after, the children nudging and whispering to each other till they had to be set to rights by their elders. Contented souls, how simple and harmless they were!.

Into the midst of this almost unconscious poverty, wealth dropped like a bombshell. If the sea of oil under their cabin and pasture had suddenly exploded and blown them sky-high, they could not have been more astounded; for oil there was, and floods of it. At almost any part of the little tract of land they had bought for next to nothing, it was but to dig a hole, and liquid gold bubbled up by the barrelful.

Mr. Ferrier, poor man! was like a great clumsy beetle that blunders out of the familiar darkness of night into a brilliantly lighted room. Perhaps something aspiring and only half dead in him cried out through his dulness with a voice he could not comprehend; perhaps the sudden brightness put out what little sight he had: who knows? He drank. He was in a dream; and he drank again. The dream became a nightmare; and still he drank—drank desperately—till at last nature gave way under the strain, and there came to him an hour of such utter silence as he had not known since he lay, an infant, in his mother's lap. During that silence, light broke in at last, and the imprisoned light shone out with a strange and bewildered surprise. The priest, that visible angel of God, was by his side, instructing his ignorance, calming his fears, calling up in his awakening soul the saving contrition, leaving him only when the last breath had gone.

After the husband went child after child, till but two were left, Annette and Louis. These, the eldest, the mother saved alive.

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We laugh at the preposterous extravagance and display of the newly enriched. But is there not something pitiful in it, after all? How it tells of wants long denied, of common pleasures that were so distant from those hopeless eyes as to look like shining stars! They flutter and run foolishly about, those suddenly prosperous ones, like birds released from the cage, like insects when the stone is lifted from them; but those who have always been free to practise their smooth flight through a sunny space, or to crawl at ease over the fruits of the world, would do well not to scorn them.

The house Mrs. Ferrier had built for herself in the newest and finest avenue of Crichton was, it must be confessed, too highly ornamented. Ultra-Corinthian columns; cornerstones piled to the very roof at each angle, and so laboriously vermiculated that they gave one an impression of wriggling; cornices laden with carving, festoons, fancy finials wherever they could perch; oriels, bay-windows, arched windows with carven faces over them—all these fretted the sight. But the view from the place was superb.

When our three flower-bearers reached the gate, they turned to contemplate the scene.

All round, a circle of purple hills stood bathed in the sunset. From these hills the Crichtonians had borrowed the graceful Athenian title, and called their fair city the "city of the violet crown." Forming their eastern boundary flowed the stately Saranac, that had but lately carried its last float of ice out to sea, almost carrying a bridge with it. Swollen with dissolving snows, it glided past, a moving mirror, nearly to the tops of the wharves. Northward was the Cocheco, an untamed little river born and brought up amid crags and rocks. It cleft the city in twain, to cast itself headlong into the Saranac, a line of bubbles showing its course for half a mile down the smoother tide.

The Cocheco was in high feather this spring, having succeeded at last in dislodging an unsightly mill that had been built at one of its most picturesque turns. Let trade go up the Saranac, and bind its gentler waters to grind wheat and corn, and saw logs, and act as sewer; the Cocheco reserved itself for the beautiful and the contemplative. It liked that lovers should walk the winding roads along its banks; that children should come at intervals, wondering, half afraid, as if in fairy-land; that troubled souls, longing for solitude, should find it in some almost inaccessible nook among its crags; but, best of all, it liked that some child of grace, divinely gifted to see everything in God, should walk rejoicingly by its side. "O my God! how sweet are those little thoughts of thine, the violets! How thy songs flow down the waters, and roll out from the clouds! How tender is the shadow of thy hand when at night it presses our heavy eyelids down, and folds us to sleep in thy bosom, or when it wakens us silently to commune with thee!" For such a soul, the river had an articulate voice, and answered song for song.

Yes; that was what it had to do in the world. Away with mills and traffic! Let trade go up the Saranac.

So for three years watery tongues had licked persistently at posts and timbers, legions of bubbles had snapped at splinters till they wore away, and the whole river had gathered and flung itself against the foundations, till at last, when the spring thaw came, over went the mill, and was spun down stream, and flung into the deeper tide, and so swept

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out to sea. Let trade go up the Saranac!

But the patient Saranac sawed the logs, and carried away their dust and refuse, and took all the little fretted brooks and rivers into its bosom, and soothed their murmurs there. And both did God's will, and both were good.

Half hidden by the steep slope of the hill, as one stood in Mrs. Ferrier's porch, was the church of S. John the Evangelist. Only the unfinished tower of it was visible, and a long line of slated roof seen in glimpses between spires and chimneys.

"I really believe, Lawrence, that Crichton is the pleasantest place in the world," remarked Miss Pembroke, after a short silence.

A servant had taken away their flowers to keep fresh for the evening, and Miss Ferrier had gone in to change her dress. The mother being away, there was no need the other two should enter, when the lovely evening invited them to remain outside.

Receiving no reply, the lady glanced inquiringly at her companion, and saw that his silence was a dissenting one. He had thrown himself into a chair, tossed his hat aside, and was looking off into the distance with fixed and gloomy eyes. The tumbled locks of hair fell over half his forehead, his attitude expressed discontent and depression, and there was a look about the mouth that showed his silence might proceed only from the suppression of a reply too bitter or too rude to utter.

Seeing that her glance might force him to speak, she anticipated him, and continued, in a gentle, soothing tone: "If one loves religion, here is a beautiful church, and the best of priests; if one is intellectual, here is every advantage — books, lectures, and a cultivated society; if one is a lover of nature, where can be found a more beautiful country? Oh! it is not Switzerland nor Italy, I know; but it is delightful, for all that."

She had spoken carefully, like one feeling her way, and here she hesitated just for a breath, as though not sure whether she had better go on, but went on nevertheless. "Here every one is known, and his position secure. He need not suffer in public esteem from adverse circumstances, if they do not affect his character. There never was a place, I think, where a truly courageous and manly act would be more heartily applauded."

"Ah! yes," the young man said, with hasty scorn; "they applaud while the thing is new, and then forget all about it. They like novelty. I don't doubt that all the people would clap their hands if I should take to sweeping the streets, and that for a week the young ladies would tie bouquets to the end of the broomstick. But after the week was over, what then? They would find me a dusty fellow whose acquaintance they would gradually drop. Besides, their applause is not all. I might not enjoy street-sweeping, even though I and my broomstick were crowned with flowers as long as we lasted."

Miss Pembroke had blushed slightly at this sudden and violent interpretation of her hidden meaning; but she answered quietly: "No: their applause is not all—the applause of the world is never all, but it helps sometimes; and, if they give it to us for one moment when we start on the right path, it is all that we ought to expect. Life is not a theatre with a few actors and a great circle of spectators: we all have our part to play, and cannot stop long to admire others."

"Especially when that other is

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only the scene-shifter," laughed the young man, throwing the hair back from his face.

"I know well that ordinary, inelegant work would come very hard to you, Lawrence," she said kindly; "and, if it were to be continued to the end of your life, I might think it too hard. But there must be ways, for other men have found them, of beginning at the lower end of the ladder, even very low down, even in the dust, and climbing steadily to a height that would satisfy the climber's ambition. It needs only a strong will and perseverance; and I firmly believe, Lawrence, that, to a strong will, almost anything is possible."

"A strong will is a special gift," he replied stubbornly.

"Yes; and one for which we may ask," she said; then, seeing that he frowned, added: "And for you I like Crichton, as I said. One is known here, and motives and circumstances are understood. A thousand little helps might be given which in a strange city you would not have. All would be seen and understood here."

"All would be seen, yes!" he exclaimed, with a shrug and a frown. "That is the trouble. One would rather hide something."

She would not be repelled. "There is, of course, sometimes a disadvantage in living where everything is known," she admitted. "But there must be disadvantages everywhere in the world. Look at the bright side of it. If you were in a great city, where all sorts of crimes hide, where men the most abandoned in reality can for a long time maintain a fair reputation before the world, how your difficulties would be increased! You would not then know whom to trust. Here, on the contrary, no wrong can remain long hidden."

He had not looked at her before, but at these words his eyes flashed into her face a startled glance. Her eyes were looking thoughtfully over the town.

Feeling his gaze, she turned towards him with a quick change of expression and manner. A friendly and coaxing, almost caressing, raillery took the place of her seriousness: "Come! drive away your blues, Lawrence, and take courage. Study out some course for yourself where you can see far ahead, and then start and follow it, though you should find obstacles grow up in the way. Bore through them, or climb over them. There must be a way. There is something in you for honor, something better than complaining. Cheer up!"

She extended her hand to him impulsively.

"What motive have I?" he asked. But his face had softened, and a faint smile showed that the cloud had a silver lining.

"For your mother's sake," she said. "How happy she would be!"

"I can make my mother happy by kissing her, and telling her she is an angel," he answered.

It was but too true.

"For poor Annette, then. There is a good deal in her, and she is devoted to you."

He shrugged his shoulders, and lifted his eyebrows: "She loves me as I am, and would love me if I were ten times as worthless, poor silly girl!"

Miss Pembroke withdrew her hand, and retired a step from him. Again he had spoken the truth, this spoiled favorite of women!

"For God's sake, then."

He did not dare give another shrug, for his mentor's face was losing its kindness. "You know I am not at all pious, Honora," he said, dropping his eyes.

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She still retained her patience: "Can you find no motive in yourself, Lawrence? Do you feel no necessity for action, for courageous trial of what life may hold for you?"

His pale face grew bright with an eager light. "If life but held for me one boon! O Honora . . ."

She made a quick, silencing gesture, and a glance, inconceivably haughty and scornful, shot from her eyes.

"Are you two people quarrelling?" Miss Ferrier inquired, behind them. "If you are, I am in good time. Tea is ready, and I suppose the sooner we are off, the better."

"I sent the flowers to the church," she continued, as they went in through the gorgeous hall, "and directed John to tell Mother Chevreuse that we should come down in about an hour. But he brings me word that she is out with some sick woman, and may not come home till quite late. So we are but three."

Mother Chevreuse was the priest's mother. It had grown to be a custom to give her that title, partly out of love for both mother and son, partly because Father Chevreuse himself sometimes called her so.

"It will require one person to carry your train, Annette," Mr. Gerald said, looking at the length of rustling brown silk over which he had twice stumbled. "And that takes two out; for, of course, you can do nothing in that dress. Honora will have the pleasure of decorating the altar, while we look on."

Only the faintest shade of mortification passed momentarily over the girl's face, and vanished. She knew well the power her wealth had with this man, and that she could not make it too evident. Miss Ferrier was frivolous and extravagant, but she was not without discernment.

"Did you ever know me to fail when I attempted anything?" she asked, with a little mingling of defiance and triumph in her air. "Honora goes calmly and steadily to work; but when I begin . . ."

She stopped, embarrassed, for a rude speech had been at her lips.

"You do twice as much as I," Miss Pembroke finished, with sweet cordiality. "It is true, Annette, though you did not like to say it. You have great energy."

She put her hand out, and touched caressingly the shoulder of her young hostess in passing. "You are just what Lawrence needs."

Tears of pleasure filled Annette's eyes. For all her wealth and the flatteries it had brought her, she had seldom heard a word of earnest commendation.

To be praised by Honora was sweet; but to be praised before Lawrence was sweetest of all.

They hurried through their tea, and went to the church. Mother Chevreuse had not returned home, and the priest also was away. The pleasant task of adorning the altar of Our Lady was left to them.

The stars were beginning to show faintly in the sky when they commenced their work, and all the church was full of that clear yellow twilight. The pillars and walls, snowy white, with only delicate bands of gilding, reflected the softened beams, and seemed to grow transparent in them. But around the side-altar burned a ring of brilliant gas-jets; and through the open door of the sacristy was visible, ruddily lighted, a long passage and stairway leading to the basement.

The light of heaven and the light of earth were thus brought face to face—the one pure, tender, and pervading, the other flaring, thick, and partial. But as daylight faded away, that inner light brought out strange

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effects. There was no longer anything white in the church: it was all turned to rose-color and deep shadow. Carven faces looked down with seeing eyes from arch, capital, and cornice; the pillars, standing up and down in long rows, appeared to lean together, to move, and change places with each other; there was a tremor in the dimly-seen organ-pipes, as though the strong breath of music were passing through them, and would presently break out in loud accord. A picture of S. John beside the grand altar showed nothing but the face, and the face was as glowing as if it had just been lifted from the bosom of the Lord to look into the Lord's eyes.

One might fancy that this fair temple in which God had taken up his dwelling only waited for those three to go away, that it might break into joy and adoration over its divine Guest.

On a pedestal at the gospel side of the altar stood the statue of Our Lady, lovely eyelids downcast, as she gazed on those below, loving hands and arms outstretched, inviting all the world to her motherly embrace. An arch of white lilies had already been put up against a larger arch of green that was to be set with candles and a crown of light. They were now engaged in putting under the lilies a third and smaller arch of May-flowers, that the whole might be like the Lady it was meant to honor—radiant with glory, mantled in purity, and full of tender sweetness.

Annette had redeemed her promise of usefulness. Her long train was pinned about her, leaving a white skirt with the hem close to her ankles, and the flowing drapery of her sleeves was bound above the elbow, her arms being quite free. Mounted on the topmost step of an unsteady ladder, she fastened the higher flowers; lower down, at either side, Lawrence Gerald and Honora tied the lower ones. Not much was said, the few necessary words were lowly spoken; but they smiled now and then in each other's lighted faces.

It was ten o'clock when they went out through the basement, leaving a man to extinguish the gas and lock the door. On their way to the street, they passed the priest's house. Only one light was visible in it, and that shone in a wide-open stairway window. The light, with a shadow beside it, was approaching the window, and presently a man's head and shoulders appeared above the high sill. Father Chevreuse had returned home, and was going up to his chamber. He stopped, holding a candle, and put out his right hand to close the window, but paused, hearing a step outside. "Who's there?" he asked authoritatively, peering out, but seeing nothing in the darkness.

"Three friends who are just going home," answered a voice.

"And who are the other two, Honora Pembroke?" demanded the priest.

"Annette and Lawrence. We have been arranging flowers for Our Lady."

"That's well. Good-night!"

He pulled the sash down with a bang; but Honora, smiling in the dark, still held her companions beneath the window. It opened again with another bang.

"Children!" he called out.

"Yes, father!"

"God bless you! Good-night!"

Again the sash came down, more gently this time, and the light and the kind heart went on climbing up the stairway.

"He wouldn't have slept well tonight if he had not said 'God bless you!' to us," said Miss Pembroke. "And I believe we shall sleep better for it, too, God bless him!"

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They walked up the steep hillside from the lower part of the town toward South Avenue. Half-way up the hill, on a cross-street that led out toward the country, was the cottage in which Lawrence Gerald lived with his mother, his aunt, and Honora Pembroke. As they approached this road, Annette Ferrier's heart fluttered. Lawrence had been very amiable that evening. He had praised her, had twice smiled very kindly, and had put her shawl over her shoulders before they came out, as though he were really afraid she might take cold. Perhaps he would leave Honora at home first, and then go up with her.

What great good this would do her she could not have explained; for seldom had she heard from him a word too tender to be spoken before witnesses. Still, she wished it. He might say something kind, or listen willingly to some word of affection from her. At any rate, she would be a little longer in his company.

Miss Pembroke anticipated her wish, or had some other reason for making the proposal. "Just go as far as the gate with me, and then you can escort Annette," she said. "You will not mind a few extra steps, Annette?"

"Oh! come up with us," the young man interposed hastily. "It is a beautiful night for walking, and I know you are not tired yet. You can bear twice the walking that Annette can."

She hesitated a moment, then went on with them. His request displeased her on more than one account: she did not like his indifference to the company of his promised wife, and she did not like his preference for being with herself. But his mother would be anxiously watching for him; and it would be something if he could be lured in at an early hour after a quiet evening.

Down in the black heart of the town, among the offices, was a certain back room where the windows were not so closely curtained but those who watched outside could see a thread of light burning all night long. To this room men went sometimes in the hope of mending their fortunes, or, after the demon of gambling had caught them fast, to taste of that fiery excitement which had now become to them a necessity. Honora more than suspected that Lawrence Gerald's steps had sometimes turned in there. A year or two before, in one of his good moods, he had confessed it to her, with an almost boyish contrition, and had promised never to go again. It was his last confession of the sort, but, she feared, not his last sin. Of what worth were the promises of a weak, tempted man who never sought earnestly the help of God to strengthen his resolution? Of no more value than an anchor without a cable. Lawrence needed to be watched and cared for; so she went on with them.

"I am so sorry to trouble you both," Miss Ferrier exclaimed, in a voice trembling with anger and disappointment. "I could have had John come for me, if I had thought." She snatched her hand from the arm of her escort, and pulled her shawl about her with nervous twitches.

"It would have been better to have had John," Honora said; "for he could have gone home with me. I am the troublesome third, as it is. But then," speaking lightly, "if I am the last, Lawrence will be obliged to go in early."

With another twitch of her shawl, Annette took her escort's arm again as abruptly as she had left it, and held it closely

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Careless as the last words had sounded, she knew their meaning, for there had been something said on this subject before. She chose to take it defiantly now, and it comforted her to do so. Others might blame and doubt him, but she would not. He seemed nearer to her in the light of her superior devotedness than to any one else. She would never fail him; and by-and-by he would know her worth. The glow of this fervent hope warmed the girl's chilled heart, and gave her a sort of happiness.

And so they reached the house, and, after a quiet good-night, separated.

The walk back was passed in silence; and Miss Pembroke did not choose to lean on her companion's arm; she wished to hold her dress out of the dust.

The street they went through was one of those delightful old ones which a city sometimes leaves untouched for a long time. Overarching elms grew thickly on either side, and the houses were all detached.

Midway up this street stood the cottage of the Geralds, with a garden in front and at the back, and a narrow green at right and left. Three long windows in front, lighting the parlor, reached almost to the ground. The steep roof slanted to a veranda at each side, leaving but one upper window over the three—a wide window with casements swinging back from the middle. The cottage was in the shape of a cross, and at one arm of it a lighted window shone out on the veranda.

At sound of the gate-latch, the curtain was drawn aside a little, and a woman looked out an instant, then hastened to open the door.

"Are we late, Mrs. Gerald?" Honora asked, and stepped forward into the sitting-room.

"Oh! no, dear; I did not expect you any sooner."

Mrs. Gerald lingered in the doorway, looking back at her son as he stopped to leave his hat and overcoat in the entry, and only entered the sitting-room when she had caught a glimpse of his face as he came toward her. He was looking pleasant, she saw, and was contented with that.

"Well, mother!" he said, and sank indolently into the arm-chair she pushed before the open fire for him. It was the only arm-chair in the room.

She drew another chair forward, and seated herself beside him. Honora, sitting on a low stool in the corner, with the firelight shining over her, told what they had been doing that afternoon and evening. The son listened, his eyes fixed on the fire; the mother listened, her eyes fixed on her son.

Mrs. Gerald was an Irish lady of good descent, well educated, and well mannered, and had seen better days. We do not call them better days because in her girlhood and early married life this lady had been wealthy, but because she had been the happy daughter of excellent parents, and the happy wife of a good man. All were gone now but this son; the husband dead for many a year, the daughters married and far away, the wealth melted from her like sunset gold from a cloud; but Lawrence was left, and he filled her heart.

One could read this in her face as she watched him. It revealed the pride of the mother in that beautiful manhood which she had given to the world, and which was hers by an inalienable right that no one could usurp; and it revealed, too, the entire self-forgetfulness of the woman who lives only in the life so dear to her.

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The face showed more yet; for, hovering over this love and devotion as the mist of the coming storm surrounds the full moon, and rings its softened brightness with a tremulous halo, one could detect even in the mother's smile the mist of a foreboding sadness.

How ineffable and without hope is that sadness which is ever the companion of a too exclusive affection!

Honora Pembroke looked at the two, and pain and indignation, and the necessity for restraining any expression of either, swelled in her heart, painted her cheeks a deep red, and lifted her lids with a fuller and more scornful gaze than those soft eyes were wont to give. Where was the courtesy which any man, not rudely insensible, should show to a lady? Where the grateful tenderness that any child, not cruelly ungrateful, pays to a mother? This man could be gallant when he wished to make a favorable impression; and she had heard him make very pretty, if very senseless, speeches about chivalry and ideal characters, as if he knew what they were. He had even, in the early days of their acquaintance, maintained for a long time an irreproachable demeanor in her presence. She was learning a doubt and distrust of men, judging them by this one, of whom she knew most. Were they often as selfish and insensible as he was? Were they incapable of being affected by any enchantment except that which is lent by a delusive distance? Here beside him was an ideal affection, and he accepted it as he accepted air and sunshine—it was a matter of course. The mother was in person one who might satisfy even such a fastidious taste as his; for though the face was thin and faded, and the hands marred by household labor, there were still the remains of what had once been a striking beauty. Mrs. Gerald carried her tall form with undiminished stateliness, her coal-black hair had not a single thread of white among its thick tresses, and her deep-blue eyes had gained in tenderness what they had lost in fire. To use one of Miss Pembroke's favorite expressions, it was not fitting that the son, after having passed a day without fatigue, should lounge at ease among cushions, while the mother, to whom every evening brought weariness, should sit beside him in a chair of penitential hardness.

But even while she criticised him, he looked up from the fire, his face brightening with a sudden pleasant recollection.

"O mother! I had almost forgotten," he said, and began searching in his pockets for something. "Neither you nor Honora mentioned it; but I keep count, and I know that to-day your ladyship is five times ten years old."

He smiled with a boyish pleasure more beautiful than his beauty, and the little touch of self-satisfaction he betrayed was as far as possible from being disagreeable. He could not help knowing that he was about to give delight, and cover himself with honor in the eyes of these two women.

"Now, mother," opening a tiny morocco case, "this is the first ring I ever gave any woman. The one I gave Annette was only a diamond of yours reset, and so no gift of mine. But this your good-for-nothing son actually earned, and had made on purpose for you."

He drew from the case a broad gold ring that sparkled in the firelight as if set with diamonds, and, taking the trembling hand his mother had extended caressingly at his first words, slipped the circlet onto her finger.

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"I had no stone put in it, because I want you to wear it all the time," he said. "Doesn't it fit nicely?"

"My dear boy!" Mrs. Gerald exclaimed, and could say no more; for tears that she wished to restrain were choking her.

A fiftieth birthday is not a joyful anniversary when there is no one but one's self to remember that it has come. Just as the mother had given up hope, and was making to herself excuses for his not remembering it, her son showed that it had been long in his thought. The joy was as unexpected as it was sweet.

When she said her prayers that night, Mrs. Gerald's clasped hands pressed the dear gift close to her cheek; and no maiden saying her first prayer over her betrothal-ring ever felt a tenderer happiness or more impassioned gratitude.

"Dear Lawrence! it was so nice of you!" whispered Honora, and gave him her hand as she wished him good-night.

He threw himself back in the arm-chair again when he was left alone, and for a few minutes had a very pleasant sense of being happy and the cause of happiness. "Who would think that so much fun could be got out of a quiet evening spent in tying May-flowers round a pole, and giving a gold birth-day ring to one's mother?" he mused. "After all, the good people have the best of it, and we scape-graces are the ones to be pitied. If I were rich, I should be all right. If I had even half a chance, I would ask no more. But the poverty!" He glanced about the room, then looked gloomily into the fire again.

Yes; poverty was there—that depressing poverty which speaks of decayed fortunes. The carpet, from which the brilliant velvet pile was worn nearly off, the faded and mended covers of the carved chair-frames, the few old-fashioned ornaments which had been retained when all that would sell well had gone to the auction-room, each showed by the scrupulous care with which it had been preserved a poverty that clung to the rags of prosperity in the past because it saw no near hope of prosperity in the future. Miles of unbroken forest could be seen from the cupolas of Crichton; yet in this room the very stick of wood that burned slowly on the andirons was an extravagance which Mrs. Gerald would not have allowed herself.

"Yes; the good ones have the best of it," the young man repeated, rousing himself.

He drew the andirons out, and let the unconsumed stick down into the ashes, lighted a candle, and turned the gas off. Then, candle in hand, he stood musing a moment longer, the clear light shining over his face, and showing an almost childlike smile coming sweetly to his lips. "After all," he said softly, "I haven't been a bad fellow to-night," and with that pleased smile still lingering on his face, went slowly out of the room.

And so the stillness of night descended, and deep sleep brooded over the town as the lights went out.

Crichton was a well-governed city: no rude broils disturbed its hours of darkness. Decency was in power there, and made itself obeyed. You might see a doctor's buggy whirl by, like a ghost of a carriage, its light wheels faintly crunching the gravel; for only the business streets were paved. Now and then, on still nights, might be heard the grating of ropes, as some vessel sailed up to the wharf after a long ocean voyage. Perhaps a woman in one of the houses on the hill above would hear

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that sound through her dream, and start up to listen, fancying that, in the word of command the soft breeze bore to her casement, she could detect a familiar voice long unheard and anxiously waited for. Perhaps the sailor, whose swift keel had shot like an arrow past the heavy junk of Chinese waters, and scattered, as it approached the shore, clear reflections of tufted palms and dusky natives—perhaps he looked eagerly up the hill to that spot which his eyes could find without aid of chart or compass, and saw suddenly twinkle out the lamp in the window of his home.

But except for such soft sounds and shadowy idyls, Crichton was at night as still as sleep itself.

The Crichtonians had a pleasant saying that their city was built by a woman, and the best compliment we can pay them is that they made this saying proudly, and kept in honored remembrance the hand of the gentle architect. But not so much in brick and stone was it acknowledged, though they owed to her their first ideas of correct and symmetrical building: in their society, high and low, in many of their pretty customs, in their tastes, in their freedom from bigotry of opinions, even in their government, they felt her influence.

While the city lies sleeping under the stars, strong, adult, and beautiful, full of ambitious dreams, full, too, of kind and generous feeling, let us go back to the time when, an infant town, it began to use its powers, and stammer brokenly the alphabet of civilization.

Hush, fair city, all thy many thousands, while the angels watch above thee! and, sweeter marvel yet! while the dear Lord waits unsleeping in thy midst, where that solitary taper burns. Sleep in peace, "poor exiled children of Eve," and be grateful at least in dreams.

Not very long ago, this place was a wild forest, with a rude little settlement hewn out of it on the river's banks. It was shut in from the world, though the world was not far distant. But the river was broad and deep, the ocean only ten miles away, and within a few miles were large and growing cities. Soon the sound of the axe and the saw were heard, and little craft, sloops and schooners, floated down the Saranac laden with lumber till the water rippled close to the rails. The story of her growth in this regard is the story of a thousand other towns. The vessels grew larger, their voyages longer, more houses were built, some men became comparatively wealthy and gave employment to others, while the majority kept the level of the employed. Social distinctions began to show themselves, detestable ones for the most part, since there was no social cultivation. Indeed, this poor settlement was in a fair way to become the most odious of towns. The two meeting-houses began to be called churches by the aspiring; the leading woman of the town ventured to call her help a servant (on which the indignant "help" immediately deserted her); and the first piano appeared. But let us mention this piano with respect, for it was the pioneer of harmony.

When Crichton had about fifteen hundred inhabitants, a stranger came there one day, as a passenger on board a bark returning from a distant city. This bark was the chief vessel, and was owned by the three chief men of Crichton. It had gone away laden with laths, and it brought back tea, coffee, sugar, and other foreign groceries; and, more than all, it brought Mr. Seth Carpenter. He was not, apparently, a very re-

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markable man in any way, except as all strangers were remarkable in this young town. He was plain-looking, rather freckled, and had a pair of small and very bright eyes which he almost closed, in a near-sighted way, when he wished to see well. Behind those eyes was a good deal of will and wit, and the will to put the wit into immediate practice. Moreover, he knew how to hold his tongue very cleverly, and baffle the curious without offending them. Nothing but his name transpired. He might be a mountebank, a detective, a king's son — how were these people to know?

In fact, he was nothing more mysterious than a respectable young man twenty-five years of age, who, having his fortune to make, had thought best to leave his prim, sober, native town, where nothing was being done, and where the people were mummies, and seek what, in modern parlance, is called a "live" place. In his pockets he had nothing but his hands; in his valise was a single change of linen.

The very morning of his arrival at Crichton, Mr. Seth Carpenter went to the highest hill-top, and from it viewed the town, the river, and the receding forests. He then strolled down to the river, and looked through the mills, and from there sauntered to the ship-yard, where he found a ship on the stocks, almost ready to be launched. He walked round the yard, whistling softly, with an air of critical indifference. He paused near two other men who were viewing the ship, and, since their conference was not private, listened to it.

One of these men, a sailor, rather thought he might make up his mind to buy that ship. Did his companion know what was likely to be asked for it? The other reckoned, and calculated, and guessed, and expected, and finally owned that he did not know.

Mr. Carpenter, his eyes winking fast with the sparks that came into them, and his fingers working nervously, walked out of the yard, and found the owner of the ship, and, still with nothing in his pockets but his hands, made his bargain with all the coolness of a millionaire. Before sunset, the ship was nominally his; and, before sunrise, it had changed owners again, and the young adventurer had made five hundred dollars by the bargain.

"I will yet rule the town!" he said exultingly, when he found himself alone; and he kept his word. Everything prospered with him, and in a short time even rivalry ceased. Men who had been proud to add dollar to dollar shrank and bowed before this man who added thousand to unit. Half the men in town, after ten years, were in his employment, and business prospered as he prospered. In another ten years, Crichton was a city, with all barriers down between her and the great world; but a raw, unkempt city; jealous, superficially educated, quarrelsome, pretentious, and rapidly crystallizing into that mould. Only a person of supreme position and character could now change it. Mr. Carpenter had the position, but not the character. He thought only of money-making, and of the excitement of enterprise and power; the rest he viewed with a pleasant indifference not without contempt. At forty-five he was still a bachelor.

We have mentioned the first piano with respect, because others followed in its train, rendering a music-teacher necessary; so that, after a succession of tyros, Miss Agnes Weston came, bringing the very spirit of harmony with her into the town she was to conquer.

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She did not come as a conqueror, however; nor probably did she anticipate the part she was to play any more than the Crichtonians did. She came to earn her bread, and, while doing so, was anything but popular. Nothing but her brilliant musical abilities, and the fact that she had been educated at Leipsic, saved her from utter failure. People did not fancy this self-possessed, unpretending young person, who could sometimes show such a haughty front to the presuming, and who was, moreover, so frightfully dark and sallow. They did not understand her, and preferred to leave her very much to herself.

One person only found her not a puzzle. To Mr. Carpenter she was simply a refined woman among uncongenial associates; becoming discontented and unhappy there, too, before many months had passed. He did not choose that she should go away. He had become pleasantly accustomed to seeing her, had sometimes met her on her long walks out of town; and once, when he had politely offered to drive her home—an offer which any other lady in Crichton would have accepted beamingly, without the preliminary of an introduction—had been refreshed by receiving a cold refusal, and a surprised stare from a pair of large black eyes. The great man, surfeited with smiles and flatteries, was immensely pleased by this superciliousness.

But though strangely disturbed at the prospect of Miss Weston's leaving, he hesitated to speak the word which might detain her. A bachelor of forty-five does not readily determine on making a sensible marriage; it usually needs some great folly to spur him on to a change so long deferred. He had, moreover, two other reasons for delaying: he wanted a charming wife, and was in doubt whether even his power could transform this lady into his ideal: the other reason had blue eyes, and a dimple in its chin, and was a very silly reason.

But no one who knew this gentleman would expect him to remain long in doubt on any subject. Within a month from the day he first entertained the thought of running such a risk, Crichton was electrified by the announcement that Mr. Carpenter was soon to be married to Miss Weston; and, before they had recovered from their first astonishment, the marriage had taken place, and the quiet, dark-faced music-teacher was established as mistress of an imposing mansion on North Avenue.

It was now Mr. Carpenter's turn to be astonished, and he was enchanted as well. Never had he pictured to himself a woman so charming as this grub, now become a butterfly, proved herself; and never had he imagined that even his wife could obtain so beautiful a supremacy as she gradually established and never lost. She was born to rule, and seldom had such power been placed in any woman's hands. Mr. Carpenter was the first of her vassals. With a refined and noble arrogance, she esteemed him as the first man in the world, because he had been the first to appreciate and exalt her. For this she gave him a faithful, if condescending, affection, and quoted his wishes and opinions so constantly that one might have thought they were her only guides. So thorough was her tact and her courtesy toward her husband he scarcely guessed his own inferiority, and never dreamed that she was aware of it.

She grew beautiful, too, as well as amiable. Now that the drudgery of toil was lifted from her, and her

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cramped talents had room for full and exhilarating play, the swarthy skin cleared, showing a peach-like bloom, the fine teeth lit a frequent smile, and the deep voice lost its dull cadence, and took a musical, ringing sound.

Mrs. Carpenter used her power well. Crichton was as clay in her hands, and she moulded it after a noble model. What arrogance could never have done was accomplished by tact and sweetness. Her forming touch was strong and steady, but it was smooth, and nothing escaped it. Thoroughly womanly, speaking by her husband's mouth when she deemed it not fitting that her proper voice should be heard, she could influence in matters where women do not usually care to interfere. She thought nothing out of her province which concerned the prosperity of the town she honored with her presence, and she inspired others with her own enthusiasm. That streets should be wide and well kept, that public buildings should be architecturally symmetrical, that neat cottages for the poor, replacing their miserable huts, should start up sudden as daisies along some quiet road—these objects all interested her, though she worked for them indirectly.

But in social life she ruled openly; and there her good sense and good heart, her gentle gaiety and entire uprightness, became the mould of form. Ill-nature went out of fashion, and, in the absence of charity, self-control became a necessity. When people of opposite creeds met at her house, their feuds had to be laid aside for the time; and, once two foes have smiled in each other's faces, the frown is not so easy to recall.

Gradually the change which had been imposed outwardly became a real one; and, when Mrs. Carpenter died, full of years and of honors, her spirit continued to animate the place, in its opinions and actions, at least, if some fairer grace of heart and principle were wanting. She died as she had lived, out of the church; though the church had ever found her a friend, bountiful and tenderly protecting. Of its doctrines and authority she seemed never to have thought; but the copy of the Sistine Madonna in her drawing-room had always a vase of fresh flowers before it.

She left no children. A niece whom she had adopted married in Crichton, and had one descendant, a grand-daughter, living there. This grand-daughter was Honora Pembroke.

Wake again, Crichton, for morning is come. Long rays of golden light are shooting out of the east; and down the hillside, in the church of S. John, Father Chevreuse is saying, *Sursum Corda!*

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FONTAINEBLEAU.

CONCLUDED.

CHARLES had a dangerous enemy in the person of the Duchesse d'Estampes. She was furious at his being allowed to enter France at all, and still more at his leaving it without paying such a ransom as his host might easily have enforced; but to all her arguments and blandishments Francis was nobly inexorable; he remained true, in this instance at least, to the instincts of his better nature and the promptings of knightly honor. He could not, however, resist saying to Charles, when presenting the duchess to him: "Here is a lady who advises me to undo at Paris the work done at Madrid." To which the emperor replied coldly: "If the advice be good, you ought to follow it." The story goes—a most improbable one, considering the position occupied by the Duchesse d'Estampes, whose jewels were worthy of a queen of France—that at supper that same evening, when, according to the complimentary custom of the times, she presented Charles with the urn of perfumed water to rinse his hands, he dropped a diamond ring at her feet, and, on her picking it up and handing it to him, replied: "Keep it, madame; it could not be in fitter hands." Whether Charles bribed the *belle savante* with a diamond or any other device, it is certain that, before he left, they had become very good friends, and she had quite adopted the king's more generous view of the case.

At the close of 1546, Francis fell ill, and was supposed to be dying. The courtiers, true to the traditions of their race, immediately fled from Fontainebleau to greet the Dauphin, who was at Amboise. Francis was conscious enough to notice their disappearance, and to divine the cause of it. It stung him to the quick, and roused him to make a desperate effort to disappoint them. He rallied, and announced his intention of following the procession of *Corpus Christi* next day. The doctors remonstrated, but in vain; nothing could shake the king's determination. He dressed himself in his robes of state, had his pale cheeks brightened with rouge, and thus, under a mask of returning health, appeared in the midst of his astonished court, and held the canopy during the procession. But the ceremony was no sooner over than he fell exhausted into the arms of his attendants, and was carried back to bed. He remained for some time unconscious; on recovering his senses, his first exclamation was, "Well, at any rate, I will give them one more fright!" Four months after this childish piece of bravado, he died at the Château of Rambouillet.

The forest of Fontainebleau was infested during his reign with a quantity of noxious vermin — serpents eighteen feet in length, which did great damage, and filled the inhabitants with terror. One of these snakes, by his depredations on man and beast, earned the reputation for himself of a sort of mythological dragon. Some bold men had undertaken to combat him, but all had perished in the attempt. Francis declared at last that he would fight and kill the dragon himself. He equipped himself accordingly in a suit of armor covered all over with long blades as sharp as razors, and, thus armed, sallied forth to the perilous duel. The serpent

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coiled itself round the glistening blades, and, in clasping his victim, cut himself to pieces. This fantastic exploit of Francis was magnified by the adulation of his courtiers into a deed of supernatural prowess.

The death of Francis was the signal for the downfall of the Duchesse d'Estampes, who retreated like a dethroned sovereign before the now transcendent star of Diana of Poitiers. Diana's frailty was unredeemed by the intellectual gifts and native kindliness that distinguished her rival. There is no counterpart even in French history to the sway exercised by this Dalila over Henri II. Madame Du Barry's is the nearest approach to it, but even that falls far short of the precedent. Diana not only ruled the king and the kingdom, but openly usurped the honors, prerogatives, and official state of a legitimate queen. Her cipher, interlaced with Henri's, was carved and emblazoned on all the public monuments; not a door or gallery of Fontainebleau, aptly nicknamed by the people "the Temple of Diana," that was not surmounted by the monogram H. D. It was to be seen in the stained glass windows of the chapel, as well as on the plate served on the royal table under the eyes of Catherine de Medicis. Diana appropriated the crown jewels, and appeared at all the public ceremonies decked in the hitherto sacred regalia of the queens of France. Catherine looked on and was silent—she could wait; her hour would come. It came sooner than either she or Diana anticipated. The king fell mortally wounded in a tournament given to celebrate the nuptials of his daughter, the Princesse Elizabeth, with the King of Spain (1559). He was carried to the nearest shelter; Catherine flew to his side, and gave orders that no one should be allowed to approach him; at this crisis, at least, the wife should be supreme. Diana soon presented herself at the door, but the guard refused her admittance; the queen had forbidden it. "And who dares to give me orders?" demanded Diana, with flashing eyes; "if the king breathes, I have no master yet." Soon he had ceased to breathe, and Diana, without further protest, bowed to the queen's command, which bade her "restore the crown jewels, and retire forthwith to her Château d'Anet."

Her beauty was marvellous, and lasted in all its bloom long after the meridian of life was past. Brantôme describes her at the age of sixty-five as "still beautiful as a girl." The death of Henri II. was the signal for Catherine de Medicis' real queenhood. Her reign lasted over thirty years, and may be justly styled, in the most comprehensive sense of the word, a reign of terror for the nation. Her first business was to create discord in the family as a prelude to civil war in the state. She imported into France, with the enlightened love of the arts imbibed at the court of the Medicis, their crafty Italian policy; a system of cabal and intrigue which worked well enough in the narrow compass of petty states, but was fruitful of the most disastrous results in a large kingdom where government can only be carried on successfully by well-organized institutions and strong and wise laws justly administered. Catherine was born with a genius for intrigue; her love for conspiracy amounted to a mania. The faculty of dissembling, with which nature had so pre-eminently endowed her, did her good service in the first years of her residence at Fontainebleau. It required all the tact of an accomplished dissembler to steer between the rival powers of the Duchesse d'Estampes and Diana of Poitiers—a feat which the wily pupil of the Me-

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dicis achieved with singular success. To the last day of their reign and her own thraldom, she contrived to remain friendly with both. Catherine's ambition was unbounded, and drove her to excesses of wickedness that have few parallels in modern history. She systematically labored to corrupt the minds and hearts of her children, and to sow dissensions amongst them, so as to draw the power that should have been theirs into her own hands. Jealousy of one son, Francis II., drove her to espouse the cause of the Huguenots for a time; and, when his death placed the sceptre in the hands of his brother Charles IX., she veered round, and persecuted her quondam *protégés* with cold cynicism and ferocity. Five civil wars can be traced home to the dark intrigues of this unnatural mother—a woman who never took a straight road when she could find a crooked one, who regarded human beings as an apparatus composed of an infinite variety of tools to be used one set against another as the special nature of her work demanded. The massacre of S. Bartholomew was but another manifestation of the same spirit which had led her to stir up the Huguenots to revolt when she thought their rebellion would serve her aims. This sanguinary despot had most of the foibles of a woman, combined with the fiercer passions of a man. Her frivolity and extravagance knew no bounds; and when her ministers ventured to hint to her that the lavish prodigality of her expenditure was exasperating the people, and might lead to trouble, she shrugged her shoulders, and replied, with serene simplicity: "Good heavens! one must live." The sweet, pathetic face of Marie Stuart appears for a moment at Fontainebleau in the earlier days of Catherine's rule—a bright meteor flashing on a troubled sky; poor Marie, whose sky was gathering up the storm that was to break at no distant day over her young life, and beat it some twenty years with a fury that was only to be silenced by the great tranquillizer — death. Fierce and long-raging were the storms that swept over Fontainebleau through the same darkling years. Henri de Navarre bears down on it like a whirlwind, and forces the queen, with her son Charles IX., to fly before him and his Huguenots to Melun. They have not taken breath at Melun when the Duc de Guise meets them like a contrary wind, and blows them back to Paris. Soon follows the night of S. Bartholomew, that blackest of black nights, under whose pall, as it has been pithily put by a modern Frenchman, "a few scoundrels killed a few scoundrels." Its gloom was still hanging over the city when Catherine and the king were bowling along the road to Fontainebleau—he shuddering, a Macbeth terrified at his share in the ghastly deed; she triumphant, unappalled by ghost or conscience, her sharp, elastic mind busy on the next step to be taken. How was she to undo the one awkward consequence of her triumph—the remorse and mistrust of this faint-hearted son? A hundred and fifty maids, miscalled of honor, were recruited from the beauty of France, and brought to Fontainebleau to aid in the task of soothing the king's scruples and mending the queen's nets. But her hold upon Charles was loosened, and not all the charms of all the houris of Mahomet's paradise would lure it to her grasp again. Catherine, however, could accommodate herself to the decrees of fortune, and turn even her own blunders to account. Charles, obdurately sullen, refused to revoke the edict of the pacification of Amboise, thus quenching for once, instead of

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lighting, the smouldering flames of civil war. Catherine smiled bland approval on her blighted schemes, and was full of satisfaction, as if, instead of chaining the war-dogs, she had been allowed to let them loose. She received the ambassadors in regal state, and laid herself out to captivate all men by her smiles and honeyed courtesies; feuds and jealousies were lulled to sleep with soft music of delight; all the heads of all the factions, civil and religious, turned in the dance till they were giddy, carousing, and embracing, and pledging one another in loving cups, while their followers were cutting each other's throats hard by; fireworks sent rockets blazing to the sky—merry rockets, red, white, and green; and Fontainebleau was once more a palace of Armida, an Arabian night's dream, where men came and drank, and were inebriated. A dark and agitated scene is that which France presents at the close of Catherine's reign. We turn from it with relief to see Henri de Navarre enter his "good city" of Paris. After the peace of Vervins, which put an end to religious wars in France, and allowed Europe to breathe once more, the gay Béarnais came to enjoy his well-won conquest at Fontainebleau. Sully, the true and trusty friend, goes with him, supreme, though not alone, in his influence with the soft-hearted monarch. Gabrielle d'Estrée contests the field with him; but, to Henri's honor be it said, she is defeated. Gabrielle had, in a weak moment, extracted from the king a promise that he would make her Queen of France—a promise which, as a matter of course, he immediately confided to Sully. The minister burst out into indignant protest, and outswore the Béarnese himself in the vehemence of his indignation. They parted, as usual, in a rage, and, as usual, Henri soon calmed down, and declared that Sully was right. When Gabrielle recurred to the promise, he told her the result of his conversation with "my friend Rosny." The lady flew into a tantrum, called Rosny hard names, and wound up by insisting that "that valet" should be dismissed from the court. The insolent appellation, coming from such a quarter, roused the king to a sense of his own disgraceful weakness. "Ventre S. Gris, madame," he cried, "if I must needs dismiss either, it shall be you a thousand times rather than my faithful Rosny—my friend without whom I could not live!" Gabrielle saw that she had overstepped the mark; for Henri, if he had the faults of a man, was no emasculated puppet, like so many of his predecessors, to be bound hand and foot by a Dalila; he had still the spirit of a king. Gabrielle fell at his feet, and begged his pardon, and Sully's too. Shortly after this incident, Sully's fears on her account were put an end to by her death. Henri's grief for a time was so violent as almost to deprive him of his reason. But his fickle heart soon found consolation in a new allegiance. Mlle. d'Entragnes was the next to captivate it. For this fair siren, Henri went so far as to draw out a written promise of marriage. Before, however, giving the document into the hands of the fair lady, he, of course, showed it to Sully, the dauntless Sully, who was the most discreet of confidants, but the most unmanageable of accomplices. This time he was too deeply moved for anger; he did not bully the king, but coolly read the paper twice over, and then, tearing it deliberately into four fragments, he flung it into the fire. "*Parbleu*, Rosny, you are mad!" cried the king. "Would to God, sire, I were the only madman in France!" replied Rosny. Henri turned on his

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heel, and there was no more said about that marriage. He married finally Marie de Medicis. She gave birth to the Dauphin Louis XIII. at Fontainebleau. Henri's joy was unbounded. He made his wife a present on the occasion of the Château of Monceau with its beautiful park and grounds, which had formerly been a gift to Gabrielle d'Estrée. Marie de Medicis was blest with wonderfully robust health — a fact which her husband comments upon rather quaintly in a letter to Sully ten days after the birth of the Dauphin. "My wife," he says, "dresses her own hair, and talks already of getting up; my friend, she has a terribly robust constitution!" Sad pity that anything should spoil the attractive beauty of Henri IV.'s portrait as it hangs before us in the long gallery of royal sitters at Fontainebleau; but, alas! there it is, the black blot on the bright disk, the treacherous breach of hospitality perpetrated in his name toward an old companion and brother-in-arms. There is abundant proof that the arrest of Maréchal de Biron and his death were repugnant and painful to the king, and that for some days he combated both by every means in his power, stooping to tears and passionate entreaty with Biron, and pleading eloquently in his behalf with his own ministers; and that it was only after all his efforts had failed to convince the latter, or to wring from Biron's stubborn pride the confession which could have saved him, that Henri's signature was obtained for the death-warrant. This no doubt absolves him from the odium of a cold-blooded, premeditated act of vengeance; but it is a poor apology to say that he only consented to invite his old brother-in-arms to Fontainebleau, and let him be arrested in a dark corridor at nightfall, and taken to prison, and eventually put to death, because he was overruled and circumvented by the iron will of his wife Marie with the "terribly robust constitution."

The gardens of Fontainebleau are full of delicate and poetic memories of Henri de Navarre in which Rosny plays a prominent part. The courtiers looked on at the familiar, schoolboy friendship between the king and his minister with envious eyes, and set to work with malignant diligence to loosen the bond. They succeeded in getting up such a plausible story against Rosny that the king, who had been some time without seeing him, was staggered; he examined the deed of accusation, and admitted that the circumstances looked badly. The minister was in Paris working away for his master as hard as any galley-slave at the arsenal. Henri sent for him. When he arrived, the king was on the terrace surrounded by the court; he greeted his friend with a gracious formality foreign to the habitual free and easy manner of their intercourse. Sully was pained and mystified. But the restraint was equally intolerable to both. Henri called him aside presently, and they walked up and down an alley in sight of the terrace, but out of ear-shot. The king pulled out the deed of accusation, and handed it to his friend. Rosny cast his eye contemptuously over the paper, and in a few words scattered all its contents to the winds. Henri saw that he had been the dupe of a base, designing jealousy, and broke out into bitter self-reproach at having been led to doubt even for a moment the fidelity of his tried and faithful servant. He held out his hand; Sully, overcome with emotion, was about to fall on his knees to kiss it; but, quick as lightning, the king caught him in his arms, ex-

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claiming: "Take care, Rosny! Those fellows yonder will fancy I am forgiving you."

The visit of the Spanish ambassador to Fontainebleau led to the construction of the large and handsome Chapel of the Trinity. After going all over the interminable galleries and halls of the vast edifice, they came to the chapel. It was very pretty, but quite out of keeping with the space and splendor of the rest of the building. Don Pedro's minister was scandalized at the irreverence implied in the contrast, and, with the impulse of a Spaniard, exclaimed, looking round at the narrow walls of the little sanctuary: "Your house would be perfect, sire, if God were as well lodged in it as the king." Henri was pleased with the outspoken rebuke, and at once set about building a temple worthier of the divine worship.

His ungovernable passion for the chase was a frequent cause of altercation between himself and Sully, who shared his master's love for the sport, but, unlike him, knew where to stop in the indulgence of it. The title of *Grand Veneur*,* attached to the office of master of the royal hounds, dates from Henri's time, and takes its rise from a phantom which made its appearance in the forest in the shape of a man larger than life, dressed in black, and surrounded by a pack of hounds, and who vanished as soon as the spectator tried to approach him. Sully had long laughed at the story of this spectre, but, once coming to meet the king, he came face to face himself with the *grand veneur*; he owned to the fact, but was still sceptical, though unable in any way to explain away the mysterious apparition, which he took great pains to do.

* Master of the Hounds.

Louis XIII. resided much at Fontainebleau, and continued the work of embellishment, which needed little now to make it perfect. Anne of Austria enriched the new chapel with many valuable paintings. For a period, Richelieu is the presiding genius of the grand old palace. Then he passes away, and makes room for Mazarin, who received here Henrietta of England with a splendor becoming her double majesty of misfortune and royalty.

The first time that Louis XIV. honored the palace with his presence was on the occasion of signing the marriage contract between Ladislas of Poland and Marie de Gonzagne (1645); the marriage itself was celebrated at the Palais Royal.

Christina of Sweden furnishes one of the most thrilling chapters in the history of Fontainebleau. This eccentric woman, whose ambition it was to entwine the laurels of Sappho with the jewels of her crown, gave up the throne of Sweden to wander about the world like an Arab. That sort of eccentricity being rarer in those days than in our own, it passed for genius, wisdom, anything the owner chose to call it. Christina gained the reputation of possessing extraordinary erudition, and a mind gifted with the powers of a man, as well as adorned with the graces of an accomplished woman. Anne of Austria was filled with admiration for the queen who cast away a crown to go in pursuit of science and philosophy; and, when Christina announced her intention of visiting France, the regent made preparations to receive her which surpassed anything that Fontainebleau had witnessed since the reception of Charles V. by Francis I. Christina made her entry on horseback, surrounded by a guard of honor composed of the highest nobles of the kingdom, all magnifi-

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cently attired, and followed by a *cortége* of noble dames, some riding on horses caparisoned in housings of cloth of gold and silver, others drawn in chariots of state. The *fêtes* given for the royal Sappho's entertainment were on a scale equal to the splendor of this reception. She showed her sense of Anne of Austria's appreciation of her superior merits by making herself very agreeable to her; but she earned the dislike of the young king by ridiculing openly his boyish love for Marie Mancini, and pointing an epigram at the fair Italian. Lo, when, on her return from Italy, she intimated her intention of again coming to France, Louis sent word that he placed the Palace of Fontainebleau at her disposal, but begged she would not show herself in Paris. During this second visit, Christina committed the crime which has so irretrievably damned her memory. Monaldeschi, who had been her pampered favorite for years, rightly or wrongly incurred her displeasure. Christina determined that he should die, and did not pause to consider that it was adding a darker hue to her crime to perpetrate it under the roof of a brother king. The hour suited her vengeance—that was enough. The whole thing was planned with a business-like coolness worthy of Louis XI. in his best days. The queen ordered her victim to be taken to the *galerie des cerfs*, and herself gave the most minute instructions as to how he was to be killed, and by whom: he was not to be despatched by one or even a few successive blows, but struck a great many times and at short intervals, in hopes of extracting certain avowals from him. Christina then retired to an adjoining room, and remained in animated conversation with her *entourage* while the horrible tragedy was going on close by. Occasionally she sent in to ask if Monaldeschi were dead; when the answer again and again came back that he was still struggling, she expressed first surprise, and then impatience, and at last, unable to brook the delay, she rose and opened the door of the gallery; Monaldeschi, on beholding her, stretched out his arms in an attitude of supplication, but the queen exclaimed sharply, "What! thou art not yet dead?" and, walking up to where he lay writhing on the ground, she slapped him on the face "with that hand," says Voltaire, "which had loaded him with benefits." Monaldeschi had cried out for a priest to help him to die, and this last grace had been granted. Christina stood by till her victim was dead, and then quietly paid the assassins, and went back to her conversation. The news of the abominable deed of blood travelled quickly to Paris; as soon as Mazarin heard it, he sent her a peremptory order to leave Fontainebleau and France forthwith, adding that the King of France harbored no assassins as his guests; to which Christina returned the contemptuous reply that "she was queen wherever she was, and took no orders from the King of France, and was accountable for her acts neither to him nor any one else." It is curious to observe how little horror seems to have been produced in the public mind by this execrable murder, committed under circumstances which rendered it tenfold more revolting; the ladies and courtiers of the time make no more than a passing mention of it in their letters, and, in speaking of Christina, reserve their sharpest criticism for her style of dressing her hair and her manner of dancing, which they condemn as "fantastic and awkward." Two years after this event, we find Christina abjectly begging for an invita-

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tion to the carnival ballet in which Louis XIV. was to dance! The fact of the invitation being granted is perhaps as significant as that of its being asked for. It was accompanied, however, with the condition that the Queen of Sweden should only remain in Paris the three days that the ballet lasted; this she agreed to, and Mazarin's apartments at the Louvre were placed at her disposal.

Louis XIV. restored Catherine de Medicis' pavilion at Fontainebleau, called the *Pavillon des Poêles*,* for Mary of Modena, and fitted it up in a style of elegance and splendor befitting rather a royal bride of France than an exiled queen. But all his graceful gallantry to the beautiful exile, and professions of brotherly love to her husband, did not prevent Louis from signing in 1698 the treaty whereby he pledged himself to recognize the Prince of Orange, and not to disturb him in the possession of his kingdom.

Louis XV. was married in the chapel at Fontainebleau to Marie Leczinska (1725). He never cared for the palace as a residence, and merely used it as a hunting-lodge. His first-born son died there. Shortly before his death, the young prince, leaning over a balcony from one of the upper rooms of the palace which looked towards Paris, was heard saying to himself with a deep-drawn sigh: "What delight the sovereign must feel who makes the happiness of so many men!" A great deal has been built on this exclamation—regrets for the blighted promise which the feeling that prompted it held out to France. But twenty years before, Louis XV. had said as much, and felt it, very likely, just as sincerely. Fontainebleau was spared the shame of the saturnalian orgies that profaned Versailles and Trianon under the reign of Du Barry. The grim towers that had sheltered Francis, and the Medicis, and Henry de Navarre had many tales to tell that were better left untold, but at their worst they showed white beside the vulgar blackness of the Pompadour and Du Barry chronicles.

Louis XVI., who seldom visited Fontainebleau, has left no mark of his passages there. Under the Revolution, it was used as the military school which has since been transferred to St. Cyr. Napoleon compensated the royal old château for the neglect of his predecessors; he preferred it, next to St. Cloud, to all the other palaces of which France had given him temporary possession, and repaired it with elaborate magnificence, adhering rigidly to the original style in every detail. He also added a stirring chapter to its history. When, by his orders, General Radet scaled the walls of the Quirinal at three o'clock in the morning, and, attended by a band of soldiers, brutally dragged Pius VII. from his bed, it was to Fontainebleau that the venerable pontiff was conveyed; here he was kept in close confinement, and fed upon the bread of insult, with which it was Napoleon's wont to nourish his captives; but Pius VII., disarmed, isolated from friends and counsellors, surrounded by spies paid to interpret his every word and gesture according to the interests and wishes of their paymaster, broken in bodily health, his mind bending under the accumulated weight of every torture that ingenious cruelty could devise, was still a greater conqueror, in the noblest sense of the word, than Napoleon ever was on the field of battle. Moreover, a day of reckoning was at hand. Fontainebleau, which had been the theatre of so many of Napoleon's most gorgeous pageants

* Pavilion of Stoves.

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of the melodramatic and sentimental kind—for he could be sentimental, this great butcher of men and despoiler of crowns; he could, "with delicate forethought, and at vast expense, cause a multitude of pine-trees to be planted" amidst the elms and the oaks of the sombre Medicean forest, in order that his young Austrian bride might find some reminiscence of home when she walked out for her evening stroll—Fontainebleau was to witness the going down of his sun. Fortune, exasperated at last by the excesses of her spoilt child, plucked the brilliant meteor from the sky, and cast it out into the darkness. Once, in an interview with Pius VII. during his captivity, Napoleon, after lavishing all his art of flattery on the pope, stooping to tender caresses and the most winning attitude of supplication to wrest from his captive the coveted concession of the Concordat, presently paused to see the effect of the experiment. Pius VII. was silent awhile, then, looking up at the emperor with a smile of withering scorn, he answered: *Commediante!** Like lightning the tactics were changed; curses rained where kisses had been showered; threats and gestures fierce as blows succeeded to bland entreaties; the actor struck his forehead with clenched fists, stamped, grew red and white in turn, and swore that a thunderbolt should be hurled by the Tuileries at the Vatican which should crush her defiant pride, and bury all Christendom under its ruins. Again he "paused for a reply." Pius raised his eyes, and, looking fixedly at Napoleon, murmured, this time with no smile: *Tragediante!*† The whole life and character of the man are summed up in those two epithets: *commediante, tragediante.* But if Bonaparte played comedy well, tragedy was his forte, and his last appearance at Fontainebleau was a splendid farewell representation. It is a little past mid-day. A bright April sun pours down from a cloudless sky upon the courtyard of the palace; the horse-shoe staircase, bathed in the unmitigated sunshine, gleams white and majestic—a stage of the antique fashion well suited for the closing act about to be played upon it. The audience are already gathered to the place; thousands of the inhabitants have flocked in from the town and neighborhood, but the inner circle, the reserved seats, are filled by the grenadiers of the guard, the Old Guard of a hundred battles and as many victories, and by the marines of the young guard. The time seems long, for every heart is beating in sympathetic emotion with the coming crisis. At last the curtain rises. The doors opening on the horse-shoe staircase are thrown back, and Napoleon comes forward. A cry goes up to him from the depths of those many thousand hearts. But hush! He waves his hand for silence. He is going to speak. The crowd sways to and fro, a human wave ebbing at the base of an adamantine rock, whence its idol of twenty years looks down upon it.

"Officers, non-commissioned officers of the Old Guard, I bid you farewell! . . . For twenty years you have given me satisfaction. Be faithful to the new sovereign whom France has chosen. Grieve not for my fate; I might have died, nothing would have been easier to me—but, no; I shall to the last tread the path of honor. I will write what we have done together. . . ." Sobs, such as break the stout hearts of warlike men, interrupt him. He waits for a moment, and then resumes: "I cannot embrace you all, but I will embrace your general.

* Comedian. † Tragedian.

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Approach, General Petit." The general advances, and Napoleon clasps him in a long embrace. "Bring me the eagle!"

They bring it. He gathers the colors to his heart, and kisses the symbol passionately.

"Dear eagle! May these kisses find an echo in the hearts of every brave man! . . . My children, farewell." The voice that had electrified them on a thousand battle-fields ceased to speak; it has stirred those brave hearts to their depths; the veterans sob like women. Napoleon descends the monumental steps of the horse-shoe, and passes through the midst of them in silence. Bertrand is waiting for him at the gate. He gets into his carriage, and drives away. Thus the unrivalled actor took his leave of the world-stage on which he had figured so long and so brilliantly. The colors which he clasped in that last touching embrace were henceforth treasured as a sacred thing; half a century later, they were laid on his tomb at the Invalides.

The gallery of Diana, which had been left unfinished by Napoleon, was completed after the restoration of the Bourbon. Louis XVIII. has commemorated the achievements on a slab bearing in golden letters the date of the completion of the gallery—"*in the 20th year of my reign!*" And on the table on which Napoleon signed his abdication he caused the following to be engraved: "The 5th of April, 1814, Napoleon Bonaparte signed his abdication on this table in the king's cabinet, the second after the bedroom, at Fontainebleau." With the singular mixture of obstinacy and simplicity which characterized his Bourbon mind, he systematically ignored in conversation and in all official deeds the reign of Napoleon altogether, and continued to the last to date as if that stormy meteor had never broken in upon the dull horizon of his sovereignty. Those inscriptions are the only two traces of Louis XVIII.'s passage which are to be found at Fontainebleau.

Charles X. never resided there, and seldom even visited the palace. It fell into sad neglect, but was entirely restored by Louis Philippe, not only the edifice, but the pictures and costly works of art with which a long line of sovereigns had so magnificently endowed it.

Under the Empire, Fontainebleau came in for the share of imperial favor which was so impartially divided amongst the still habitable castles of France. Every autumn it was the scene of brilliant hunting-parties and varied hospitalities.

We will close this fragmentary record of the past of Fontainebleau by an incident, which, though not yet within the range of history, may one day take its place there, and be quoted with interest as an indication of the character of one destined, for aught we know, to play his part in the annals of the coming age.

The Prince Imperial, then a mere child, was playing one day in the *galerie des cerfs* with a little friend of his, the son of an officer of the household. Suddenly, in the midst of their game, the latter rather irrelevantly remarked: "This is where Queen Hortense killed a man." "Queen Hortense was my grandmother," retorted the young prince indignantly; "she never killed anybody!" "Oh! but she did, though," persisted his companion; "she killed one somewhere hereabouts; I've read it in a book."

This was too formidable an argument to be met by mere words; the descendant of the injured Hortense clenched his little fist, and laid on

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vigorously to the traducer of his grandmother. The noise of the battle soon drew the attention of some ladies who were at the other end of the gallery; they ran to separate the combatants, and inquire the cause of the row; but the young prince, crimson with rage, and with the big tears rolling down his cheeks, broke away from them, and rushed to his mother, who was somewhere in the neighborhood.

"He says that my grandmother killed a man," cried the child out loud, "and I say it is a lie!" Then, throwing his arms round the empress' neck, he whispered: "It's not true, is it, that she ever killed anybody?"

LAUGHING DICK CRANSTONE.

It was not that soft, white, feathery stuff that flutters to the ground pleasantly and lighter than the fall of a rose-leaf; that, dancing and darting around and about everywhere with gleaming whiteness and varied and graceful motion, makes the empty air seem a living thing smiling at its own frolic. No; the snow was not of that character at all. It was a sharp, fierce storm that made at you in a determined manner, as though it had a sort of spite against you and the whole human race generally for bringing it down out of its bed somewhere up there among the clouds; that, as it was compelled to make the journey, made up its mind to let you and everybody else have the full benefit of it. So down it came fiercely in bitter lines so regular that a William Tell might shoot an arrow through them without touching a single flake. It rushed at you, it beat you in the face, it snarled around your legs, it powdered your hair, and made for the small of your back; it peeped up your sleeves, and made acquaintance with the inside as well as outside of your boots, as though it thought of getting a pair itself, and wished to examine your shoemaker's handiwork. It laughed at umbrellas, and made such a savage assault on your overcoat and waterproof that it was plainly as enraged as it could be at being foiled, and in revenge settled down on them, till it made you look from top to toe as though you had been just rolled in feathers, *minus* the tar.

Ah! it was a dreary day—a day that made one shiver and think of the poor, and shiver again. It spoiled the play of the children, and little Bessy would sit "anyhow," as her nurse termed it, in her chair, with one hand mechanically endeavoring to pull the cane at the back of it to pieces, while her big round blue eyes would look out in silent wonder at the ugly day; and little Benny would flatten his already flat nose in desperation against the window-pane, creating quite a little atmosphere of fog around him; while Harry, the big brother, ten years old last birthday, would make a false attempt to keep up his spirits by riding that imaginary horse round and round the room, making him curvet and caper, and shy at that corner, and evince a particular dislike to the nurse, and kick so furiously at the door-key, till a

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crack of the whip suddenly brought the restive animal to his senses, and Harry would be still a moment, and gaze silently with the rest of the world out at the cheerless snow.

Was it the snow that Cranstone of Cranstone Hall was gazing at so fixedly out of the library window? Was it the snow that made those cheeks so deadly white, save for the two little purple spots on each of them? Was it the snow that made him clench his hands till the nails almost tore the flesh? What was he looking at so fixedly out there in the Park? What did he see out in the blinding snow, driving down on his own meadow-lands, and draping the strong forms of his ancestral oaks in mystic drapery, while from the bottom where the river ran, stole up a snaky mist in curling ashy-gray folds? He saw no snow, no mist, no oaks: he looked through them, beyond them, straight out at a tall form striding along, its back to Cranstone Hall, and its face to the wide, wide, bitter, cold world — striding on, and on, and on, and never looking back to the home where he fell one day like one of these little snow-flakes out of heaven, and grew up straight, and tall, and honest, and true, and manly, with a head, and a handsome head too, on his shoulders, and such a heart in his bosom!—the pride of all the country-side, and the heir of Cranstone Hall. It was Dick Cranstone whose figure his father was gazing at so fixedly, though that figure had been gone three hours, and was far out of sight—Dick Cranstone, his father's only son, the only relic of his dead mother, the boy on whom all the father's strong heart was now set, who was striding along through the snow and the mist out into the bleak world on that winter morning, cast out from his father's hearth and heart, driven away with a bitter curse.

What had Dick Cranstone done to bring down this curse and chastisement on his handsome young head? Dick and his father had been companions as well as father and son, for Ralph Cranstone was still a youngish man, and bore such years as he had well. His heart and his hopes were centred in this boy, whose mother had been snatched away so early; and when he saw the bright-eyed, laughing lad ripen into a great, handsome, clever young fellow, who rode with him, and played cricket with him, and scoured over the country neck and neck with him—for there was a dare-devil drop in the Cranstones—it would be hard to find a happier man in this world than Ralph, or a more loving son than Dick; in fact, "Oh! they're as fond of each other as the Cranstones" had grown into a proverb in all the country-side. What, then, was Dick's great crime that left him in a day fatherless, and his father childless, and rent asunder with a fierce wrench two hearts which all their lives had run together?

The Cranstones were an old family, older than Elizabeth, though it was at her time that Cranstone Hall first came into their possession. That was a good reign for people blessed with an elastic conscience. The Elizabethan Cranstone was a Catholic. He had the choice of running his neck in a noose and dying a martyr for his faith, or renouncing the religion he believed in, and taking instead the goodly Abbey of Cranstone, with its river, meads, and all its appurtenances. He did not hesitate long. Like most of his countrymen, he threw up his religion, and took to the abbey, turned out the monks, became a bitter persecutor of the church, changed the name of the place to Cranstone Hall,

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lived to a good old age, and the rich man died and was buried—in Cranstone churchyard. The old country folk round about tell you that this particular old Cranstone, whom they look upon as the first of the race, "died a-yellin' for holy water like hell-foire"; but then, such people are always foolish. However, to come back to the story, the Cranstones remained from that day out a flourishing, wealthy family, strongly devoted to church and state, fierce persecutors of the Catholics whilst persecution was the fashion; when not so, what Catholics call bigoted Protestants.

Ralph was no exception to the rule. He honored the queen, and hated the pope and Papistry as genuinely as the old Elizabethan Cranstone had professed to do. He thought the country was going to ruin when he found Papists throwing up their heads, and walking about on English ground, just as though they had as much right there as anybody else. And when his old friend and neighbor Harry Clifford, who had been at Eton and Oxford with him, and whom Ralph had pronounced over and over again "the best fellow going," turned Catholic one fine day, as soon as Ralph heard of it, and met Harry by chance at a friend's, he turned on his heel, and walked out of the house, leaving the latter standing there with the old friendly hand outstretched towards him. From that day out, all intercourse ceased between the Cliffords and Cranstones, and the old friends were as dead to each other as though they had never met.

In good time, Dick went off to Oxford, with an Eton fame as a good bat and all-round cricketer, a handy man at the oar, the best runner and jumper in the school, added to the lesser reputation of being able to knock off the best Latin poem in the college, and running Old Barnacles hard for the head of the class—Old Barnacles, who did nothing but grub at his books night and day, and who sucked at Greek roots as little chaps would at lollipops. He made one of "the eleven" that year against Cambridge at Lord's, and saved the game from becoming a disastrous defeat to his university by his plucky and cool play against that terrible left-hand bowler. How proud his father was of him that day! He could almost have gone up and shaken hands with Harry Clifford, whom he saw there with his wife and a beautiful young lady in the carriage, so divided in looks between Harry and his sweet wife that she could have belonged to no one else but to them. "A Clifford to the tip of her nose!" he kept repeating to himself, as he stole a sly glance at them now and then, and yearned for a grasp of his old friend's hand; but the stubborn Cranstone blood was too strong within him, and he turned away slowly to watch the game.

It was going badly for Oxford in the second innings; the Cambridge men had a hard hitter in, who hit so hard and so furiously, and had so completely "mastered the bowling," that the score mounted rapidly, and every new hit elicited shouts of applause for Cambridge. All over the field flew the ball, sometimes in among the rows of carriages which lined the ground. "They'll never get him out," said the spectators one to another, as the Cantab struck away right and left as freely as though he were playing with the bowlers. "There she goes! Bravo! Well hit!" they shouted, as the ball flew from the bat right across the field, straight and furious, full at the carriage where were seated the Cliffords. "Look out there! Look out—

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look out!" they shout, as the carriage party, conversing together, are utterly unconscious of the danger approaching them. It takes a long time to tell this here, though it was all over in half a minute. The cricket-ball was flying at lightning speed straight at the head of the young lady, who at the moment was looking in another direction, inattentive to the warning cries that rose from all parts of the field. The shouts were hushed into that deadly silence that will settle so awfully over a vast assembly when every eye is bent in one direction, and every heart beats as one great one with the expectation of immediate disaster. All saw the danger of the young girl, but no one could prevent it, when suddenly there is a rush of something white, a leap in the air, a bare arm flashes in the sun, and the ball is clasped in the hand of one who never missed a catch yet, as he falls back over the side of the carriage, right in among the party, holding the ball all the while, and the great Cantab is out.

"Bravo, Cranstone! Bravo, Cranstone!" What a shout from the Oxonians! What a shout and a rush from all sides of the field to applaud the young fellow whose Eton fame had not belied him for speed, and whose swiftness and agility, and that high leap in the air and splendid catch, had perhaps saved a young girl's life, while it rid his side of a terrible foe, and revived the hopes of Cambridge! But Cranstone never heeded the shouts; he lay back there in the carriage, lifeless, his head on Harry Clifford's knee, his eyes closed, and his face white, while the frightened ladies, who scarcely yet knew from what a danger they had escaped, bent over him in terror. He had fallen heavily on the side of the carriage, and the shock caused him to faint.

The crowd is parted by a strong man, who rushes wildly to the spot. "Dick, my boy, Dick, are you hurt? Good God! Harry, it's my son. Water, some of you—water. Clear away there, and let him have air!" The water is brought, and in a few moments he revives, to open his eyes on a pair of the tenderest blue eyes looking pityingly and frightened into his. A shake or two, like a strong mastiff, and he is all right again; the game goes on, and, though Oxford was beaten, that catch lives in men's memories; while Ralph Cranstone and Harry Clifford were old friends again, and Mr. Dick Cranstone was reintroduced to his old playmate, Miss Ada Clifford.

Dick went back to Oxford that year with another feeling creeping into his heart side by side with the great love for his father which had hitherto possessed it. He was not over head and ears in love with Ada Clifford, nor, since it must be confessed, she with him; but his father and himself rode over often that vacation, and Dick found the family one of the most agreeable in every way that he had ever met, while Ralph atoned for his former rudeness in a thousand ways that come with such an indescribable charm from a strong nature. Dick took back this memory with him to the university, and perhaps it saved him from getting among the "fast men"—a society only too fascinating for young fellows blessed with health, strength, good nature, good looks, and money.

Without actually giving up his practices of muscular Christianity, association with more intellectual minds brought him soon to perceive that there was a higher ambition in this life for a young man than being the captain of a cricket eleven, the "stroke" of a university eight, the

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best pigeon shot, or the proprietor of the most startling "turn-out" on the road. Association with intellectual men brought with it intellectual thoughts, inquiries, pursuits; while under all happily ran the boy's innate love of honor, of what was fair and truthful, supporting him somewhat, and keeping him, on the whole, straight in the midst of the dangerous speculations and vexed problems which were being agitated around him, and discussed with all the boldness natural to undisciplined minds.

His Oxford course was drawing to a close, and he began to think of adopting some career, though the wealth and property to which he was heir necessitated no pursuit at all other than that of a quiet country gentleman living on his estates. During his last year particularly he had read and studied much, and the result of his studies and inquiries always came home to him in the form of the old question of Pilate, What is truth? He was, like his father, a loyal Englishman, a supporter of the state, rather because he found it there established, and could see no better, than for any divine right which, in his father's mind, and in the minds of so many Englishmen, the glorious British Constitution possesses. But the church was another affair. That question puzzled him sorely. That it might be a very fine institution, that it had given birth to many splendid minds, that it still possessed many very amiable and worthy followers, he did not deny; but that an institution which was at best a very mixed affair, which was not believed in by the majority of his countrymen, which had been patched, and stretched, and mended, and cobbled to meet the exigencies of every changing hour, which was not believed in even by so many of its professed members and teachers, was in any sense a divine institution, he could not concede. To his truthful mind, it dated from Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, not from Jesus Christ; it was simply in its present form an amiable machine of state, not a divine organization which should command the approving consent of all were it what men who believed in salvation ought to follow. As for the rest of the wrangling sects, he looked upon them as so many ecclesiastical tinkerings, better calculated to bore holes in the edifice of faith than to build up a system strong, enduring, and right.

Filled with thoughts of this description, he came home restless, dissatisfied, questioning; too true and too earnest to throw quite overboard all belief as a sham, and take the world as he found it—a mixture of good and bad, inexplicable save as a result of chance and conventionality. He visited the Cliffords, and they found laughing Dick Cranstone an altered man, somewhat graver, and evidently unsettled. One day, when his father was not present, he unbosomed himself to Mr. Clifford, who was a very intellectual man. The latter listened kindly to the boy, though he knew the story well; he had gone through it all himself. He did not try to explain matters there and then; he merely told him that what he was then experiencing was the exact counterpart of what he himself had experienced. "If you like to come over in a few days, I expect to have F. Leslie here, a Jesuit, and a convert like myself. He will explain matters to you much better than I can, if you are not afraid of meeting a Jesuit, Richard."

Dick winced a little at this proposal; he had never in his life met with a Jesuit, and his opinion of the society was formed on what he had read of them as the most deceitful, crafty,

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and cunning set of men ever organized to blind men's eyes and lead them astray from freedom and light; though, when he came to think the matter over, he could not bring to mind a single case of any of his friends who had come across them and been converted to Catholicity, as some of them had, turning out fiends or blind enthusiasts. So he resolved to meet F. Leslie.

It was the old story. After due inquiry and preparation, he was converted, and immediately after went straight to his father, and told him all.

To describe Ralph Cranstone's wrath at the news would be impossible. He only saw one terrible fact—his family disgraced for ever in the person of their last descendant his son, from whom he had hoped so much. The line of the Cranstones was poisoned, defiled in the person of one who could thus turn traitor to his queen and country.. A Cranstone a Papist! And that Cranstone his son Dick! He did not ask him to retract—he rose up and cursed the boy, and turned him out of the house.

Protestant friends, this part of the story, though inwoven with fiction, is a very hard fact. It is not of unfrequent occurrence; the writer to-day has friends who in their own persons can corroborate it.

Ralph Cranstone could have borne anything rather than this—that his son should turn Papist. He might become an infidel, and believe in no God at all; he might join any one he chose of the sects, however low; he might even turn Mussulman or Jew—but a Cranstone a Papist! Good God! it were better that he had never been born.

And so Ralph sat there looking out into the storm, where the form of his brave, handsome boy had vanished. He was conscious only of the storm raging in his own breast, of the terrible curse he had uttered out of his heart on the head of the one he had loved more, infinitely more, than himself. That curse was ringing around the room still, and seemed to mock him like a fiend. He rose at last, and staggered to his room, not noticing the tearful old housekeeper, who knew that something dreadful had happened, and who came timidly asking him to take something to eat, for the day had gone. His day had gone out with his boy, and the light of his life went out with Dick into the winter storm, to be swallowed up and buried away in it for ever.

. . . . . .

Dick had a hard time of it. He refused all offers of assistance tendered him by Mr. Clifford. He would not even go down to visit them; he would not appear in the neighborhood; for he could not meet his father again. He wrote to him many times, but his letters were always returned unopened. He soon received news from Mr. Clifford that his father had broken up his home, left the neighborhood, and gone no one knew whither. He could only pray for him to the God to whom, for the first time in his life, he found he could pray with a strong faith and earnest belief. He still would not go to the Cliffords', though he corresponded with them from London, and saw them now and then when they came up. He had friends on the press, and with their assistance managed to eke out enough to live upon by means of his pen. He worked away, sustained, in his loss of father, fortune, and place, by the religion of Jesus Christ, discovering each day new wonders in an exhaustless region. His father he never heard from, nor gained any intelligence of his whereabouts, nor whether he was living or dead. The trial was a sore one, but

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he felt that perhaps he was in some small degree atoning for all the evils which had followed that first defection of his family from the religion to which they belonged. And so he worked away, and rose; for he had talent, and soon attained a position which relieved him from all fears of absolute want, though still poor enough.

The Cliffords were a great comfort to him, and the thought of Ada often inspired the weary pen to fresh exertion when it flagged from sheer fatigue. The more he found the love of her growing upon him, the more he avoided the presence of the family; for his poverty set a boundless sea, in his imagination, between himself and her. He excused himself for not calling on them by a thousand reasons—press of business, and the usual excuses; till at last their intercourse almost ceased, and poor Dick, laughing Dick, became wretchedly miserable, and began to look upon the world as a poor sort of place after all, while Cranstone Hall would force itself upon his mind, dreary and deserted, the garden weedy, and the oaks lonely, with that terrible, heartless curse hanging over all.

One night, while seated in his room thinking such thoughts as these, a hasty knock came to the door, and, opening it, the old housekeeper fell forward almost fainting in his arms, with the exclamation:

"O Master Richard! Master Richard, dear! he's come back at last."

Dick staggered as though the old woman's trembling voice had been a giant's arm which smote him.

"Yes, yes," he murmured.

"For God's sake and your dear mother's, Master Richard, fly! He's ill—he's dying—he's raving of you! . . . At the Hall . . . Yes. Go, go, or you'll be too late."

He rushed into the street, she following him. The snow was falling again as bitterly as on the day when he last saw his father. The train, though it flew along, seemed to him to travel at a snail's pace. The snow blocked the roads leading to the Hall: the chaise could not advance. He leaped out, unyoked one of the horses, bade the driver follow as best he could with the housekeeper, mounted the animal, and, by what means he never knew, found himself at the Hall. He was about to dash up to his father's rooms, when a light in the library window attracted his attention. Mother of God! can that be his father?

The brown curls bleached to snow, the face white, and thin, and bloodless, the eyes staring wildly straight out of the window, the form shrunk, the mouth mumbling some incoherent words. The light of a candle shone full on his father's face, altered to that of a ghost.

Dick entered trembling, uncertain whether it was a spirit or his father himself whom he saw before him.

"I want my boy, my Dick, my brave, handsome son. Bring him back to me. You stole him away. Where is he?"

"Father, he is here. Look at me, father. Here I am, Dick—your own son Dick, come back to you. Do you not know me?"

"You? You're not my son. I've got no son. He went away from me. He hates his father—his poor father. I—I—cursed him, when I could have blessed him, and he believed me; and Dick's gone—gone—gone." And the poor creature moaned, and covered his crazed head with his hands, while the sharpest pang that ever rent his boy's heart rent it at that moment with the thought that, perhaps, it was all his fault, and that, had he only forced himself upon him, his father

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might have forgiven him, all might have gone well, and he would not now have been summoned to the side of the lost wreck before him.

They bore him back to the bed whence he had stolen while those who should have watched him had dozed a little. The next day the Cliffords came over, and took up their abode in the old Hall, where Ada and her mother watched and tended the sufferer as only women can do. Dick was around them and about them, and in and out, and happy and miserable, and all contraries in a breath. Ada alone could set him right, and prevent him from going as mad as his father.

Ralph lay long between the two worlds. His strong reason, once forced out, seemed sullen to return. But it did come at last, and his weak eyes opened on his son, while the heart of the father, with all the pent-up feelings of these years, gushed out over his boy. He had gone away and wandered everywhere. He drank till his brain gave way, and only enough reason was left to lead him home to die.

But death seems a long way off from Ralph Cranstone yet. The saying is oftener than ever on people's lips, "They're as fond of each other as the two Cranstones." Old Cranstone's face—the Elizabethan—has taken a new scowl, for underneath his picture rises up an ivory crucifix which Ralph himself set there. The snow falls merrily and cheerily; the old oaks smile in their winter garb; no mist rises up from where the river runs. Yes; that's young Ralph there dashing out of the hall door to meet his uncle and papa; there he goes climbing up uncle's legs, and shaking him as though he were a telegraph post set up there for him to shake; and, if ever there was a happy couple, that couple is Ada and laughing Dick; and the old Cranstone frowns down on it all out of his dim canvas, for the Cranstone line has gone back to its old faith.

SONNET

TO A BOOK OF IMAGINATION; OR, THE LITERATURE OF THE FUTURE.

Go forth, fair book! Go, countenanced like that man
Upon whose brow all Eden's light was stayed;
Beauteous as truth, go forth to cheer and aid,
Breathing of greatness ours ere sin began;
With angel-wing from eyes earth-wearied fan
Convention's mist; revive great hopes that fade;
Bid nature rule where reigned but masquerade;
Bear witness to the joy divine that ran
Down to Creation's heart, while, bending o'er it,
The great Creator saw that all was good—
The mightier joy, when, dying to restore it,
He rose who washed it in his conquering blood.
Go forth, a seer in minstrel raiment clad;
Say to the meek, "Be strong"; the poor, "Be glad!"

—*Aubrey de Vere.*

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THE PRESENT GREATNESS OF THE PAPACY.

FROM THE CIVILTA CATTOLICA.

I.

WE do not know that history, ancient or modern, offers a spectacle similar to the one presented to the world by the Vatican to-day. Upon the brow of that hill sits an august Pontiff and king, an octogenarian, unarmed, dethroned, a prisoner. He is strong only in the power infused into him from God; rich only in heavenly wisdom and the love of nations; great in his merits towards Christendom; great, above all, in the treasure of rights divine and human which he represents. The powers of earth have attacked or forsaken him; the base world concentrates against him all its rancor for the extermination of everything that Christian civilization holds sacred. Standing alone, with serene brow and heart unshaken, he lifts his head before this concourse. He humbles, confounds, sears them; the more furious the attack, the more does he show himself invincible to assault and terrible to assailants.

The enemy has hitherto triumphed over all and conquered all; subduing empires, destroying kingdoms, subjugating nations. He holds in his hand all the instruments of brutal force, and in his service all the passions of brute nature. He is to-day almost master of the civilized globe; yet he cannot rule that venerable man of eighty years, who stands as high in glory and authority as the opponent lies low in vile infamy.

Such is the spectacle, historically unique in all its accessories, which we have witnessed for several years, and have never seen so grand and august in aspect as to-day—the contrast between Pope Pius IX. and the Revolution. Unique, we say, for in no age of Christianity do we find its equal for the universality of war, and arms, and desolation, or for the duration and variety of outrages. Therefore, the contrasts between Gregory VII., Innocent III., Boniface VIII., and Pius VII., with the impious sovereigns who dared to oppress them, do not in several points present a parallel.

There are feeble spirits, unmindful of the past, and weak of faith in the unfailing promises of Christ, who cannot read the lucid words graven by his finger on the tiara of Pius IX.: I am the strength of God; let no man touch me!

Through the shower of hostile darts raining around the Vatican they do not discern the glory of moral grandeur radiating from it. Therefore they are discouraged and scandalized. For the comfort of such as these, it seems well to speak of this grandeur, which, in our opinion, is clearly shown in the glorious cause defended by the Pontiff, in the mode and circumstances of his defence, in the quality of the enemies who attack him, as well as of the friends who support him.

II.

The cause for which Pius IX. wages so stern a war is the cause of God and man; the cause of liberty, individual, domestic, and social; in short, a cause embracing all those ordinances without which no public

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or private right, no property, or virtue, or justice, or peace, could be maintained. In the Sovereign Pontiff temporarily imprisoned in the Vatican, the Revolution attacks not only the liberty of the supreme Catholic apostolate and the legitimacy of the most inviolable of thrones, but also all rational liberty of conscience, and the source of all social authority. In the Sovereign Pontiff, it attacks God, whose vicegerent on earth he is, and with God all rights and duties of nature and of grace, which proceed originally from him.

The Revolution, essentially satanic, full of hate towards God and man, *extollitur supra omne quod dicitur Deus.** It tries to supplant God, whose every image in creation it would gladly see cancelled. From the beginning, it has always attacked the Papacy as the most vivid and universal representation of God among men; of God under the double aspect of Creator and Saviour, author of reason and faith, eternal founder of natural society and of the church; in one word, of Christ the God-man. As it cannot dethrone Christ in heaven, it would dethrone him on earth: and, to accomplish this hellish work of madness under the guidance of Satan, it directs all its efforts against the Roman Pontificate, truly the true vicariate of Christ, the king of the world.

All moral grandeur, human and divine, is therefore included in the cause defended by Pius IX. against the ministers and satellites of the enemy of human nature and of God's Word. The accursed phalanx make use of innumerable frivolous and false pretexts to reach their aim; but in truth they thirst to destroy the Papacy because the Papacy embraces all morality of reason and faith emanating from the Word, the unchangeable and eternal wisdom. In vain the Revolution masks its batteries behind the dazzling names of liberty, civilization, and progress, pretending to seek the destruction of the Papacy as their implacable adversary. Indeed, after eighty years of experience, it is evident, palpably certain, that under its false liberty lies hidden the most ruinous tyranny that ever oppressed the world. It usurps the dominion of conscience and of family life, and confiscates at its wanton and fickle will the blood and gold of nations which it has trampled under foot, giving them in return only the liberty of corruption and blasphemy. Its treacherous civilization covers a refined barbarism fully shown by the carnage and ruin of France in 1793, and of Spain in 1834, and by the massacres and conflagrations of the Commune in 1871. Its baleful progress tends to change the partnership of Christian nations into a horrible hell of disorder, where, as in the kingdom of Satan, *nullus ordo sed sempiternus horror inhabitat.**

Therefore, strictly speaking, Pope Pius IX., with his indomitable resistance, defends all the wealth of humanity against the monster that would destroy it as the communists destroyed it before our eyes in Paris lately. The religious, civil, and material ruin of the human race is the final end for which, directly or indirectly, with or without deliberate purpose, all the partisans of the Revolution exert themselves, from the most hypocritical or dull of moderates to the grossest socialist.

The immeasurable grandeur of this cause defended by the Roman Pontiff is generally seen and felt by all, even more by the enemies than by the friends of the Papacy. Upon

* 2 Thess. ii. 4.

* Job x. 22.

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their war against the Vatican they have concentrated their best strength, sagacity, and industry. They care for nothing so much as for the least trifle connected with the Pope; they talk, and write, and vociferate of nothing so much as of the Pope's sayings and doings; of the hopes and fears which agitate them in this war. Hence the first position in the political world and in what we call public opinion is held by the Pontiff. It is preserved to him and nourished by that very Revolution which would gladly annihilate for ever his name and memory. It cries a thousand times a day that he is dead and buried, and a thousand times a day it is forced to bewail his vitality and energy; neither more nor less than do the demons and the damned in the abyss, forced to glorify God for ever, in that they will eternally blaspheme him.

This is one of the marvellous sports of Providence in our day: to make use of the wild beasts of the Revolution to strengthen the Papacy. When they think to devour it, they find themselves drawing its triumphal car. So it was with Nero and Domitian in their persecutions against Christianity; so with Henry IV. and Barbarossa in the middle ages; so with the Directory and Bonaparte in modern times. What doubt can there be that the same will come to pass with the Lanzas, the Bismarcks, and their compeers in our own day?

III.

But the glories of the cause for which Pius IX. is fighting receive also wonderful lustre from the strange modes and conditions of his warfare. He has neither arms nor soldiers; he is poor in gold; neither diplomacy, nor journalism, nor the telegraph is subject to his orders; he is morally deprived of the liberty of leaving the precincts of the Vatican, whose outer gates are guarded by the cut-throats of the Revolution. Arms, money, diplomacy, newspapers, and the telegraphic wires are in the hands of the enemy who besieges him before the tomb of S. Peter, and who uses them as far as possible to his injury. The artifices, conspiracies, calumnies, outrages, and insults of the Revolution succeed each other like waves on a tempestuous sea. And to make them more exquisitely atrocious, the greater number are hurled at him with the absurd protest that his inviolability is guaranteed by the majesty of the laws.*

Literally speaking, no other arms are left to the Holy Father than his constancy and his word; but it is a constancy that makes the enemy despair, and a word that confounds him. That apostolic breast is inaccessible to seduction, those august lips are inexhaustible of truth. He boldly defines theft to be theft, injustice to be injustice, tyranny to be tyranny; his language does not change with the times, nor to suit any one whomsoever. In condemning crimes and reproving villany, he has no respect for persons. He fears the powerful no more than the faint-hearted. He does not suffer himself to be deluded by the promises or dismayed by the threats of those who boast innumerable armies and glory in formidable artillery. The heart of Pius IX. is undaunted by the flash of swords and the thun-

* No. 360 of the journal *Il Precursore*, of Palermo, dared lately to apply to the Sovereign Pontiff Pius IX. the names sacristan-pontiff, blockhead, dullard, swindler, huckster, dotard, and other epithets so coarse that the pen refuses to transcribe them. But the Italian Exchequer, notwithstanding the law which declares the Pope to be as inviolable as the king, found nothing to say against this foul sheet. And the government pretends that the so-called law of guarantees is scrupulously observed by it. We appeal to the common sense, not of Christians, but of persons simply not barbarians like the Hottentots.

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der of cannon. The Revolution, unable to shake the firmness or chain the tongue of Piux IX., regards him with a shuddering admiration, and exalts with demoniac yells his superhuman power.

In very truth, a strange case! We see a victim and an assassin. The victim has only the moral strength of dignity and right: the assassin is opulent in brute force; yet the victim does not tremble before the assassin, but the assassin before the victim. The Revolution does not make Pius IX. turn pale: Pius IX. intimidates the Revolution. A rebuke from the victim strikes sharper terror into the assassin than the whole arsenal of the assassin can infuse into the victim.

This fact alone, in our opinion, is a striking proof that the Papacy is divine in origin, in its prerogatives, its life, its activity, its manifestation. The mysterious power which, with the simple virtue of a *non possumus* and a *non licet*, it exercises on earth, proves that God speaks in it, and its word proceeds from the Word of truth. What other mere mortal could by his own power produce effects so great with arguments so slight? A motto of Napoleon I. intimidated whole nations, because at his beck armed men stood forth and always victorious: his power was founded on iron and in blood. But on what soldiery rests the word of the Vicar of Christ, imprisoned in the Vatican? What invasion, what battle, can be dreaded as the result of a *non possumus* and a *non licet* of Pius IX.? Yet these words, uttered by his lips, strike perplexity into the leaders of all Revolutionary armies. How explain this wonder without admitting that the strength of Pius IX. is God's strength? And after that, how deny that the stupendous greatness of the Roman Pontificate never shone more gloriously than now, whilst Pope Pius, in the name of the King of kings, and of the Lord of lords, *pugnat gladio oris sui*,* strikes with the sword of the Word, and conquers the satanic hydra of the insolent Revolution?

IV

The assailants of the Papacy are wont to say, in their own praise, that the Vatican has for its adversaries the most enlightened, cultivated, and virtuous men of our time. We, on the contrary, see the very opposite. With certain exceptions, including the blind, the dull, and the deluded, in the throng of declared enemies of the Roman Pontificate, we find only the moral dregs of society. There are great and small, of course, but, when put to a moral test, they are all equal, one as good as another, unless, indeed, the great are worth less than the small. In the throng, there are heretics without a creed, Jews without a Testament, atheists without a God, and Catholics without laws. We find deserters from every flag—those who betray their masters, and bite the hands of benefactors; doubled-faced deceivers—men who have instigated horrible massacres, and flattered every social crime; men guilty of infamous sacrilege, awful rapine, nefarious murders. We see corruptors of the people—burglars, brawlers, bombarders of harmless cities, mercenary writers, vendors of honor, protectors of evil haunts, worshippers of luxury. We notice all the apostates from the church and the priesthood: renegade Christians, silenced priests, unfrocked friars. We see men who insult God, disturb civil order, tear down thrones, cheat and defraud their neighbor—in short, men who blaspheme against the faith, and tram-

* Apoc. ii. 16.

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ple on the Ten Commandments. There is no kind of sectarian, from the most stupid of Freemasons to the most brutal of communists, that does not make part of this crowd of enlightened, cultivated, virtuous men of the present age.

The Prophet Daniel contemplated, in four shadowy, mysterious creatures, not only the four great monarchies of the earth, but the four great persecutions to which Christ's church would be subjected in the course of ages. The interpreters of this acceptation of the vision agree in saying that the first, symbolized by the lioness, meant the persecution of Gentiles so cruelly prosecuted by the Roman Cæsars; the second, denoted by the bear, that of heretics; the third, represented by the leopard, that of false Christians; and the last, figured by a nameless creature awfully hideous, that of Antichrist, and so designated because, *in ea erit omnium perversitatum concursus*, it shall contain in itself the wickedness of the three preceding ones. *

It is, indeed, difficult to decide whether the terrible and universal persecution which the Catholic Church is now sustaining, especially in the person of the Sovereign Pontiff, should be referred to the third as its completion, or to the fourth as its preparation. When we consider the quality of the persecutors, they are undoubtedly false Christians, and worthy to be compared in ferocious malice to the leopard. But when we see in them the union of all perversity united to slay the church in its head, we suspect that the present is, indeed, a preparation for that final persecution which must forerun the consummation of the human race.

However that may be, it is beyond controversy that the persecution of to-day bears all the marks of Antichristianity, and that its promoters, followers, and accomplices accord with the description given by the apostle S. Paul to his disciple and Timothy. We give the text, let him deny it who can:

"Know also this, that, in the last days, shall come dangerous times.

"Men shall be lovers of themselves, covetous, haughty, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, ungrateful, wicked,

"Without affection, without peace, slanderers, incontinent, unmerciful, without kindness,

"Traitors, stubborn, puffed up, and lovers of pleasures more than of God;" and the following verses.*

Now, if, according to the proverb, the vituperations of the wicked are praise, is it not glory for the Papacy to see unchained against it to-day all the malice of the world, and to be lashed by all that Christendom holds in its bosom most odious, despotic, base, and abominable? Is not this the highest summit of grandeur? Is it not an unexampled participation in the glories of Christ?

V.

The more startling the contrast of opposite qualities in those who love and are faithful to the Papacy, the more must we admire them. To the moral dregs of society we see opposed the very flower of good men of every condition and in every country; not only among Catholic Christians, but among Protestants and schismatics, and even among Turks, Jews, and the barbarians of Asia. In

*"Sunt quatuor persecutiones principales: prima tyrannorum, secunda hæreticorum, tertia falsorum Christianorum, quarta erit ex omnibus conflata, quæ erit Antichristi et suorum complicium. Et hæ designatæ sunt in quatuor bestiis quas vidit Daniel."—*S. Bonav. in cap.* xvii. *Lucæ.* Again, see *Ugone card. sup. Psal.* liv.

* 2 Timothy iii. 1-4.

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vain does the Revolution try to vilify with terms of reproach those who are devoted to the Pope and to his sacred rights. It cannot prevent them from being what they are—an honor to the world, and the support of justice. It is impossible to be sincere, to understand clearly the significance of the cause defended by the Papacy, and not feel for it love and veneration. For this end it is not necessary to have supernatural faith, and to belong to the fold of the church: the light of reason, human understanding, are sufficient. Reason and sense make it clear to the least astute minds that the Pontiff is now defending all order, every right, every social law, against an enemy who hates God in humanity, and every good of God in the good of mankind.

The ardor of Catholics all over the world for Pius IX., and the close union of the whole ecclesiastical hierarchy with his see, constitute a plain and lasting fact which will surely be the greatest glory of this age in the annals of Christianity. It is a glory due chiefly to the Revolution, which has been providentially permitted and ordained by God, chiefly for the end of better strengthening and confirming unity in the hierarchy of his church. The result has been an exaltation of Papal authority among Christian nations so new and striking that it now forms a large part of the strength with which the Papacy repels the attacks of the Revolution, and promises to surpass before long the effective power which it possessed in the middle ages of our era. The complication of events leads nations to recognize in the Roman Pontificate the sole anchor of safety left to them in these tempests raised by the Revolution. We may say that an irresistible power is little by little bringing them to seek refuge in this asylum. Not only has the Pontiff's voice found a wonderful echo in the soul of peoples, but his sacred person is oppressed, so to speak, with demonstrations of faith and love more solemnly magnificent than could be imagined. The voluntary tribute of blood has been and is offered to him by thousands of valiant men; that of gold is constantly given to him by millions of the faithful. He is truly the most beloved, praised, and honored among men. In our time, there is no name of magnate or of king which ranks so high as the name of Pius IX.

It is true that governments occupied almost everywhere by the Revolution strongly oppose, with a thousand corrupting and despotic artifices, this movement of nations towards the Papacy; but all in vain. The wind blows from that quarter, and it is a wind that crushes, sweeps, and grinds to powder all impediments. See how rapidly the deeds and men of the Revolution succeed each other in the nations oppressed by it; the instability of its kingdoms, the fragility of its empires, the fickleness of its victories, the inanity of its statistics, the weakness of its institutions; all about it is variable, changeable, inconstant: the buildings of yesterday crumble to-day.

This is because its satanic power is that of a meteor, not of a star; it appears, falls to ruin, and disappears. The power of the Papacy, on the contrary, is a sun which does not pass away, but lives; and the vivid flashes which it sends through the clouds gathering around the Revolution already show that the meteor is about to break and melt away.

VI.

Yes, the present greatness of the Roman Pontificate, impersonated in Pius IX., the visible pole of all social

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order in this world, the terror of bad hearts, and joy of upright souls—this glory is only the first gleam of that which his heroic and lingering passion is preparing for an approaching future.

For the comfort, meanwhile, of the weak and timid, we repeat, with the more sagacious minds of our own day, that the future is for the Papacy, not for the Revolution; that the Papacy has already conquered the Revolution. We will conclude by making our own those noble words upon the immortal youth of the Church, spoken by our Holy Father to the representatives of the Catholic youth of Italy, on Epiphany of this year, in the Vatican. We accommodate them with perfect propriety to the supreme office of the Vicariate of Christ, with which he is divinely invested, and which he so gloriously sustains in the presence of God, of angels, of men, and of the infernal Revolution itself:

"My sons, let us give battle, and fear nothing. Remember that the enemies of God are vanishing, and the Papacy remains. The Child Jesus fled into Egypt, but in the night-time he was told to return, 'for they are dead who sought the life of the child.' How many persecutors of the Papacy are dead! After giving vent to their fury, and decimating the faithful who served God, they are dead: and the Papacy is left. Yes; *ipsi peribunt*, but thou, beloved Peter, living in thy successors—thou, constituted by God his vicar on earth—thou remainest, and thou shalt always remain: *ipsi peribunt, tu autem permanebis.* Thou shalt remain, young, vigorous, constant, in contrast to the persecutions which purify the church, whose head thou art, wash away its every spot, and make it stronger. *Ipsi peribunt, tu autem permanebis.* Thou art still with us in the teaching of truth and morals, in many ways, under many appearances. *Ipsi peribunt, sed tu permanebis.*

"Let this be our consolation, our comfort, our faith. Let us feel assured that *ipsi peribunt, Petrus autem permanebit usque in finem sæculorum.*" *

And you, great Pontiff, in uttering these sublime words, little thought that, three days later, he would perish suddenly who for many years had been the treacherous tormentor of the Papacy in your august person.

Napoleon III. perished uncrowned, humbled, in exile; that Napoleon who, in the intoxication of his empty triumphs, thought to hold in his hand, after your death, the victory over the Roman See, *periit.* He died, let us hope, repentant; and you, Holy Father, survive him to pray for his peace after death, with the same generous soul that, like your divine Model on Golgotha, always pardoned him in life. He has vanished like a shadow, first from the greatest throne in Europe, then from the sight of men, *periit;* and the Papacy *permanet* in you more than ever invincible. You, Pope Pius, for the time a prisoner, continue, from the Vatican, with Christ and in Christ, to reign beloved, blessed, applauded, over all who have a believing heart, an upright soul. Napoleon III. has gone down to that city of the dead which shall form the pedestal of your greatness in all ages: *scabellum pedum tuorum;* peopled by beings like Cavour, Palmerston, Mazzini, and by a throng of many others, who girded their loins for the mad enterprise of crushing out in his Vicar Christ our God, King of Heaven and Earth.

* *Osservatore Romano*, Jan. 8, 1873.

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A MAY CAROL.

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

Is this, indeed, our ancient earth?
  Or have we died in sleep, and risen?
Has earth, like man, her second birth?
  Rises the palace from the prison?

Hills beyond hills ascend the skies;
  In winding valleys, heaven-suspended,
Huge forests, rich as sunset's dyes,
  With rainbow-braided clouds are blended.

From melting snows through coverts dank
  White torrents rush to yon blue mere,
Flooding its glazed and grassy bank,
  The mirror of the milk-white steer.

What means it? Glory, sweetness, might?
  Not these, but something holier far—
Shadows of him, that Light of Light,
  Whose priestly vestment all things are.

The veil of sense transparent grows:
  God's face shines out, that veil behind,
Like yonder sea-reflected snows—
  Here man must worship, or be blind.

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"FOR BETTER—FOR WORSE."

CONCLUDED.

"PRAY take an easier chair, Mrs. Vanderlyn," says the invalid; "I thank you for your sympathy, and trust my cough has not disturbed you."

"Oh! not at all," says Agnes; "it only made me want to come to see you, and I hope you will not regard it as an intrusion on my part."

"By no means. You are very kind. I see it in your eyes. You do not shun the sick. It is a good heart that leads you to me. I thank you."

These words are interrupted by painful coughing, but, after the paroxysm has passed, she becomes more quiet, and Agnes has a better opportunity of studying her face while they converse.

In spite of her wasting disease, it is a beautiful and *saintly* face still, and evidently has been much more beautiful in health and youth. Refinement and purity are stamped on every feature, and in every gesture and every fold of her raiment. The small, thin hands, folded over the book in her lap, are those of a delicately bred lady. A heavy plain gold ring, on the third finger of her left hand, is so loose that it is guarded by another and smaller one. These are all the ornaments she wears. A soft, warm wrapper of brown merino, a little white cap of thin muslin which does not altogether hide her abundant dark hair, are all of feminine costume to tell of the wearer's character.

The room is very neat and comfortable, and shows no sign of poverty. On the walls are a few wood engravings, mostly of religious subjects, and a few photograph portraits finished in oils. A crucifix stands on the mantel, and a smaller one, attached to a rosary of Roman pearls, on the table by her side, where also is an exquisite Parian statuette of the Blessed Virgin and Child. Agnes sits on the other side of this table, and, while she converses with her hostess, her attention is drawn to a small book lying near her. Apparently only to read the title, she takes up this book, and opens at the fly-leaf. It is a prayer-book, and, in a lady's writing, she reads:

"Martin Vanderlyn, from his wife." Although prepared to know the truth, almost knowing it before she came into the room, Agnes feels her cheeks and lips grow pale; but she has always great command of herself, and now has not been taken quite by surprise.

"My husband is not a Catholic, although that book bears his name," says Mrs. Vanderlyn. "Perhaps he is a relative of yours," she adds, looking inquiringly at her guest.

"I never heard my husband speak of any relative of that name," Agnes says. "The name is not a very common one, either. It seems strange that two of us should meet here. Is your husband absent?" She has remarked that Mrs. Vanderlyn had said, "My husband *is* not a Catholic," and the avoidance of the use of the past tense gives her the chance to put her question, which she does to cover her own confusion, and mislead the lady as to herself. An expression of pain passes

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over Mrs. Vanderlyn's face, as she quietly replies:

"Yes; he is absent, travelling." It is not the first time that the poor lady has been obliged to answer a similar question, so she is not much disturbed; but Agnes feels sorry she has asked it. Mrs. Vanderlyn goes on speaking of her increased indisposition: "Mr. Vanderlyn does not know how very rapid has been the progress of the disease. I am much worse now than when he left home."

Agnes cannot find it in her heart to ask how long it is since he left her. She thinks she knows, and she thinks she understands that Mrs. Vanderlyn does not wish her to know that she is a divorced woman. She respects this as a delicacy of feeling which her own position fully teaches her to appreciate. With her present knowledge of Martin Vanderlyn as a husband, her sympathies are all with his wife. She believes now that it was his fault and not hers which made the trouble between them. Her strong good sense tells her that Mrs. Vanderlyn being a Catholic was no sufficient reason for his separating from her; and she cannot believe that this lady has been a disagreeable companion to live with.

Overwhelmed with all the thoughts surging in her mind, she soon takes her leave, all the sooner that she hears her boy calling to her.

"You have a little son," Mrs. Vanderlyn remarks. "Will you not bring him in to see me? I am very fond of children, and the only one I had is dead; I shall soon meet her, I hope. But to-morrow you will bring your boy to see me, will you not?" And she holds her hand out to Agnes, and looks wistfully in her face. Agnes is touched almost to tears as she promises.

The next day, with her "curled darling" clinging to her skirts, she goes to see this *sister*, as she somehow feels Mrs. Vanderlyn to be to her. Are they not both the deserted wives of the same man? And she feels that this one is more truly the wife than herself, in spite of all the law can do for her. And it has not escaped her notice that Mrs. Vanderlyn spoke of Martin as her husband still.

As she approaches Mrs. Vanderlyn, little George is hiding his face in her skirts, only allowing himself to look out, from time to time, between his fingers, at the lady. No urging from his mother seems likely to get him out of his intrenchment.

"Let him alone," Mrs. Vanderlyn says; "that is the way with many children. When we stop urging him, he will show himself of his own accord."

And so he does. After the attention of the two is, as he supposes, removed from himself, the chubby fingers come down, and the bright eyes gaze steadily at Mrs. Vanderlyn. She, becoming aware of this, turns, saying, "What is your name, darling?"

"Martin Van'lyn," proudly speaks out little George, using the name by which his father had nearly always called him, and which he now seems to choose in a spirit of sheer mischief, for Agnes has rarely called him by that name. She had opposed it because it confused the address she used for his father. The child speaks out the "Martin" with unusual distinctness too, although he has oftener called himself "Marty" than Martin. Agnes has never thought of the boy thus betraying her, and she has said truly that his name is George. She is confused, and looks distressed, feeling that Mrs. Vanderlyn will naturally suspect her of falsifying, if not much more.

That lady seems equally disturbed, but in a different way from that

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which the child's blunder might be supposed to create. She pauses, stammers, and, in great agitation, looking at Agnes, exclaims:

"*Whose* child is this? I could almost think I had my own again! Holy Mother, help me!" Then reaching for a little velvet miniature case, she opens it with trembling fingers, saying, "Look at that!"

Agnes looks, and sees the face of a child nearly the age of her own, which is so good a likeness of George that it might be taken for him. What wonder? It is the picture of his half-sister. These children of the same father had inherited a resemblance to his family rather than to himself, and here is little George looking at Mrs. Vanderlyn with the eyes and smile of her own child. Who has not observed how wonderfully lineage will proclaim itself in this way? The poor lady is more overcome by this sight than by any question as to George's name; but that has not escaped her notice. She lays her wasted hand on the arm of Agnes, and says appealingly:

"Tell me the name of this child's father! Pardon me! See, I will tell you first why I ask, that you may know why I take this liberty with you. I am Martin Vanderlyn's deserted wife. This is his child's face, and that is your child. He says his name is Martin. Pardon me, dear lady, again, for asking. I do not wish to pain you as I am pained; but what that man did to one woman he may have done to another—deserted her. I have heard that he did deceive another, and married her. I had not believed it, because he came to me for money within the past year, and spoke of returning to me after he had done travelling. I could not believe he had pretended to marry another woman; but with this" (pointing to the picture and to the boy), "you see I cannot help believing it. Are you that unfortunate woman?"

She speaks with tender commiseration for Agnes rather than with any animosity toward her. Agnes has stood during all this time, with her hands nervously clutching her dress, and vainly trying to be composed. Of what need, after all, is concealment from this woman, evidently not long for this life, and so full of pity and forgiveness? So she answers:

"You have rightly guessed. This is Martin Vanderlyn's son, and I am what you truly call that unfortunate woman whom he has deserted. But I knew you immediately to be his divorced wife."

"Divorced! who says so? No; I am not *that*. He would have made me so, but I am a Catholic, and I would not consent to it. I *could* not. He is my husband still, and, while I live, no law can make another woman his wife. But, oh! this is too cruel to you!" she says, seeing Agnes droop at once. "Did you really believe, dear, that you had the law on your side? You thought he was divorced from me. Ah! no; not even that doubtful right had he to marry you. He has not even the Protestant permission, for he is not divorced from me. Even if the law had so parted us, he ought not to have married another, and I, as a Catholic, *could not* do so; for you remember our Lord's words that "he who shall marry her that is put away, committeth adultery." I pain you, madam, very much, I know, but I must not deceive you more than you have been deceived already. I have not much longer to live, and I must speak truth. If he ever returns to you, as I once hoped he would return to me, I may be in my grave then. Beg him, in that case, to marry you, else you will never be

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his wife. I say this for your good. I am sure you cannot think it is in malice. Look at me. I have nearly done with this life—above all, with Martin Vanderlyn. You have shown me kindness. I say to you what I do now, that you may see to it that no more wrong in the sight of Heaven is done. I cannot look into your face, and think that you will live with him again while I live."

"Oh! no, no! God forbid!" cried Agnes. "I am not *that*, I could not be!"

"Then see to it when I am dead," says Mrs. Vanderlyn, and she sinks back exhausted in her chair. Agnes kneels before her, and does everything in her power to restore her; but, in the meantime, her own condition is almost as pitiable. Little George has got hold of Mrs. Vanderlyn's rosary, and is quietly playing with it during all this time. When Mrs. Vanderlyn is more composed, Agnes gives way herself. Drawing her boy to her heart, she cries:

"Oh! what am I, and what is he? What is our name, and what can we call ourselves? Can a few words more or less from judge or jury thus disgrace us? If I am not his wife, what am I? God knows I insisted on marriage with him, and entered upon it in good faith."

"I do not doubt you," Mrs. Vanderlyn says gently. "But, my dear, call yourself by your own name again. Try to put yourself, as far as possible, back into your old life, until you can get him to make it right."

Alas! she little knows how these words pierce Agnes, and enlighten her as to the great wrong that has been done. Her own name again? Why, what is it? Not Thorndyke now. Her old life! She shall

"Hear the 'Never, never,' whispered by the phantom years."

Another woman fills her place, closed now for ever to her, even if she could wish to take it. No honored wife can she be now; only a dishonored woman, deceived, betrayed, deserted. Her child without a father's name to call his own—in the eyes of the law, "nobody's child." Where shall she go? What shall she do? To earn their bread she expected, but she had not thought to do it in disgrace. The two women weep together, Mrs. Vanderlyn trying to comfort Agnes, who now tells all her former history to this new and strange friend. Strange, indeed, that to Martin Vanderlyn's true wife this shameful story should be confessed by his victim; but Agnes feels that she has not a wiser, kinder friend.

"Oh! where shall I go? What shall I do!" she sobs, with her head in Mrs. Vanderlyn's lap.

"My dear, if you were a Catholic, I should answer: 'Go to your confessor.' As it is, could you not seek advice of your pastor? What kind of Protestant are you, dear?"

"Alas! I have no pastor. I *was* a Presbyterian. I am nothing now. *He* destroyed all my faith."

"Yes, yes; I can well believe it; only a faith rooted deep as mine is, and as invulnerable, could withstand his assaults," Mrs. Vanderlyn says sadly. "But, my poor child, you need some counsel wiser than I can give you, and a strength greater than your own or mine to lean upon in this sore trial. Are you too prejudiced to let me bespeak for you the aid of my own pastor, F. Francis? Our fates seem so to meet in this great trouble of our lives (though I know yours is the greater burthen) that I feel sure F. Francis will give you the advice and consolation you need."

Agnes is startled at the proposition, but it does not repel her as it once would have done. This much, at least, unbelief will do for its victims,

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if they have been Protestant—it destroys that intense prejudice against the Catholic clergy which is the very life of Protestantism. Indeed, it often ploughs up the soil of the mind, and roots out the weeds of prejudice and bigotry, leaving a fair chance for the seeds of the true faith to find root. Agnes has been a very thoughtful woman, and has often suspected that there must be some divine influence in the Catholic religion to bind its believers to it, and to sustain them as she has seen no others held and sustained. In Mrs. Vanderlyn, she has perceived, through all her own perplexity and grief, a marked example of this divine assistance. Now that the way is open, she feels a yearning to lay hold of the same support. It is the desperate groping of a despairing soul for something beyond itself. Moreover, she has seen the gentle face of F. Francis, and heard the kind tones of his voice. So she answers humbly:

"If he will let me, Protestant as I am, trouble him with my affairs, I would be indeed glad to have his advice. He must be often called to comfort distressed Catholics, who keep nothing back from their priests."

"Indeed he is—none oftener. Then I will tell your part of this sad story to him first. He, of course, knows mine already. What shall I call you to him, dear? You will be Mrs. Thorndyke still to him and to me, but you may not like to hear the name from us, and we must designate you."

"Call me Agnes Rodney—my father's name may yet be mine. This is the second time I have taken it back. I gave my boy that name. Poor child! He has no other now."

The boy has been sleeping on the pillows of a sofa for some time, happily hidden from Mrs. Vanderlyn's sight by the back of his mother's chair. As he turns now in his sleep, Agnes rouses him, and leads him from the room.

On the following day, Agnes is asked by a servant to come to Mrs. Vanderlyn's room. She suspects that it is to meet F. Francis, and she is not mistaken. It is not so great a trial to her as she has feared, for Mrs. Vanderlyn has told the story first to him.

From this interview she goes with a chastened spirit, and yet with more of comfort than she has thought it possible for her to feel. He has not spared her in the matter of how much she has been blamable all through her trials in not bearing with her husband more patiently and dutifully, and, above all, in tampering with divorce. He has shown her how the church regards marriage: not as a civil contract, but as a sacrament; and that, in his eyes, she is still John Thorndyke's wife. So the wish of Mrs. Vanderlyn that Martin might be persuaded to legally marry Agnes after her own death, could not be granted while Agnes had yet a husband. True, the *law* has freed her from that tie, but no Catholic could bid her take any such advantage. Moreover, it is very doubtful if she will ever see Vanderlyn again. No thought of pursuit or of punishment ever enters her mind. To work for herself and her boy is now all that is left for her, and F. Francis promises to try to find that work for her to do. In the meantime, it is arranged that she shall stay for the present with Mrs. Vanderlyn, making no difference in her name to the landlady, to whom she says that they have discovered that they are remotely connected.

"I guessed it would turn out so," says the landlady, "and I am right glad the poor soul has found a friend.

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I think she grows worse very fast. She won't last long."

The landlady is not wrong in her conclusions. From this time, Agnes devotes herself to the care of Mrs. Vanderlyn in her fast-failing strength. Indeed, did Agnes not fill the place of nurse, a hired one would be necessary, for the invalid has no relatives in the country upon whom to call. She was an only child, and her father the only one left of his family. From him she has inherited a small competence which has placed her above want and above the need of trying to wring from her husband any support. It was this which tempted him to come so meanly to her, even while living with Agnes, for pecuniary aid, well knowing, as he did, her generous nature.

It is a loving, but short task for Agnes to perform. In little more than three months, Margaret Vanderlyn is dead. But what a missionary even on her dying bed she has proved herself! Agnes sees now what it was that gave the angelic patience, and lent such a glory to the last days of her friend. Day by day, she has been necessarily thrown within the influence and teaching of F. Francis. The soil has indeed been ready, and, after Mrs. Vanderlyn's burial, she feels, in her desolate condition, that only in the bosom of kind Mother Church is there any consolation for her. Perhaps, too, the desire to get as far as possible from all the infidel tendencies and teachings which Vanderlyn had brought to bear upon her mind makes her turn to the church as the surest and safest refuge. So Agnes Rodney becomes a Catholic, and a sincere one. As she kisses the crucifix, which was Mrs. Vanderlyn's, she feels that she is a Magdalen, and longs to pour some precious ointment over her Saviour's feet.

Mrs. Vanderlyn has left nearly all of her property to Agnes, not only as an acknowledgment of untiring devotion in her last days, but as some amends for the wrong done to her by Martin Vanderlyn. No finer proof of Margaret's noble heart could have been given than in this generosity to the woman who had supplanted her.

But Agnes cannot rest content in the ease thus afforded her. She feels that she does not deserve it. She longs to make some greater expiation than any she has yet offered for the error of her life. A Magdalen she seems always to herself. It is this feeling which culminates at last in a desire to make the devotion of all her energies, and the sacrifice of all ease the precious ointment to pour at his feet. With this thought, she goes to F. Francis, and proposes to place her boy in a Catholic asylum, and that she may become a religious in some severe order.

"My daughter, it must not be," replies the good priest sadly.

"Why not, father? I will strive so hard; I think I can be steadfast, with God's help, after all I have endured. It would be such a blessed refuge, too, from my name and from my sad place in life—perhaps too great a privilege for me," she adds, watching the unconsenting look in F. Francis' eyes.

"You have said it, my child," he replies. "Those who wear that garb have never been in your doubtful position. Besides, your husband lives."

Agnes' face falls. She never thinks of herself now as a married woman.

"But if I should become a real widow ever?" she pleads; for the purpose is dear to her, and she has hoped that her boy can be made a priest.

"Even then," says F. Francis, "that which was your relation to Mr.

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Vanderlyn would be in the way of your reception into any of these orders, and your boy's birth would be an impediment to his entering the priesthood."

Never before has Agnes felt how great has been her degradation as now, when she finds that the all-pitying, loving, and gentle church which has washed her sins and granted her comfort and hope has yet its reservations for such as she and her boy.

It may be taken as a proof of the thoroughness of her conversion that she so meekly acquiesces.

"But, my daughter, I will tell you what you may do, if you feel like devoting yourself. We will put George in an asylum, and educate him, and by-and-by we will find his place for him; and you can go into a hospital as nurse."

Her face brightens.

"You may not be a real sister; but a good hospital nurse, braving all contagion, and discomfort, and fatigue, is the next thing to one; and you may fashion your garb plainly, and shun the world's comforts and pleasures very effectually in such a calling."

"I will, father! Oh, I will!" she says with warmth, for this is her true vocation. "And then I may not have to part from George entirely, which, after all, would wound me *here*." She lays her hand upon her heart as she speaks. "He is the only tie that is left me now."

So Agnes Rodney watches beside the sick and dying in a hospital. Dressed in a plain brown gown, with her hair drawn under a simple white cap, she looks almost a real "sister," and many of her Protestant patients think her such. She is happier now than ever since her girlhood. She is doing her Saviour's work and that which she has always loved—ministering to the sick. No other nurse throws into her work such tender, loving care, such sympathy for the homeless and friendless. The doctors rely upon her skill; the patients love her for her gentle ministrations.

"And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls."

It is some five years from the time when Agnes Rodney commenced this life, that a young man, indeed scarcely more than a youth, for he cannot be more than nineteen, is hurt by a fall from a scaffold, and brought into the hospital. He is a carpenter, and has been at work on an adjoining building. To care for him, Mrs. Rodney is sent. The youth is unconscious at first, and under the surgeon's hands. She does not learn his name at once, and it seems as if no one knows it. His fellow-workmen have withdrawn for the time, but will return to-morrow.

While Mrs. Rodney is disposing of this youth, washing and removing superfluous clothing, a pocket-book falls from his pockets, opening, and scattering its contents. She gathers these up, and is returning them, when her eye falls on a little picture which makes her start and gaze curiously at the youth on the bed before her. This picture is of a woman much younger than herself, and fairer, but it is her own likeness, nevertheless, taken many years ago. The face has a sweet girlish look, and soft, dark ringlets hang about the white throat. Her own hair is now more gray than dark, and stern lines are traced about the eyes and mouth; yet something of the same expression characterizes the face of the picture and the face of the hospital nurse. How many changes have come in her life since the sun portrayed that girlish face! How well she remembers sitting for

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it years ago! She gazes at it now, and criticises it, as if it were that of another person—never of herself. So completely changed does she seem to herself that no feeling has she now in common with the girl in the picture. And yet she knows it so well. Who is this youth who carries it about him? Is it for a chance admiration of it? She knows this may be, for it is the picture of a very pretty girl of about his own age. She almost fears to allow herself to believe who he may be as she scans his face closely. He moans and opens his eyes, turning to her, saying:

"Please give me some water."

She gives it, and asks, with a quiet voice, but with eyes and ears expectant of the answer:

"What is your name?"

"George Thorndyke, ma'am." And Agnes knows that her own son lies before her. How anxiously, for many days and nights after this, does she devote herself to this patient! No wonder the boy grows to be very fond of her? To him she is only Mrs. Rodney, and he has connected no idea of his mother with that name, although it has been his middle name also. His father struck it out, and he does not even know his mother's maiden name. During his illness, she, by little and little, gleans this from him—that his father is dead; that he has three sisters (she sighs to herself as she remembers the other two); that he is working with a carpenter, of whom he is learning his trade; that his "*stepmother*" has been always good to him, but that she is gone, since his father's death, to live far away. This explains one thing which has puzzled her—that only his employer and fellow-workmen have come to see him in the hospital. She has feared every day that some of his family might come. One thing yet she yearns to know—does he know anything of herself, or does he think her dead? She longs and yet dreads to know this. At last, when it is evident that he will soon be well enough to leave the hospital, she asks him if he remembers his own mother, or if he was too young when he "*lost her.*"

"Yes, ma'am; I remember her a very little; but I have got her picture in my pocket-book." And he shows it to her.

"This was taken when she was very young, I should think," says the nurse.

"Oh! yes; mother said, the day she found it, that she guessed it was a keepsake of father's once, but that she thought I had the best right to it. She told me never to let him see it, or know I had it, and that's the reason I got to carrying it around with me. Why, nurse, I think she had eyes like yours."

The nurse smiles, and busies herself in such a way that her head is turned away for some moments.

"Don't you think she was pretty, nurse? *I* do?" continued Thorndyke.

Thus challenged, Agnes looks critically at the little picture.

"Yes; she *was* pretty, I think," she answers slowly; "but, if she had lived, she might have been no better-looking than I am now."

"And that would be nice enough for me; but, nurse, stoop down. I want to tell you something. She isn't dead, or wasn't when my father married my stepmother. They think that I think so, but a boy told me that she went away, and was divorced. I didn't believe it at first, but I found out that it was true, and I would so much like to find her."

"Why?"

"Because I believe it was father's own fault that she went away. It

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may be wrong in me to say it, but I know he could be hateful sometimes, and I think he never liked me so well as he liked my sisters; and I always thought my stepmother was kinder to me than he was."

"God bless her for that!"

Thorndyke looks at the nurse, surprised at the earnestness of the words.

"Why, yes," he says, encouraged in his confidences by her sympathy. "She was always good to me, but I guess my own mother was superior to her, and father knew it; but they got along very well together, and she was good to him when he was sick at last."

"Did he prosper?"

"Yes, quite well; but what he left wasn't much, divided among four of us, and mother's share out. I'll have a little to start me with, though, and I got good schooling."

"I am glad of that," says the nurse.

"Why, nurse, what an interest you take in me; I think it very good of you, indeed. Is it so with all the poor fellows who get shut up here?"

"George Thorndyke, let me tell you something which I *must* before you go away and I lose all trace of you. I knew that picture as soon as I saw it, for I saw it before you were born."

"Then you knew my mother! Where is she? Say! Is she living?"

"She is here. Can you forgive her and love her?"

They are not alone, so this revelation has to be made with hushed voices and guarded manner; but George Thorndyke says, grasping her hands:

"I would rather you were my mother than any woman I have ever met; and I will work for you all the days of my life."

"No, George; this is my place, and this is my work."

"But you must come out of it; you'll get your death here. Gracious goodness! I can't take it all in! Why, what a good thing it was for me to get that tumble, as it led me to you!"

And then he questions her very much, and many of his questions are hard to answer. At last he says suddenly:

"But you're a Catholic, are you not?"

"Yes," she answers.

"Did that make the trouble, mother?" And he looks as if he thinks he has guessed it all.

"No, my son; if I had been a Catholic then, it would never have happened, and I should never have been here, and perhaps not you, either."

He refrains from any further questions, but goes on declaring that he will take her from there, and work for her. It is pleasant to this lonely woman to feel that here is a manly heart and strength to lean on which she may honestly claim, but she answers:

"No, George; I cannot allow it; you must work, and take a wife, by-and-by, to yourself. I have my place and my work here, and there is another for whom I work too. But I have some money besides. There is no need for you to work for me, although I am here. Why, I am almost rich."

"Another?" he says curiously, and scarcely noticing her last words.

"Yes," she says, and has the pain of blushing before her own son, as she tells him he has a brother. "There is another George who is as near to you as those sisters of whom you have told me. I named him George to fill your place, after the law gave you to your father and

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not to me. O my son! I never meant to leave *you*. God knows I did not."

"I do believe that," he said; "but keep quiet, or they'll notice. Where is—my—brother?" There is a slight hesitation over the last word—ever so slight—and he puts it bravely, but she feels it. That nice sense of motherhood has always been so quick with her. In all her vicissitudes, it has never been blunted. She tells him where George Rodney is, and asks if he wishes to see him.

"Yes; I do, for your sake; and, besides, he is my namesake, and did almost crowd me out, which I can't allow, you know. But—is—is—Mr. Rodney living?"

Ah! what a keen although unconscious thrust is that!

"Rodney is my maiden name, George, and I have dropped the other. The Catholic Church does not recognize me as the wife of any other than your father."

"Ah! I see," he says, in evident relief.

She goes bravely on to have it over:

"But little George's father is gone from us, I do not know where; I never expect to see him again. Rodney was in your name too, George."

"I never knew that," he says.

"Well, let it pass; perhaps your father did well to leave it out, and your brother keeps it now."

They are interrupted here, and the nurse leaves her son, to attend to other duties. He finds enough to think about, and wants no other company but his own thoughts.

It is not many days after this that George Thorndyke leaves the hospital; but he never lets a day pass without going to see his mother, and he meets his brother kindly, if not affectionately. But to all his entreaties, and for a long time, Agnes refuses to leave her hard life. She means to "die in the harness" which she has voluntarily assumed. But at last her health begins to fail with the long strain upon her endurance, and the doctors say she must rest. F. Francis also counsels it. Now, and not till now, does she allow her son to make a home for her. It is a very comfortable one, for, with the money left her by Mrs. Vanderlyn, added to her long-saved pay as a hospital nurse, and George Thorndyke's wages in his trade, they live in quiet refinement, if not luxury. And Agnes Rodney is a happy mother of two good sons.

A year has passed, and Agnes sits on a ferry-boat, in company with George Rodney, who is spending a short vacation with her. They sit near a man who is closely watching them, but whom they do not observe. This man has a sallow, unhealthy, and dissipated face, but withal a rather handsome one. The hair is dark, the eyes are gray, but sunken, and restless in their expression. A very heavy beard covers all the lower part of his face. A broad-brimmed felt hat shades his forehead and eyes. He seems very curious about Agnes, and shifts his seat, and leans nearer to hear her voice every time she answers George's frequent questions. As they pass from the boat, he hastens to walk close behind her. He hears her say to the boy, "Wait, *George*, not so fast," and his eye lights up at something in these few words. The mother and son get into a street-car. The man follows them, but seats himself on the same side, and at the other end of the seat. He keeps his head turned the other way whenever Agnes appears likely to look in his direction. He is at the end of the car where she will not pass him in leaving it.

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When Agnes and George get off, he follows quickly, still without their noticing him. He sees the house they enter, surveys the neighborhood, repeats the number to himself, and then walks up the street and around the block, apparently in deep thought. When he comes around to the house again, he goes slowly up the steps, and reads "Thorndyke" upon the door. This seems to puzzle him. He looks around the neighborhood again.

"No; I am right," he says; "that is the church opposite, and this is the number, but what does *this* name mean! John Thorndyke is dead, but she seems to prefer his name! Well, I'll just see." And he rings the bell.

"Is Mrs. Thorndyke in?" he says to the maid who opens the door.

"There hain't no Mrs. Thorndyke," says the girl, taking it as a personal grievance that he is not aware of this fact.

"Oh! well, the lady of the house—Mrs. Vanderlyn," he says, not wishing to appear too ignorant before this austere damsel. Now she is exasperated.

"There hain't nobody of *that* name, neither; but isn't it Mrs. Rodney you want?"

The moment he hears this name, he appears satisfied, and, without noticing the girl's rudeness, he says:

"That is the lady I mean."

"Well, she's in." And the girl waves her hand to the open parlor door, as if she disdains further words with him. She suspects he hasn't known the name of Rodney at all before she mentioned it. All his offence is in asking a question which she has been obliged to answer several times before to pedlars and others of that kind, but she visits upon him the accumulated vexation caused by his predecessors.

"*What name* shall *I* take to her?" she asks, with an unpleasant emphasis, as if she doubts whether he knows his own name, or has any.

"What name? Ah! yes. Say Mr. *Martin* would like to see her."

The girl goes up-stairs, and tells Mrs. Rodney that Mr. *Morton* is waiting in the parlor.

After he is left alone, the man looks about the comfortable appointments of the room with a quick business eye. He seems satisfied, but has not much time for scrutiny, as he hears a step coming down the stairs. He rises, and stands ready to meet Agnes as she enters. When her eye falls on him, she stops at once, and stands looking steadily at him without speaking, but growing very pale. He comes toward her, saying, "Agnes!" and holding out both his hands. She does not take them, nor offer any welcome, but says, in a cold, quiet voice, "What do you want of me?"

"Are you, then, so unforgiving to me, Agnes? After all my long search for you, is this all the greeting you can give me?"

"I do not know how long your search may have been, but I am sorry that you have succeeded in finding me. What is it you want of me?" she says, in the same cold tone.

"To live with you, as I would have done all these years if you had not so unaccountably hidden yourself away." He says this with an air of boldness, and of assertion of some right which he supposes she must recognize.

She smiles disdainfully. She divines the selfishness of this move, and she sees that he is ignorant of the extent of her knowledge concerning him.

"Where have you been all these years?" he asks, as she continues silent.

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"I am not bound to account for myself to you," she replies.

"Come, now, Agnes, this is foolish. Why not be friendly? It is best for you to be so. I have seen you with the boy. He is mine, and I can claim him, you know."

"No, sir! you cannot do that."

"You think I cannot? Pray, why? You are my wife, and he is my son."

"He is your son, but I am not your wife," she says, in a firm tone.

"Not my wife! But you were married to me. Oh! shame, Agnes! I did not expect that *you*, who insisted on the tying of that knot, would be the one to untie it. In what position does it place you and the boy if you are not my wife? I suppose you have considered *that*, and you must have advanced somewhat in your ideas to be so independent now of public opinion."

Her face is very pale, and her lips have been firmly set. There is a cold, stern light in her eyes as she answers: "I was never your wife. You were not free to marry me, even if I had been free to marry you. You were never divorced from your wife, so you can have no claim on me."

He looks astonished, and for a moment cringes just a little as she says this. But he rallies, and says, "That will not matter now, my wife is dead; do you know that?

"Yes."

"You do? Why, how do *you* know so much, when I only know that bare fact? Pray, can you tell me anything more?"

His tone is half satirical, half beseeching. He really wishes to know more than the meagre information which he has gleaned from the neighbors of the house where Margaret died—that a Mrs. Vanderlyn was buried from that house. The landlady has gone they know not where. They remember the funeral, that is all. He is anxious to know what has become of Margaret's money. He thinks the priests have it; but he is not sure of this, however, for one person has told him that a relative who was nurse for the Catholic lady at the last inherited all her money. It has puzzled him very much to guess who this person could have been. He has not succeeded in finding any record of Margaret's will. F. Francis and Mrs. Vanderlyn had thought it wiser not to have it recorded, considering Agnes' peculiar relation to Vanderlyn, who might yet return to dispute the possession of the money with her, or to trouble her. Now that Agnes seems to know something of his wife, it occurs to him that she may possibly be that *relative* who inherited the money. Knowing the disposition of each of these women as he does—the one for nursing the sick, the other generous and forgiving—he sees that, if they met at all, this might have been the consequence. Remarkable quickness of deduction and conclusion he has always possessed, and it serves him now, and makes him more determined in his designs upon Agnes; but he is desirous of playing his game adroitly. She, on her part, wishes to shorten the interview, and be rid of him.

"I can tell you," she says, "that your wife died as she lived, a saintly woman; that she was the kindest, truest friend to me I ever had. I knew from her the falsehood you told me when you said you were divorced from her, and the base deception you practised on me in pretending to make me your wife."

"For love of you, Agnes! There was no other way for me. Let my love be my excuse."

She disdains any notice of this interruption, and continues:

"It was an infamous falsehood

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and treachery to me; but let that pass. I was almost equally to blame, for I had no real right to marry you."

"How so? You, at least, were free," he says.

"No; my husband lived. I was still John Thorndyke's wife in the eyes of the church."

"Church!" he repeats scornfully.

"Martin Vanderlyn, I am a Catholic. It may modify your tone and remarks to be aware of that. I am proud and thankful to be of Margaret's faith."

He frowns, but thinks quickly that he may turn this to his advantage.

"Why are you called Rodney, then, and Thorndyke on your door, if you are Mrs. Thorndyke still?"

"My son's name is Rodney. He has no other, and I will bear his. I decline to account to you for the name on my door."

"You are very proud, Agnes, but I think it is best for you to be friendly with me, considering all things. I certainly am free to marry you now, and give the boy and you your right name and place. I should think you were the very woman to wish that. I happen to know of John Thorndyke's death, too, so I think you are as free as I am now, even on your own ground. Agnes, I never meant to leave you so long. I wrote to you, and got no answer. I have searched for you in every direction, and only now I find you. Why are you so unwilling to live as my wife with me, when you see that it would place you and your son in a more respectable condition?"

Agnes remembers Margaret's words: "See to it that he marries you when I am gone!" Then it had seemed doubtful if he could be persuaded to do so. And here he is suing for her consent. She remembers his son's position, "nobody's child," but she remembers also her first-born son. She remembers the bold, false, bad heart and life of Martin Vanderlyn; she sees the possible effect of his evil influence on both her sons, as it formerly blighted her own life, and she shrinks in horror and disgust at the bare thought of such a stepfather introduced into their home. She answers his question without hesitation:

"I do not love you. I cannot respect you. You were false to your wife and false to me. I have been able to live happily without you all these years, and I shall live apart from you still."

He keeps down his pride, and appears yet to hope to change her resolution, thinking it may be only the result of a woman's pique. Moreover, he feels almost sure now that the comfortable home around her is purchased with the money left by Margaret. At all events, he is determined on getting a home if possible at her expense, and he does not scruple at any misrepresentation regarding his own means of support. To her last scornful words, he replies, with an air of kind consideration:

"But, Agnes, you will not always be able to support yourself as well as I can support you. I know not how you do it, but I can place you above the need of any effort on your part. Why can you not be frank with me, and tell me how you have managed to live? You did not receive all the money I sent, for some of it came back to me. Tell me, Agnes."

"Martin Vanderlyn, I will not accept anything for either of us from you. We can do without you, and we *will*. My decision is final."

"Do you know the harm I can do you?" he says, in an angry voice, and with flashing eyes. "I can brand you to the world and to the boy.

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Would you rather that than have a husband, and a father for your son?"

She seems to shrivel and whiten at his threat, but she stands firm, and answers him:

"You committed bigamy when you married me. What will the law do about *that?* I can prove it, sir! Now, had you not better leave me?"

"No! I swear I will not leave you until you promise to marry me!"

At this moment, a man's step is heard in the hall. He has entered the house, quietly opening the door with a key of his own, and, while taking off his overcoat, has heard the last words of both the speakers. He steps within the room, and comes to Agnes' side, passing his arm around her trembling form. He is a powerful young man, in full and vigorous health, which contrasts strongly with Vanderlyn's sallow face and wasted figure. He looks at Vanderlyn with piercing eyes as he says:

"What do you mean, sir, by speaking to this lady in this manner? Mother, has he any right here that you acknowledge?"

"None, my son; I wish only to be rid of him."

"Then, go," says Thorndyke, "or I will see that you do. And if you trouble her again, I will see that the law lays its hand on you more heavily than I will lay mine if you do not leave us at once."

Vanderlyn has gazed in great astonishment at this unexpected champion for Agnes. When he hears him call her "mother," it flashes upon his quick perception why "Thorndyke" is on the door. He does not forget that there was a boy left in Agnes' old home, whom he once promised to care for as if he were his own. Not much more has he cared for his own; but this is an opponent he does not like. This is a different kind of quarrel from the one he supposed he had with a defenceless woman. His game is lost; he knows it, but he tries to be very brave in his defeat. He says scornfully:

"Mr. Thorndyke, I do not ask *your* hospitality. I remember the quality of the article I had from your father some years ago. Yours seems to be of the same sort. I will not disturb the *honorable* repose of your family, or try to become further acquainted with my son, *your brother.*"

George raises his clenched hand to fell him to the floor, but Agnes interposes, and Vanderlyn leaves the house untouched — leaves it, but reels as he goes down the steps—staggers—falls upon the pavement only a few paces from the door. A few moments later, George Rodney, coming in the house, cries:

"A man has fallen dead in the street, just by the corner! I was coming around the other side, and I almost met him!"

George Thorndyke rushes out, and sees the men carrying Martin Vanderlyn's senseless body away.

The next day, Agnes and her sons read in the papers that the man died of heart disease, which the doctors thought had been aggravated by some recent excitement. The mother and son are thankful that George's hand did not fall upon him; but George Rodney never knows that the man he "almost met," and who dropped down before his eyes, was his own father.

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THE INDIANS OF YSLETA.

THE rich and thriving Pueblo of the Ysléta Indians is situated on the western bank of the Rio Grande del Norte, about nine miles below the little town of Albuquerque in New Mexico.

We strike southward from Albuquerque along the east bank of the river. Three miles below the town we enter on flat and uninteresting bottomland. The eye is not relieved by a dwelling, not even by a tree, for a distance of five miles. We thus come to a rancho, deserted when we last passed there, but which still gave evidence of former comfort. The owner had joined the Texan Confederates, and quitted the territory.

Now we begin to cross the Sand Hills—a not unexciting performance. The road is a narrow and shifting one, growing daily narrower and of steeper slope, as the winds blow the sand upon it and fill it up. The wagon moves along slowly at an angle of 45°. The road winds tortuously along the face of the Sand Hills for about two miles, sometimes making short and abrupt turns. It is from two to three hundred feet above the river which washes the base of the hills. I feel an unpleasant tingling sensation at my elbows, and a great and almost uncontrollable desire to walk—"to lighten the load," of course. Once on the road, there is no going back, and one is entirely at the mercy of one's mules. You must let them go their own way. If they should grow restive or become frightened, a broken neck, a general and irretrievable "smash up," an unpleasant and unrecorded grave in the quicksands of the Rio Grande, would be the result. A six-mule wagon went off at one of the sharp turns some years ago. Its fate was discovered by persons who travelled some hours behind it, and who noticed the tracks. The wagon and team had been engulfed, and had entirely disappeared before they arrived.

From the Sand Hills, we have a beautiful view of the Pueblo of Ysléta on the opposite side of the river. The spectacle of the Indians fording the river in certain spots, and driving their *burros* up the steep sides of the Sand Hill on which their Pueblo is built, enhances the picturesqueness of the scene.

We have passed the Sand Hills, and now we cross the river to visit the Pueblo. We have struck a little above the ford, however; the water is in the bed of our wagon. We have to stand on the seats in order to keep dry, and we perceive, not without alarm, that the mules are swimming. By striking down-stream a little, however, the mules find bottom again, and pull us out all safe on the western bank.

A steep and narrow path leads up to the summit of the Sand Hill on which the Pueblo is perched. The Pueblos always have built and still build their dwellings on the hill-tops: for defensive reasons in the olden times, for security against inundations in the present. The houses are built of the customary adobe. They are washed outside with a whitish wash which resists the action of the weather; the mode of its preparation is said to be known

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only to the Pueblos. I have seen nothing like it in any of the Mexican towns. The houses are generally two stories high, the lower story projecting considerably beyond the upper. The entrance is through the roof, to which you climb by a ladder placed against the outside. This mode of entrance is also a relic of defensive precaution in past times of hostilities with other tribes of Indians and with the Spanish invaders. The internal arrangement of the houses is the reverse of ours. The kitchen is in the upper story, and the sitting or sleeping room in the lower. You descend into the latter from the former by an opening in the floor so small that not even the lightest weight of the Fat Man's Club could hope to squeeze through. The Pueblos have no monstrous developments of adipose tissue; the opening is large enough for them. The lower room is thoroughly secured even against ventilation. The only window consists of one piece of glass, without frame, imbedded in the wall

The earthen vessels for family use are manufactured by the Pueblos themselves, and are ornamented with fantastic designs of most primitive execution. Chief among these vessels is the *tinaja*, globular in shape, with an orifice at the top large enough to permit taking out the liquid contents with a small dipper. The *tinaja* is porous, to permit evaporation through its sides. In hot weather, the *tinajas* are filled from the river or spring before sunrise, carefully covered, and set in the shade. With these precautions, they keep the water almost ice-cold. They are used in all Mexican *ménages*, as well as in the households of the Pueblos.

The costume of the Pueblo men is not lacking in picturesqueness, more particularly when distance lends its proverbial effect. They wear a short loose sack of white cotton, or manta, ordinarily made of carefully washed flour-sacks; for your Pueblo Indian is economical, and, when he has sustained the inward man with the contents of the flour-sack, he covers the outer man with the sack itself. The pantaloons are of the same material, loose but short, not usually reaching below the knee. The enchantment of distance dispelled, however, traces of the former uses of the material may be discovered in such inscriptions on the shoulders or the seat as the following: "Superfine Family," or "Choice Family Extra." The Pueblo wears his hair long, tied behind in a cue, around which is wound a piece of red cloth or ribbon, according to the financial standing of the wearer, or mayhap the greatness or solemnity of the occasion. The head gear is generally a broad-brimmed straw hat. The foot covering is a deer-skin moccasin.

The costume of the gentler sex is eminently ungraceful. The women wind long strips of buckskin tightly around the leg, in successive layers, resulting in an enormous bandage from three to four inches thick reaching from the ankle to above the knee. The *chaussure* is a moccasin. The effect produced by this arrangement is that of a feminine *torso* set on two huge bolsters. All symmetry of form or grace of gait is destroyed. The walk is a sort of shuffle. The upper covering of the figure is a dark woollen stuff, coarse in texture, and of Pueblo woof. This reaches to the knee, and is composed of two rectangular pieces joined at the upper edges, which form the shoulders, and leaving a space for the passage of the head and neck. The pieces hang down before and behind, and are held together at the waist by a belt or cincture. The women cut their hair

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squarely across the forehead, leaving the side locks and back hair to hang down loosely. Many of the men, too, besides wearing a cue, cut the hair straight across the forehead, and wear the pendent side-locks. The women wear their arms bare, save the ornamentation of from one to a dozen bracelets of thick wire, which glitters, but is not gold. They wear necklaces of coral, moss-agates, or common glass beads, according to the wealth or importance of the wearer. The men also frequently wear similar necklaces.

The portion of the feminine toilet which requires most elaboration is evidently the leg-bandage. It is taken off to cross the ford on foot, and its removal seems to be as slow a process as unrolling a mummy. The object of such a covering for the nether limbs I am unable to imagine.

The Pueblo is a handsome Indian. I have seen very finely cut features among the men. Many of them have beautifully fresh complexions, on which a bright apple-rosy tint is gradually shaded into a deep rich brown. They are generally of medium stature, however. Their feet and hands are correspondingly small. Their faces have not that animal, that *wolfish*, expression of the wild Indians of the mountains or the plains; on the contrary, they beam with good nature, simplicity, and single-heartedness. They are thrifty and industrious. The men do the out-door work; the women attend to the household affairs, or, in the season, peddle the grapes, apricots, peaches, melons, etc., raised in their Pueblo. Should you meet a Pueblo and his squaw travelling with the universal *burro*, you will always find the lady mounted on the animal, while her cavalier, urging on John Burro with his stick, trots along gaily behind, and smilingly gives you a cheery "*Come te va?*" as he passes.

The Pueblos do not intermarry with the Mexicans. The women are chaste in their lives, and domestic in their habits. Vice is almost unknown among them. I have lived some years in the vicinity of two or three Indian Pueblos, and have neither known of nor heard of an abandoned woman among them. I wish I could say the same of other races in the territory. In this regard, the Pueblos also differ greatly from the wild Indians whose lives are continued scenes of bestiality.

During my residence in their vicinity, the Pueblos had daily access to my dwelling. They were our fruit and vegetable purveyors. I have not known an instance of their stealing a pin's worth, though they had ample opportunities to pilfer had they been so inclined. In this regard, their example might be imitated with profit by people with greater pretensions to civilization, and in this also they differ widely from the savage Indians who are, to a man, thieves both by nature and habit. In fine, the Pueblos are among the most moral, peaceful, simple, and honest citizens of New Mexico.

The Pueblos are Catholics. Their Catholicity, in its out-door festivals, has just sufficient tinge of the antique observances of the Montezumas to throw a romantic glamour around it. They have churches in all their Pueblos. Some of these—Ysléta among the number—have a priest regularly stationed in them, and many of the churches are served by the priests of the ecclesiastical jurisdiction in which they are situated. The churches are adobe structures, not always cruciform, with a belfry, and adorned inside with gro-

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tesque figures, the product of their own primitive art.

The weapon of the Pueblos is still the bow and arrow. A few have old-fashioned muzzle-loading rifles. The Pueblos do not lack the combative instinct, and are more than a match for the Apaches and Navajoes, man to man. They have frequently acted in conjunction with our troops against these tribes; but their co-operation is often rendered valueless by their custom, most strictly adhered to, of returning to their village as soon as they have taken a scalp, for the purpose of having the customary scalp-dance. I regret to say that they give no quarter, and spare neither age nor sex, except when it suits them to make *péons*, or slaves, of the women and children. They say, in self-justification, that little Indians soon become big Indians if allowed to grow. The measure they mete is meted again to them by the hostile tribes.

As in courtesy bound, we direct our steps to the dwelling of the "governor," who is known as "Don Ambrosio." His house is of more modern construction than the customary Pueblo dwelling. We were admitted through a *corral* and a door—not in the roof, but in the side of the house, after the fashion of "the whites." The room we were received in was a long apartment *à la Mexicaine*, with benches around the walls. Some of the finest Navajo blankets I ever saw were displayed upon the benches. The walls were hung around with French colored lithographs of a religious character.

Governor Ambrosio was a dapper little Indian, with long snow-white hair falling loosely to his shoulders. His complexion was clear and peach-bloomy. Though full of years and honors, he was full of life and health. His son, who acted as his lieutenant, was a man about thirty-odd years, the image of his father, in stature, size, complexion, and everything except the white hair, the junior's being jet-black. The women of the family were pleasingly featured, but their inartistic dress destroyed the effect of their good looks.

Ambrosio is said to be quite wealthy, with fifty or sixty thousand dollars in *oro* and in *plata;* for your Pueblo does not consider greenbacks good hoarding. Ambrosio, Jr., showed us the fruit-house, where the senses of sight and smell were regaled with the pleasant spectacles and odors of heaps of rich, fragrant quinces and apples, the latter small but rosy as young Ambrosio's pleasant face.

Ambrosio's style of farming is more in accordance with modern progressive ideas than that of some of his neighbors. His mules were fat, round, and sleek, and in the *corral* lay an American plough of modern construction. Many among the middle and lower classes in New Mexico still plough "with a sharp stick." The irrigating dikes, or *acequias*, of the Pueblos are well and carefully attended to; they are not permitted to overflow in the wrong places and at the wrong times—a neglect which so frequently causes the traveller from the valley of the Rio Grande to soar from prosaic observation to the sublimity of anathema. In their fields, I saw men, only, engaged in agricultural labors.

S. Augustine is the patron saint of Ysléta. Its great *fiesta* is the "San Augustin." The feast is held about the time when all the grapes are gathered and some of the new wine already made. It is essentially a grape and wine feast. But to his other virtues, the Pueblo adds the

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great one of temperance. Mass is celebrated in the morning, and the whole Pueblo is out in its showiest attire. The dance known as "the Montezuma" is performed by young men selected for the occasion. Americans and Mexicans are kindly received and hospitably entreated in the Pueblo on these festival occasions. I have heard of but one instance in which this kindness and hospitality was abused. It was by a miserable gambler—a "white man," and, I regret to say, an American—who, at the San Augustin of 186–, without the slightest provocation, shot dead a Pueblo boy. The territory got rid of the desperado, who had to fly, for his worthless life, from the wrath of the outraged Indians of Ysléta.

TO A CHILD.

You little madonna, so very demure!
You draw me, yet awe me:
As warning, half scorning,
That kissing a face so religiously pure
Is almost a sacrilege, I may be sure.

Yet, awed as I am, I but love you the more.
You meet me and greet me
Serenely and queenly;
And image so sweetly the one I adore
When She was a child in the ages of yore.

Her name it is Mary Regina—your own.
You share it and wear it
As flower its dower
Of fragrance—predestined hereafter, full-blown,
To reign with the lilies that circle Her throne.

Be fragrant for *me*, then, O lily! and pray—
Each hour, little flower,
Exhaling availing
Petitions—to Mary the Queen of your May,
To breathe on my Autumn your pureness to-day.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ELEMENTS OF PHILOSOPHY, COMPRISING LOGIC AND ONTOLOGY, OR GENERAL METAPHYSICS. By Rev. W. H. Hill, S.J., Professor of Philosophy in the St. Louis University. Baltimore: J. Murphy & Co. London: R. Washburne.

We are glad to see this anxiously expected volume. The author proves himself quite competent to the most important task he has undertaken, and writes with the ease and precision of a thorough student and practised teacher of the highest and most necessary but most neglected and abused of all the rational sciences, philosophy. In his doctrine, he follows S. Thomas and Suarez, and is therefore necessarily sound in his principles and method. The most subtile, abstruse, and controverted points in respect to which there is the most difference among the votaries of scholastic philosophy, and those topics also where there is the best opportunity for the author to display special ability in his explication of doctrines in which all scholastic philosophers are substantially agreed, are found in the special metaphysics. The present volume, proceeding no further than general metaphysics, does not enable us to judge of the way in which the author will treat these questions. So far as he goes, we are satisfied with his explication of the grand fundamental principles and truths of philosophy, and wait with favorable anticipations his second volume. The style is admirably precise and clear, and as neat and elegant as our imperfect language will admit in such a treatise. An able correspondent, whose letter will appear in our next number, has laid down certain rules in regard to this point, and made some pertinent observations in which we concur, and we refer our readers to that forthcoming letter. We think he will find that F. Hill has generally adopted the style which he recommends. We find, so far as we have had time to examine, only one word which appears to us open to criticism, "cognoscive," used in place of the term cognoscitive, employed by Cudworth and found in Webster's *Dictionary*. The term *Idea* also seems to us to need a more full and precise explanation, in connection with the terms *species sensibilis*, *species intelligibilis*, *species impressa* and *expressa*, and *verbum mentis*, as used by S. Thomas, which we presume we may expect to be given in the treatise on psychology. A teacher who has been thoroughly taught philosophy will find this treatise, we think, well suited to the purposes of a text-book. The question, how far teachers who read only English, and are obliged to learn themselves a sound system before they can teach it to others, or intelligent pupils in their own private studies, will find the exposition of philosophy in this volume intelligible and satisfactory, can better be answered after a fair trial. The logic has been much shortened and simplified, yet includes, we think, all that is essential for training the class of pupils who will use the book in the rules of correct reasoning. If something more is needed for exercise in syllogisms, any of the books of logical praxis in common use will answer the purpose. We recommend the adoption of F. Hill's philosophy as a text-book to all teachers in Catholic schools, both male and female, where English text-books are used. It is the only English text-book fit for use in teaching philosophy. Our impression is—that it will be found on trial to be an excellent text-book for the higher classes of pupils, and we thank the author for the great service he has rendered in preparing it, hoping that he will not delay to finish his work.

IERNE OF ARMORICA. By J. C. Bateman. (Fifth volume of F. Coleridge's Quarterly Series.) London: Burns, Oates & Co. (New York: Sold by The Catholic Publication Society.)

This is an historical novel after the fashion of *Fabiola* and *Callista*. The scene is laid in the time of Chlovis, about the period of his marriage to Chlotildis. The author has brought extensive and accurate learning into play in this story, which is thus a picture of the times it describes. It is also a well-written and interesting romance. We think he has made Chlotildis, who is exquisite as an

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ideal character, somewhat too perfect for the strict historical truth. Although a saint, she had a little of the barbarian left in her, before she achieved the full measure of the perfection of Christian meekness, gentleness, and charity. All readers will be pleased with the perusal of this book. Our young friends in college and convent, who are always keen for a new book for wet days, of which we have had so many of late, will be delighted with this one, and, while they are reading it, will forget the disappointment they are apt to feel when their favorite prayer, *Donnez nous un beau jour*, is not granted.

SERMONS FOR ALL SUNDAYS AND FESTIVALS OF THE YEAR. By J. N. Sweeney, D.D., O.S.B. In two volumes. Vol. I. London: Burns, Oates & Co. 1873. (New York: Sold by The Catholic Publication Society.)

MARY MAGNIFYING GOD—MAY SERMONS. By William Humphrey, of the Cong. of the Oblates of S. Charles. Same Publishers.

These two volumes of sermons are excellent in regard to matter and style. F. Humphrey's little volume is specially marked by a dogmatic character. Both will be found serviceable to priests in preparing sermons, and to the faithful for their private reading.

SUEMA; or, The Little African Slave who was Buried Alive. By Mgr. Gaume, Prothonotary Apostolic. Translated, and with a Preface, by Lady Herbert. London: Burns, Oates & Co. (New York: Sold by The Catholic Publication Society.)

The recent mission of Sir Bartle Frere, by the British Government, to the Sultan of Zanzibar, with a view to the suppression of the slave-trade in East Africa, has attracted American notice. Now, although government intervention will be able to put a stop to the shipping of slaves across the seas, it cannot interfere with slave-labor in Zanzibar itself and the adjoining towns, or prevent the atrocities of Portuguese and Arab agents who act as traders on their own account. Catholic charity, then, has found a way of reaching where government influence has no bearing. There is a community in Brittany which devotes itself exclusively to the education of little negresses, purchased from the slavers in the African marts. And, jointly with this community, the Fathers of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost and of the Sacred Heart of Mary, who have founded a mission in Zanzibar, buy up as many slave children as they can, and educate them in the Catholic faith. These devoted religious would, of course, be able to do much more in this way had they the pecuniary means at their command. The thrilling story of Suéma is put forth in order to excite an ardent zeal in the hearts of Catholic readers for the purchase of slave-children in East Africa, whereby the curse that has befallen them is turned into a blessing. The story is perfectly authentic, the substance of it having been taken down from Suéma's own lips, translated into French, and sent home by the superior of the Zanzibar mission.

We are very sure the narrative itself, as also the admirable preface and introduction which accompany it, cannot fail to awaken the sympathy of our Catholic readers. When, then, they learn that the sum of fifty francs, or about ten dollars in currency, will purchase a boy or girl of seven or eight in the slave-marts, they will not be slow, we believe, to contribute towards so glorious a work. And the price of a single slave-child "will be received with the greatest gratitude by the R. P. Procurator-General of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost and of the Sacred Heart of Mary (who have charge of the Zanzibar Mission), 30 Rue Thomond, Paris, or by Monseigneur Gaume, 16 Rue de Sèvres, Paris."

A CATECHISM OF THE HOLY ROSARY. By the Rev. Henry Formby. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1873.

This is a neat little book in catechism form containing about 60 pages of the most necessary and useful instruction on the fifteen mysteries of the Holy Rosary. F. Formby is doing a great work. He is the right man just at the right time, and seems to anticipate the wants of priest and people. His other books are admirably well calculated to interest not only the youth for whom they were especially intended, but also those of riper years. The little book before us ought to be in the hands of every Catholic, young and old. It is also well calculated to instruct those who think that our devotion to the Blessed Virgin excludes God and the Saviour from our prayers. All we have to

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say is let any such person read this catechism, and they will be forced to admit that the Rosary is nothing more or less than an epitome of the New Testament history of our Lord, and that he is mentioned on nearly every one of the pages of this beautiful little book, for the appearance of which we thank the Rev. author most heartily.

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By Mgr. Gaume, Prothonotary Apostolic. Translated from the last French edition by A Daughter of S. Joseph. Philadelphia: Peter F. Cunningham. 1873.

This work, which might, to a passing glance, appear fanciful and unimportant, is truly philosophical and of rare interest. It comes to us not only with the Imprimatur of the Bishop of Philadelphia, but also with a Brief of His Holiness Pius IX., granting an indulgence of fifty days to the sign of the cross, in response to the illustrious author's petition.

The author is able to say, in his preface to the second edition, that the book has had a wonderful success: "The first French edition was sold in a few months. Three translations of it have been made into different European languages—one in Rome, one in Turin, and one in Germany. Catholic papers have vied with one another in recommending its perusal, and many letters have been sent to us bearing the congratulations of the most respectable men of France and of foreign countries." He then, after quoting the Neapolitan review, *Scienza e Fede*, appends a portion of a letter from the Dean of the Catholic Chair at Rome, and also a circular from the commission charged with the care of the regionary schools, to the effect that the book should be read by the pupils, and distributed as a premium.

The preface to the first edition explains the origin of the treatise—how a young German of distinction, having come to study at the College of France, found his companions there laugh at him for making the sign of the cross before and after meals, and so by requesting the author's opinion of the practice, and of the sign in general, occasioned the twenty letters which form the volume.

These letters exhaust the subject in a masterly way truly French. Besides proving over again what has been proved so many times before, the antiquity of the holy sign among Christians, and how the noblest intellects of primitive times both taught and practised the use of it, Mgr. Gaume shows that it was made in some way before Christianity, and from the beginning of the world. "The sign of the cross is so natural to man that at no epoch, among no nation, and in no form of worship, did man ever put himself in communication with God by prayer without making the sign of the cross." Then he gives the "seven ways of making it":

"(1) With the arms extended: man then becomes an entire sign of the cross. (2) With hands clasped, the fingers interlaced: thus forming five signs of the cross. (3) The hands joined one against the other, the thumbs placed one over the other: again the sign of the cross. (4) The hands crossed on the breast: another form of the sign of the cross. (5) The arms equally crossed on the breast: fifth way of making it. (6) The thumb of the right hand passing under the index finger, and resting on the middle one: a sign of the cross much in use, as we shall see. (7) And, finally, the right hand passing from the forehead to the breast, and from the breast to the shoulders: a more explicit form, which you know."

"Under one or other of these forms," he adds, "the sign of the cross has been practised everywhere and always in solemn circumstances, with a knowledge more or less clear of its efficacy."

Accordingly, he proceeds to show, first, how the Jews made it, instancing Jacob, Moses, Samson, David, Solomon, and others. And here he only echoes what the Fathers have observed before him. Next, he tells us how the pagans made it, attaching to it some mysterious value. Three of the ways of making it were known to them; and these ways, being universal, were not arbitrary.

Some curious facts of undoubted authenticity are related of the power of the holy sign when made even by strangers to Christianity. And this sets off its efficacy as it is made in the church. Now, our author laments, and, we fear, with good reason, that the sign of the cross is fast becoming obsolete among a large number of Catholics. Those who make it at all, too often make it very imperfectly and carelessly. The object, therefore, of the present work is to revive the ancient practice of making the sign frequently and making it thoroughly. And

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it is with the same intention that the Pope has granted fifty days' indulgence to it when made reverently and with invocation of the august Trinity.

THE ILLUSTRATED CATHOLIC SUNDAY-SCHOOL LIBRARY. 6 vols. 18mo, in box. Containing: The Apprentice, and Other Sketches. Mary Benedicta, and Other Stories. Faith and Loyalty, and The Chip Gatherers. Agnes, and Other Sketches. Lame Millie. The Chapel of the Angels. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1873.

Sensible stories with good illustrations are always welcome to children. This set of books is well calculated to please the eye and satisfy the tastes of both reader and purchaser. They are excellently printed, handsomely bound in bright colors, and present a variety of healthful reading seldom found within the compass of six small volumes. The cuts, from neat and chaste designs by a skilful artist, will attract the attention of every child, and lend additional interest to the tales. In the selection and arrangement of the stories, good judgment is shown, many of them being now published for the first time. As premiums, no series of volumes could be more desirable for the little folk.

THE KING AND THE CLOISTER; OR, LEGENDS OF THE DISSOLUTION. By the author of Cloister Legends, etc. London: Stewart.

These legends are well suited to readers of a romantic turn of mind and fond of the marvellous and tragical. Being purely Catholic stories, and perfectly innocent, our young readers will, we hope, have a good time over them.

THE BROTHERS OF THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS DURING THE WAR OF 1870–71. From the French. With thirty-two Illustrations. Westchester: Printed at the Catholic Protectory. 1873.

This book exhibits Christianity in action. Plato said, "If virtue could be seen embodied"—he meant in living form—"all men would love and adore it." Plato's dream was realized when Love became incarnate, and walked about doing good to the bodies and souls of men; but all men did not adore it. Virtue, to be adored, must be known. The book before us makes known the cardinal virtue of Christianity, charity, by exhibiting her in human form, and telling us, not what she can do or should do, but what she *did* do by the hands of the Christian Brothers during the late memorable war between France and Prussia. Of the success of this glorious order in doing the work for which it was started by its venerable founder, it is not our purpose to speak, but of the book which lies before us, and which tells so graphically the deeds of charity and heroism of these Brothers during the terrible war of 1870–71. It is translated from the French of J. D'Arsac.

The mechanical execution of the volume is creditable to the boys at the Protectory where it has been brought out.

HAWTHORNDEAN; or, Philip Burton's Family. By Mrs. Clara M. Thompson. Philadelphia: Peter F. Cunningham. 1873.

This is a book written by a lady, and it bears in every chapter and page the impress of a delicate, sensitive, and refined mind. It cannot be called artistic in the truest sense, for the plot is simple, and the characters are so natural that we feel in reading it that we are only renewing our acquaintance with old friends. The scene is laid in this country, and the actors are Americans, some by birth, others by adoption, and in this respect it has the advantage over most of the works of fiction which have issued from the press of late, which, while treating us, or pretending to treat us, to a view of the inside lives of Europeans, utterly ignore the fact that at our very door there are abundant materials for a hundred novels and romances, still unused and neglected.

ISABELLE DE VERNEUIL; OR, THE CONVENT OF S. MARY'S. By Mrs. Charles Snell. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co.

This is a story about life in a convent school, written in an interesting and ladylike style, and with a sufficient number of exciting incidents to gratify the well-known taste of young ladies of about the age of Mlle. Isabelle de Verneuil.

LARS: A PASTORAL OF NORWAY. By Bayard Taylor. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. (late Ticknor & Fields). 1873.

This poem is dedicated to John Greenleaf Whittier. It is fully worthy his

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acceptance. Besides a delicious freshness which pervades the story, like the air of its rural scene—the leading characters are strikingly delineated. One sees their very faces; while never was contrast more perfect than between Per and Lars, Brita and Ruth. The last, the angel of the piece, is a Quakeress, and the tale seems written in the interests of that persuasion, yet contains nothing designedly offensive to a Catholic. The verse, smooth and strong, is very scholar-like, and wisely modelled on Tennyson.

ESSAYS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS. By Cardinal Wiseman. In six volumes. Volumes I. and II. New York: P. O'Shea. 1873.

This is, in one respect, the most desirable of Mr. O'Shea's reprints of the great Cardinal's works, inasmuch as it is the only one, of the *Essays*, that has yet appeared in this country, and the original edition is out of print. It is needless to say aught in commendation of these incomparable writings.

MEMORIALS OF A QUIET LIFE. By A. J. C. Hare, author of *Walks in Rome*, etc. New York: G. Routledge & Sons. 1873.

The life which this book relates was sufficiently quiet, so far as its immediate subject was concerned, to suggest to other than personal friends the sense of tame and insipid, were it not for its association with characters more or less historical. And this reminds us of the difference between Catholic and Protestant biography: whereas the latter is restricted in its range to one country or language, the former embraces within the scope of its interest all nations and races. The record of the obscurest priest, if true to his vocation, may excite sympathy in those widely separated from him in time and space: for his spiritual life is quickened by the same blood which courses through kindred veins in the highest social walks, and among the rudest tribes of distant islands; the works of mercy and charity in which he is engaged also occupy the thoughts and energies of his brethren in every part of the globe; and the same seal which attests his ministry may be recognized in theirs also.

The subject of this volume, the widow of Augustus W. Hare, was the daughter of a clergyman, and in her maiden years was an intimate friend of Bishop Heber, then rector of Hodnet, England. Her husband, himself a clergyman, was joint author with his brother Julius W., also a clergyman, of *Guesses at Truth*. The family trace their descent from Francis Hare, one of the bishops of George II.'s reign, and boast of other prelatical and noble connections with the church "as by law established."

It might naturally be inferred, therefore, that the author, a nephew of the subject, would be thoroughly penetrated with Anglican "principles," and find all his ideals in the communion to which we are inclined to attribute the discovery of the "happy medium" between truth and error. But, alas for the perversity of human nature! he cannot see the schemes of Victor Emmanuel through a rose-colored lens. He has the temerity to express sympathy for the august prisoner of the Vatican; his regret for the dismemberment and spoliation of convents and monasteries—the dispersion of their libraries, the interruption of the charitable works in which they were engaged, and the appropriation by the government of the dowers which these religious brought with them to their respective houses; the wiping out of many beautiful religious associations, along with the destruction of the monuments with which they were connected. He even has the hardihood to doubt whether there is a moral gain in the freedom now vouchsafed to the vendors of Protestant Bibles and the flood of *popular* literature, which has signalized the advent of the Sardinian usurper, as we glean from an article by the author in a recent number of *Good Words*.

THE POODLE PRINCE. By Edouard Laboulaye, Member of the Institute. Translated by W. H. Bishop. Milwaukee: Office of the *Journal of Commerce*. Pamphlet.

This is a most clever *brochure*, full of wit and humor, which is, however, only the sparkle of serious thought, for the object of the author is a serious one. M. Laboulaye is a Protestant and a Liberal, but he is, we believe, one of the most respectable and moderate writers of that school, and is certainly one of those who are disposed to be respectful toward the Catholic Church. Writers of this class, though they are deficient in respect to their positive political doctrines,

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are yet often the most effective and powerful opponents of that Cæsarism which Catholics have so much reason to detest and oppose. The present *brochure*, which we regret not to have the pleasure of reading in its original French, is a satire on Napoleonic Cæsarism, together with a brilliant fancy sketch of what the author dreams of as a happy political condition for France. The Poodle Prince is king of the Fly-catchers, and receives his funny appellation from the circumstance that his godmother, a fairy, occasionally turns him into a poodle. She does this whenever he is about to be befooled by his ministers, or to make a fool of himself. In his character as poodle, he meets with mishaps and acquires a knowledge of the actual state of things among his subjects, which are very serviceable to him, and he finishes by becoming a model of what a wise and patriotic prince ought to be, and doing what such a prince ought to do, according to the idea of M. Laboulaye. This idea is simply that the institutions of the Republic of the United States are those which France ought to copy, with, as we suppose the author intends, a nominal monarch and a responsible ministry, in place of an elective chief-magistrate.

We agree with him in respect to the end which he wishes to attain, viz., the just liberty and prosperity of the mass of the people, by means of a government which is properly restrained by laws and other efficacious checks from tyrannizing over the nation. We do not believe, however, in transplanting our institutions to French soil. They are the best and the only ones for ourselves, because they have grown here naturally. But we are convinced that France can only prosper under a monarchy, and that a real one in which the king rules as well as reigns. This does not hinder the formation of a constitution and a mixed government in which the people have a share as voting citizens, and by which the monarchical power is limited, though not destroyed. The Napoleon Dynasty is the creation of the Revolution, and therefore will not do. The Orléans family has compromised with the Revolution, and therefore will not do, unless it will renounce the maxims of 1789, and return to its proper place under the headship of the Count de Chambord. The latter, in his avowed principles, gives the best guarantee France can have for liberty as well as order. The restoration of her ancient monarchy, with Henry V. for king, and the *fleur de lis* for her symbol, with the church re-instated in her complete rights and privileges, and with the modifications of political and social relations suited to the present time, is, in our view, the only way of realizing that which F. Ramière, in his able paper published in our present number, points out as the way of salvation for *la belle France* "*Le Drapeau blanc c'est un beau drapeau*," and we hope to see it supplant the tri-color, and wave in triumph over regenerated France.

To return to M. Laboulaye. His exquisite satire has been well rendered into good English by his translator. Whoever reads it, and is able to appreciate the finest intellectual sword-play, will enjoy a rich and rare pleasure. Moreover, there is so much truth, and good sense, and genuine philanthropic sentiment contained under the envelope of fancy and satire, that we can sincerely and conscientiously commend its general scope and spirit, and pronounce it a work as well worth reading for a serious purpose, as it is for amusement.

CONSTANCE AND MARION: OR, THE COUSINS. By M. A. B. Baltimore: Kelly & Piet. 1873.

The scene of this little story is laid in Ireland. It is one of the best of the many nice books of the kind which have been recently published, and may be read with pleasure by adults as well as young people. The writers of these unpretending, modest little books are doing more good than they can imagine, and we trust they will keep on writing.

The Irish Race in the Past and in the Present. By the Rev. A. J. Thebaud, S.J., is announced to be published this month by the Messrs. Appleton. F. Thebaud's book has been anxiously expected, as it is understood to take up a phase of Irish history hitherto neglected—the *race* itself rather than the repetition of the sad events which, in the main, constitute its history, and are only too well known. A book of this kind is required for Irish history—one that may serve as a light whereby to see the facts in their true colors, and which must prove doubly interesting by reason of those facts having been brought so recently before us.

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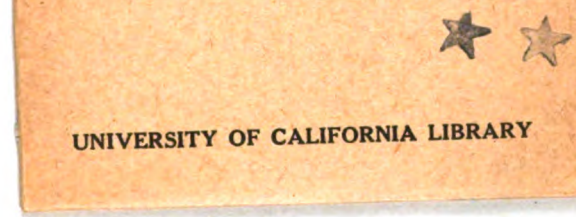

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